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Saturday, January 3, 1903



Illustrated Magazine Number for January

Outlook Life-Insurance C

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3d. To provide Club members—men, women, and young people—with the be Endowment Policies on *easy monthly deposits*, thus enabling many OUTLOOK r take insurance who would not otherwise feel that they could do so.

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The Outlook

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOLUME LXXIII.

JANUARY—APRIL, 1903

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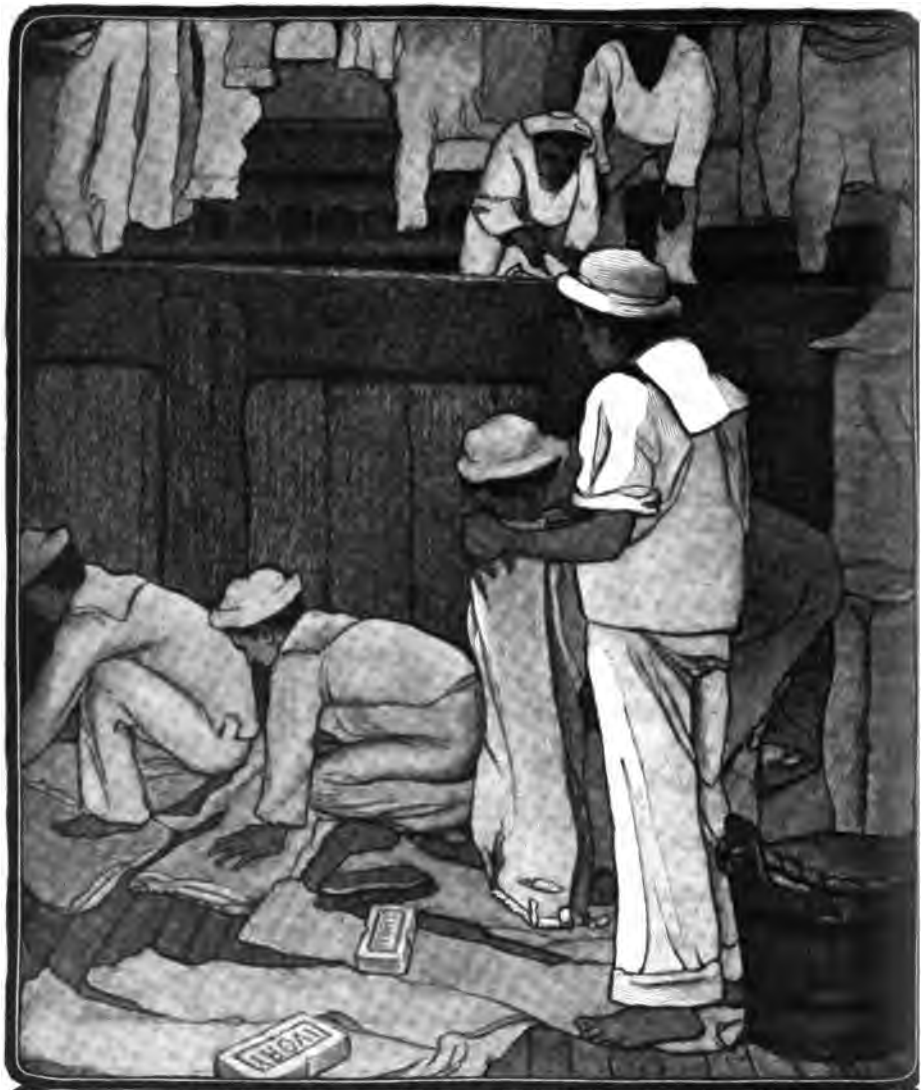
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IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 73 January 3, 1903 No. 1

A Triumph for International Arbitration

A substantial gain for the cause of international arbitration, and therefore for the world's peace and advancing civilization, is found in the agreement to submit the Venezuelan dispute to the Hague Tribunal. The willingness, one may even say eagerness, of all the parties concerned to submit the case to President Roosevelt was highly gratifying to our pride as a Nation, and was an honest tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's fairness, ability, and integrity. But of far greater importance than such considerations is the indorsement of the principle of arbitration through a permanently constituted international court. It may now reasonably be hoped that the time is at hand when disputes between nations will be submitted to the Hague Tribunal almost as a matter of course, and that its scope and power may be greatly extended. In addition to this prime reason for congratulation it may be added that there are special reasons why arbitration by this country alone was not desirable in this case. In a sense the United States is indirectly involved in everything connected with South America, and it is better that it should not be asked to adjudicate questions relating to the right of interference by foreign nations in Venezuela for the protection of the property rights of their subjects; that it should not put itself in danger of being regarded by foreign Powers as a police force to aid in the collection of debts for them in South American countries; that it should not, by a possible adverse decision, make itself disliked in the South American countries over which, in an international sense, it must exercise some right of guardianship; and that it should not, through a judicial decision, pass upon what may be its own future action. The exact points to be adjudicated, as determined by the notes interchanged between Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Venezuela, and the United States, have not yet been announced; but it is understood that they will be included in a protocol which is now being arranged; that they will not involve in any way the Monroe Doctrine; that if Venezuela shows reasonable willingness to conciliate the Powers, and perhaps to furnish some kind of guarantee for the payment of an adverse award, the blockade now existing will be withdrawn before the investigation of the arbitrators actually begins. President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have exerted a decisive influence in the negotiations which have led to the happy determination to refer the matter to the Hague Tribunal; and again they have deserved the praise and appreciation of the American people without regard to party. It is thought that our Minister, Mr. Bowen, may appear in the negotiations as the accredited representative of Venezuela, but not of the United States. The English papers pretty generally agree that President Roosevelt's course in declining to act as arbitrator was wise from his point of view and that of the United States, although from the English standpoint they regret it.——The week in Venezuela itself was an uneventful one when it is considered that, theoretically at least, a state of war exists. The blockade is being enforced, but apparently with mildness as regards neutral vessels. For instance, the mail steamship Caracas, plying between the United States and Venezuela, was allowed to land mail and passengers at La Guayra, although it was compelled to leave the harbor immediately thereafter. There have been no hostilities of any kind; and both President Castro and the commanders of the foreign forces now in Venezuelan waters are evidently trying to maintain quiet and avoid collision

until the diplomatic negotiations are completed.

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Cuban Reciprocity

If the New York "Times" correctly reports Senator Burrows, of Michigan, he affords a striking illustration of the unstatesmanlike tendency in certain quarters to leave the great National and even international questions to be decided by purely local interests. After saying that in his State there are sixteen beet-sugar factories, representing a stock valuation of $12,000,000, and that the beet-growers are going on January 8 to hold a convention to decide whether a reduction of twenty per cent. on Cuban sugar will seriously injure their business, he proceeds as follows:

> In case the decision of the beet-growers shall be that the ratification would be injurious to their industry, I do not suppose any Republican who advocates the protective tariff will support the treaty. It is not to be assumed that a treaty would be ratified providing for the easier entry of certain American manufactures into Cuba at the sole expense of another industry of this country. This is not the reciprocity contemplated in the Republican National platform.

To see a Senator of the United States practically abdicating his function, which is to legislate for the whole Nation, and leaving a convention representing one industry, in which his constituents have a special interest, to determine for him how he shall act and vote in the United States Senate, is not an altogether admirable spectacle. It will seem to most readers of the press—we should think it would seem so to the beet-sugar growers of Michigan—to mark a decided deterioration from the days of Webster and Clay and Cass. General Cass was not a great man; but he would hardly have notified the public that he was waiting till a convention representing $12,000,000 worth of stock held by his constituents told him how to vote. He would have been more likely to go to the convention when it met to tell them what their interests, bound up as they are with the interests of the whole country, required.

❀

What Cuban Reciprocity Means

Cuban reciprocity means a great deal more than Senator Burrows seems to imagine. The question before the Senate is really simply this: Will the American people, having emancipated Cuba, set for themselves the task of making it an American community, with all which that implies; or will they leave Cuba a Spanish-American community to retrograde to the condition of Hayti? The real prosperity of a people depends far more upon their industry than upon their politics; and their politics is largely important for the bearing which it has upon their industry. The welfare of every man is bound up with that of his neighbor; the welfare of every community is bound up with that of its neighboring community. If we attach Cuba to us by commercial ties, if we extend our arterial system to her, so that the life-blood of commerce will flow freely back and forth between her and America, American capital will go to Cuba, Americans will migrate there, the population will increase in number and improve in quality, the same transformation will be effected there that was effected in Louisiana, and there will not be slavery to retard the process. In contrast with the provincial $12,000,000 policy of Senator Burrows, we put here the statesmanlike view of General James H. Wilson, in his address delivered last October before the Commercial Club of Chicago. We quote from it a few sentences. The whole speech is well worth careful study:

> The simple fact is that Cuba does not come to us as a beggar, but with full hands, asking us for fair exchange, which will not only enrich her, but add greatly to our own prosperity. It has been stated that of every ten dollars we enable her to make out of her products, she will for years give us nine as profit upon the goods she will take from us in exchange, and I believe that this statement is within the limits of probability.
>
> . . . . . .
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> But when I consider our own commercial and political interests in Cuba, I am fully persuaded that it would pay for us to go still further, and, anticipating the annexation of Cuba, which must come in the end, give her at once absolute free entry for her natural and manufactured products into the United States, in exchange for free entry for ours into Cuba under the protection of a common tariff as against the rest of the world.
>
> . . . . . .
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> This absolute freedom of inter-State trade we think of too little and value too lightly. It lies at the very foundation of our National prosperity and glory, and we owe to it much of our preponderating influence in the commercial world. If granted to Cuba by treaty or by an Act of Congress, it would do more, in

my judgment, than any other measure which could be devised to extend our foreign trade, and not only to enrich and make Cuba prosperous and happy, but to fill her up with Americans, and thus hasten her preparation for incorporation into the Great Republic.

What statesmanship calls for is a treaty with Cuba by which she would leave America to determine all her foreign relations, including her tariff system, and America would take down all tariff barriers between her and America. Whether political annexation is ever to come, it will be time enough to consider by and by. Commercial annexation might well be perfected to-day. True statesmanship would endeavor to make Cuba at once American, in her industry, her schools, her liberties. No real or imagined interests represented by $12,000,000, or any other amount, should be permitted to stand in the way of such a consummation.

The Police in New York

The organization and administration of the police in New York City is a matter of more than local interest, because it ought to furnish an object-lesson to other cities. For this reason the report of the special Commission, consisting of ex-District Attorney Philbin, Colonel Partridge, and General A. D. Andrews, made to Mayor Low last week, recommending certain elements in a reorganization of the police, deserves general consideration, and those who have to do with police organization in other municipalities would do well to secure this report in full and give it careful reading. The Commission—Commissioner Partridge dissenting—recommends the establishment of the three-platoon system—that is, as we understand it, the division of the police into three watches of eight hours each; a chief of the police to be placed in direct control of the force, under the title General Inspector; a single Police Commissioner, but with a term of office to be fixed at fourteen years, the Commissioner being irremovable except on charges made and proved; and, as now, the members of the police force to have the right of trial and dismissal and the right to appeal to the courts for a review of their cases after trial before the police tribunal. Most of these recommendations appear to The Outlook wise. The objections to the three-platoon system are well worthy of serious consideration, but the substitution of this for the two-platoon system is in the line of the modern movement for the reduction of hours of labor. The fact that it would require an increase in the police forces is not a serious objection. The fact that it gives longer rest and larger opportunities for the policemen in family life seems to us to outweigh the objections against it. We are doubtful about the recommendation that policemen should continue to have a right to appeal to the courts for the review of their cases when the decision of the police tribunal is against them. These appeals in the past have had the effect to reinstate on the force, on technical grounds, men who had been discharged for good and sufficient reason. This right of appeal has also the effect to weaken discipline by depriving the head of the police force of power to discharge except in cases where legal evidence admissible before courts of law can be secured. It appears to The Outlook that some modification of the methods of military tribunals in the army would be an improvement on the present system. On this subject, however, The Outlook must report that the general judgment of experts, including Mr. Philbin, the former District Attorney, and Mr. Jerome, the present District Attorney, and including also all the members of the Police Commission, sustains the proposal that justice requires a continuance of the system of appeals from police tribunals to the courts. The ground of their judgment is thus stated:

> To intrust the removal of members of the police force, without an appeal to the courts, to such police officials as we have sometimes had and may again have, would be to make it possible for a corrupt head of the department to exercise a tyranny that would create a demoralization most detrimental to public welfare. Experience has shown that the courts have only failed to sustain the Commissioner where it was manifest that serious errors had prevented the accused from having a fair trial.

The New Police Commissioner

Almost simultaneously with the report of this presentation to the Mayor comes the resignation of Commissioner Partridge, and the appointment of General Francis V. Greene in his place. General Greene will bring to the office

military experience, a large knowledge of men, and familiarity with the city and its wants, and it is said that he made the condition of his acceptance a change in the law, in accordance with the recommendation of the Police Commission, fixing his term of office at fourteen years and making him irremovable except on charges. We shall look with interest to see whether he is able to overcome the serious defects in the police administration of New York City, without greater power of discipline than the Police Commissioner now possesses. We shall be surprised if he is able to do so without a change in the policy of municipal administration for which the Commissioner is not primarily responsible. The enactment of laws against vice, and particularly against liquor-selling, by the general sentiment of the State, the enforcement of which would be contrary to the general sentiment in the city of New York, has led to the adoption of a policy of enforcing the law in some cases and not in others, leaving the police captains to determine when they should and when they should not enforce it. Such a policy is fatal to discipline and often to honesty, and is a prolific source of blackmail. If the laws against vice are to be enforced only when the violation of them becomes a public nuisance, the principle should be clearly enunciated by the Mayor, and the responsibility should be assumed by him. We do not believe that any Commissioner can prevent the police from being co partners with vice by sharing its profits, unless either the Legislature changes the laws against vice, so framing them as to make them possible of impartial enforcement, or the Mayor and Commissioner combine in a policy, frankly avowed, which shall clearly and intelligibly define the extent to which and the limits within which the police can be called on to enforce the present laws.

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Overcrowded Street-Cars

Americans have long been the greatest street-car riding people in the world, and this form of National extravagance—or economy where time and strength are money—has been greatly developed during the past few years of financial prosperity and street-railway expansion. In New York City, where business is mainly in a congested center and the new trolley lines have merely brought more distant suburbs within easy reach of this center, the result of the extraordinary growth of street-car travel has been to produce an overcrowding of cars altogether intolerable. During the holiday season the annoyance to which women were subjected stirred the whole city, and the energetic Merchants' Association and the Mayor demanded of the street-railway companies a series of reforms by which the situation should be relieved. Mayor Low put the emphasis of his demands upon the surely practicable expedient of running as many cars throughout the day as are run during the "rush hours," and with this demand for the public he coupled the demand that the motormen on the trolleys should be protected by vestibules. When horses were used, he pointed out, the companies had an excuse for not vestibuling the front platforms, but with the substitution of electric power the vestibules can no longer be in the way. The Merchants' Association added to these demands a very sharp one calling for "accommodation for every passenger, or the enforcement of a 'no seat, no fare'" ordinance. With the spirit which prompted this last demand we are in the fullest sympathy, but the demand itself is extreme. Passengers insist upon crowding on cars when there is nothing but standing room and hardly that, and it is not fair—even if it is constitutional—to require the roads to carry them without pay. If anything is to be done along this line, it is much more feasible to adopt the suggestion of Mr. M. N. Forney's recent pamphlet on "The Overcrowding of Cars," demanding ordinances establishing the principle "no seat, half fare." Such an ordinance would be essentially fair, and although it would require elevated roads to provide conductors to give back half-fare slips to standing passengers, it would also speedily impel them to increase the number or size of their cars. Certainly the constitutionality of such an ordinance is not open to attack, as the company would have a greater profit from carrying crowded standing passengers at half fare than from carrying comfortably seated ones at full fare. The principle laid down by the Supreme Court of Iowa, and cited by Mr. Forney, fully

covers ordinances of this description. It reads as follows:

The court cannot undertake to guarantee the company any fixed or certain returns upon its investment. The exercise of such a power would work an utter destruction of the legislative right to regulate rates of water companies and other corporations operating works of public utility. We think the decisions have already gone to the verge of safety in nullifying legislative acts of this character; and to go farther and say that the courts will not only preserve property from confiscation and destruction by legislative power, but will also assure to its owners a definite and fixed rate of profit upon their investment, would be an act of judicial usurpation.

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Exorbitant Coal Prices

An aspect of the coal question that deserves immediate attention is that of price. The rich man's present annoyance and difficulty are as to obtaining coal at any price, while the wants of the very poor man have, to a considerable extent at least, been met by provision for the sale of coal in pails at a price not much higher than ordinarily prevails for this kind of trade. But there are a vast number of people who are unwilling to purchase their coal supply by the pailful, to whom, nevertheless, the increase from a fair to an exorbitant price is a very serious burden. It is understood that the operators and wholesale dealers are selling coal at not over $5.50 per ton for domestic purposes; but in New York the retail prices still reach $8 and even $12. Is there no remedy for this? Have the operators no public duty in the matter? It may be said that the retail dealers have a right to a larger profit than usual on account of their losses during the summer, and the cost and trouble of selling coal one ton at a time instead of the larger usual quantities; but, allowing for this, the margin of profit still remains not only large, but, in the opinion of many, extortionate. It is believed by those who understand the trade that the retail dealers depend upon the operators, and that in ordinary times the retail prices are largely governed by the operators' wishes. Now, it will be remembered that the operators have made certain public promises. In one interview Mr. Baer is reported to have said: "There will be plenty of winter coal here *at a fair price.*" On October 23 last Mr. Baer, in a letter to the general manager of his company, said: "Where dealers seek to obtain an unfair profit from the public, you will promptly take steps to supply the reasonable demands of the public *directly*," and still later it was generally announced by the press that the coal operators would open agencies in New York, if it were necessary, to bring the price of coal down to $6.50 per ton. It is not necessary to maintain that Government has a right to regulate prices in order to show that when an article of universal need is sold at exorbitant profit—running in this instance from $3 to $6 per ton—the rights of the people to secure the necessities of existence at living prices must be upheld in some manner.

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The Duty on Coal

One way of upholding the people's coal rights is to remove the duty. A correspondent in western Connecticut informs us that, "inspired by The Outlook's editorial [in the issue for December 20] on the duty of Congress and the duty on coal, citizens are circulating this petition in this and several other Connecticut towns:

"To the National Congress: We, undersigned citizens and voters, in view of the widespread want for coal in our homes, our factories, our schools, and our churches, and in view of the continued high prices of what little coal there is to be had, demand of Congress an immediate suspension of all duties on all coals from outside of our National boundaries, for a period of not less than six months. And that Congress shall do all in its power not only to make the importation of coal free, but also to encourage by all possible means its immediate importation to meet the serious needs of the people. We call upon our local member of Congress to present this petition immediately to the assembled Congress."

He adds: "Men of every class are signing with intense interest and the strongest determination that something shall be done. The signers are merchants, manufacturers, factory hands, professional men, and farmers. I have never seen anything of the kind taken hold of with such unanimity and intensity. The very politicians whom I thought might hesitate, for supposed prudential partisan reasons, have thrown all such feeling to the winds. A man whom I most expected to hesitate exclaimed: 'What! sign to suspend the duty on coal for six months? I would be glad to sign to remove such duty forever!'" The form of petition which our

correspondent sent us is a convenient one, and we hope that other communities will adopt the method which he describes of bringing the sentiments of the voters directly to the attention of Congress. It is well to write personally to individual Representatives and Senators, but it must be remembered that many citizens will sign a petition who will not venture to take the responsibility, or who cannot take the time, to write a personal letter. We have as yet to see a single sound objection made to the proposal that American citizens should be relieved, at least temporarily, of the illogical and—at the present moment—insufferable burden of being taxed for exercising their right to protect themselves against cold and disease.

The Child Labor Conflict at the South

One more Southern State seems to have responded to the appeal for legislation restricting the employment of children in factories. In Virginia the House of Delegates has passed an act prohibiting factory labor for children under twelve, and regulating the labor of those between twelve and fourteen. The Senate is likely to concur, and the influence of Virginia be put on the side of those who have so long been struggling for a similar law in Alabama and hope to see the fruits of their labors when their Legislature meets next month. Unfortunately, however, another Southern State nearer than Virginia has kept its influence on the wrong side—the Georgia Legislature having adjourned for four years without enacting the moderate child labor law demanded. As Alabama also now has a Constitution providing for legislative sessions only once in four years, the corporate influences opposed to restriction are likely to take courage from their success in Georgia and fight desperately in Alabama also against any restrictive measure, knowing that the defeat of the reform this year gives them four years more of license, and puts upon the reformers the necessity of keeping up an agitation during a long period when public attention is hard to arouse because no legislative action is possible. This obvious effect of infrequent sessions of the Legislature ought to be considered in the Northern States which are considering the proposed abandonment of annual sessions. Fortunately, we have no reason to fear that the Alabama reformers will abandon their agitation even if they are defeated this year. A recent letter from one of them says:

> I have just returned from a mill where the employees, children and all, are worked for thirteen hours a day—from 5:30 in the morning to 6:30 at night, with but twenty minutes for dinner. The same mill, when it is rushed, works its hands from three to four nights in succession until 9:30 and sometimes 10 o'clock.

Such exploitation as this of the physical strength of half-grown children, such deprivation of the pleasures of childhood and of the mental equipment needed for maturer years, are sure to touch the hearts of all who have no pecuniary interests in maintaining the false system, and the supporters of the reform know that they have only to continue their work to succeed. Our correspondent believes that the cause will also appeal to the consciences of those who are financially interested in maintaining the present system, and asks us, so far as we are able, to appeal to the New England stockholders in Southern mills to use their influence with their corporations on the side of humanity. "If," he writes, "the Northern men who are involved in these Southern enterprises will get squarely and explicitly on the side of legislation, every State in the South can have a child-labor law before the first of March."

Damages Awarded Against a Trade-Union

The consternation created in trade-union circles last year, when the House of Lords decided in the Taff Vale Railway case that a trade-union could be made a party to a suit, was increased last week when the jury, in a damage suit brought by the same railroad, awarded the company damages to the amount of $135,000 against the union to which its striking employees belonged—the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. Until the decision of the House of Lords last year, the historians of labor legislation in Great Britain had uniformly laid it down as a fundamental principle that a trade-union could neither sue nor be sued. In fact, Parliament had so carefully avoided any enactment compromising this principle that it was generally supposed to have adopted it in its full vigor.

In the case brought before the Law Lords it was only the right of a court to enjoin a union from a certain form of picketing that was directly involved, but the decision that the union as an association could be made the party to a suit carried with it the doctrine that the funds of such an association were liable to attachment in any damage suit that might be brought. In the case decided last week this doctrine was applied. The Amalgamated Society and its officials, including Richard Bell, M.P., have been found guilty of maintaining a system of picketing and terrorism to bring about a strike and prevent the employment of non-union men, and are held responsible for all damages resulting to the railroad from these actions. These damages, as before stated, are reckoned at 27,000 pounds sterling. In England the situation is likely to call for Parliamentary action defining more precisely just what forms of picketing a union may employ, and just what acts of individual unionists may be laid at the door of the organization. The English unions have always found Parliament much more friendly to them than the courts, and they naturally expect to do so again, but it does not seem likely to American observers that Parliament will give new sanction to the old doctrine that a union cannot be held legally responsible for its official acts. Certainly in New York State, under the code of civil procedure, "unincorporated associations consisting of more than seven members"—which have been held to include unincorporated trades-unions—can be sued through actions brought against their presidents and treasurers, and the property of the association bound by the judgments given. The general principle that there can be no power without responsibility is one to which no exception can be made in favor of the labor union.

A Hard Winter in Europe

In sharp contrast with the commercial prosperity here are the hard times now reported in the principal countries in Europe. In England the disbanding of the troops who served in South Africa has most seriously disturbed the labor market. Since the war came to an end 110,000 soldiers have been brought back. All these men have been thrown upon the labor market since August. Simultaneously there came slack times and lower wages in the great industrial centers of England and Scotland, especially in the engineering and ship-building trades. The various Government factories have also been dismissing men in large numbers since the peace, and as trade generally is showing some decline, the outlook for the industrial population is more gloomy this winter than it has been at any time since 1892–3. At that time the municipalities, at the instigation of the Government, found work for many of the unemployed, and it now seems probable that public works will have to be started to help the growing army of the unemployed over the present winter. While the war was on, it was expected in England that a large number of soldiers would settle in South Africa when peace was declared. The War Office took measures to facilitate such settlements. But the vast majority of the men whose periods of service ended with the war preferred to return and take their chances in the labor market at home. From July to September last there was a considerable working-class emigration to South Africa. There are, however, comparatively few opportunities for an industrial population in South Africa, and many of the men who went out from England are back again and are adding to the congestion of the labor market at home. Many more are stranded in the coast cities of South Africa, and in Cape Town the Government has had to take measures for the relief of these men. In Germany even darker conditions are depicted in the labor reports, though in that country the situation is neither complicated nor explained by returning troops. According to the quarterly bulletin of the New York Department of Labor—the best publication of its kind in the country—it was simply the "speculation and overproduction in certain industries" which produced the crisis. Significantly, this speculation and relative overproduction were most marked in the industries controlled by the great syndicates or trusts, which proved no better able than competing concerns to reckon the future market for their products. In Austria, according to a recent despatch from Vienna,

there are "in the iron trade alone one hundred and forty thousand men without employment. Many factories are closed or are running half-time. The authorities fear an epidemic of typhus and far-reaching famine." The Austrian despatch goes on to state that the industrial situation there is causing an enormous emigration to the United States, and our immigration reports here confirm this conclusion. Immigrants to the port of New York are more numerous than ever before, and the height of the tide is the measure not only of prosperity here but of relative adversity abroad. Even from the most selfish standpoint, the hard times abroad are matters for concern here. The army of unemployed there means decreased consumption of American goods, and lower wages there means cheaper production of manufactures to displace American products in the newly gained markets. The industrial world is one body, and a severe injury to one member has in time a weakening effect upon all.

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The Woman Question in Germany

Facts are increasing to show that in official circles in Germany a reaction has set in against further concessions in the woman question. In the Fatherland this problem is confined almost entirely to the departments of higher education and public service, and only to a very limited degree has it also a political aspect. Remarkable progress had been made, especially in the attendance of women at the universities. Here the high-water mark of 1,262 was reached one year ago, and even last spring a total of 1,029 was reported. Now only 737 women are enrolled in the twenty-one universities of the country, and the probabilities are that there will be a further decrease, as the authorities in a number of cases have assumed a hostile attitude toward the agitation. Notably is this the case in Berlin, where the conditions for admittance have been made more stringent, with the result that the enrollment decreased from 622 to 370 in a single semester. Still more significant is the fact that the University Senate, in response to a petition to admit women to university privileges on exactly the same footing as the men, has promptly refused to do this. This means that not only in Berlin women will not be matriculated, and can attend lectures only as "hearers" by special permission, but that probably the majority of these institutions throughout the country will follow the example of the leading Prussian school. As matters now stand, only the Duchy of Baden, with its two territorial universities of Heidelberg and Freiburg, will permit women to matriculate and take a degree with exactly the same conditions that obtain in the case of men. In all of the other universities women cannot become full-fledged students, and can be admitted to examinations only as a special favor. Baden has in general exhibited a marked degree of liberality in extending the privileges of its high schools to women, not only admitting them to its universities, but also to the regular gymnasium or secondary schools at Pforzheim and elsewhere, and even establishing regular colleges for girls, *e. g.* at Carlsruhe, leading up to the universities. In this latter respect it has been timidly followed by Oldenburg and one or two other smaller States of the German Empire; but as yet nearly all of the girls' colleges in Germany corresponding to the regular classical gymnasium and the scientific Oberrealschule for boys, of which colleges the best are found in Berlin, Leipzig, Breslau, and Hanover, are the work of private enterpri e. As long as the all-powerful State of Prussia shows so little inclination to make real concessions to the movement, but little permanent and tangible gains can be expected. And in Prussia the reaction is seemingly stronger than elsewhere. In Koenigsberg new restrictions were enacted that virtually exclude women from the medical department, and this example has been followed by Halle and Saxon Leipzig. It is rather remarkable that even where women can matriculate they make little use of this privilege. In Heidelberg, out of 70 women students only 16 are matriculated, and in Freiburg out of 43 only 18. A woman contingent is found at all of the German universities except the three smaller institutions at Greifswald, Münster, and Rostock, the attendance at the others ranging from 370 in Berlin to 2 in Tübingen. This same reactionary tendency appears also in the official decree of the German Imperial Government

directing that henceforth special care shall be taken not to employ weak women in the post-office and telephone departments, nor in the public schools, the statistics of recent years having shown that the physical condition of women only in exceptional cases permitted them to do their full duty in these callings, a fact probably explained by the rigorous demands made by the German Government on all of its officials.

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The Customs Union and South Africa

The conference on the Customs Union to be held early in the new year will be the first occasion on which there will be a meeting of representatives of the old and new British colonies in South Africa. Cape Colony, Natal, and the Free State were in a Customs Union before the war. The Transvaal had stood outside the Union, and had a tariff with many high duties which pressed heavily on the mining companies and on the commercial and industrial population of Johannesburg and the Rand. From May, 1900, all the Transvaal laws have been in force; although during this time the country has been under British rule. In October, however, the old tariff was revised and many changes made by proclamation issued by Lord Milner. Reductions were made in nearly every instance by these changes, for the revision was undertaken with the object of reducing the inordinately high cost of food supplies and of building materials imported from oversea. Everything except brick and stone which goes into a building in Johannesburg has to be imported from England, Germany, or America. Some idea of what this entails may be realized from a single instance. A barrel of cement which costs five shillings on the dock in London sells for thirty-eight or forty shillings on the Rand. The high price of food and the enormous cost of building material have formed one of the most pressing local questions confronting the High Commissioner since in July last people began to return to Johannesburg. It was to ease these conditions that the Transvaal tariff was revised in October. As it stands it is only a provisional tariff, and it will not be made permanent until after the approaching conference, at which all five colonies—Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and Rhodesia—will be represented. Under the existing Customs Union the general rate of duties averages seven and a half per cent. None of the South African colonies has any other productive industry than mining. There is no protection to any industrial interests in the existing tariff; but the Dutch farmers of Cape Colony have adequate protection for home-grown produce, and they have also preferential rates on the railroads, which add considerably to the protection afforded colonial agriculture. In spite of this protection to agriculture, neither Cape Colony nor Natal raises sufficient produce to supply its own needs. In the cities of the older colonies there is a strong feeling that duties on foodstuffs should be reduced, and that any deficit due to these reductions should be made good by excise taxes, of which there are none at present. The Transvaal representatives will go into the conference to obtain lower duties on all foodstuffs, but they will meet with much opposition from the Dutch element in Cape Colony, which has always stood out for protection for home-grown produce. For a generation past the Dutch have dictated the tariff policy of Cape Colony, and, owing to the weight of Dutch influence, Cape Colony is likely to be the most difficult colony to deal with in the Customs Union Conference.

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Religious Conditions in the Sudan

For some years the statement has been repeatedly made and as often denied that Lord Kitchener, after destroying the power of the Mahdi and assuming the administration of the Sudan, issued a decree prohibiting Christian missionary work among the Mohammedans in the dependencies confided to his charge; and that this action was later confirmed by Lord Cromer, British Plenipotentiary in Egypt, who, on his first visit to Khartûm, took occasion to assure the Sudanese Sheiks that there would be no interference with their Muslim faith and religious customs. It has been questioned whether this pledge, if given at all by these proconsuls, has been maintained during the four years which have since elapsed, and whether, as regards a Christian propaganda among the Moham-

medans in the Sudan, the country still remains completely barred to the agents of the various missionary societies of Europe and America. The societies which had long since established stations in that part of Africa were forced to abandon them twenty years ago by the Dervish insurrection; it has been understood that since then none of them have been allowed to resume operations, a rule operating with equal impartiality against Protestant and Roman Catholic missions. Rumor has it, however, that an exception to this rule has been made in favor of the Copts, and that the latter are now endeavoring to Christianize the Sudanese; but that the Copts receive no direct encouragement from the British Government, which simply tolerates their presence. In view of the lack of exact information on the subject, The Outlook takes great satisfaction in printing the following official statement from the British Government, which it has just received in answer to a request for information. In a letter to The Outlook Sir Reginald Wingate, Governor-General of the Sudan, says: "There was no decree issued by Lord Kitchener prohibiting Christian missionary enterprise in the Sudan, but he made it a rule not to allow Christian missionaries to work among the Mohammedan population, though he offered no objection to their working among the pagan population. This rule is still observed, and there are Christian missionaries now at work *south of Fashoda*. No distinctive treatment is made between Catholics and Protestants. The Copts exist in considerable numbers in the Sudan, especially in Khartûm; they have their own clergy, but do not proselytize. In this respect they do not receive treatment different to that accorded to members of any other religion." It should be added that this letter is received through the Marquis of Lansdowne, British Foreign Secretary, and thus receives additional official sanction.

The American School at Athens

As the twentieth report of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens has just been published, the present seems a fitting time for a survey of the history of the School. It certainly is a fitting time to call attention to its opportunities not only for those who desire to become specialists in archæology, but also for those who wish to become better students and teachers of classical philology. When the School was founded, says Professor Seymour, of Yale (Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School, 1887–1901), the linguistic study of Greek was more fashionable than it is at present, and no one doubted that some of the students would be interested in the study of modern Greek in its relation to the ancient language. Strange to say, however, none of the 127 American students has as yet chosen this field of research, although the characteristics of the popular language are gradually fading before the efforts of the public schools to further the use of the literary language. In archæology the School has proved its usefulness: last year, for instance, more American scholars were in Greece for archæological study and research in connection with the School than visited Greece for a stay of more than two months during all the years of the nineteenth century before the School was established. It should be reaffirmed, says Professor Seymour, that the School does not aim solely, nor perhaps mainly, at training specialists in archæology; it desires also, and perhaps chiefly, to encourage on the part of classical scholars archæological study which will throw light upon their classical studies and give life to their teaching and interpretation of literature. A review of the two decades of work recalls many distinguished names in scholarship, among others, of Professors Baird, Goodwin, Allen, Packard, White (the present President of the Archæological Institute which founded the School), Merriam, Waldstein, J. R. Wheeler (Chairman of the Managing Committee), B. I. Wheeler, Tarbell, and Richardson, the present Director of the School. The Outlook has already called attention to the valuable excavations conducted by our School. These have not only added to the world's sum of archæological knowledge, but have given to the School a prestige not otherwise obtained. The expenditures for these excavations have been about $16,000. For the new home of the School the Greek Government gave the building site; it immediately adjoins the ground of the British school. The American School needs a

larger income than it has at present; it should have a permanent endowment of at least $150,000, with an additional income of $100 per year from each of thirty American colleges and universities.

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A Council of Jewish Women

The organization known as the Council of Jewish Women originated in Chicago in 1893. The Congress of Jewish Women held as a part of the Parliament of Religions at the World's Columbian Exposition proved such an inspiration to the Mothers in Israel, who never in all the centuries of Judaism had been as a distinctly religious body "in congress assembled," that it was determined at the final session to organize permanently as a national body. But, two sections having since been organized in Canada, the term national was necessarily dropped from the title. The chief objects of the association are the bringing about of closer relations among Jewish women, with a view to the united study of Hebrew history, literature, affairs, and conditions, and for the work of social reform and philanthropy. Two triennial meetings have been held since 1893—one in New York, in November, 1896; the other in Cleveland, in March, 1900; the third, which took place in Baltimore early in December, was no less important and interesting than the others. The sessions were very largely attended; those in the morning and afternoon being chiefly restricted to delegates and reserved for the transaction of business and reports of the actual work of the Council, while the evening sessions held in the large auditorium were open to the public, and were addressed by prominent men and women, specialists in those matters in which the organization is interested, but not all of Hebrew birth. Among the speakers was Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, on "The New Social Spirit," which is, she says, preventive rather than curative. Social hygiene rather than social medicine is needed by the body politic; we reform by eliminating causes. A particularly interesting discussion followed the presentation of the report of the Committee on Religion. The works of Heine and Disraeli had been studied by some sections, while a certain rabbi had lectured to his people on the life of Jesus of Nazareth, with the view that they should be "informed, and not misinformed," regarding it. The query whether these were properly the subjects of investigation by the organization as such was freely argued, and the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Rosenau and other rabbis who chanced to be present was asked. One of these was of the mind that what was most needed was the strengthening of the emotional side of feminine religion. No positive conclusion was reached on this important subject; but the balance of opinion seems to have been against the study of the life and work of "apostates" from Judaism. This, however, is a considerable advance from former standpoints of Hebrew orthodoxy.

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Trained Nurses at Public Schools

Thanks to the vigilant public spirit of the Nurses' Settlement, an unusually promising innovation has just been made in New York City's system of caring for the health of public-school children. For some time past the schools have been visited periodically by physicians, who examine the children and send home those not well enough to be in school or who show signs of disorders likely to be epidemic. Under the present efficient head of the Board of Health, Dr. Lederle, this system has been enforced so scrupulously that, while the health of the schools has been materially improved, the attendance in many of the poorer districts has been materially diminished. Children, for example, who had sore eyes have been sent away and told to return when their eyes were well, but have had such inefficient treatment at home that when they returned their eyes were still affected, and they had to be sent away again. In this way many fell behind their classes and dropped out altogether. Thus a serious condition confronted the Board of Education, and it almost seemed as if the interests of education were in conflict with the interests of health. At this juncture Miss Lillian D. Wald, the head of the Nurses' Settlement, suggested to President Burlingham, of the Board of Education, and Dr. Lederle, of the Health Board, that two trained nurses should be assigned to school buildings in the neglected districts, and should treat in-

the schools all minor disorders, and visit the homes of children requiring more serious attention to instruct their mothers as to what should be done for them—how, for instance, boracic acid should be put on sore eyes, and simple remedies administered for colds and other troubles. The plan was warmly welcomed, and Miss Wald's associates who volunteered for the work took hold of it with enthusiasm. The results even exceeded the high expectations at once aroused, and in a few weeks nearly all the children who were out of school on account of various disorders were back again in their places. Furthermore, it was shown that one nurse who took hold of this work sympathetically and not perfunctorily could, under normal conditions, look after the children in three or four great buildings, teaching the foreign-born mothers to do most of the work without the expense of calling in physicians. The plan has worked so well that the educational authorities have decided to engage nearly a dozen trained nurses to look after some forty buildings, and the innovation promises soon to become an institution.

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The Triumph of Wireless Telegraphy

December 21, 1902, will be a memorable date in the history of trans-oceanic telegraphy. On that day formal inauguratory and congratulatory messages were exchanged through the Marconi wireless telegraphy system between Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and the Poldhu station at Cornwall, Great Britain. The Governor-General of Canada sent a message to King Edward; a similar message was transmitted to the King of Italy; and one or more press despatches were also successfully passed over the ocean without the intervention of cable or wire. It is stated that in a very short time the line will be in operation for commercial purposes, and a low rate is thought to be possible because of the comparative cheapness of the actual operating expenses after a wireless system has been installed. It need not, however, be supposed that the day of the cable is over; as a rule, great inventions have found for themselves new uses and have supplemented rather than supplanted former inventions. It remains to be seen, also, exactly how far the new system may be depended upon for continuous and unbroken working, and for freedom from possible interruption. The Outlook has already described Mr. Marconi's inventions, which, in the main, are of skillfully devised practical adaptations of principles already recognized. These adaptations and his immensely ingenious apparatus for making the wireless system effective will deservedly place Marconi's name among those of the greatest inventors of our century.

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The Mask of the Years

The sunlight has marked the hours for centuries on old dials in English gardens, but there remains no record of their number or their beginning. In the heart of the earth there are ancient memories which have been deciphered; and men have kept, for a part of their life in the world, a register of their thoughts and deeds. But no one knows when time began, nor does any one foresee its ending. So accustomed are we to its divisions and subdivisions that we forget that it has no real existence outside our own minds. It is a universal convention, but it is only a convention; something agreed upon and accepted for convenience; an accommodation to our limited vision and knowledge. So long has this convention been established and so universal is its acceptance that we have fallen into the habit of setting it in antithesis with eternity; forgetting that it is only a very imperfect attempt to bring eternity within the range of our experience and to make it, if not comprehensible, at least usable. Time is one way of reckoning the bit of eternity which our earth or our race remembers. There is nothing outside ourselves which corresponds to it; it is a convenient and necessary fiction; eternity is the only reality.

The time-sense is of importance because it helps us to give our lives order and to keep us in working relations with our fellows; but it is the sense of eternity which makes deep thinking and noble living possible. Time is a little section of the great whole which is eternity; it is a detail in a great plan; to live as if it were all of life, to see things as if their

time-relations expressed their real significance, to value our opportunities and tasks and burdens as if they were related to the years which we number, is to put a part in place of the whole and to miss the meaning and glory of living. It has been said of Dante that he saw life under the aspect of eternity. When he looked at the seed, the tree stood before him; when he saw the sowing, he saw in the same vision the harvesting; in every act he discerned a cause whose effect was present, in every deed he foresaw the fruitage in power or in misery. He did not look ahead; he simply looked into the heart of things; he saw things through the sense of eternity. The greatness and the terror of "The Divine Comedy" lies in the fact that it destroys the fiction of time and makes us suddenly aware that on this very to-day, the hours of which are registered on dials in sunny gardens, we are in eternity.

In so far as art is noble and significant it annihilates the sense of time and brings us face to face with the beauty and the terror of eternity. The Sistine Madonna sets the mother in the light of eternity, and all heads are uncovered and all voices are hushed in the sudden discernment of the meaning of motherhood in that language of the spirit which is the speech of eternity, when all disguises are torn away and the divinity of true living is revealed. The "Last Judgment" fills us with awe, not because it is a picture of a great event to come in some distant age, but because it makes us aware that we are sifted, tried, and judged hour by hour, and that the great artist has dramatized in a moment of time the eternal process. There are portrait-painters who have such power of divination, of penetrating the mask of the countenance to the character, that their canvases are revelations of the eternal elements in the nature of the man or woman behind the touches and moldings of time. Whenever the soul comes into view, the man is seen under the aspect of eternity. It is one of the highest services of art that it shows life under the aspects of eternity; the fiction of time dissolves under the searching glance of the great artist or thinker. Shakespeare's genius lies in the unique power with which he gives us the feature of the time and the hidden soul which is eternal behind it; the graphic dramatic force with which he delineates the deed, the masterful insight with which he relates it to the man and his fortunes.

In this double power the Bible is unique among the books of the world. Concrete, pictorial, historic, it flashes light at every turn on the ultimate results and conditions; picturing with marvelous vividness the sowing of the seed, it instantly discloses the harvest. In this lies its pervading, prophetic quality; its steady discernment of the things that are to come because at every stage it lays bare the hidden process which, in the eye of the prophet, is accomplished as soon as it is set in motion. So the Christ moves to his martyrdom with such certainty that long before the star shines over Bethlehem the agony of the cross is announced.

The years come out of the great silence in unbroken succession because we need their divisions in our endeavor to realize, in daily experience, the continuity of eternity. They give us something to grasp and use; but they must not confuse or blind us to the truth that the life we now live is eternal, and that while we number our years and distinguish them one from another, we are already in eternity. To-morrow is already in to-day; the distant future is part of this swiftly departing present. What we think and do in this brief instant we are and shall be in the far-off cycles to which we move. Our deeds are not of the day; they are of eternity. Below all the shiftings and changes, the moods and emotions, the depressions and exaltations, something indestructible is shaping itself as surely as below the bareness and icy bondage of winter a vast life is organizing itself.

Our sorrows are registered by the days, but if the root of submission and faith is in them they are as certainly overpast as if already the shadows were gone and the heavens were soft and gracious over our heads. So far as the righteous are able to look through the mask of the years, light is not only sown for them; it already floods the skies. So far as the high purpose is deep-rooted and loyally held, nobility and strength and freedom are already achieved. So far as love is pure, unselfish, and sacrificial, it is already safe against the ravages of death. Life is not yet at the flood, but it is ours as

if we were in full possession of its unbounded resources; the perfect stature is yet afar off, but if the law of growth is working in us, it is already ours as surely as if we had completely attained. The sorrows which the years bring the years take away; they are of the time and the place, and we are not the slaves of time and place; but our joys, having their source in the soul, are indestructible. In the darkest night we know that the day is below the horizon; the shadow on the dial does not confuse us; we know that the sun is on the way. In our deepest griefs, if we look into our souls, the joy of eternal possession already stirs; it needs but the ripening of our faith and patience to bear its perfect flower. The life of love is not counted by the years; once born in the heart, it abides forever. Sown in the furrows of time, it blooms in those immortal fields where no shadows wait to hide the sun and no chill of death checks the eternal growth.

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Beauty for Working People

It has taken a good while to make men understand that, as the artist is conditioned on the strength, character, and quality of the man, so the workingman as a factor in the industrial world is conditioned on the force, energy, and character of the man. In other words, working men and women are not simply hands, they are complex human beings, whose work is not a matter of routine, but is diversified by numberless differences of temperament, strength, intelligence, and character. The best investment that the country can make economically is to build up a high grade of working people—men and women, in other words, who are not machines, but who have individuality, health, vitality, conscience. Such working people are not produced under bad sanitary, physical, and moral conditions. They are not bred under the system which regards them as so many hands to be paid so much money at the end of the week. If the best is to be gotten out of them, the best must be given to them. If they are to be intelligent, they must have opportunities which will enable them to gain the intelligence. If they are to have taste, individuality, originality, they mus have a chance to become skillful. I they are to have conscience and joy i their work, they must be put in the way o having joy and conscience in their live Society must deal, in other words, wit the workingman as a man; must buil up his character, his intelligence, his skil as a man before it can get the best out o him as a worker.

It is not many decades since this truth which has been slowly evolved out of th economic experience of the last three hun dred years, began to be practically applie in the endeavor not only to make th homes of workingmen wholesome, but t make their surroundings beautiful; no only to give the factories solidity of struc ture and proper light and air, but also t make them attractive. When the sugges tion was first made that working peopl needed the beauty of the world as othe people need it, and that business me would do well to meet that need, the sug gestion was scouted as sentimental, un businesslike, doctrinaire. As a matter o fact, everything that makes men mor efficient is in the last degree businesslike and the agitation for making workin people's homes and factories attractiv instead of ugly has steadily made progres until the time has come when many o the foremost manufacturers in the countr not only cordially recognize the principl but are doing their best to apply it. Th magazine which has the attractive title o "Home and Flowers" and is devote "to a more beautiful American life," ha been securing the opinions of a numbe of leading manufacturers touching th matter of making business plants attrac ive. More than five hundred busines men in all parts of the country wer addressed, and of those replying th editor of "Home and Flowers" report that ninety-five per cent. agreed that th product of a factory or of a business o any kind is much more valuable when th factory or office is clean, attractive, an beautiful, and when the employees d their work amid surroundings which ar orderly and artistic.

The President of a large cutlery manu factory, for instance, puts the whole mat ter in a paragraph when he says: "Th more a man a man is, the more valuabl he will be to any concern and the mor

he can do and will do to aid in its success. Since æsthetic surroundings are the constant, silent appeal to the better nature of man, that man will do better work and do it more quietly, quickly, and pleasantly in congenial surroundings than otherwise. . . . Work is many times wearisome and monotonous, and the more brightness and beauty that is thrown around the worker the better spirit he can put into his work." The President of a large manufacturing concern in Ohio writes that tasteful surroundings have made it possible for the factory which he manages to get the best men as workers; that their employees appreciate what they are trying to do in making the shops attractive, and that these employees join in any effort to take care of the place and prevent abuse of its privileges. A large manufacturer in Pennsylvania writes: "If you could induce new factories to provide for a garden or small park in connection with their plant, with a summer pavilion where workmen could eat their noon lunch and rest, it would be a fine thing for humanity." From a well-known printer in the same State comes this business creed: "I believe there is a very great business value in having æsthetic surroundings to a business plant. This value is inward and outward both, and, if properly backed up, means better and more business." A prominent manufacturer in Illinois is sure that "there is always more gain in having attractive surroundings than would be lost by the cost of repairing and maintaining proper conditions." A firm of representative manufacturers in Connecticut, who have long been notable for their care for their operatives, declare that they make their mills as clean and attractive as possible, but have very little faith in supplying decorative art to workshops. An Ohio manufacturer does "not believe in spending much time on flower gardens or surroundings," but freely recognizes the good result of "feeding and broadening the intellect, which will mold the surroundings of the workmen"—which is precisely the service that gardens and proper surroundings render.

A very pleasant picture is suggested by a Tennessee manufacturer, who writes:

Our mills are covered with ampelopsis and a courtyard walls with the same vines, in the center of which is a fountain surrounded with a twenty-foot bed of caladiums. These, together with several beds of cannas planked about the yards, make our surroundings attractive in the summer-time. It proves a pleasure to our workpeople and to ourselves.

It has taken a long time to convince some business men that there is any profit to be gotten out of beauty; but, on the other hand, there are a great many business men who take a broad enough view of their interests and who have a sufficient knowledge of conditions elsewhere to know that beauty, to put it on the lowest possible basis, is an extremely marketable quality, and that as an investment it often pays a very high per cent. of profit. The consensus of opinion secured by the editor of "Home and Flowers" is encouraging as showing the broadening view of business by able men of affairs, the clearer discernment of the great truth that in order to get the best work out of a man you must first develop the best possible man.

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Why Not?

If any reader of this paragraph failed to read Miss Miner's article on "American Barbarism and Chinese Hospitality" in last week's issue, we hope he will turn back to it and read it now. Whoever is responsible for such an injustice as she describes, the American people will be responsible if they allow it to be repeated in the future. The Outlook believes in a Chinese exclusion law. It believes that we have a right to put such limitations upon immigration as may be required by a due consideration for our own National welfare. But these considerations do not require a law which excludes Chinese students from coming to America to acquire an education to fit them to return and work to promote a higher civilization in China and so secure more cordial relations between China and the United States. It would be a perfectly simple thing to prevent the law from operating to bring about such an exclusion, which it is not the intent of the law to bring about. It would only be necessary to add to the law a clause something like the following:

But the Collector of the Port (or the Secretary of the Treasury) may in his discretion, on

application indorsed by two or more American citizens, admit a Chinese immigrant, on satisfactory evidence that he is not a laborer and that the irregularity or imperfection of his certificate is due to no fault of his.

An inflexible law, allowing no discretion in the administration, is not workable. Some discretion in its application should be lodged somewhere in a Federal official. The evils of allowing such discretion would be inconsiderable. The evils of not allowing it are very serious. It is quite plain to all observers that the future commercial prosperity of this country is very closely bound up with the development of American trade with China; and if we are to increase our trade with her, it must be by cultivating the good will of her leading citizens. To treat representatives of her cultured class as the two young men were treated whose story Miss Miner told last week is to undo the work done by Secretary Hay's splendid diplomacy. The inhabitants on the Pacific coast are interested in developing commercial relations between the United States and China; the commercial future of that coast depends upon their success in establishing such relations. They ought to take this matter up, and not rest until such a change is made in the exclusion law as will render impossible insult and injury to representative friends of America among Chinese leaders of public opinion.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury

It is a good many decades since the dingy palace which Wolsey built across the Thames has housed a man of more typical English temper, of greater courage, and of more force than Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died at Lambeth Palace last week. Among the many forceful and interesting personalities who have crowded English public life during the last half of the last century, Dr. Temple held a foremost position. He was not a great scholar in the sense in which Dr. Creighton, late Bishop of London, was a scholar; he was not a great theological writer; he was not a great preacher, either of the popular type like Canon Gore, or of what has been called the Cathedral type, like Canon Liddon; he had not the winning personal qualities of his predecessor, Dr. Benson; but in force of character, energy of mind, and the courage of opinion, Dr. Temple rose, if not into the ranks of great men, certainly into the ranks of those Archbishops who have enriched the tradition of intellectual leadership in Lambeth Palace.

Born on one of the Ionian Islands in 1821, the son of a Governor of Sierra Leone, Dr. Temple, unlike most Englishmen of his position, was compelled to make his own way in the world. At seventeen he was thrown upon his own resources. "I have known," he said, "what it was to go without a fire because I could not afford one; and I have worn patched clothes and boots." As a boy and youth he knew at first hand the hard work of the farm; but he was fortunate in securing what was absolutely essential for his later career, a thorough education. He went to the Grammar School at Tiverton, and subsequently to Oxford, where he made his mark and became scholar of Balliol, the Oxford college which in recent times has been notably associated with scholarship. His election as Fellow and Mathematical Tutor of Balliol gave him six additional years of study in the seclusion and the stimulating atmosphere of Oxford. He was ordained to the ministry in 1846; two years later he became Principal of the training college for teachers at Kneller Hall. In 1855 he became Instructor of Schools, and three years later was chosen the Head Master of the Rugby School, a position which he held for eleven years. His masterful hand was felt in every department of the school; and the two sides of his nature—his keen sense of justice and his bluntness of manner—were both expressed in the well-known phrase of the Rugby boy who wrote to his father: "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast."

When the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews" appeared in 1860, Dr. Temple's initial essay on "The Education of the World" drew a fire of criticism; and the book was the center of a hotly contested battle of opinions. Two of the essayists were tried and finally acquitted. Dr. Temple's essay, which was regarded as extraordinarily radical at the time of its publication, was a very



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: THE MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., LL.
Died December 23, 1902.
From the portrait by Hubert von Herkomer.

cautious acceptance of the general idea of progression in the revelation of truth, and its positions are to-day almost universally accepted.

The opposition aroused by the publication of "Essays and Reviews" came to a focus when Mr. Gladstone in 1868 nominated Dr. Temple as Bishop of Exeter. Dr. Pusey, who was a saint, but a very partisan saint, declared that the selection of Dr. Temple was "the most frightful enormity that had ever been perpetrated by a Prime Minister." Dr. Pusey did not understand that such extreme movements as that in which he himself was a leader always produce extreme reactions. The excesses of the Tractarians gave occasion for the broad theology of "Essays and Reviews." After a hot and prolonged discussion, Dr. Temple's election was confirmed, and for seventeen years he put his whole strength into the many-sided work of an English Bishop, doing everything with energy and decision. In 1885 he became Bishop of London; and, in spite of failing eyesight, he immediately made his mark on that vast diocese by the vigor and directness of his administration. Many stories were told of his bluntness. It used to be said that an interview with the Bishop of London consisted of three sentences on his part—"Who are you? What do you want? No."

On the death of Archbishop Benson, six years ago, Dr. Temple was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, being the twenty-seventh who has held a position second in dignity in the English order only to that of the sovereign. Time had ripened without weakening the independence and vigor of Dr. Temple's mind. He had ceased to be a radical in the partisan sense, but he had not parted with his breadth of view or his independence of action. In an address delivered in 1898 he struck the keynote of his administration when he said: "The ceremonial is the order of the Church; the teaching must be to a large extent the voice of the individual." No Bishop in recent years had more perplexing and difficult questions to deal with. The Church has been shaken almost to its foundations during the last three years by the practices of the extreme ritualistic party, the claims of the pronounced Anglo-Catholics, and the vigorous opposition of the Protestant party in the Church; the disposition of great ecclesiastics to seek the safe rather than the bold course, to speak smooth rather than true things, which has so often brought reproach upon the Church, cannot be charged to Dr. Temple. In a series of addresses on various ecclesiastical occasions he stated the position of the Church on all the points at issue with absolute candor and clearness. His general policy was to permit such a latitude of opinion as the discipline of the Church and the authority of the Bible, as he understood them, permitted. He regarded himself as at the head of a national Church, not the Archbishop of a party; and he stood for tolerance within what he regarded as the legitimate limits of freedom under the Church order and teaching.

Although an old man when he became Archbishop, Dr. Temple has left the mark of his energy and independence on the English Church. Up to the very end, in spite of increasing evidence of failing strength, he performed his duties with extraordinary vitality. The faintness which nearly overcame him during the long and complicated ceremonial of the coronation first directed public attention to his condition, and was the occasion of one of those acts of quick-witted courtesy which are so characteristic of the King. A second similar attack, to which Dr. Temple almost succumbed in a recent speech on the Education Bill in the House of Lords, made it evident that the end was not far off. To the last of his life he lived up to the popular characterization as "The Grand Old Man of the English Church." With a strong and rugged face, large of stature, a brisk manner, speaking with great energy without notes in the most straightforward English, Dr. Temple was a debater of great skill. Indifferent to the applause of friends or the condemnation of opponents, more anxious to speak what he felt to be the truth than to please or placate, a man of force rather than of charm, of mental vigor rather than of intellectual greatness, but one whose very limitations had a certain tonic influence in a position the traditions of which all lead towards complaisant conservatism, Dr. Temple was a leader of the English Church in a great crisis in its history.

IN DELHI

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

DELHI, the chief city in the Punjab, in India, flashes prominently into the public eye this January on account of the great Durbar—the proclamation of King Edward as Emperor of India. Many English and Americans are already starting to see this pageant, which will be the most picturesque and magnificent since the days of native rulers.

The four most impressive drives in the world are, to my mind, the one from Rome out into the Campagna on the Via Appia, the one under the acacia-trees from Cairo to the Pyramids, the one from the Damascus Gate, Jerusalem, to the Mount of Olives, and the eleven miles between the ruined and desolate tombs stretching from New to Old Delhi. And this history-laden road, the main artery of "all the Delhis," is singularly like the Roman Via Appia. Desolate and mourning over past glories, unmindful of the present, with moss and weeds clinging to its dismantled monuments, it passes between tree-dotted plains, mysterious with untold stories, and oppressively silent. Only an occasional wheel creaks along its ruts, and the modern world seems far away. Here and there, as the morning sun rises, the shadows from the tombs of long-dead heroes shrink away from it and nestle close to the ruins.

And Delhi, the capital of the great Mogul emperors, whose splendors lasted through five reigns, Delhi, the ancient city, the largest and commercially the most important in the country, filled with the richest historical and legendary associations, is the Rome of India. The old and the new cities that bear the name covered an area of forty-five square miles, and the ancient palaces of marble and sculptured stone occupied parallelograms measuring sometimes fifteen hundred by three thousand feet. Delhi's origin is lost in obscurity; in the tenth century its fame had spread far and wide, and during the great Mutiny it was the chief strategic point of all India. Unless it could be taken, the empire never again would be held by the English; and when, after the desperate attack that demolished the Kashmir Gate, it at last fell, the moral effect brought about the end of the rebellion.

And this winter, in January, when Edward VII. of the United Kingdom of Great Britain will be proclaimed Emperor of India—of that vast continent comprising the realms of Madras and Bengal, of Hyderabad and Rajputana and the Punjab, of Mysore and Bombay—Delhi is the spot chosen for the ceremony. Emperor of India! Think what it means! Lord of a continent stretching from tropical Ceylon to the untrodden and icy peaks of the Kinchinjunga range of the Himalayas rising twice as high as the highest

suzerain of the proudest princes in the world, the Rajahs and Maharajahs of India; and titular master of glittering armies, of jungles and deserts, villages and teeming cities, of a land over which seven great religions hold sway—Brahmin, Hindu, Jain, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Mohammedan, and Christian! India is not one country; it cannot be described as a unit; it holds many peoples and many differing institutions; and throughout its length and breadth, through all its castes and climes, there exists a vast mystery never yet understood by Western minds. There are subtle undercurrents of thought and belief, elusive and mystic principles, which our science cannot explain. Western force can capture and Western law can control and govern, but Western philosophy is still baffled at Indian occultism. The English are the physical masters of the land, but spiritually the two races seem forever separated.

But the Durbar at Delhi is the proclamation of the controlling power of England as represented by her present King; and the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, is planning it to be the most brilliant ceremony ever held during the new régime. So there is not a vacant berth on any passenger ship leaving England for India, and Delhi will contain more Europeans during the first part of January than are to be found in most of the land at other times, the army excepted. Lady Curzon being an American, there will be a number of our country people there, as well as many French and Germans, and the hotels and lodging-houses are charging extortionate rates. The humblest houses and even forlorn and primitive huts will be used to shelter the visitors; and the native princes, who will assemble from the various principalities, are preparing to show the most lavish hospitality to their English guests, in return for courtesies extended to them in England at the time of the coronation.

So new life will come to the picturesque city; its streets will blossom with the flower of Indian chivalry; Nawabs, in brocade and cloth-of-gold, in garments of glittering kinkob, with plumed turbans and gem-studded arms, will throng the streets; chariots and elephants bravely caparisoned, richly harnessed white bullocks, and superb horses will make the scene mediæval in its picturesqueness, and merchants will display costly fabrics, jewels, and armor, and reap a golden harvest.

But Delhi in its usual life, and as I saw it, lies dreaming of days still more glorious. A profound peace has settled over it, and at night, when the hearth fires are lighted, the smoke settles down over the low dwellings in a blue-white haze, and the droning life of the day subsides and leaves the city wrapped in fatuous memories of the past.

As in Rome, there is the striking contrast of the old with the new, but in Delhi the two ages do not jostle each other so closely. In the modern town are the long, low hotels for travelers, the mosques, bazars, and dwellings of the natives. The streets are dusty, shadeless, and shabby, and swarming with people. The traveler is constantly beset by the merchants as he walks about; they thrust their wares and business cards under his nose and follow him even to his hotel. He cannot step from the door without stumbling over crouching figures who hastily spread out their embroideries and brocades before him. Jugglers crouch in the corners of the verandas ready to produce a little mango-tree from the seed "while you wait," or charm the snakes they uncoil from the basket, and beggars show their deformities and implore alms. The hotel is bare and chilly, and the traveler must, as always in India, bring his own servant, bedclothing, and napery with him. From my hotel, built on the city wall, I could look down on one side over a forest, and on another over the housetops. Here, so far north in the Punjab, chimneys are to be seen among the flat roofs and rounded domes. Fireplaces are in most of the houses, because the nights are very cold in winter, and all day there is a spice of coolness in the air. This naturally has its effect in the costumes of the people. In the south they wear scanty garments of thin white or dyed cotton; here one sees quilted coats and trousers on both men and women, heavy turbans, and, upon the richer class, Cashmere shawls of red, blue, green, and white, and embroidered cloaks.

To explore the city in comfort it is better to ride, as the importunate peddlers and beggars are thus somewhat avoided, and if one wishes to buy of the native



OUR ELEPHANT IN THE PUNJAB, READY FOR A TRIP



A DELHI WATERING-CART

wares he should go to the shop of some reliable merchant. Here he is led up to the second story—all the houses are two stories high—given a chair and a cup of coffee, and then dazzling brocades and camel's-hairs from Kashmir, embroidered saris from China, Bokhara draperies, ivories, arms, jewels, rugs, and the treasures of many Eastern looms, are spread before him by subtly persuasive salesmen.

In spite of the shabby appearance of New Delhi, one notices many a beautiful façade, graceful alcove window, and carved marble arch, and a multitude of small pointed domes create Orientally picturesque sky-lines.

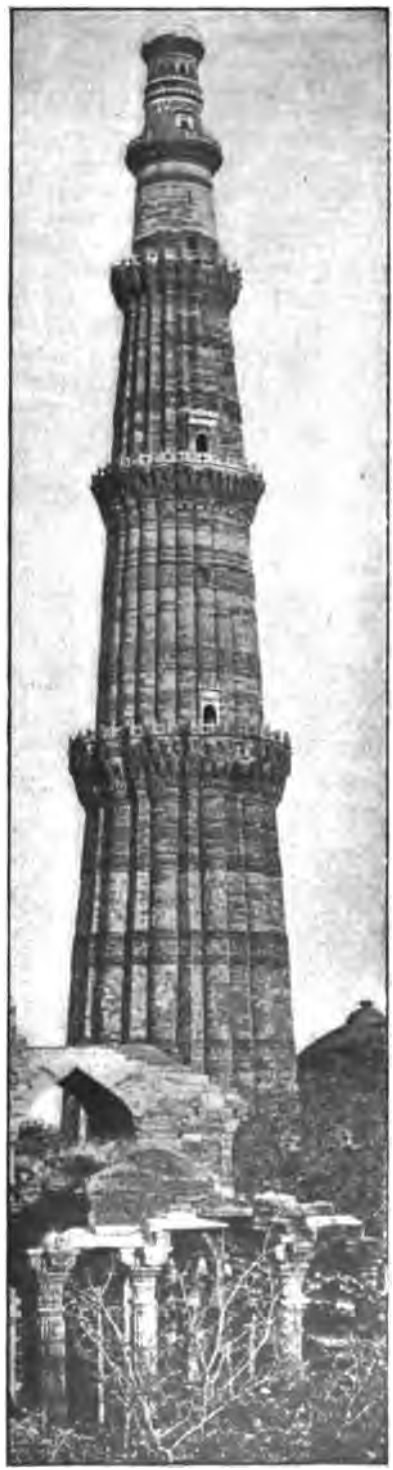
The two chief places of interest in New Delhi are the great parallelogram of marble palaces of the Moguls and the Jama Musjid, or Great Mosque. While wandering among these delicate marble palaces, one grows personally interested in such associations as those relating to Lalla Rookh, the wife of Shah Jahan, who now lies in the most beautiful sepulcher ever built for a woman (the peerless Taj Mahal at Agra), the Koh-i-nur, and the Peacock Throne. There is no European analogy to the Indian palace. It is not one great inclosed structure, for, with its arcades and open audience halls where the Moguls personally sat in judgment, accessible to the common people who presented their pleas without the intermediation of minister or secretary, it was a collection of scattered buildings. The Diwan-i-Amm, the Hall of Audience, is nearly two hundred feet long and is open, with arcades



THE PRIMITIVE METHOD OF GRINDING CORN IN DELHI

on three sides. Here was the throne of the Emperor, with its canopy and protecting rear wall all built of marble, and it is perhaps the most exquisite and delicately beautiful example of carved and inlaid marble in the world. Here, inlaid in semi-precious stones and studded with jewels, birds of brilliant plumage are pictured, some on the wing, others poised upon sprays of foliage. Every feathered creature of the land is faithfully reproduced in mosaic in unfading colors, and the graceful arches rise in perfect symmetry, forming the canopy protecting the throne. Near by is the Hall of Private Audience, where the ruler received his ministers, and this likewise is built of marble and inlaid with gold and precious stones. Here was the famous Peacock Throne, whence the laws of India went forth. Behind it were the two peacocks with spread tails so inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls that they gleamed with the colors of life. Between them was a parrot, life size, and carved out of a single emerald! The throne itself stood upon six pedestals of solid gold inlaid with gems, and beside it were two umbrellas—Oriental emblems of royalty—of embroidered crimson velvet fringed with pearls, and with handles eight feet high, of solid gold set with diamonds.

The eyes of one of the peacocks were made of the two enormous diamonds, the Koh-i-nur and the Koh-i-tur—the "Mountain of Light" and the "Mountain of Sinai." History tells us that when Nadir Shah sacked Delhi and destroyed the Peacock Throne, the Koh-i-nur was not to be found. But a woman revealed the fact that it was hidden in the turban of the Emperor. As a treaty had been made, further pillage by the conqueror would have violated



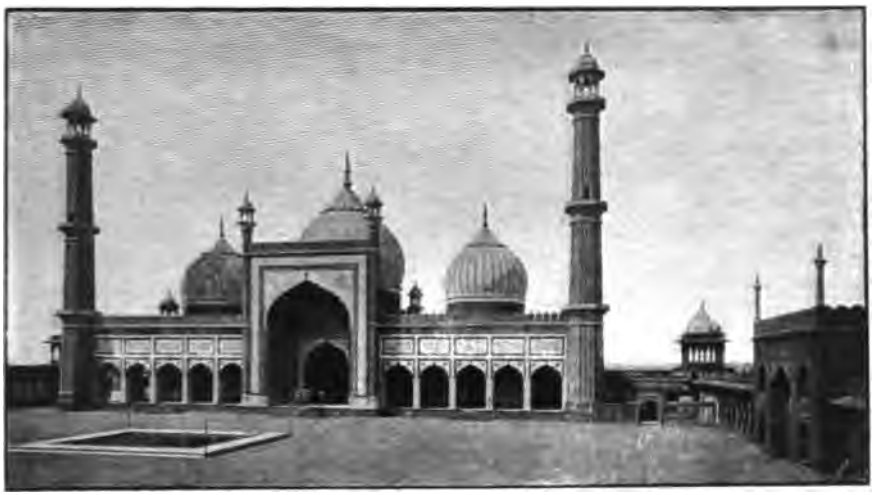
THE KUTUB MINAR

the proprieties, so the wily Nadir, at a banquet, suddenly proposed that he and the Emperor exchange their gemmed turbans in token of friendship. There was no way of refusing this offer, and the Emperor relinquished his headdress. Later, when the Nadir retired to his tent and eagerly explored the turban, behold, in its folds lay the "Mountain of Light," the Koh-i-nur! Thus this wonderful jewel was carried off to Lahore, and remained there till the advent of the East India Company, and later it was presented to Queen Victoria, and now, largely reduced in size by cutting, it is safely guarded among the treasures of the English crown.

But the glory of New Delhi is its great Mosque, and when one mounts the most majestic flight of steps in the world and enters the vast platform inclosed by its colonnades and gateways, and sees the fierce sun beating down upon its white pavement and the fountain pool in the center, and looks across to the two great minars and the white domes rising into the blue sky, a vision of past glories and lost power comes to him. Here once walked the rulers and nobles of Ind, and had the Mutiny succeeded, here once again the Emperors would have paced under the marble arcades and their princesses, like sweet Lalla Rookh, would have been given in marriage to Eastern kings. But to-day only a few impassive natives lie asleep in shady corners, a silent figure or two crosses the vast square, standing out brilliantly against the gleaming marble, and the dim interior of the mosque is empty and silent. "This mosque," writes Temple, "built by the Emperor Shah Jahan, is probably the most beautiful, on a large scale, that has ever been seen by the world. Its vast dimensions, swelling cupolas, and lofty arches; its spacious courtyard, arcades, gateways, cloisters, and flight of steps, produce an imposing effect." But its vast size is hardly realized because of the perfection of proportion and the harmony of its coloring. The brilliant red sandstone contrasts with the dazzling marble, and the entire effect of this platform, with its surrounding arcades, its mosque and minars on one side and its lofty gateways midway in each of the other three, is one which first astonishes and then grows extraordinarily impressive as the details are comprehended.

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising, and when the air was almost frosty and not yet hazy with the powdery red dust raised by innumerable feet of men and beasts of burden, when the walls of New Delhi shone rosy against an azure sky, I drove along the eleven miles of this Indian Via Appia, bordered with the ruins of seven cities which had successively risen and fallen with the change of the centuries. Leaving the city by the Ajmir Gate, we drove through fertile fields with here and there a glint of water, the ruined gardens of noblemen whose names were long ago forgotten, and broken ruins or mounds telling of vanished glories. Passing the deserted observatory of Jai Singh II., India's greatest astronomer, who in the eighteenth century prepared the table of the stars, we came presently to a large tomb whose rounded dome rose fifty feet into the air. Directly beneath it was the usual marble tank, perhaps fifty feet square, and filled with stagnant water. As we looked, suddenly the dark, slim figure of a man was seen poised upon the summit of the dome, distinct against the sky. He had divested himself of clothing and was signaling to us. Then he crouched for an instant and gave a terrific spring, tense and quick as a panther, and shot forward into the air. Straightening out, he shot downward, arms straight above his head, and, clearing safely the roof of the mosque, struck the water with a sharp "chunk!" Widening circles of green ripples swept away to the sides of the tank, and then his head reappeared. Vigorously he struck out for the marble coping, climbed out, shook himself, and then pattered, dripping and obsequious, up to the carriage and craved the boon of four annas—about eight cents—for the feat!

Near by was the tomb of Shah Jahan's daughter, exquisite with perforated marble screens and delicate tracery. A group of natives and a priest, crouching in the sun by its walls, recalled some of Verestchagin's paintings of Indian scenes. In two hours Old Delhi was reached, a wilderness of dismantled palaces and tombs stretching away on all sides. Far behind us rose the walls, spires, and domes of the new city, rising like bubbles, filmy and iridescent, above the green plain. The sacred river Jumna sweeps through the



THE JAMA MASJID—GREAT MOSQUE



THE HALL OF PRIVATE AUDIENCE

Which once sheltered the Koh-i-nur.

fields, eternally young and life-giving amid the rise and fall of civilizations. On every side are seen moss-grown tombs and monuments, overgrown gardens, and forsaken homes. Fields of grain rise where once was a populous city; and here, amid the tangle of verdure, springs that astonishing shaft, the Kutub Minar. Graceful and slender as a reed, mysterious as the Sphinx, it rises two hundred and forty feet high, banded with five balustraded balconies, and almost covered with intricate carved inscriptions and designs. To say that it is forty-seven feet in diameter at its fluted base and nine feet at its broken top, that it glows with the soft hues of red sandstone, can give no idea of its beauty. No one knows why it was built, no one knows for what it was used. Here it stands, a spire of surpassing grace, preserved to us from unknown times.

Near it is the Mosque of Kutub al Islam, within whose sacred and cloistered courtyard many of its twelve hundred pillars still stand, Hindu in architecture and of infinitely varied design. Upon them all the patterns known to the workers in silk and enamel were chiseled in marble, and they are relics of days when Delhi was only Hindu, and before the architecture and the scimitar of the Mohammedans had swept over the land and brought strange ideas, buildings, and religious rites into this peaceful plain of the Jumna. The Mohammedan Mogul wrought great havoc here among Hindu monuments. With sledge and ax he destroyed the wonderful designs of peacocks and birds and elephants, he disfigured the idols of native gods, and constructed his mosques with the débris and columns of demolished temples; and in this courtyard, it is said, he built his colonnades with the sculptured columns from nearly twenty Hindu sanctuaries!

In a court by itself, among the weeds, rises a single column fashioned out of solid wrought iron. It is forty feet high, and its diameter is sixteen inches. It is believed to belong to the third Christian century, and Hindu tradition ascribes to it the origin of Delhi. The tradition says that when one of the early princes ordered it to be removed, its base was found to be still wet with the blood of some former ruler who had been slain beside it. Aghast, he tried to replace it, but the iron pillar, once uprooted, remained forever loose—"*dhila.*" And so sprang the name *Delhi*, of the spot. To-day, when native women pray for a happy marriage, or for the blessing of offspring, they make pilgrimage to this Sanscrit-inscriptured iron pillar of prehistoric times, and press their lips against its cool sides. So tradition, history, and superstition are forever intertwined about the place, and the briers, blooming with fragrant blossoms, twine about and shield the crumbling ruins of the ancient city. Across the plain the river still gleams and murmurs, and the men and women to-day pass to and from their work among these mounds and monuments of old Delhi, and the past is only vaguely recalled amid the interests and occupations of to-day.

Circumstances

By Charles W. Stevenson

The endless road has many a sudden turn;
  Its landscape changes ever and is gone;
  Yet must the myriad thousands journey on;
And many haply meet there who would learn
The pitfalls waiting and the dangers stern.
  But while they palter, lo, the happy dawn
  Is noonday, and a hopeful life is pawn
Unto the voiceless mystery of an urn!
The men and things that round us congregate
Are sent there by the will and wish of fate.
  We cannot say them nay, nor from the deep
Of nothingness call them to good or ill—
  A preappointed way we take and keep,
O'er self alone maintain supreme a will.



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The Editor of "The Spectator"

Few English journals are more widely known and more thoughtfully read in this country than the London "Spectator;" and Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, the editor and proprietor, during his visit in this country has doubtless been made aware of the cordial feeling of a large body of the most intelligent Americans towards the journal with which Mr. R. H. Hutton was so long connected. Mr. Strachey, who is the second son of Sir Edward Strachey, was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, is a barrister by profession, and has been a journalist by occupation for nearly twenty years. He was for a time the editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," but of late years has given his time and thought to the "Spectator," which under his direction has greatly enlarged its constituency, and, without sacrificing its high intellectual and critical quality, has become much more widely influential. The "Spectator" has combined in rare degree some of the characteristics of the highest journalism; wide interest in all that relates to the higher life of society, broad intelligence, generous sympathies, special knowledge in many departments, and the habit of appealing to the intelligence of its readers by its reasonableness and by the interest of its style. There are a good many American readers who have come to regard it, not only as the best of the English journals, but as one of the foremost journals in the English-speaking world; its restraint, its candor, its admirable taste, its sense of form, and its interest in all departments of the intellectual life have appealed especially to men of academic training, and probably no journal of the day is more widely read in American colleges and universities; nor have Americans forgotten its friendship for this country in a time when influential friends in England were few.



A SICILIAN GIRL OF BROOKLYN

THE ITALIAN IMMIGRANT IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM E. DAVENPORT

Of the Brooklyn Italian Settlement

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT



IN MULBERRY STREET

AMONG the great movements of population which mark our time there are two quite unrivaled in their present proportions and prospective results. Of these the first is the settlement of northern Asia by Russian emigrants at the rate of 200,000 a year, and the second is the expansion of Italy in our Western world by an annual exodus hither of a quarter of a million souls. Certainly the rapid growth of our Italian-speaking population through this ever-increasing emigration from southern Italy, amounting to 178,000 in the past year, has awakened wide discussion.

Some look with strong disfavor upon the whole movement, feeling that our country is bound to suffer in its moral and intellectual interests by so great an incursion of the illiterate and untrained peasantry of Sicily and the extreme south. A question is also raised as to the proportion of Italian immigrants remaining permanently within our country, and the wide dispersion of those not remaining. It is said, too, that the greater part of those who come here seek only to secure a greater or lesser sum for themselves, and then hastily return with their gains to spend their later years in idleness under the romantic skies of their native land. There is, at all events, occasion for more exact knowledge on these matters, the importance of which every one admits.

In respect to the causes for this immigration, three general reasons may be distinguished: first, the already crowded condition of the Italian peninsula, containing a population of 113 to the square mile, as against 73 to the same area in France—although vast tracts in Italy remain practically uninhabitable, consisting of inaccessible mountain ranges or pestiferous swamps; second, the extraordinary fecundity of the Italian race of recent years, so that in a single year the births outnumber the deaths by 400,000, the increase being nearly one-third larger in the already crowded sections than in the north; third, the excessive taxation, which, all agree, falls most heavily upon the agricultural classes, who are least able to sustain its weight, especially since the widespread destruction of groves and vineyards by insect pests has reduced unnumbered families to the last extremity.

A certain proportion of Italian emigration, more especially that from the north, is directed to Montevideo, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic, the latter country especially proving most attractive to the agriculturists of Lombardy, Piedmont, and Liguria. Everywhere they have proved themselves thrifty and enterprising, leaving the Spaniards, after sharp competition, quite in the rear. Almost a million of them have come to Buenos Ayres since 1876—an annual average of three times the immigration from Spain. In Santa Fé



ITALIAN WOMAN BUYING FISH AT THE CORNER OF MULBERRY AND HESTER STREETS, NEW YORK

and Cordova they possess vast estates, from which they export great quantities of grain and over 30,000,000 gallons of wine annually.

Extensive immigration to the United States from Italy is a recent phenomenon. Thus, from 1860 to 1870 but 12,000 of these people arrived here, while the total of those coming since 1890 amounts to over 1,000,000. As this includes those who have returned from the United States to Italy and are now coming hither for a second or third time, it would be more correct to place the number of new arrivals from Italian ports at 750,000, while the total Italian-speaking population of our country, including children born here, cannot be less than 1,200,000.

It is demonstrable, however, that not more than twelve per cent. of this number now reside within the limits of the Greater New York. Even this, however, gives our city an Italian-speaking population of 160,000—about that of Venice, and more than one-third that of Rome itself.

The story of New York Italian life asks a chapter by itself. The two great sections of Manhattan practically surrendered to these people include some thirty blocks lying between One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fifteenth Streets, and extending from Second Avenue to the river. Downtown they occupy all the district lying between Centre Street and the Bowery, from Pearl to Bleecker, and to the west the whole length of Thompson, McDougall, and Sullivan Streets. The Bleecker and Spring Street Italians are mainly from northern Italy, while the uptown colony is chiefly from Calabria.

Then Brooklyn has no less than nine districts of Italian population, the two largest of which lie at opposite extremes of the borough. One of these, in South Brooklyn, includes Van Brunt and Columbia Streets, with portions of Hicks, Carroll, President, Union, Sackett, and Degraw Streets, while the Williamsburg group embraces nearly half of the Seventeenth Ward. How many Brooklynites realize that their borough has a larger Italian population than Lucca or Pisa, famous for a thousand years in the history of art?

Why do these people group themselves so closely together? One cause of this is the dependent condition of those arriving here with no knowledge of our language. If they are to obtain work, they must be with friends and relatives who have already acquired a foothold. But perhaps a deeper reason is the strong attachment which most of them possess for the ways and customs of their own land. Whatever the reason, one often finds several adjoining houses occupied exclusively by people from the same district. Thus, in Elizabeth Street, Manhattan, once a fashionable section of the city, there is to-day a group of several hundred families from Sciacca, a Sicilian fishing town forty miles east of Girgenti, the famous Acragas of Empedocles, where still stand the ruins of several of the most perfect Greek temples in the world. These people, living closely together, employ the Sciaccan dialect, possess Sciaccan doctors



TYPES OF ITALIAN LABORERS IN AMERICA
Workers in a Brooklyn macaroni factory.

and a Sciaccan pharmacy, and prepare resplendent festas in honor of "Maria S. S. del Soccorso Protettrice della Citta de Sciacca." Then there are over 130 Italian mutual aid societies in New York City, most of them composed mainly of natives of a single Italian province, the name of which they bear. Thus the Calabrians sustain the "Society of the Tre Calabrie;" and the membership of other bodies is constituted respectively by the "Cittadini Napoletani," "Cittadini Padulesi," "Cittadini Avellinese," etc. However, there are organizations more distinctively American, as the "Columbia Democratic Union," the "Italian Republican Club," or, best of all, the "Society of the Cittadini Americani." As a rule, the Italians of New York value their citizenship and vote on election day.

The sons of Italy, wherever found, are fond of music and outdoor life; and in New York they enjoy both of these luxuries when the band plays in Mulberry Bend Park. Then they pour forth from a hundred tenements (owned mainly by Italian landlords), and stand listening in rapt delight by the hour to the strains of "Il Trovatore," etc. At least one member of each family has some musical gift; and a violin hung on the kitchen wall may prove the love of melody no less than the grand square in a West Side drawing-room. Italians possess, too, an inherited passion for literature, so that it is not strange, even while we have a large illiterate Italian immigration, to find book-stalls and small libraries on almost every block about the Bend. Of course a good deal of trash is sold. There are comic sheets and Neapolitan dialect love songs by the score, and innumerable tragic or amorous novelettes by Carolina Invernizio and other popular writers. But with these is a solid body of the noblest literature in the world. Alfieri, Manzoni, Giusti, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, and Dante are read by every one who can read at all. As popular as these are Silvia Pellico's "Mie Prigioni," and "Cuore" by De Amicis. Nothing, indeed, is more notable than the fervent interest of young Italians in their great history and the fame and works of their writers. There is a force of enthusiasm, a power of imagination and sentiment, latent in these people that must again in a free land be fruitful of splendid works. Already ten daily or weekly Italian sheets are published in New York City. The most important of these are the "Il Progresso," "Il Bollettina della Sera," and "L'Avaldo." The "Rassegna" is a high-class literary review, and the character of the "Revista Commerciale" is indicated by its name.

While the Italian peasants are great workers, those who come to us from Naples seem peculiarly fond of noisy diversions. Certainly they exercise their gifts in this direction extensively. Nearly all the Italian societies give festivals annually, generally during the summer, and these have been accompanied of late by such a racket of fireworks and bursting petards as to render them a public nuisance. Frequently great wooden and pasteboard shrines are erected on the sidewalk and the streets are arched with lines of Chinese lanterns. In a recent Elizabeth Street festa great wire brackets arched the street at intervals of one hundred feet for a quarter of a mile, and huge painted candles, eight to ten feet in height, and costing from five to ten dollars apiece, were presented by the wealthier families to the Madonna. Boys dressed in gauze and gilt, and arranged with wings attached to their shoulders to represent angels, were suspended in mid-air over the heads of admiring crowds. An interesting feature of these occasions, especially when held in the parks, is the baptism of the society banner, usually a handsome and costly piece of embroidered silk fringed with gold and richly ornamented.

There are several Italian theaters in Manhattan, where light comedies, heroic tragedies, and dialect plays are presented. Some of these theaters are maintained in the rear of saloons, and in the cheaper ones marionettes take the place of paid actors. In a Broome Street theater fairly good plays are presented, and occasionally the People's Bowery Theater is hired by the week by a first-class troupe.

Apart from their festas, New York Italians seem to take little outdoor diversion. One of their games, "Pallone," is played with a large inflated leather ball beaten about very much as in our football games. Boccia is also played in scores of back yards. In this game heavy wooden balls are thrown or rolled on the ground to a given point; a number of men play, taking



ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS

sides, and the object is to knock out as many times as possible the opponent's ball and secure the largest number of points. It is mainly a game of skill. A less reputable game, in which skill is also essential, is played in many saloons of the baser sort. It is called Morra, and consists in flinging down the hand violently and at the same time extending one or more of the fingers and shouting the number of fingers extended, this constituting a challenge to other members of the group, who duplicate the movement as accurately as possible. If any one fails in accuracy, he loses. The impetuous character of the contestants, however, frequently leads to threatening altercations and occasional serious results. On this account this game is subject to a general prohibition in Italian cities. Many Italians have an unfortunate passion for games of chance, which has, no doubt, been strengthened by former indulgence in the national Banco Lotto at home. The holding of raffles for bicycles, sewing-machines, gold watches, etc., is common, and the successful numbers in what are practically lottery drawings are published in the Italian dailies.

The Italian churches of New York are mainly attended by women, but few of the men being enthusiastic over the work of the priests. The most important of these churches is that of St. Anthony of Padua on Sullivan Street, ministered to by Anacletus de Angelis, with four assistants. Its parishioners number 8,000, and it holds property valued at $400,000. Near by on Bleecker Street is the Italian church of Our Lady of Pompeii, while that of Our Lady of Loretto, "where many miracles have occurred," numbers more than 12,000 supporters. Our Lady the Queen of the Angels is another church on East One Hundred and Thirteenth Street. The largest Protestant body of Italians in the city is that under the leadership of Dr. A. Arrighi, of the Broome Street Tabernacle, who has labored almost twenty years in this field.

Education is of course necessary before any Italian can thoroughly appreciate the rights and duties of American citizenship, and the educational problem for Italian immigrants is a serious one. Many boys and young men arrive at Ellis Island at an age which enables them to escape army service at home and school attendance in this country. Working all day among those using only their own dialect, they often go for years without acquiring more than a few English words. The brightest young men enter the public night-schools as soon as a speaking acquaintance with the language is formed. Indeed, the public night-school already furnishes a few Italian-speaking teachers for the benefit of these people. But there is a large margin of uncovered territory to be occupied by settlement workers. The Children's Aid Society maintains three large and crowded Italian schools in Manhattan, of which that on Leonard Street, with 600 scholars, is the oldest and best equipped. Brooklyn, on the other hand, has but a single Italian settlement house, still inadequately supported, and forced constantly to appeal to the public for aid. It is something that public-spirited men in the Borough of Churches should look to.

The trades and occupations of New York Italians are various, so that there is slight excuse for the query put by a university man who, noting the dark-featured venders patrolling the streets with push-carts, asked, "Why do all Italians deal in bananas?" In reply it may be said that the push-cart men of lower Broadway and Wall Street are nearly all Greeks, most of the Italian dealers in fruit now having stands or stores of their own. But to-day there are in Manhattan some 2,300 Italians devoted to the trade of St. Crispin; 1,300 who deal in cheese and groceries; 1,500 tailoring-shops and 3,000 barber-shops; a total of 500 butchers and bakers, and as many more who keep saloons; 200 tobacconists; and over 600 who keep fruit-stores.

We have spoken of our metropolitan Italians only, but New York State contains outside of the city nearly half as many as reside within its limits. It may be said, indeed, that there is scarcely a growing town or city from Plattsburg to Chautauqua which lacks a group, and frequently a good-sized group, of these people. Buffalo heads the list with an Italian population of 13,800; and if we include those who live at Geneva, Batavia, North Collins, Fredonia, etc., the total number in that section is about 22,000. Great numbers work on the Lehigh Valley railroad; 400 are engaged in a single



IT IS ONLY A STEP FROM THE BANK TO THE MARKET



A CORNER IN A NEW YORK ITALIAN ART STORE

Showing votive offerings in wax, which are hung in the Italian churches as an incentive to the Divine Being to heal the diseased member. The small figures in the center of the picture are for Christmas presents.

steel-factory, and the supply of Italian toilers with the pick and spade about equals the demand. In the central and southern portions of the State there are estimated to be 25,000 more, while in Albany, Troy, and Utica (with a specially large colony), and in the southern Hudson River towns, there is an additional total of 18,000.

The Italians of New England are quite generally engaged in factory work. Thus, the shoemakers go to Lynn, Haverhill, Brockton, and East Weymouth in Massachusetts; while the marble workers and stone-cutters throng to Quincy, Milford, and Bay View, and the silk workers to Lawrence and Fall River. The immigration to Massachusetts is more largely from Genoa and the north than is that centering in New York State, for the New England quarries draw hundreds of workmen directly from the marble hills of Massa-Carrara in Tuscany, while the silk-mills of eastern Massachusetts attract the silk workers of Lucca and adjoining Tuscan towns. Boston has an Italian population of 25,000 and New Haven a colony of 12,000, while the factory towns of the Connecticut Valley—Hartford, Waterbury, Meriden, Danbury, Derby, and Ansonia—have each permanent settlements of from 1,000 to 4,000 persons. The New Jersey colonies at Hoboken, Hackensack, Passaic, Paterson, and Jersey City are growing rapidly. In the last-named place Italians occupy several important political positions, and their Fifth Ward Republican League has an enrollment of five hundred names. Here a police captain, the clerk of the City Hall, and a Justice of the Peace are Italians, while at Hoboken their race is represented by a health inspector, health commissioner, school commissioner, public works commissioner, assessor of taxes, and a commissioner of the police board. Here are a number of large Italian factories, while considerable real estate is held by the older residents. At Union Hill, West New York, and Homestead several thousand Italians are

employed in the silk-mills. The larger part of these people come from Piedmont and Lombardy, where silk-weaving is the principal industry. Skilled labor of this kind requires a considerable degree of training and adaptability, and there is undoubtedly more intellectual activity among New Jersey Italians than among those engaged in the Pennsylvania coal-mines or on the railroads. Coming from northern Italy, they generally possess a common-school education, and their literary and argumentative tastes find expression in the newspapers which they publish at Paterson, Newark, and Jersey City.

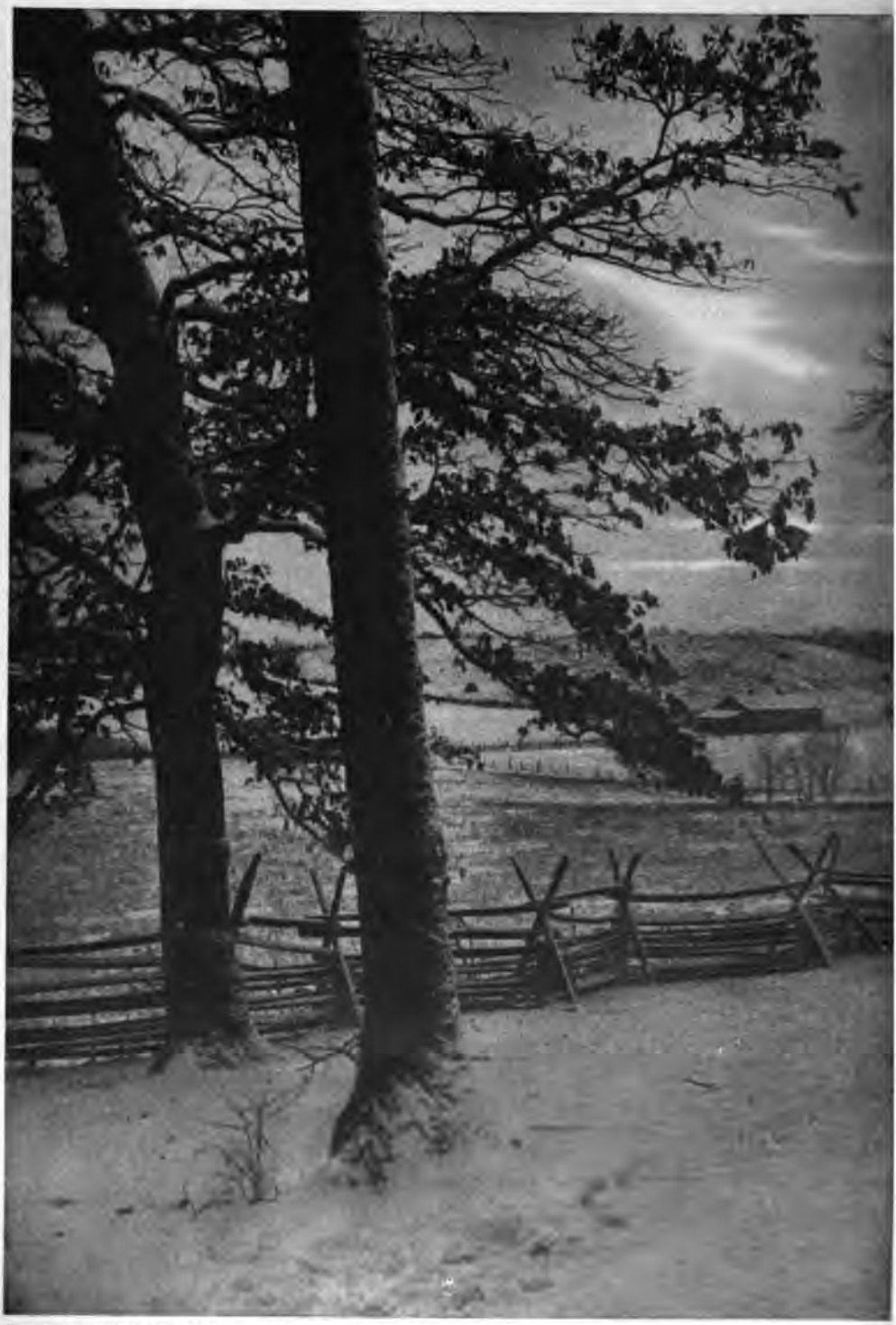
Philadelphia is, after New York, the largest center of Italian population in this country. Some twelve thousand of these people occupy twenty blocks in the southern part of the city between South Fifth and South Fifteenth Streets and along Christian, Fitzwater, and Bainbridge Streets. The total Italian population is estimated at 45,000. They sustain sixty-six mutual aid societies, and their chief organ is a daily newspaper, "Mastro Paolo." Other journals are, "La Liberta," "La Voce della Colonia," and "Il Vesivio," a rather volcanic sheet. Thirty miles southeast of Philadelphia, at Vineland, N. J., is a large settlement of thrifty Italian agriculturists, who own several thousand acres devoted to vines and small fruit. It is sometimes wrongly assumed that our Italians prefer to settle in the Eastern States and do not go far West. But Italians are numerous in Detroit, and at Denver there is a colony which sustains three Italian newspapers, while that at Pueblo publishes another. In Galveston and New Orleans are large bodies of these people, and California has an Italian population of fifty thousand, mainly devoted to grape and fruit raising. These last are chiefly North Italian vine-growers.

Of the Italians of Chicago we need not speak, for Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, has already pleaded their cause with ability. She says: "There are women's clubs in Chicago which study Italian history, read Dante, and go into the art of Italy, but fail to know that right at their doors is this very interesting colony of ten thousand South Italians, reproducing their country's habits and manners, carrying on their transplanted life with a great deal of charm and a great deal of beauty, and yet these women's clubs know nothing about them. These colonies are just as interesting, just as worth while making an effort to know, as is village life in Italy. We lack imagination. We change the color of our tablecloths and the shades of our candlesticks in order to get a variety in our social life, and yet here are these people full of color, charm, history, who with their new life would offer a genuine addition to our own life and give us a type of social endeavor and stimulus."



THE MARIONETTE SHOW

Here is given night after night a play that extends through an entire year. It is usually found



"WHEN MORNING DAWNS, THE CLOUDS BREAK AND THE SUN STRUGGLES FORTH TO LOOK UPON A NEW EARTH"



On Being Abroad in Winter

By Oscar von Engeln

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

WHEN the first few snowflakes float downward in November late, we watch them strainedly; something seems to grip at our hearts. For then first we realize that winter has surely come; that for a long time, aye months, we must bid good-by to the fair summer weather. Before the advent of those white harbingers we walked in the idyllic days of Indian summer, hypocritically asserting, with an air of conviction, "This weather cannot last; to-morrow will be winter." Yet all the time our hearts belied us; deep in our breasts we exulted at every warm day, and lived each night through in the hope that the sun would rise again to-morrow from out those yellow mists wherein it and the earth had both disappeared in the evening. Yet, as week succeeded week, and ever the wind blew softly, even the brain grew sanguine, and the tongue said, "It will be a very late and mild winter." Perhaps, even, there was planned yet another all-day excursion afield, to breathe in full the lusty autumn odors.

And now—now snowflakes are falling. We stand at the window with inheld breath, while a few more slowly descend. Out of the west gray-black clouds have come; the wind is no longer a friend; his manner has a quality of disagreeableness, not of cold, which hurts us. In those moments we cast aside, utterly, all our summer dreams. And, after the first pang of such a parting, we turn and say to our fellows, oh, so blithely, "Hello! snow's falling; won't those hills look fine all covered with white?" Thus deftly are we ever off with the old love and on with the new.

The herald flakes melt ere they have barely touched the ground. After a few brief seconds the sun again shines; the scene is the same, yet the view has changed, the world is different. The joy of life is now in futures; with the coming of those few crystals we date a new time. Some weak days of watery sunshine follow. Then—

A night closes in after a gray all-day, and the twilight atmosphere is filled with a myriad flecks of white. A hush descends o'er the land; only the soft murmur of breathing snowflakes is heard. One by one, distant landmarks fade out. Already a thin veil is spread over the surface of earth, a winding sheet for the few lonely survivors of the plant relationship. The air temperature hovers between freezing and thawing. A puff of wind from the northeast; colder, and with it a gust of snow. A quiet again filled with heavy, straight-down-falling flakes. Then the wind rises, slowly at first, giving the flakes only a slight slant in their descent. As the night grows late, the hurrying flakes fall ever faster, the wind roars and howls among the trees in crescendos, and again decreases to a minor wail. Anon a blast buffets its way with dull thuds as it sweeps past. The storm is at its height, and out in the darkness the flakes are being hurled into up-rearing drifts, only



BEFORE THE SNOW COMES



WHEN THE SNOW MELTS

to be overthrown by a vagrant eddy. Ceaselessly, relentlessly works the wind, shifting the folds of white.

When morning dawns, the clouds break and the sun struggles forth to look upon a new earth. The air is frosty, keen, and fresh. The wind still hurries over the new white surface, altering, smoothing, building banks and filling hollows. In the wide sweep of his arms he gathers all the erring snowflakes, and tumbles them hither and thither until he has them safely in their appointed resting-place. How they dance in the early light-beams, up and down, glitter and spangle, and away to yonder drift; one after the other—miniature clouds of diamond-dust, corralled by the indefatigable wind-master.

There is a charm about this snow cover which cannot be clothed in words. As we step out into its dazzling expanse, our feet sink yieldingly, as if we were walking on cushions. With each step this seems an ever new experience. 'Tis fine to tramp a nice fresh patch of snow. When the layer is deep and feathery, every pull-up of the feet results in the scatterment of small snow clumps, which break in a wonderful manner the monotony of the iridescent mass. Among the clumps the light seems to linger lovingly, making the way pregnant with possibilities to the observing eye.

Then there is the novelty of making new lines, all one's own, in the landscape, which claims our attention, and wholly captivates us for many a day. Those snow-paths, what stories they tell! Did we ever dream our wanderings were so eccentric as the snow-trail tells us! Right and left, doubling for a view, avoiding an obstacle, jumping a hollow; we gaze back in surprise at its convolutions—and laugh.

The absence of odor strongly characterizes the winter months of the year; especially those during which snow covers the earth. Spring has its incense, summer its heavy perfumes, autumn glories in a number of elusive scents, winter has none. Just a freshness of the air, a clearness which brings with every breath tonic qualities. The first few dips we take of its cold purity hurt the summer-balm pampered nostrils. Yet how soon those inspirations set to rights our befuddled b[illegible] swell the chest as never did a softer atmosphere! The nostrils dilate, the eyes dance, ears tingle, rosy cheeks come; now it is winter, this is its charm.

The little paths which wound so invitingly from the edge of the meadow to the wood have all disappeared. So here we resolve to dispense with crooks, and strike out in a straight line for the trees. We enter the woods; what a transformation! The forest has become a jewel-laden feminine thing! Bough and bole, limb and twig, every line is repeated in white. We look from the edge of this forest beautiful across the valley, and the distances seem wonderfully clear and distinct. Yon house those ungarnered shocks, which faded so indistinctly into the brown earth a few weeks ago, now stand forth in sharp silhouette. It is a glorious privilege, this looking forth over a broad expanse of snow, scintillating or fading into grayness, alternately, as clouds hide the sun's face. What a burst of brilliance, when but one spot in the center of the field receives of a sudden the sun's uninterrupted rays! A gem of dazzling fire set in dull metal is the feeling it conveys.

Within the woods all is still, as if the trees were afraid to move—like a fine lady fearful of disarranging her ornaments. Under the trees, around the bushes, and along the fence-rails, are marked many trails: tracks of small paws, of hopping birds, and sometimes the larger three-hole of the rabbit. Did you ever follow them? was it not fascinating? Here in the deep woods we who are acquainted may dig down and find that faithful evergreen, the Christmas fern. Perhaps we have not noted the absence of color in this great panorama of black and white; but at sight of this one note in green, how it all comes back with a surge—our color-longing! We find pleasure in the sight of vivid seed-berries of the bittersweet, pendent still on their long, slender threads from stalks of green. They and the red berries of the wild rose afford the brightest colors in winter's domain.

A cloudy gray day is the time to look up. Then there is no sun to hurt, no glare which blinds the eyes. We may explore the tree-tops with assurance. Trees are trees only in winter. Then they have individuality. Each skeleton body is outlined against the sky, the limbs sweeping in bold curves, interrupted at times by

subtle angles. The edge of the wood in the distance forms a delicate tracery. This is the time of the forest monarchs' pride; they bow not now to any storm, as they did in summer-time, when hampered by their feminine leaf consorts. Now they are bachelors, all this doughty band, and though they sway to the passion of the winter's blast, they yield not one jot in their sturdy masculinity.

We notice now, too, the weeds and small bushes with their curious branchings, their solid phalanxes of black, against the encompassing white. The pepperidge with its irregular growth, and the ironweed furnishing studies in vertical lines, make interesting foregrounds which we never saw with seeing eyes before. How great is the similitude between a growth of weeds and the forest; size only differentiates them, otherwise they are the same. Were we giants, the trees would present much the aspect the weeds do now.

In the bushes we note many last year's birds' nests quite close to earth. Empty and deserted, yet withal cunning things. When last summer we saw the birds disappear in these same shrubs, and searched diligently for their homes, we found nothing. Yet here they are with their mask of leafage removed, the most conspicuous objects in the clump. We resolve to bear this in mind and search with greater exactness next time.

Of the birds themselves, only the crows, the sparrows, and those delights, the cardinals, remain. Of all the bright summer birds, the cardinal alone stays to cheer us in those latter days of winter when the increasing bleakness of the view numbs the hungering eye.

For, to confess, is not the day when the snow melts in rushes from the hillside, and the little brook leaps and tumbles the water down over its yet icy bed, a wonderful day? The winter has grown long, we are half benumbed, a lethargy attacks us, and then comes this day of exultation—the snows are melting: spring is again at hand!



"THE FOREST HAS BECOME A JEWEL-LADEN FEMININE THING"



The New French Ambassador

The successor of M. Jules Cambon as Ambassador from France at Washington is M. Jean Jules Jusserand, the well-known writer on English society and literature. During recent years M. Jusserand has been Minister to Denmark. The other day at Copenhagen he was approached by Princess Waldemar, daughter of the Duc du Chartres. As the only Frenchwoman at the Danish court, she had just received a new book from Paris which was exciting great attention there. The book was none other than a translation of President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life," and the Princess asked the Minister if he knew the author. The Minister replied: "No, I do not know him yet, but this very morning I received the announcement of my transfer to Washington, so I hope soon to become acquainted with him." Before going to Copenhagen, M. Jusserand was Consul at London, and was afterwards Counselor of the French Embassy. During his many years in England he improved his opportunities of studying English literature and life; the results of his study may be gathered from the titles of some of his books, "La Vie Nomade et l'Angleterre au Quatorzième Siècle" (crowned by the French Academy), "Les Anglais au Moyen Age," "Le Roman Anglais," "Le Roman au Temps de Shakespeare," and "Le Théâtre en Angleterre." Some of these books have been translated into English. M. Jusserand is thus a type of the scholar-statesman, a type to which belong such names as Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, and Andrew White—names which have dignified the annals of American diplomacy.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY[1]

By JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

THE ORGANIZATION AND EDUCATION OF THE NAVY

THE effectiveness of a navy depends vitally upon the efficiency of its personnel. Provided with war-ships of latest construction, a service made up of officers and men inadequately trained and lacking spirit is half way toward defeat. Composed of inferior vessels, manned by experienced and resourceful officers and men, a fleet may wrest victory from a physically stronger enemy.

The history of the United States and that of Spain, foes in 1898, furnish many instances of valor and intelligence overcoming numerical and material superiority. Philip of Spain saw his Invincible Armada harried and finally scattered by the smaller command of Howard and Drake. Three hundred and ten years later, a queen holding in trust the scepter Philip once wielded sent to annihilation a squadron of war-ships as modern in construction and armament as were in their day the wooden vessels despatched by the earlier monarch to subjugate England. The force of 1588 sustained reverse because it was deficient in sailors; that of 1898 suffered total destruction because it lacked engineers.

No such disasters as befell the navy of Spain have yet clouded the navy of America. The cycle from our Revolution to the Spanish-American War is bright with shining deeds, the fruit of the gallantry and skill of the men who did them. What can be more inspiring than the intrepidity of John Paul Jones as he stands on the deck of the shot-torn and sinking Bon Homme Richard, shouting orders to his men, who are working like demons at such guns as are yet unmounted by the enemy's fire? Above the noise of booming cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry and the hoarse cries of infuriated crews he hears the hail from the smoke-hidden Serapis:

"Has your ship struck?"

And then the laconic reply:

"I have not yet begun to fight!"

It was not a question of that courage which is so common, but of that nerve which endures to the end and without which the ordinarily brave man flinches from the ultimate test and responsibility.

Outside of Boston Harbor the unlucky Chesapeake, manned by a green and heterogeneous crew, is wildly firing at the well-disciplined British frigate Shannon. Lawrence is struck and is borne below.

"Don't give up the ship!" he cries. "Tell the officers to fight to the last. Never strike the colors. They shall wave while I live."

The Nation is rent by civil war. Under a rain of shot and shell, a Union fleet steams into Mobile Bay. The first ship, the Brooklyn, falters.

"What's the trouble?" is shouted from the flagship, the Hartford.

"Torpedoes," is the explanation, trumpeted in reply.

"Damn the torpedoes!" exclaims Farragut. "Four bells. Captain Drayton, go ahead. Jouett, full speed."

The dawn glows on the Bay of Manila on the first of May, 1898. An American squadron, which it reveals, steams straight for a Spanish force lying under the batteries of Cavite. Soon shell are hurtling toward it, but, falling short, expend their

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This is the third of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Administration of the Navy, The Preparation for the War with Spain, The Battle of Manila Bay, The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.



energy in the water. When the proper range is reached, Dewey turns and quietly remarks:

"You may fire when you're ready, Gridley."

Courage has been always a characteristic of the American sailor, but it alone was not responsible for victories achieved by our men-of-war over those of enemies no less brave. In the days of the sailing ship the superiority was due, in an important degree, to the greater skill with which the ship was handled by experienced officers and its crew of hardy longshoremen. Hull won as much distinction in sailing the Constitution as in fighting her. The native intelligence, the quick eye, and the supple limbs of the men, born and bred in the salt air of the Atlantic coast, easily worked the simple guns of the day. Raw material is not so easily convertible into the experienced man-o'-war's-man of the twentieth century. The abandonment of sails and the substitution of steam and electricity, with the countless improvements accompanying the change, have created in the war-ship of the new navy a demand for a mechanic-sailor—that is, a man trained in the operation and repair of fighting machinery, yet impregnated with the salt of the sea. Ability to navigate and sail a ship was the first requisite of an officer and a seaman of the old navy; to-day they are engineers and mechanics first, and sailors afterwards. A modern battle-ship from stem to stern is simply a huge fighting machine. It is propelled by machinery; its turrets, themselves machines, are operated by machinery; the guns are loaded and fired by machinery; the torpedoes, complicated engines, are sent on their careers of destruction by machinery; small boats and anchors are lowered and hoisted by machinery, and water-tight compartments are opened and closed by machinery.

Steam and electricity are the powers which move this terrible creature of man's destructive genius; and steam and electrical engineers are required to guide and supervise its operation. An officer's duties are not, however, limited to the practical application of these sciences. He must also know how to navigate his ship and be able to care for the health and general well-being of the men under his command. Occasions arise when he must conduct negotiations for the settlement of important diplomatic questions, and he frequently represents the Government at functions of international consequence. He rescues the shipwrecked, gives assistance to the national merchant marine, and, if called on, quells its mutinies. He surveys dangerous coasts, makes deep-sea soundings for the triple purpose of finding a suitable bed for a projected cable, charting the bottom of the ocean, and promoting ichthyology. He determines for navigators the longitude and latitude of doubtful points. He should have at least a rudimentary acquaintance with astronomy, and understand something of chemistry and metallurgy. Because legal questions are sometimes raised by or referred to him, and because he serves on courts martial and administers punishments, he ought to be familiar with the principles of common law. Above all, he must be a man of quick decision, of nerve, and of sound judgment, for, as commanding officer of a battle-ship or even a vessel of inferior class, he should know in battle when to strike and strike sure; in peace, how to determine an important question affecting the honor of the Nation which is brought to him for immediate settlement.

I have described the attainments of the ideal officer, but it does not follow that every member of the commissioned force of the navy possesses them. At the same time, the preliminary education given at the Naval Academy and the subsequent training in active professional life insure the development of an officer, provided he can and will improve his opportunities there. It is the proud boast of the American navy that in its existence of more than a century in but few instances has the man been wanting when the occasion for him came.

The personnel of the navy of the United States was created simultaneously with the authorization of the first war-ships of the old navy. The Act of Congress of March 27, 1794, directed that "there shall be employed on board each of the ships of forty-four guns, one captain, four lieutenants, one lieutenant of marines, one chaplain, one surgeon, and two surgeon's mates; and in each of the ships of thirty-six guns, one captain, three lieutenants, one lieutenant of marines, one surgeon, and one surgeon's mate, who shall be

appointed and commissioned in like manner as other officers of the United States." Thus was formed the Line, and the Marine, Medical, and Chaplains' corps. The "purser," an enlisted man, was to develop into the paymaster. An experienced ship-builder was needed to design and construct the first ships, and Joshua Humphreys was appointed a naval constructor and assigned to duty. As the navy grew, additional constructors were required, and the men employed for construction work were eventually given commissions. Taking advantage of a law authorizing the appointment as assistant naval constructors of any cadets who had graduated with distinction in the Mechanical Department of the Naval Academy, Cadet Engineer F. T. Bowles, in 1879, applied for an appointment, and also requested permission to attend the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, England, which had an advanced course in ship-building, The older constructors opposed Mr. Bowles's ambition, but grit and persistency gained for the young cadet a victory of the greatest importance to his corps. Only leading graduates of the Academy have since been assigned to the construction corps—none from civil life. The professors of mathematics—now an anachronism in the military organization of the navy—were originally teachers on board ship of midshipmen of the old navy. They no longer follow the sea, and their duties are civilian. Of the fifteen officers of this corps in November, 1902, eight are on duty as teachers at the Naval Academy, one is director of the Nautical Almanac, and the remainder are connected with scientific work of the Naval Observatory. Congress should provide that no further appointments be made to this corps, as all its work can be procured from civil life, and the anomaly of a pension or retirement for non-military service should be done away with.

Like naval constructors, civil engineers first received appointments from the Secretary of the Navy, and were liable to dismissal or removal at his pleasure. They, too, were at last made a part of the commissioned force. Civil engineers have many and important duties, relating principally to the planning and construction of naval stations. With the exception of the line and construction corps, appointments in the commissioned branch of the navy are made from civil life. Medical officers are selected at large, after a thorough examination. President McKinley approved my recommendation that appointments of civil engineers, assistant paymasters, and professors of mathematics should be made after competitive examination. In this connection it may be said that it is difficult to see why any of the various staff officers, who as a corps never go to sea, should have military rank or title.

The commissioned personnel of the first ships of the old navy was formed during the administration of Presidents Washington and Adams. The midshipmen, who were designed to be the future captains, were all of tender years when appointed, and, without preparation, were sent on board ships either fitting out or about to sail in search of the enemy. Yet the need of mental education for the youngsters was great, and fitful attempts were made to provide it. Congress having refused to establish a naval school the Navy Department in 1802 prescribed in regulations the duties of schoolmasters; but schoolmasters were not appointed. When, in 1819, the Navy Department decreed that midshipmen must pass a professional examination in order to receive promotion to the grade of lieutenant, the country greeted the reform with gratification; the youths were affected with consternation. It was the thing for a "middy" during the greater period of his apprenticeship to apply himself to "doing what he was told, and doing it—quick"—a process which was frequently accelerated by a rope's end—and to devote as much time as he could spare in the six months prior to examination to the study of the theory of seamanship. This theoretical education was obtained from a few books on mathematics and navigation, and sometimes from the kindly help of a superior. In "The United States Naval Academy," written by Mr. Park Benjamin, whose full and excellent history of the Naval Academy I have followed, the author thus describes the examination of Midshipman Joseph Tatnall:

"Commodore: 'Mr. Tatnall, what would be your course, supposing you were off a lee shore, the wind blowing a gale, both anchors and your rudder gone,



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HON. JOHN D. LONG
Secretary of the Navy from 1897 to 1902.

all your canvas carried away, and your ship scudding rapidly toward the breakers?'

"Tatnall: 'I cannot conceive, sir, that such a combination of disasters could possibly befall a ship in one voyage.'

"Commodore: 'Tut, tut, young gentleman, we must have your opinion supposing such a case to have actually occurred.'

"Tatnall: 'Well, sir—sails all carried away, do you say, sir?'

"Commodore: 'Aye, all—every rag.'

"Tatnall: 'Anchor gone, too, sir?'

"Commodore: 'Aye, not an uncommon case.'

"Tatnall: 'No rudder, either?'

"Commodore: 'Aye, rudder unshipped.' (Tatnall drops his head despondingly in deep thought.) 'Come, sir, come—bear a hand about it. What would you do?'

"Tatnall: (At last and desperate.) 'Well, I'd let the infernal tub go to the devil, where she ought to go.'

"Commodore: (Joyously.) 'Right, sir, perfectly right! That will do, sir. The clerk will note that Mr. Tatnall has passed.'"

A temporary Government school for educating midshipmen was organized in 1821. Seventeen years later Secretary Paulding established a preparatory school in the Naval Asylum, a home for aged seamen, at Philadelphia. To this school boys were sent for instruction for a period of eight months, after which they were ordered to sea. Aside from the fact that it marked an advance in naval training, this school is remembered to-day because it caused the connection with the navy of William Chauvenet, who was appointed

professor of mathematics and navigation. When employed, Professor Chauvenet was only twenty years of age; but he instituted reforms, introduced order and system, and extended the scope of studies. Despite the failure of efforts which had been made since the navy was created to obtain authority of law for the establishment of a school for the education of midshipmen, Professor Chauvenet threw himself into the project with all the enthusiasm of youth, and drew up a plan requiring no legislation and no additional cost, for an institution the curriculum of which included every subject a naval officer of the day required to fit him for his duties. Mr. David Henshaw, Secretary of the Navy in 1844, adopted the scheme, which contemplated a two years' course of instruction, but it did not not go into operation because Secretary Mason, Mr. Henshaw's successor, revoked the order. This action was taken upon advice given by older officers of the service, who insisted that the midshipmen were needed on board ships, and that as their future duties were connected with the sea, the sea was the only school in which they should be taught.

Many causes were operating to bring into life the seed which Professor Chauvenet had sown. The introduction of steam, the scandalous conduct of many officers, the lax discipline, brutality, and oppression which existed afloat, and finally the tragedy of the brig Somers, when Midshipman Spencer, son of the Secretary of War, and two enlisted men were hanged on the charge of plotting mutiny, established the necessity of a method by which reputable boys could be appointed, and receive a moral and mental education which would enable them to conduct themselves with honor and dignity, and reflect credit upon their country and service. Loudly as the press and citizens called for action, Congress did not respond, and it was left to the patriotic and far-seeing George Bancroft, of Massachusetts, to establish the Naval Academy.

Shortly after Mr. Bancroft entered the Navy Department, Professor Chauvenet brought to his attention the need of systematic education for midshipmen. The Secretary saw that to effect the adoption of the plan he must first conciliate the older officers of the navy. The service was induced to give its assent through a board of officers, to which Mr. Bancroft diplomatically referred the subject, and after the school was established and in operation on the military reservation of Fort Severn, at Annapolis, jurisdiction over which had been ceded to the navy, the Secretary asked Congress for an appropriation "for repairs, improvements, and instruction." The appropriation was promptly made by the House, but rumors were current that the Senate would decline to concur. Having great personal influence, Mr. Bancroft exercised it, with the result that the appropriation was granted and the Naval Academy legally established. From that day until the present there has been gradual improvement in the curriculum of the institution. It was one of the most important acts of my time when Congress, in compliance with urgent recommendations, authorized in 1898 the reconstruction of the Academy, at a cost not to exceed eight million dollars. The reconstruction is now in progress, in accordance with a plan prepared by a Board of Officers appointed by Secretary Herbert, although that official, on account of the condition of the National finances, considered it too comprehensive for immediate adoption. When the Academy is rebuilt, it will be an institution superior to anything of the kind in the world, and will meet every requirement of instruction and convenience. Prince Henry of Prussia, on the occasion of his visit to the United States in 1902, inspected the Naval Academy, and expressed to me surprise that we should be spending such a large sum of money on an educational institution rather than for men-of-war. It was with a feeling of patriotic pride that the response could be made that the resources of our country are so great that it can undertake, without anticipating embarrassment, the construction of an academy worthy of the personnel of which it is the source of supply, and yet have ample funds with which to continue the building of ships.

Since the establishment of the Naval Academy, more than two thousand five hundred midshipmen and cadets have been graduated, and the cost to the country has been about eight million dollars—a sum equal to that which will be paid for its reconstruction. That the organization of



VAN REYPEN
Medicine and Surgery.



BRADFORD
Equipment.



CROWINSHIELD
Navigation.



ENDICOTT
Yards and Docks.



MELVILLE
Steam Engineering.



O'NEIL
Ordnance.



HICHBORN
Construction and Repairs.



STEWART
Supplies and Accounts.

THE ADMIRALS IN COMMAND OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENTS DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN

the school has amply repaid the country is shown, first, by victories gained by our navy in the Civil and Spanish wars, and their far-reaching results, and, second, by the progress made in naval science, with its tremendous effect upon industrial development, for which many officers are to be credited.

The very nature of an officer's duties necessitates constant study of the subjects which they embrace. The course at the Naval Academy covers four years, and the cadets are then sent to sea for a two years' cruise, upon the expiration of which they return to undergo final examination. There is no good reason for more than one year's cruise at sea. At the end of that time, even if not at once upon graduation, the cadets should receive commissions as ensigns if found qualified upon examination. During his career at the Academy the cadet performs the duties of seamen and officers of every grade. He is carefully instructed in gunnery, navigation, and seamanship. He learns English and French, and now Spanish, as well as something about international law and history, becomes a proficient mathematician, and acquires a knowledge of physics, chemistry, and hygiene. Because the naval officer of to-day must be an engineer, he is thoroughly grounded in marine engineering, electrical and steam, and naval construction. When commissioned, he is on occasions given tours of duty at the torpedo station at Newport, where he receives instruction in the construction and operation of the torpedo, and at the Washington Gun Foundry, where he takes part in assembling forgings into great guns. He undergoes a post-graduate course at the Naval War College—an institution established at New London, Conn., almost simultaneously with the reconstruction of the navy. The Naval War College, like the Naval Academy, was not brought into existence by authority of Congress. Secretary William E. Chandler, under date of May 3, 1884, organized a Board of naval officers, consisting of Commodore S. B. Luce, Commander W. T. Sampson, and Lieutenant-Commander C. E. Goodrich, to report upon the subject of a post-graduate course for officers of the navy. Explaining to the Senate the reason for the establishment of the institution, Mr. Chandler stated that "the constant changes in the methods of conducting naval warfare imposed by the introduction of armored ships, swift cruisers, rams, seagoing torpedo-boats, and high-power guns, together with the more rigid methods of treating the various subjects relating to naval science, render imperative the establishment of a school where our officers may be enabled to keep abreast of the improvements going on in every navy in the world." In its report recommending the organization of the institution the Board expressed the opinion that "a cogent reason for such a school is that there may be a place where our officers will not only be encouraged but required to study their profession proper—war—in a far more thorough manner than has ever heretofore been attempted, and to bring to the investigation of the various problems of modern naval warfare the scientific methods adopted in other professions." The course at the College is divided under two heads—the science and art of war, and law and history. The College has been in successful operation for fifteen years, and has been of much benefit in fitting officers not only to command single ships and squadrons, but to perform properly numerous other important duties with which they are charged. I am confident that the training many officers received at the College has been of great service to them in times of peace and war. Toward the close of my administration instructions were given for the establishment of a post-graduate course in steam engineering at the Naval Academy. This was done upon the recommendation of Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville, the engineer-in-chief of the navy, and the course will enable officers of the new line to perfect themselves in the science of their profession. The medical officer was not overlooked, and a medical school was established in Washington. Arrangements were made with the War Department for harmonious co-operation with the medical school of the army. Medical officers of the navy have had no sufficient opportunity to study their profession, and co-operation with the army will not only fill this want but create a healthy mutuality which will stimulate both services.

In the navy to-day there is missing from the list of titles of officers one which

for half a century occupied an honorable and increasingly important position upon it—that of engineer. The introduction of steam into the navy caused the appointment in 1836 of Mr. Charles H. Haswell, of New York. He was the first engineer of the service. In spite of the element in the navy and the country which clung to sails, it speedily became apparent that steam propulsion must be adopted for men-of-war, and about 1842 Congress had authorized the construction of four steam vessels—the Fulton, Mississippi, Missouri, and Michigan—and one steamship, known as the Engineer, had been purchased. For the design of the machinery of the vessels the construction of which was authorized, and for its care and operation after installation, twenty engineers were appointed. The engineers were dissatisfied with their status and pay, and the appointment of a man who was not familiar with the principles of their profession; and an appeal was made to Congress for adequate recognition. Agitation was effective. Congress, by the Act approved August 31, 1842, created the staff engineer corps of the navy. This act provided for the appointment by the Secretary of the Navy of one chief engineer, two first assistant, two second assistant, and three third assistant engineers for each steam ship of war, to be paid salaries ranging from $1,500 to $500 per annum. Three years later a law was enacted authorizing the President to appoint engineer officers, and in 1860 Congress granted substantial increases in pay to officers of this corps. In the meantime the question of the relation of the staff to the line had become a subject of controversy, and Secretary Toucey, in January, 1859, issued an order announcing the relative rank of officers of the staff corps. This order explicitly stated that it conferred no authority to exercise military command "except in the discharge of their [officers of the staff corps] duties, and no additional right to quarters." Congress enacted Mr. Toucey's order into law, striking out the words "except in the discharge of their duties," and thus, the engineers claimed, increased their embarassment and difficulty in controlling and disciplining the men of their divisions. The value of steam propulsion had been demonstrated before the Civil War, but the events of that struggle emphasized its superiority over sails, and established the fact that men especially trained in the manipulation of engines must be employed. When the Naval Academy was founded, Lieutenant James H. Ward, a member of the faculty, foresaw the important part steam would play in the future service, and arranged that it should be one of the principal subjects of the course. With his detachment from the Academy less attention was paid to steam, and it was soon made a subordinate branch of the department of Natural Philosophy. During the Civil War Secretary Welles called the attention of Congress to the desirability of educating steam engineers, and a law was enacted in 1864 authorizing the instruction at the Academy "as naval constructors or steam engineers of such midshipman and others as may show a peculiar aptitude therefor." Secretary Welles was not satisfied with the law, and he asked, before the plan was put into operation, whether steam engineering should not be made to constitute a necessary part of the education of all midshipmen, "so that in our future navy every line officer will be a steam engineer, and qualified to have complete command and direction of the ship." Here was the first official suggestion for the present consolidated line of the navy. The young men appointed under the Act of 1864 and enactments in the years immediately following were styled cadet engineers, and in 1882 they were transformed into naval cadets of the line.

This last law was intended to settle the line and staff controversy, which had been raging on board every war vessel of the navy, and which had already attracted the attention of thinking men of the country. So long as the engineers of the navy were appointed from civil life, it was plain that there could be no agreement between them and officers of the line bred in all the traditions of the service. The antagonism extended to the students at the Naval Academy, the cadet engineers among whom had been by law organized into a separate class, and the amalgamation of the cadet engineers and the midshipmen failed to produce the desired effect. Those graduates assigned to the Engineer Corps speedily became out of harmony with the line, and there was

little disposition on the part of the line to promote harmony by co-operation with the Engineer Corps. The difference in views between the two branches of the service appears very clearly in the testimony given before the House Naval Committee when it was investigating the question of reorganization of the personnel.

At the beginning of my term in the Department the discussion between the line and the staff was a matter of immediate importance. Naval officers naturally felt keen interest each in his own corps. The engineering profession throughout the country had become a party to the issue, and was demanding that its representatives in the navy should receive that measure of official recognition which the high character of the calling requires. Secretary Herbert had prepared a bill for the reorganization of the line, which contemplated the removal of a large number of officers by transfer either to a reserve or to the retired list, and by increase of officers, principally in the higher grades. A bill was also introduced granting actual rank, military title, and adequate numbers to the Engineer Corps. Neither the Herbert Bill nor the Engineer Bill had been adopted, and the condition I found was that of stagnation in promotion, with its train of evils, and the existence of friction between the line and the staff, which not only produced inefficiency, but which, through its effect upon Congress, almost endangered the upbuilding of the navy.

Representative Francis H. Wilson, of New York, the recognized champion of the engineers in the House, had frequent conferences with the Department in regard to the action which should be taken for the restoration of harmony in the service. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt—now President—was then Assistant Secretary, and was especially active in this direction, obtaining the views of rival factions. As a result of full consideration of this matter, I appointed a Board to which was confided the preparation of a plan for the reorganization of the personnel. Mr. Roosevelt was made president of this Board. Had a line or an engineer officer been named, the Board at the outset would have been embarrassed. By designating the Assistant Secretary, who was recognized as an earnest friend of the service at large, the line and the staff were certain of fair rulings upon questions which might arise between them. Mr. Roosevelt was intended to serve, and did serve, as moderator. The line was represented by two chiefs of Bureaus, Commodore Crowninshield and Commodore W. T. Sampson, and four other officers of standing and influence in the service—Captain A. H. McCormick, Captain Robley D. Evans, Commander J. N. Hemphill, and Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright. The Engineer Corps, which comprised fewer officers than the line, was represented by four officers—Commodore George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief and Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering—a man of common sense, judgment, and possessing the implicit confidence of his subordinates—Chief Engineer Charles W. Rae, Chief Engineer George H. Kearny, and Passed Assistant Engineer Walter M. MacFarland. The Recorder of the Board was a line officer—Lieutenant Albert L. Key. No other corps were given representation on the Board, because the main question was between the Line and the Engineer Corps.

The Board was in session for about a month. The representatives of both the line and engineers manifested an earnest desire to come to an understanding. Commodore Melville submitted a proposition for an independent engineer corps, which should comprise 303 officers, who should have positive rank and military titles, and the same right of absolute command over their own divisions which watch and division officers of the line have, the chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering to have the rank and pay of a Commodore. This proposal was rejected, and then Captain Evans submitted a plan which had all along been in the mind of the Department and of the Board, for the amalgamation of the line and the engineers. This solution, though at first sight revolutionary, was really the final step in the process of evolution through which the navy was passing. The fundamental studies of officers of the deck and engine room at the Naval Academy were identical; the younger line officers served in engine-rooms on torpedo-boats, and line as well as staff officers underwent training in machine work, if not in the engine-room, in departments devoted to electrical and

ordnance equipment. In the old days of sail, the naval officer was first of all master of the motive power: why not in the days of steam? The acceptance of the proposal by the engineers was followed by the drafting of the provisions of a bill to be laid before the Secretary for transmission to Congress. Examination of this showed that, besides providing for the combination of the line and engineer corps, it enabled the voluntary retirement of officers in the grades of captain, commander, and lieutenant-commanders, should natural causes fail to produce a certain number of casualties in those grades, and in that of lieutenant; and that should the casualties and voluntary retirements be not sufficient to cause the average vacancies fixed, then a Board of Rear-Admirals should select a limited number of officers for retirement. Whether voluntarily or compulsorily retired, the officers affected were to receive the rank and three-fourths of the sea-pay of the grade next higher to that which they had attained at the time of retirement. Here were two provisions that the Board contemplated enacting into law, which permitted valuable officers to go on the retired list, though it was plain that ships under construction would require when commissioned the services of all that could be gathered, and which also gave the benefits of retirement with increased rank and pay to officers who were unfitted for duty, and less deserving of such consideration than others retired because of disability incurred in the line of duty. I transmitted the bill to Congress with a recommendation for the enactment of its provisions, with the exception of those specified. It was believed that such a law would bring harmony into the service, and the results of its operation since enactment in 1899 have justified this belief. It still seems advisable that the voluntary and compulsory retirement provisions should be modified so that officers affected by them shall retire with the rank and three-fourths of the sea-pay of the grade held at the time of retirement, and not be given a premium for getting out of the service. The bill further provided that the navy should receive army pay, that the title "midshipman" should replace that of "cadet" for students at the Naval Academy, and that the course at the Academy should be reduced from six to four years. It created a corps of warrant machinists, and improved the condition of the enlisted force by conferring upon its members the same privileges and rights respecting retirement and pension that obtained in the army and marine corps. The enthusiasm aroused by sea victories during the war with Spain caused the enactment of the bill with some amendments and additions, the latter relating mainly to the marine corps.

It was loudly urged against this reorganization bill that it would operate to the disadvantage of the service; that the age was one of specialization, and that it was impossible to make a fighting man a "jack-of-all-trades." Those who made these statements forgot that in amalgamating the line and engineer corps we were simply repeating history; that England's ships were once sailed by men especially employed for that duty and fought by soldiers who had nothing to do with the operation of the vessels. But the combination of these two types produced the sailor who could not only sail his ship, but who could fight it as well. When steamships entered our navy, the sailor, clinging to the traditions of his calling, jealously refused to surrender his privileges and prerogatives to the engineer. As the work of the soldier and the sailor gradually approached each other and finally intermingled, so has that of the navigator and the engineer. The Personnel Law was framed to meet special conditions, and so long as those conditions exist it will produce the results intended; but when they change, it will require revision. It would not be surprising should the machinists warranted under the Personnel Law become a future engineer corps, just as the late engineer corps developed from civilians appointed into the navy during the early years of steam.

The officers command a ship, but the brawn and its intelligent application are supplied by the enlisted men. In the old navy the ships were manned by sailors who could patch a sail, knot a parted shroud, repair a boat, sponge, load, and fire a gun, in fact, do any work appertaining to their rating. Boys were enlisted as powder-monkeys and for other light work. That they were distinguished by the same ardor as possessed their older comrades is shown

by Captain Hull's report on the battle of the Constitution and the Guerriere, in which he said that "from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman, not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action giving three cheers and requesting to be laid alongside of the enemy." Enough American citizens not engaging in the national and merchant marines, causing the employment of many foreigners in this branch of the governmental and industrial services, the suggestion was made in 1835 that boys be enlisted and trained in the ways of the sea. Congress incorporated the suggestion into law in 1837, and under the authority granted him Secretary Paulding enlisted several hundred youngsters and distributed them among the line-of-battle ships Columbus and North Carolina and the frigates Java and Hudson. The plan was inaugurated under auspicious circumstances, but, the Department announcing that the apprentices would not receive commissions, interest disappeared and failure followed. A second effort to establish the apprentice system was made by Secretary Welles. The experiment at first produced gratifying results, justifying a belief in important future benefit to the service. Thinking an opportunity to attain commissions would encourage the boys, Secretary Welles, in his annual report for 1864, suggested that "from among the apprentices on the schoolship, a selection of one-half of the midshipmen appointed might be made with great advantage to the service and to the country. . . . It would popularize the service and open to those who may have enlisted the highest positions and honors in the service." Mr. Welles succeeded in having a number of apprentices sent to the Academy, where they were examined for admission; and some of the able officers to-day are those who underwent their first naval experience as enlisted boys.

Discouraging though the attempts of his predecessors were, Secretary Robeson, in 1875, issued a circular authorizing the enlistment of a certain number of apprentices. There was imperative need of such action. The percentage of foreigners in the navy at this time had reached such a high figure that confusion and inefficiency prevailed. Admiral David D. Porter thus described the humiliating condition of our enlisted force when the reconstruction of the navy began:

"A few years ago one of our ships with a cosmopolitan crew was anchored in the harbor of Villefranche. The crew represented nineteen different nationalities, and so inefficient was the organization that some wag painted on a board and hung in the gangway, "Ici on parle Anglais," like the signs in Paris shops. When the Trenton went into commission, as fine a body of Germans, Huns, Norsemen, Gauls, Chinese, and other outside barbarians as one could wish to see were on board. Of the whole number, not more than eighty could speak English. These men shipped for money. They had no sentiment for our flag or nationality, and possibly if it came to an action with a ship of their own or neighboring nation they would haul down the American colors and hoist their own."

National pride demanded an American navy. So the apprentice was encouraged. In 1881 the city of Newport ceded Coaster's Harbor Island in Narragansett Bay to the Government as a site for a Naval Apprentice station. During my administration the island of Yerba Buena, in San Francisco Bay, was acquired, and upon it a modern training station for apprentices was built. When Secretary Robeson made the third attempt to organize an apprentice training system, it was predicted that it would fail. To-day it is one of the important branches of supply for our enlisted force. It seemed a violation of the principles of the Republic to maintain a service which limited the achievements of an employee; and, regarding Secretary Welles's plan as eminently just and proper, I recommended that Congress enact a bill permitting the commissioning of enlisted men promoted from apprentices, after examination of their mental, moral, and physical qualifications. The law, as passed, fixes the number of these appointments at six annually. In the twenty-seven years during which the apprentice system has been in operation more than fifteen thousand boys have attended the course, and those who have not remained in the service have, in the majority of cases, made useful citizens. The apprentice system has also been important in bringing about the Americanization of the navy. Various

measures were adopted from the beginning of the new navy to displace the foreign element in the service. At the time of my entrance into the Department in 1897, almost twenty-five per cent. of the enlisted men were foreigners. As a means of reducing this proportion, enlistment stations were established in the interior of the country and along the lakes. The material thus obtained was of such an excellent character that when Congress made substantial increases in the enlisted force, these and additional stations were maintained. Recruits are placed on board receiving-ships, where they learn the rudiments of their future calling, and are subsequently distributed among training-ships. When their preliminary education is concluded, they are transferred to regular cruising vessels. Arrangements had been perfected before my retirement from the Department for the training of four thousand landsmen annually. Congress should authorize barracks for the accommodation of raw recruits. On shore, under the observation of officers, it will be an easy matter to reject those men who fail to show aptitude for the service, retaining only the best material to be wrought into the finished seaman. The effect of the enlistment of landsmen on the Americanization of the navy is shown by the fact that almost ninety per cent. of the enlisted force is to-day American by birth or naturalization.

Improvements in the *matériel* of the navy have brought about the necessity for an enlisted personnel of high intelligence and skill; and with these qualities has come the need of better provision for enlisted men. The sailors of the old navy were subjected to hard conditions; they are treated to-day as men. Fifty years ago they received whatever training was given them on shipboard. Even in the new navy, until 1897, only the torpedo school and the gun foundry were open to them. The use of electricity on board war-ships grew to such proportions during my time that it was deemed advisable to establish an electrical school at the New York Navy-Yard. The gunnery course was completed by practical training on the monitors Amphitrite and Puritan, in North Atlantic waters. To stimulate the men, the rating of gun captain was created. It is a gratifying fact that ships to which gun captains were detailed showed considerable and immediate improvement in target practice. The clerks of the navy are known as yeomen. That men enlisted for this rating might properly understand their duties, a yeoman's training-school was established at New York. One of the later acts of my time was the direction to establish at the Norfolk Navy-Yard an artificers' school. Here experience in ship-work will be given to carpenters, ship-fitters, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, ship's plumbers, and men of other ship's trades. That every ounce of coal may produce the largest volume of steam and that engines and boilers may not be rapidly worn out, a training-school was provided for firemen. The Cincinnati, whose bowels are one mass of machinery, was selected for use as this school.

No description of the personnel of the American navy would be complete without a reference to the Marine Corps. An early Continental Congress authorized the organization of a body of marines. The Congress of the United States, which directed the construction of the first ships of the old navy, simultaneously provided for the commissioning of marine officers and the enlistment of men for the guards. In all our wars the marines have distinguished themselves. On nineteen separate occasions Congress has, by joint resolution, expressed its sense of appreciation of their valor and good conduct. After the Civil War a movement was inaugurated to abolish the Corps, but a thorough investigation by Congress established the inadvisability of such action. Many line officers have expressed the opinion that the Marine Corps is no longer needed on board ships, and several years before the Spanish War the attempt to bring about its abolition was renewed. Colonel Charles Haywood, now Major-General, Commandant of the Corps, appeared before the Personnel Board in 1897 and earnestly opposed amalgamation with the navy. The Corps was reorganized and enlarged by the Personnel Law—action which met with general approval in view of the new laurels added to its record by the battalion which served at Guantanamo, where the Corps rendered especially brilliant service, as well as on the ships at Manila and Santiago, and ashore in China and the Philippines.



JOSEPH G. CANNON

Mr. Cannon will probably be Speaker of the House of Representatives of the new Congress. He has been a Member of Congress from Illinois for thirty years, with the exception of one two years' term. From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

The Bodleian Library: 1602-1902

By Augustine Birrell

WITH what feelings, I wonder, ought one to approach in a famous University an already venerable foundation, devoted by the last will and indented deed of a pious benefactor to the collection and housing of books and the promotion of learning? The Bodleian at this moment harbors within its walls well-nigh half a million of printed volumes, some scores of precious manuscripts in all the tongues, and has become a name famous throughout the whole civilized world. What sort of a poor scholar would he be whose heart did not beat within him when, for the first time, he found himself, to quote the words of "Elia," "in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley"?

Grave questions, these, but put, I am afraid, with a certain pomposity of style, for how else can I account for the undignified trick my memory is now playing me, by summoning to its bar that irreverent tale told of Calverley, then Blayds of Balliol? "The following episode occurred during one of Calverley's appearances at 'Collections,' the Master (Dr. Jenkyns) officiating. *Question.* 'And with what feelings, Mr. Blayds, ought we to regard the decalogue?' Calverley, who had no very clear idea of what was meant by the decalogue, but who had a due sense of the importance both of the occasion and of the question, made the following reply: 'Master, with feelings of devotion, mingled with awe!' 'Quite right, young man, a very proper answer,' exclaimed the Master."[1]

"Devotion mingled with awe" might be a very proper answer for me to make to my own question, but I, possessing that acquaintance with the history of the most picturesque of all libraries which anybody can have who loves books enough to devote a dozen quiet hours of rumination to the pages of Mr. Macray's "Annals of the Bodleian Library," second edition, Oxford, "at the Clarendon Press, 1890," cannot honestly profess to entertain in my breast, with regard to it, the precise emotions which C. S. C. declared took possession of him when he regarded the decalogue. A great library easily begets affection, which may deepen into love; but devotion and awe are plants hard to rear in our harsh climate; besides, can it be well denied that there is something in a huge collection of the ancient learning, of mediæval folios, of controversial pamphlets, and in the thick black dust these things so woefully collect, provocative of listlessness and enervation

[1] "Literary Remains of C. S. Calverley," ii.

and of a certain Solomonic dissatisfaction? The two writers of modern times, both pre-eminently sympathetic towards the past, who have best described this somewhat melancholy and disillusioned frame of mind are both Americans: Washington Irving, in two essays in the "Sketch-Book"—The Art of Bookmaking and The Mutability of Literature, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, in many places, but notably in that famous chapter on The Emptiness of Picture Galleries in "The Marble Faun."

It is perhaps best not to make too great demands upon our slender stock of deep emotions; not to rhapsodize too much; or vainly to pretend, as some travelers have done, that to them the collections of the Bodleian, its laden shelves and precious cases, are more attractive than wealth, fame, or family, and that stern Fate alone compelled them to leave Oxford by train after a visit rarely exceeding twenty-four hours in duration.

Sir Thomas Bodley's Library at Oxford is, all will admit, a great and glorious Institution, one of England's sacred places; and springing as it did out of the mind, heart, and head of one strong, efficient, and resolute man, it is matter for rejoicing with every honest gentleman to be able to observe how quickly the idea took root, how well it has thriven, by how great a tradition it has become consecrated, and how studiously the wishes of the founder in all their essentials are still observed and carried out.

Saith the Prophet Isaiah, "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things he shall stand." The name of Thomas Bodley still stands all the world over by the liberal thing he devised.

A few pages about this "second Ptolemy" will be grudged me by none but unlettered churls.

He was a West Countryman, an excellent thing to be in England if you want backing through thick and thin, and was born in Exeter on the 2d of March, 1544—a most troublesome date. It seems our fate in the Old Home never to be for long quit of the religious difficulty—which is very hard upon us, for nobody, I suppose, would call us a "religious" people. Little Thomas Bodley opened his eyes in a land distracted with the religious difficulty. Listen to his own words; they are full of the times: "My father, in the time of Queen Mary, being noted and known to be an enemy to Popery was so cruelly threatened and so narrowly observed by those that maliced his religion, that for the safeguard of himself and my mother who was wholly affected as my father, he knew no way so secure as to fly into Germany, where after a while he found means to call over my mother with all his children and family whom he settled for a time in Wesel in Cleveland. (For there, there were many English which had left their country for their conscience and with quietness enjoyed their meetings and preachings.) From thence he removed to the town of Frankfort where there was in like sort another English congregation. Howbeit we made no longer tarriance in either of these two towns for that my father had resolved to fix his abode in the city of Geneva."

Here the Bodleys remained until such time as our Nation was advertised of the death of Queen Mary and the succession of Elizabeth, with the change of religion which caused my father to hasten into England.

In Geneva young Bodley and his brothers enjoyed what now would be called great educational advantages. Small creature though he was, he yet attended (so he says) the public lectures of Chevalerius in Hebrew, Bersaldus in Greek, and of Calvin and Beza in Divinity. He had also "domestical teachers," and was taught Homer by Robert Constantinus, who was the author of a Greek Lexicon, a luxury in those days.

On returning to England Bodley proceeded, not to Exeter, as by rights he should have done, but to Magdalen, where he became a "reading man" and graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1563. The next year he shifted his quarters to Merton, where he gave public lectures on Greek. In 1566 he became a Master of Arts, took to the study of Natural Philosophy, and three years later was Junior Proctor. He remained in residence until 1576, thus spending seventeen years in the University. In the last-mentioned year he obtained leave of absence to travel on the Continent, and for four years he pursued his studies abroad, mastering the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. Some short time



THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY AT OXFORD

after his return home he obtained an introduction to Court circles and became an Esquire to Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have entertained varying opinions about him, at one time greatly commending him and at another time wishing he were hanged—an awkward wish on Tudor lips. In 1588 Bodley married a wealthy widow, a Mrs. Ball, the daughter of a Bristol man named Carew. He survived her, and, having no children, a good bit of her money remains in the Bodleian to this day. Blessed be her memory! Nor should the names of Carew and Ball be wholly forgotten in this connection. From 1588 to 1596 Bodley was in the diplomatic service, chiefly at The Hague, where he did good work in troublesome times. On being finally recalled from The Hague, Bodley had to make up his mind whether to pursue a public life. He suffered from having too many friends, for not only did Burleigh patronize him, but Essex must needs do the same. No man can serve two masters, and though to be the victim of the rival ambitions of greater men than yourself is no uncommon fate, it is a currish one. Bodley determined to escape it, and to make for himself after a very different fashion a name, *ære perennius.*

I resolved thereupon to possess my soul in peace all the residue of my days, to take my full farewell of state employments, to satisfy my mind with the mediocrity of worldly living that I had of mine own, and so to retire me from the Court.

But what was he to do?

Whereupon, examining exactly for the rest of my life what course I might take, and having sought all the ways to the wood to select the most proper, I concluded at the last to set up my staff at the Library door in Oxford, being thoroughly persuaded that in my solitude and surcease from the Commonwealth affairs I could not busy myself to better purpose than by reducing that place (which then in every part lay ruined waste) to the publick use of students.

It is pleasant to be admitted into the birth-chamber of a great idea destined to be translated into action. Bodley proceeds to state the four qualifications he felt himself to possess to do this great bit of work: first, the necessary knowledge of ancient and modern tongues and of "sundry other sorts of scholastical literature;" second, purse ability; third, a great store of honorable friends; and, fourth, lei-

Bodley's description of the state of the old library as lying in every part ruined and in waste was but too true.

Richard of Bury, the book-loving Bishop of Durham, seems to have been the first donor of manuscripts on anything like a large scale to Oxford, but the library he founded was at Durham College, which stood where Trinity College now stands, and was in no sense a University library. The good Bishop, known to all book-hunters as the author of the "Philobiblon," died in 1345, but his collection remained intact, subject to rules he had himself laid down, until the dissolution of the monasteries, when Durham College, which was attached to a religious house, was put up for sale, and its library, like so much else of good learning at this sad period, was dispersed and for the most part destroyed.

Bodley's real predecessor, the first begetter of a University library, was Thomas Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, who in 1320 prepared a chamber above a vaulted room in the northeast corner of St. Mary's Church for the reception of the books he intended to bestow upon his University. When the Bishop of Worcester (as a matter of fact he had once been elected Archbishop of Canterbury—but that is another story, as Laurence Sterne has said) died in 1327, it was discovered that he had by his will bequeathed his library to Oxford, but he was insolvent! No rich relict of a defunct Ball was available for a Bishop in those days. The executors found themselves without sufficient estate to pay for their testator's funeral expenses, ever the first charge upon assets. They are not to be blamed for pawning the library. A good friend redeemed the pledge and despatched the books, all, of course, manuscripts, to Oxford. For some reason or another Oriel took them in, and, having become their bailee, refused to part with them, possibly and plausibly alleging that the University was not in a position to give a valid receipt. At Oriel they remained for ten years, when all of a sudden the scholars of the University, animated by their notorious affection for sound learning and a good "row," took Oriel by storm and carried off the books in triumph to Bishop Cobham's room, where they remained in chests unread for thirty years. In 1367 the University by statute ratified and confirmed its title to



DUKE HUMPHREY'S LIBRARY IN THE BODLEIAN

the books and published regulations for their use, but the quarrel with Oriel continued till 1409, when the Cobham Library was for the first time properly furnished and opened as a place for study and reference.

The Librarian of the old Cobham Library had an advantage over Mr. Nicholson, the Bodley Librarian of to-day. Being a clerk in holy orders before the days when, in Bodley's own phrase, already quoted, we "changed" our religion, he was authorized by the University to say masses for the souls of all dead donors of books, whether by gifts *inter vivos* or by bequest.

The first great benefactor of Cobham's Library was Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the youngest son of Henry IV., and perhaps the most "pushful" youngest son in our royal annals. Though a dissipated and unprincipled fellow, he lives in history as the "good Duke Humphrey" because he had the sense to patronize learning, collect manuscripts, and enrich universities. He began his gifts to Oxford as early, so say some authorities, as 1411, and continued his donations of manuscripts with such vivacity that the little room in St. Mary's could no longer contain its riches. Hence the resolution of the University in 1444 to build a new library over the Divinity School. This new room, which was completed in 1480, forms now the central portion of that great reading-room so affectionately remembered by thousands of still living students.

Duke Humphrey's Library, as the new room was popularly called, continued to flourish and receive valuable accessions of manuscripts and printed books belonging to Divinity, Medicine, Natural Science, and Literature until the ill-omened year 1550. Oxford has never loved Commissioners revising her statutes and reforming her schools, but the Commissioners of 1550 were worse than prigs, worse even than Erastians, they were barbarians and wreckers. They were deputed by King Edward VI., "in the spirit of the Reformation," to make an end of the Popish superstition. Under their hands the Library totally disappeared; and for a long while the tailors and shoemakers and bookbinders of Oxford were well supplied with vellum which they found useful

in their respective callings. It was a hard fate for so splendid a collection. True it is that for the most part the contents of the Library had been rescued from miserable ill-usage in the Monasteries and Chapter-Houses where they had their first habitations, but at last they had found shelter over the Divinity School of a great University. There at least they might hope to slumber. But our Reformers thought otherwise. The books and manuscripts being thus dispersed or destroyed, a prudent if unromantic Convocation exposed for sale the wooden shelves, desks, and seats of the old library, and so made a complete end of the whole concern; thus making room for Thomas Bodley.

On the 23d of February, 159⅞, Thomas Bodley sat himself down in his London house and addressed to the Vice-Chancellor of his University a certain famous letter:

Sir,—Altho' you know me not as I suppose, yet for the farthering of an offer of evident utilitie to your whole University I will not be too scrupulous in craving your assistance. I have been alwaies of a mind that if God of his goodness should make me able to do anything for the benefit of posteritie I would shew some token of affiction that I have ever more borne to the studies of good learning. I know my portion is too slender to perform for the present any answerable act to my willing disposition, but yet to notify some part of my desire in that behalf I have resolved thus to deal. Where there hath been heretofore a public library in Oxford which you know is apparent by the room itself remaining and by your statute records, I will take the charge and cost upon me to reduce it again to its former use and to make it fit and handsome with seats and shelves and desks and all that may be needful to stir up other mens benevolence to help to furnish it with books. And this I purpose to begin as soon as timber can be gotten to the intent that you may be of some speedy profit of my project. And where before as I conceive it was to be reputed but a store of books of divers benefactors because it never had any lasting allowance for augmentation of the number or supply of books decayed, whereby it came to pass that when those that were in being were either wasted or embezzled, the whole foundation came to ruin. To meet with that inconvenience, I will so provide hereafter (if God do not hinder my present design) as you shall be still assured of a standing annual rent to be disbursed every year in buying of books, or officers stipends and other pertinent occasions, with which provision and some order for the preservation of the place and the furniture of it from accustomed abuses, it may perhaps in time to come prove a notable treasure for the multitude of volumes, an excellent benefit for the use and ease of students, and a singular ornament of the University.

The letter does not stop here, but my quotation has already probably wearied most of my readers, though for my own part I am not ashamed to confess that I seldom tire of retracing with my own hand the *ipsissima verba* whereby great and truly notable gifts have been bestowed upon nations or universities or even municipalities for the advancement of learning and the spread of science. Bodley's language is somewhat involved, but through it glows the plain intention of an honest man.

Convocation, we are told, embraced the offer with wonderful alacrity, and lost no time in accepting it in good Latin.

From February, 1598, to January, 1613 (when he died), Bodley was happy with as glorious a hobby-horse as ever man rode astride upon. Though Bodley, in one of his letters, modestly calls himself a mere "smatterer," he was, as indeed he had the sense to recognize, excellently well fitted to be a collector of books, being both a good linguist and personally well acquainted with the chief cities of the Continent and with their booksellers. He was thus able to employ well-selected agents in different parts of Europe to buy books on his account, which it was his pleasure to receive, his rapture to unpack, his pride to despatch in what he calls "dry-fats"—that is, weather-tight chests—to Dr. James, the first Bodley Librarian. Despite growing and painful infirmities (stone, ague, dropsy), Bodley never even for a day dismounted his hobby, but rode it manfully to the last. Nor had he any mean taint of nature that might have grudged other men a hand in the great work. The more benefactors there were, the better pleased was Bodley. He could not, indeed—for had he not been educated at Geneva and attended the Divinity Lectures of Calvin and Beza?—direct Dr. James to say masses for the souls of such donors of money or books as should die, but he did all a poor Protestant can do to tempt generosity—he opened and kept in a very public place in the Library a great Register Book, containing the names and titles of all benefactors. Bodley was always on the look-out for gifts and bequests from his store of honorable friends; and in the case of

Sir Henry Savile he even relaxed the rule against lending books from the Library, because, as he frankly admits to Dr. James, he had hopes (which proved well founded) that Sir Henry would not forget his obligations to the Bodleian.

The Library was formally opened on the 8th of November, 1602, and then contained some two thousand volumes. Two years later its founder was knighted by King James, who on the following June directed letters patent to be issued styling the Library by the founder's name and licensing the University to hold land in mortmain for its maintenance. The most learned and by no means the most foolish of our Kings, this same James I. visited the Bodleian in May, 1605. Sir Thomas was not present. There it was that the royal pun was made that the founder's name should have been Godly and not Bodley. King James handled certain old manuscripts with the familiarity of a scholar, and is reported to have said, I doubt not with perfect sincerity, that were he not King James he would be an University man, and that were it his fate at any time to be a captive, he would wish to be shut up in the Bodleian and to be bound with its chains, consuming his days amongst its books as his fellows in captivity. Indeed, he was so carried away by the atmosphere of the place as to offer to present to the Bodleian whatever books Sir Thomas Bodley might think fit to lay hands upon in any of the Royal Libraries, and he kept this royal word so far as to confirm the gift under the Privy Seal. But there it seems to have stopped, for the Bodleian does not contain any volumes traceable to this source. The King's librarians probably obstructed any such transfer of books.



SIR THOMAS BODLEY

Authors seem at once to have recognized the importance of the Library, and to have made presentation copies of their works, and in 1605 we find Bacon sending a copy of his "Advancement of Learning" to Bodley, with a letter in which he said: "In having built an ark to save learning from deluge, deserve propriety [ownership] in any new instrument or engine whereby learning should be improved or advanced" (Macray, 35). The most remarkable letter Bodley ever wrote, now extant, is one to Bacon; but it has no reference to the Library, only to the Baconian philosophy. We do not get many glimpses of Bodley's habits of life or ways of thinking, but there is no difficulty in discerning a strenuous, determined, masterful figure, bent during his later years, perhaps tyrannously bent, on effecting his object. He was not, we learn from a correspondent, "hasty to write but when the posts do urge him, saying there need be no answer to your letters till more leisure breed him opportunity." "Words are women, deeds are men," is another saying of his, which I reprint without comment.

By an indenture dated the 20th of April, 1609, Bodley, after reciting how he had, out of his zealous affection to the advancement of learning, lately erected upon the ruins of the old decayed Library of Oxford University "a most ample, commodious, and necessary building, as well for receipt and conveyance of books as for the use and ease of students, and had already furnished the same with excellent writers on all sorts of sciences, arts, and tongues, not only selected out of his own

study and store, but also of others that were freely conferred by many other men's gifts," proceeded to grant to trustees lands and hereditaments in Berkshire and in the city of London for the purpose of forming a permanent endowment of his Library; and so they, or the proceeds of sale thereof, have remained unto this day.

Sir Thomas Bodley died on the 20th of January, 1613, his last days being soothed by a letter he received from the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University condoling his sickness and signifying how much the Heads of Houses, etc., prayed for his recovery. A cynical friend, not much of a friend as we shall see, called John Chamberlain, was surprised to observe what pleasure this assurance gave to the dying man. "Whereby," writes Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, "I perceive how much fair words work, as well upon wise men as upon others, for indeed it did affect him very much."

Bodley was rather put out in his last illness by the refusal of a Cambridge doctor, Batter, to come to see him; the doctor saying, "Words cannot cure him, and I can do nothing else for him." There is an occasional curtness about Cambridge men that it is hard but not impossible to reconcile with good feeling.

Bodley's will gave great dissatisfaction to some of his friends, including this aforesaid John Chamberlain, and yet on reading it through it is not easy to see any cause for just complaint. Bodley's brother did not grumble, there were no children, Lady Bodley had died in 1611, and everybody who knew the testator must have known that the Library would be (as it was) the great object of his bounty. What annoyed Chamberlain seems to be that whilst he had (so he says, though I take leave to doubt it) put down Bodley for some trifle in his will, Bodley forgot to mention Chamberlain in his. There is always a good deal of human nature exhibited on these occasions. I will transcribe a bit of one of this gentleman's grumbling letters, written, one may be sure, with no view to publication, the day after Bodley's death:

> Mr. Gent came to me this morning as it were to bemoan himself of the little regard hath been had of him and others, and indeed for ought I hear there is scant anybody pleased, but for the rest it were no great matter if he had had more consideration or commiseration where there was most need. But he was so carried away with the vanity and vain-glory of his library, that he forgot all other respects and duties, almost of Conscience, Friendship, or Good-nature, and all he had was too little for that work. To say the truth I never did rely much upon his conscience, but I thought he had been more real and ingenuous. I cannot learn that he hath given anything, no, not a good word nor so much as named any old friend he had, but Mr. Gent and Thos Allen who like a couple of Almesmen must have his best and second gown, and his best and second cloak, but to cast a colour or shadow of something upon Mr. Gent, he says he forgives him all he owed him, which Mr. Gent protests is never a penny. I must intreat you to pardon me if I seem somewhat impatient on his [*i. e.* Gent's] behalf, who hath been so servile to him, and indeed such a perpetual servant, that he deserved a better reward. Neither can I deny that I have a little indignation for myself that having been acquainted with him for almost 40 years, and observed and respected him so much I should not be remembered with the value of a spoon, or a mourning garment, whereas if I had gone before him (as poor a man as I am) he should not have found himself forgotten.[1]

Bodley did no more by his will, which is dated the 2d of January, 1613, and is all in his own handwriting, than he had promised to do in his lifetime, and I feel as certain as I can feel about anything that happened nearly three hundred years ago, that Mr. Gent, of Gloucester Hall, did owe Bodley money, though, as many another member of the University of Oxford has done with his debts, he forgot all about it.

The founder of the Bodleian was buried with proper pomp and circumstance in the chapel of Merton College, on the 29th of March, 1613. Two Latin orations were delivered over his remains, one, that of Mr. John Hales, a Fellow of Merton, being of no inconsiderable length. After all was over, those who had mourning weeds or blacks retired, with the Heads of Houses, to the Refectory of Merton and had a funeral dinner bestowed upon them, "amounting to the sum of £100," as directed by the founder's will.

The great foundation of Sir Thomas Bodley has, happily for all of us, had better fortune than befell the generous gifts of the Bishops of Durham and Worcester. The Protestant layman has had the luck, not the large-minded prelates of the old religion. Even during the Civil War Bodley's books remained uninjured, at all

[1] "Winwood's Memorials," III., 429.

events by the Parliament men. "When Oxford was surrendered [24 June, 1646], the first thing General Fairfax did was to set a good guard of soldiers to preserve the Bodleian library. 'Tis said there was more hurt done by the Cavaliers [during their garrison] by way of embezzling and cutting of chains of books than there was since. He was a lover of learning, and had he not taken this special care, that noble library had been utterly destroyed, for there were ignorant senators enough who would have been contented to have it so" (see Macray, 101). Oliver Cromwell, while Lord Protector, presented to the Library twenty-two Greek MSS. he had purchased, and, what is more, when Bodley's librarian refused the Lord Protector's request to allow the Portugal Ambassador to borrow a MS., sending instead of the MS. a copy of the statutes forbidding loans, Oliver commended the prudence of the founder, and subsequently made the donation just mentioned.

A great wave of generosity towards this foundation was early noticeable. The Bodleian got hold of men's imaginations. In those days there were learned men in all walks of life, and many more that were not learned were endlessly curious. The great merchants of the city of London instructed their agents in far lands to be on the lookout for rare things, and transmit them home to find a resting-place in Bodley's buildings. All sorts of curiosities found their way there—crocodiles, whales, mummies, and black negro boys in spirits. The Ashmolean now holds most of them; the negro boy has been conveniently lost.

In 1649 the total of 2,000 printed books had risen to more than 12,000; viz., folios, 5,889; quartos, 2,067; octavos, 4,918; whilst of MSS. there were 3,001.

One of the first gifts in money came from Sir Walter Raleigh, who in 1605 gave £50, whilst among the early benefactors of books and MSS. it were a sin not to name the Earl of Pembroke, Archbishop Laud (one of the Library's best friends), Robert Burton, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Sir Kenelm Digby, John Selden, Lord Fairfax, Colonel Vernon, and Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. Space would be denied me to lengthen this meager list, or even in outline to characterize the chief treasures that have so well fulfilled and transcended the hopes of the founder. I must be content to say, what all know, that no nobler library exists in the world than the Bodleian, unless it be in the Vatican at Rome. The foundation of Sir Thomas Bodley, though of no antiquity, shines with unrivaled splendor

"amidst the stars that own another birth"

in the galaxy of Oxford; for though I must not say, being myself a Cambridge man, that the Bodleian dominates Oxford, yet I may say that to many an English, American, and foreign traveler to that city, which, despite railway stations and trains and the never-ending villas of the Banbury Road, still breathes the charm of an earlier age, the Bodleian is the pulsing heart of the University. Colleges, like ancient homesteads, unless they are yours, never quite welcome you; though ready enough to receive with civility your tendered meed of admiration. You wander through their gardens and pace their quadrangles with no sense of co-ownership—not for you are their clustered memories. In the Bodleian every lettered heart feels itself at home.

Bodley drafted with his own hand the first statutes or rules to be observed in his Library. Speaking generally, they are wise rules. One mistake, indeed, he made—a great mistake, but a natural one. Let him give his own reasons: "I can see no good reason to alter my rule for excluding such books as Almanacks, Plays, and an infinite number that are daily printed of very unworthy matters—handling such books as one thinks both the Keeper and Under-Keeper should disdain to seek out, to deliver to any man. Haply some plays may be worthy the keeping—but hardly one in forty. . . . This is my opinion, wherein if I err I shall err with infinite others; and the more I think upon it, the more it doth distaste me that such kinds of books should be vouchsafed room in so noble a library."[1]

"Baggage-books" was the contemptuous expression elsewhere employed to describe this "light infantry" of literature —*Belles Lettres*, as it is now more politely designated.

One play in forty is liberal measure, but who is to say out of the forty plays which is the one worthy to be housed in

[1] See correspondence in "Reliquiæ Bodleianæ," London, 1703.

a noble library? The taste of Vice-Chancellors and Heads of Houses, of Keepers and Under-Keepers of libraries—can anybody trust it? The Bodleian is entitled by Imperial statutes to receive copies of all books published within the realm, yet it appears on the face of a Parliamentary Return made in 1818 that this "noble library" refused to find room for Ossian, the favorite poet of Goethe and Napoleon, and labeled Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant" and Miss Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas" "rubbish." The sister university, home though she be of nearly every English poet worth reading, rejected the "Siege of Corinth," though the work of a Trinity man, would not take in the "Thanksgiving Ode" of Mr. Wordsworth, of St. John's College, declined Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini," vetoed the "Headlong Hall" of the inimitable Peacock, and, most wonderful of all, would have nothing to say to Scott's "Antiquary," being probably disgusted to find that a book with so promising a title was only a novel.

Now all this is altered, and everything is collected in the Bodleian, including, so I am told, Christmas cards and dinner menus.

Bodley's rule has proved an expensive one, for the Library has been forced to buy at latter-day prices "baggage-books" it could have got for nothing.

Another ill-advised regulation got rid of duplicates. Thus, when the third Shakespeare Folio appeared in 1664, the Bodleian disposed of its copy of the First Folio. However, this wrong was righted in 1821, when, under the terms of Edmund Malone's bequest, the Library once again became the possessor of the edition of 1623.

Against lending books Bodley was adamant, and here his rule prevails. It is pre-eminently a wise one. The stealing of books, as well as the losing of books, from public libraries is a melancholy and ancient chapter in the histories of such institutions. Indeed, there is too much reason to believe that not a few books in the Bodleian itself were stolen to start with. But the long possession by such a foundation has doubtless purged the original offense. In the National Library in Paris is at least one precious MS. which was stolen from the Escurial. There are volumes in the British Museum on which the Bodleian looks with suspicion, and *vice versa*. But let sleeping dogs lie. Bodley would not even give the divines who were engaged upon a bigger bit of work even than his Library—the translation of the Bible into that matchless English which makes King James's Version our greatest literary possession—permission to borrow "the one or two books" they wished to see.

Bodley's Library has sheltered through three centuries many queer things besides books and strangely written manuscripts in old tongues; queerer things even than crocodiles, whales, and mummies. I mean the librarians and sub-librarians, janitors, and servants. Oddities many of them have been. Honest old Jacobites, nonjurors, primitive thinkers—as well as scandalously lazy drunkards and illiterate dogs. An old foundation can afford to have a varied experience in these matters.

One of the most original of these originals was the famous Thomas Hearne—an "honest gentleman" and a Jacobite, and one whose collections and diaries have given pleasure to thousands. He was appointed Janitor in 1701, and Sub-Librarian in 1712, but in 1716, when an Act of Parliament came into operation which imposed a fine of £500 upon any one who held any public office without taking the oath of allegiance to the Hanoverians, Hearne's office was taken away from him; but he shared with his King over the water the satisfaction of accounting himself still *de jure*, and though he lived till 1735, he never failed each half-year to enter his salary and fees as Sub-Librarian as being still unpaid. He was perhaps a little spiteful and vindictive, but none the less a fine old fellow. I will write down as specimens of his humor a prayer of his and an apology, and then leave him alone. His prayer ran as follows:

O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy Providence, I return all possible thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy Providence, and one act yesterday, *when I unexpectedly met with three old manuscripts*, for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue the same protection to me a poor, helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake. (Aubrey's Letters, I., 118.)

His apology, which I do not think was actually published, though kept in draft, was after this fashion:

I, Thomas Hearne, A.M. of the University of Oxford, having ever since my matriculation followed my studies with as much application as I have been capable of, and having published several books for the honour and credit of learning, and particularly for the reputation of the foresaid University, am very sorry that by my declining to say anything but what I knew to be true in any of my writings, and especially in the last book I published entituled &c., I should incur the displeasure of any of the Heads of Houses, and as a token of my sorrow for their being offended at truth, I subscribe my name to this paper and permit them to make what use of it they please. (Macray, 188.)

Leaping a hundred and forty years, an odd tale is thus lovingly recorded of another Sub-Librarian, the Rev. A. Hackman, who died in 1874:

During all the time of his service in the Library (thirty-six years) he had used as a cushion in his plain wooden armchair a certain vellum-bound folio, which by its indented side, worn down by continual pressure, bore testimony to the use to which it had been put. No one had ever the curiosity to examine what the book might be, but when, after Hackman's departure from the Library, it was removed from its resting-place of years, some amusement was caused by finding that the chief compiler of the last printed catalogue had omitted from his catalogue the volume on which he sat, of which, too, though of no special value, there was no other copy in the Library. (Macray, 388a.)

The spectacle in the mind's eye of this devoted Sub-Librarian and sound divine sitting on the vellum-bound folio for six and thirty years, so absorbed in his work as to be oblivious of the fact that he had failed to include in his *magnum opus*, the great Catalogue, the very book he was sitting upon, tickles the midriff.

Here I must bring these prolonged but wholly insufficient observations to a very necessary conclusion. Not a word has been said of the great collection of Bibles, or of the unique copies of the Koran and the Talmud and the Arabian Nights, or of the Dante MSS., or of Bishop Tanner's books (many bought on the dispersion of Archbishop Sancroft's great library), all of which in course of removal by water from Norwich to Oxford fell into the river and remained submerged for twenty hours, nor of many other splendid benefactions of a later date.

One thing only remains, not to be said but to be sent round—I mean the Hat. Ignominious to relate, this glorious foundation stands in need of money. Shade of Sir Thomas Bodley, I invoke thy aid to loosen the purse-strings of the wealthy! The age of learned and curious Merchants, of high-spirited and learning-loving Nobles, of book-collecting Bishops, of Antiquarians, is over. The Bodleian cannot condescend to beg. It is too majestical. But I, an unauthorized stranger, have no need to be ashamed.

Especially rich is this great library in *Americana*, and America suggests multimillionaires. The rich men of the United States have been patriotically alive to the first claims of their own famous universities, and long may they so continue; but if by any happy chance any one of them should accidentally stumble across an odd million or even half a million of dollars hidden away in some casual investment he had forgotten, what better thing could he do with it than send it to this, the most famous foundation of his Old Home? It would be acknowledged by return of post in English and in Latin, and the donor's name would be inscribed, not indeed (and this is a regrettable lapse) in that famous old Register which Bodley provided should always be in a prominent place in his Library, but in the Annual Statements of Accounts now regularly issued. To be associated with the Bodleian is to share its fame and partake of the blessing it has inherited. "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things he shall stand."

Elizabethan Lyrists

By Frank Dempster Sherman

Like to the shining host of stars are they
Whose songs, made long ago, are sweet to-day:
And like the stars, enduring as the Sun—
Shakespeare,—from whom their radiance is won.

The Cry of the Locusts

By E. B. Findlay

Out from the depth of the woodlands
  Cometh a sigh on the breeze;
A whisper, whispering louder,
  Stirreth among the trees;
Then, hour by hour increasing,
  It changeth from sigh to wail:
The voice of the wingèd locust,
  Whose cry nor whose sign shall fail.

Down through the lanes and the hedgerows,
  Over the field and the plain,
At the very gates of the city,
  The cry breaketh forth again—
Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hearken unto our cry.
Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hear us before we die!

Long years, long years, have we waited
  The call, O ye sons of men,
Till He who setteth our seasons
  Had counted seven and ten;
Up from the dust have we struggled,
  Craving God's gift of our wings;
Hear ye, O kings, the message
  We bear from the King of kings!

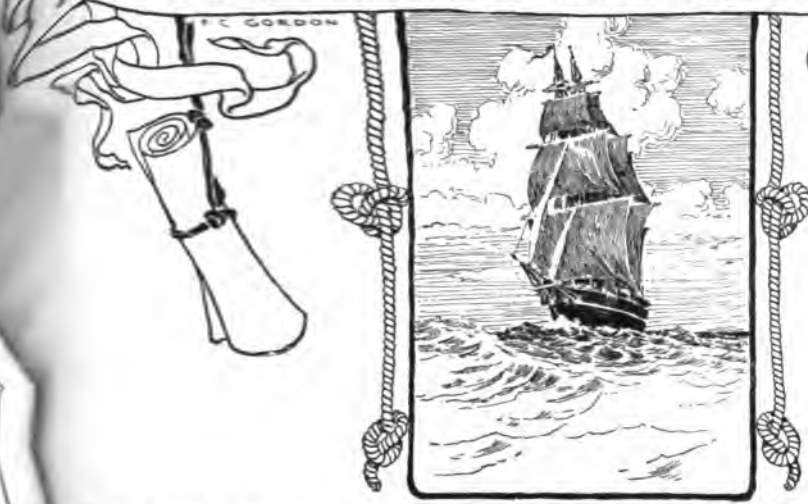
Ye in the seats of the mighty,
  In purple and linen drest—
We are the voice of the lowly,
  The cry of the sore opprest;
This is the word that we bring ye
  From the dark beneath the sod:
Though mountains of gold should cover,
  Ye shall hear the summons of God!

Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hearken unto our cry.
Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hear us ere thou shalt die.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LOST COMMISSION

BY JAMES BARNES

Author of "Naval Actions of 1812," "Commodore Bainbridge" "Midshipman Farragut," &c



THE following is the strange tale concerning a remarkable bit of lost evidence, around which hangs a chapter of recorded and unrecorded American history—a drama rather, smacking of romance, filled with mysterious plotting and secret international diplomacy. By what might be called a "lucky strike" it is revived from an almost forgotten past.

Only a short time ago there appeared in a catalogue of Charavay, an autograph and print seller in Paris, among scores of other notices, the following:

143 Hancock (John), célèbre homme d'État Américain, gouverneur du Massachusetts, signataire de la Déclaration d l'Indépendance—Pièce sig. comme président du congrès; Baltimore, 1 mars 1777, 1 p. in-fol. Obl. Rare.

The connection of names and dates of course would, at the outset, attract the attention of any collector of Americana, for, more than likely, they should have something to do with Franklin's sojourn in France. The price asked was much less than the principal signature alone generally brought in the autograph market, and so it was included by the present owner in a list of small purchases ordered from the catalogue.

When the paper numbered 143 w opened, it was found to be a commissio giving the rank of captain in the navy the United Colonies to one Gustav Conyngham, appointing him to the co mand of the armed vessel Surpris That was all—it was a simple bit old-fashioned printing. But—Gustav Conyngham! The Surprise! It seeme almost incredible that it should be true

Before the mind's eye there came t slight, wiry figure of a young man in long blue coat with his black hair done in queue down his back, walking the quarte deck of a tidy little vessel, at whose pe fluttered and whipped the cross-barre rattlesnake flag, while the Channel spra dashed and glittered at the plunging bow there came the billowing white smoke the old broadsides, the roar of the ca ronades, and the whir of the death-dea ing splinters; and then there came t picture of a prisoner loaded with chai in the gloom of an underground dunge and there followed the recollection of worn, crumbling tombstone (any one c see it to-day in St. Peter's churchyard Philadelphia) beneath which lies the body an old man who died in a measure from t wear and tear that follows a broken hear

Yes; there lay the long-missing paper that is mentioned by every writer who has dealt with the history of our Revolutionary navy! There was no doubt of the authenticity of the document; the well-known signatures of Hancock and Charles Thompson were substantiated by the fact that, upon comparison, the filling in of the names was found to be in the handwriting of no one less than Benjamin Franklin himself!

Here was the excuse for the sailing of the little vessel that flew the cross-barred flag! Here was the instrument that is supposed to have saved a score of lives held forfeit to the British Crown! Here was the missing evidence, for lack of which a great case at law was lost and a brave man's heart broken; for the name on the old tombstone, woven into a curious acrostic, is the same that appears on the face of the commission.

Up surges the whole of the strange story, the adventures, the excitement, the tragedy of it all!

How many have ever heard of this old-time sailorman? Few, perhaps; but the student of American naval history, he knows of him, and knows how throughout his story runs the trail of the lost commission, which for a century and a quarter has been—the Lord knows where. But without further prologue let the play come on.

Late in the fall of the year 1775 Captain Gustavus Conyngham sailed from Philadelphia in the brig Charming Peggy, bound for Holland. He was an Irishman by birth, having been born during the uneasy days of '47, in Letter Kenney in the County of Donegal. It was his intention to bring out from Holland a cargo of saltpeter and clothing, and, if possible, arms and munitions of war to aid the colonies that had already begun the struggle against the mother country. Numerous were his adventures. Once he was captured just after entering the Channel by a watchful English cruiser, but he rose against the prize crew, recaptured his little craft, and brought her safely into The Hague. However, the character of her cargo being ascertained, the British representatives made complaint to the Dutch authorities and her sailing was prevented. One of her owners, a Mr. Nesbit, of Philadelphia, was in Holland at the time, and at last it was decided to abandon the return voyage altogether, although more than once Captain Conyngham had been tempted to take advantage of the thick weather and slip out into the Channel. But the Peggy was a slow sailer and would have had little chance with the swift English cutters that were on guard outside. So Captain Conyngham, like many a Yankee shipmaster, found himself stranded in Europe, on the lookout for anything to fill up his spare moments and burning to do something for his country. He called it his country, although he had been born an alien, for his father had emigrated to America long before, and he himself had married in '73 Anne Hockley, the daughter of a Philadelphia merchant. But we must digress a little and suddenly.

It was late in the midsummer of '76 when good Dr. Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Government of France, sailed for Europe in the Reprisal, the first American ship-of-war to ride the waves of the English Channel. The news of the Declaration of Independence had preceded her, however, brought by one or two private armed vessels from Delaware and New England, those risk-all dare-devils, half pirates, half patriots, whose day is past. Not only did the Reprisal bring the great hope of the struggling colonies, for foreign aid was absolutely necessary to a continuance of war, but she carried into port three English merchantmen picked up on the way, the first Yankee prizes to be brought into the harbors of a foreign country.

A hard time did the good Doctor have of it at first, for the English Ambassador to France, Lord Stormont, was up in arms. If the prizes remained in French ports, he would quit the country; if "the Arch Traitor and Conspirator" reached Paris, he would likewise! But marvelous are the methods of French statecraft, and subtle the manners of intrigue!

The prizes did leave French ports—ordered out instanter in no doubtful terms—but they were sold with their contents "just outside" to French merchants. The messenger sent to stop the young-hearted old philosopher, with his papers in his capacious pockets, missed his way—what a dolt of a messenger!—and of course French politeness, sense of hospitality, and love of justice prevented a



PORTRAIT OF CONYNGHAM, FROM A FRENCH PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1779

From the collection of Captain John S. Barnes.

harmless old gentleman, who could but amuse and instruct people, being asked to leave when once he had passed the city gates. Thus, in substance, wrote M. Le Comte de Vergennes, the king's Prime Minister. So Franklin stopped in Paris, and Lord Stormont swallowed his anger and wrote warning letters to his Government.

It was just at this time that Conyngham arrived at Dunkirk from The Hague, and almost immediately upon landing there he met a friend of his named Ross, from whom he learned a great deal of the state of affairs in America and of the doings at the French capital. Through Ross he also met a Mr. Hodge and his friend Allan, both of whom were well acquainted with the American Commissioners, Dr. Franklin, Arthur Lee, and Silas Deane. Not long after this Conyngham was sent for by Mr. Hodge, who requested him to repair at once to Paris, where he might learn of something much to his advantage.

Although the Captain kept a diary, in which were entered most minutely his subsequent adventures, he says very little of this journey; it was probably undertaken in strict secrecy. At all events, he must have been informed of the mysterious arrangements then existing between the French Ministry and the American Commissioners, and there is no doubt that he was admitted to the inner circle of the intriguers.

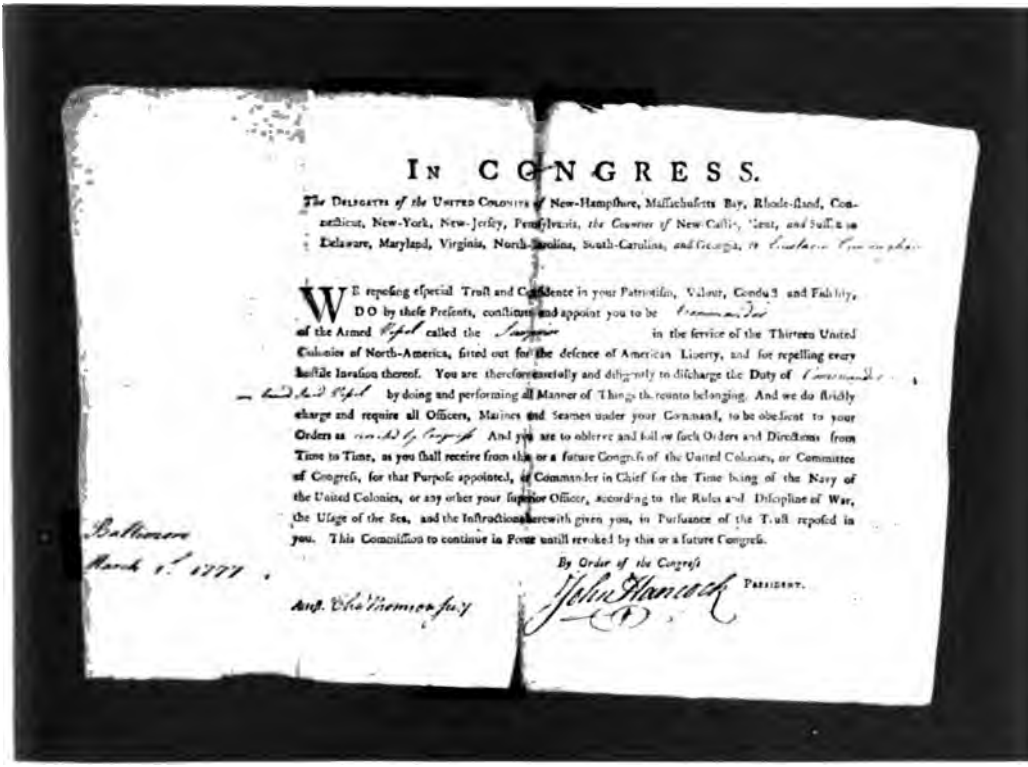
It was a remarkable condition of affairs indeed that Conyngham found. The French Government, under the direction of that wonderful leader of old-fashioned diplomacy, M. le Comte de Vergennes, was playing fast and loose with the representative of the English Court. King Louis was not ready for war, but in the success of the revolted colonies France saw the means to strike a heavy blow at her natural enemy across the Channel, and at the same time to safeguard her possessions beyond the seas. She had not forgotten the loss of Canada—she feared for Louisiana. The old gentleman who played chess at his little house in Passy played deep in another game. Weighty sentences were spoken over extended snuff-boxes. Messages and decisions meaning almost life or death to the new-born nation were bandied lightly over wine-glass rims, and of these days and dealings Franklin wrote afterward "Of course no minutes could be kept."

So the play went on. France could not openly aid the enemy of a friendly power, but there was nothing to prevent a commercial house from giving credit to private individuals who assumed the risk of sending out cargoes liable to capture on the high seas. So there was formed the sagacious house of Roderigo, Hortalez & Co.: General Manager, Beaumarchais; sleeping partner, M. le Comte de Vergennes; principal stockholders, the Court, King Louis and Queen Marie Antoinette, *et al.*; there followed the historic loan of 200,000 livres, the shipment of thirty-five thousand stand of arms and eighty cannon. There was a little money yet left over. It was decided that it should not remain idle. Conyngham was asked to come to Dr. Franklin's house, and there, as he states in his sworn testimony, Dr. Franklin gave him, with his own hands, a commission as a captain in the navy of the United Colonies, and immediately he returned to Dunkirk.

Now let us see what the Father of American Naval History says in this connection.

"In the spring of 1777," writes Cooper, "an agent was sent to Dover by the American Commission, where he purchased a fine fast-sailing English cutter and had her carried across to Dunkirk. Here she was privately equipped as a cruiser and named the Surprise. To the command of this vessel Captain Gustavus Conyngham was appointed by filling up a blank commission from John Hancock, the President of Congress. This commission bore the date of March 1, 1777, and it would seem as fully entitled Mr. Conyngham to the rank of captain in the navy as any that was ever issued by the same authority."

Armed with this necessary document, it did not take Captain Conyngham long to recruit his crew. In the main they were American seamen held in French ports by the embargo, and, like their leader, they were only too eager to cruise against the commerce of England. But think of it! One little vessel starting out alone into King George's private sailing-ground! Just about this time the vessel that had brought Franklin to Europe, under com-



IN CONGRESS.

The Delegates of the United Colonies of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Counties of New-Castle, Kent, and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia, to [illegible]

WE reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Patriotism, Valour, Conduct and Fidelity, DO by these Presents, constitute and appoint you to be [illegible] of the Armed Vessel called the [illegible] in the service of the Thirteen United Colonies of North-America, fitted out for the defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hostile Invasion thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of [illegible] by doing and performing all Manner of Things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all Officers, Marines and Seamen under your Command, to be obedient to your Orders as [illegible] And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from Time to Time, as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United Colonies, or Committee of Congress, for that Purpose appointed, or Commander in Chief for the Time being of the Navy of the United Colonies, or any other your superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, the Usage of the Sea, and the Instructions herewith given you, in Pursuance of the Trust reposed in you. This Commission to continue in Force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

By Order of the Congress

John Hancock PRESIDENT.

Baltimore March 1st 1777

Attest. Chas Thomson Secy

THE LOST COMMISSION

From the original, owned by Captain John S. Barnes

mand of Captain Wickes, the Reprisal, to which the Lexington, of fourteen guns, and the Dolphin, of eighteen guns, had been joined, was preparing to start on a short cruise into the Irish Channel. But they were, so to speak, men-of-war and were to sail in company. Here was a craft of something under a hundred tons about to sail alone.

Two months to a day after the date of the commission that he held, Conyngham put boldly out into the chops of the English Channel.

In the cabin locker was the Rattlesnake flag—thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with the snake across them, and beneath the warning legend, "Don't Tread on Me." He had it made for him by a sailmaker on his vessel, and he was eager to see it at his masthead.

Within six hours of port he had two exceedingly narrow escapes from capture, but he managed to elude his pursuers, and on the morning of the 4th (Cooper and most naval historians have the date wrong, giving it as the 7th), when but a few leagues from the coast of Holland, he fell in with a small vessel flying the English flag. It had been his intention to hold up, if possible, and capture or turn back one of the transports then engaged in carrying Hessian troops to America, but, failing in this, it was his hope to run across one of the King's cutters, or small packets in the royal service.

On the small vessel came, all unsuspecting, and by clever maneuvering Conyngham laid the Surprise alongside and boarded her, without a warning shout or shot. The captain of the English vessel and his passengers were at breakfast in the cabin when the first mate suddenly called down from the deck that a strange craft had run afoul of them and made fast with a grappling-iron. Before any one could stir, Captain Conyngham himself walked down to the cabin and informed the master of his prize that he was a prisoner. Upon finding that his prize was the Prince of Orange, the Harwich packet, carrying the mails for the north of Europe, Captain Conyngham

considered it best to make for port with all possible haste, so, placing a prize crew on board the packet, he headed both vessels back for Dunkirk.

The next day he picked up another little craft, a brig named the Joseph, and, with both prizes under his lee, he sailed into the harbor and came to anchor.

The British Ambassador was up in arms again. "Hortalez & Co." must have been greatly put out by the earnestness of their agent at sea. Duplicity of the deepest dye must be resorted to to save the day! So the Comte de Vergennes wrote to Lord Stormont expressing the greatest indignation and regret. Forthwith Conyngham and his crew were taken from the Surprise, and found themselves hurried to the gates of a French prison. The prizes were turned over to the English Government and the cutter was confiscated. "On this occasion," writes Cooper, "the commission of Captain Conyngham was taken from him and sent to Versailles, and it seems never to have been returned."

Why was the commission sent to Versailles? Certainly it appears, at first glance, that if Conyngham wished to prove his right to make captures, he should have shown it to the representative of the English Government. He either knew better than that, or was acting under very good advice, for he was not yet in the hands of the British Government, although detained at the expressed wish of Lord Stormont. There were powerful friends of America at the French Court, and, to tell the truth, the Court itself was rather deeply involved in the game of pulling the wool over the English Minister's eyes. True enough, if the Comte de Vergennes could have kept up appearances by the sacrifice of Conyngham and his crew as mere privateersmen, he would not have cared a snap of his finger, for France, at all times, was his only thought; but to give up an officer of the United Colonies Navy, and holding a commission as such, was more than he dared to do, considering the fact that he was deep in the game with Beaumarchais and on friendly terms with good Dr. Franklin, who was on friendly terms with everybody.



THE TAKING OF THE HARWICH PACKET

From a Dutch print of 1777, showing the rattlesnake flag. Owned by Captain John S. Barnes.

Perhaps he did not know that Franklin had possession of those blank commissions. Perhaps he did not think that the good Doctor was so well prepared. There is sufficient proof, however, to show that he endeavored his best to dodge receiving the commission when it was sent to Versailles, and this may have been in order to have a salve for his diplomatic conscience, for he was all the time promising Lord Stormont that the prisoners should be turned over to the British representatives, and probably assuring his Lordship also that he did not care whether they were hanged, drawn, or quartered. But the old adage of "the power behind the throne" is a good one, and in this case the power was no less than the French Queen, with whom Franklin was on the friendliest terms—if Dame Rumor of the time speaks correctly. At all events, the commission reached the fair hands of Marie Antoinette, and through her reached those of King Louis, and through him, of course, it was easy to get at the Prime Minister.



Print taken from the original displayed in an English coffee-house in Dunkirk, 1777. Owned by Captain John S. Barnes.

I might say all this "supposedly," for Franklin was too much of a gallant to drag in a lady's name directly, and in all his correspondence afterwards he has clearly avoided bringing the question to a head; but in a letter written at this very time to the British Government by one of its spies, Dr. Bancroft, F.R.G.S.—a man who took money from both parties, for he was in the American employ also—we find these words: "Lord Stormont has the ear of Comte de Vergennes, but Franklin has the Queen on his side, and she will do what he says."

At all events, just before the vessels arrived that were to take Conyngham and his companions to England to stand trial (and the noose was swinging for him), orders were brought post haste from Paris, and he and his whole crew were released and found themselves again free men.

Was the doughty Captain discouraged? Not a bit of it! There is a little anecdote told of him during his confinement in the prison at Dunkirk. His confinement there was not made a hardship; he was allowed the liberty of the jail yard and inclosure, and one day he was there taking exercise by bounding a rubber ball back and forth against the high brick sides of the building, when a red-faced man approached him, and without ceremony spoke.

"I am Captain Cuthbertson, of his Majesty's sloop-of-war Alert," he said; "your name is Conyngham."

The Captain stopped in his game, and acknowledged that to be the fact, and added that he was the Captain of the late American cruiser, the Surprise.

"Which has been turned over to his Majesty's Government with the other vessels that you piratically took off the coast of Holland," replied the officer.

"Indeed!" answered Conyngham; "that must be gratifying to his Majesty."

And then he went on and invited the Captain to take off his coat and have a game with him, suggesting that they play for a wager of their shoebuckles or their wigs.

"You've played for a larger stake than that and lost," said the Englishman in reply. "How can you, knowing that your life is in jeopardy, indulge in such pastimes?"

"If my life was in jeopardy, I am sure it would be so in a good cause. I ask for no favors, except for a little more elbow-room, for you're standing just where I've been playing."

The officer controlled his anger with difficulty, and then all at once blurted out the object of his visit. He had come to suggest that it might be possible for Conyngham to receive a pardon if he would swear allegiance to the King, and he even hinted that a billet might be found for him in the royal navy.

Conyngham's reply showed well his spirit.

"You can tell those who sent you," he said, "that his Majesty might offer me a position of an Admiral of the blue, and I would tell him that I would rather spend my days in the hold of a prison-ship than accept it. As you will not play with me, I shall have to ask you to stand aside again. Some day we may meet when the game will be for larger stakes and there will be harder missiles flying."

With that he wished his guest good-morning.

Now, when he found himself free again, his first thought was to get once more into active service. There was a fine vessel of a larger tonnage than the Surprise lying at Dunkirk, and for sale. The very first thing that Conyngham did was to seek out Hodge and Allan. The former made a flying trip to Paris, had an interview with Franklin and Félix Grand, the banker for Hortalez & Co., and posted back almost immediately t Dunkirk.

Let us turn to a letter published in th London "Times" of about this date. I is written by one James Clements, an sent from Dunkirk. "I saw Conynghar yesterday," it runs. "He had engaged crew of desperate characters to man vessel of 130 tons. She has now Frenc men on board to deceive our Ministe here. A fine, fast-sailing vessel, hand somely painted blue and yellow, is no at Dunkirk, having powder, small arms and ammunition put on board of her Conyngham proved the cannon himself and told the bystanders he would play the d—l with the British trade at Havre It is supposed when the vessel is ready the Frenchmen will yield command t Conyngham and his crew. The vessel i to mount twenty carriage guns and t have a complement of sixty men. She i the fastest sailer now known—no vesse can catch her once out on the ocean. I send you timely notice, that you may be enabled to take active measures to stay this daring character, who fears not man or government, but sets all at defiance. He had the impudence to say, if he wanted provisions or repairs he would put into an Irish harbor and obtain them. It is vain here to say Conyngham is a pirate. They will tell you he is one brave American; he is a 'bold Boston.' You cannot be too soon on the alert to stop the cruise of this daring pirate."

In Cooper's history we find the following in reference to Conyngham's release:

"The Commissioners had the capture of some of the transports with Hessian troops on board in view, and they were no sooner notified of the seizure of the Surprise than Mr. Hodge, an agent who was of great service to the cause, was directed to procure another cutter. One was accordingly purchased at Dunkirk, and was fitted, with all despatch, for a cruiser. Means were found to liberate Captain Conyngham and his people, and this second vessel, which was called the Revenge, sailed from Dunkirk on the 18th of July, or about the time that Captain Wickes returned from his cruise with the other vessels. A new commission had been obtained for Captain Conyngham, previously to putting to sea, which bore date May 2d, 1777. As this second

commission was dated anterior to the seizure of the old one, there is no question that it was also one of those in blank, which had been confided to the Commissioners to fill at their discretion."

It was Mr. Carmichael, Secretary to the Commissioners at Paris, who gave Conyngham his final orders for the Revenge on the morning of July 15, in Dunkirk; and in Conyngham's narrative the gallant Captain states that he also gave him "some verbal instructions which were impossible to write." He was, probably, again warned to put to sea at once.

There is no doubt that at this time there was not a little friction among the American Commissioners themselves—Franklin and Lee and Silas Deane. Owing to the fact that so much of the correspondence had to be in ambiguous terms and so many of the meetings and arrangements with the French Ministry entirely *sub rosa*, the positions that they consequently occupied in relation to one another varied at different times, but Conyngham looked to the fountain head. His first orders had been received from Dr. Franklin; and now let us look at the sailing orders transmitted by Mr. Carmichael on behalf of the Commissioners. Surely they must cause a smile, and there is a gleam in them of Franklin's peculiar humor. (The original sailing orders are in possession of the author.) They are dated July 15, 1777.

To Capt. Cunningham.

As with much difficulty the Commissioners of the United States of North America now at Paris, have obtained liberty for you to sail from Dunkerque, and as it has been on express condition that you should not cruise against the Commerce of England, I beg and instruct you in the name and by the orders of the Commissioners, that you do nothing which may involve your security or occasion umbrage to the Ministry of France—notwithstanding which, if necessity obliges you to obtain provisions of which your stock is not abundant, on account of the abrupt manner in which you are obliged to leave the Port, or if attacked first by our enemies, the circumstances of the case will extenuate and plead in favor of your conduct, either in making prizes for your own preservation, or in making reprisal for damages sustained. Nothing of this sort happening, you are to proceed directly to America, delivering as soon as possible the despatches intrusted to your care, and taking your further orders from your employers there. Wishing you success and prosperity, I am, &c.

WM. CARMICHAEL.



Rare French print showing Britannia upbraiding Neptune, and pointing out Conyngham with the flag and crowing cock, while the English fleet are in full flight, Victory deserting them. From the collection of Captain John S. Barnes.

The departure of the Revenge was no doubt a clandestine one, Conyngham, with part of his crew and armament, being placed on board when free of the harbor. What was to be expected from the humorous sailing orders printed above any one might guess. What the verbal orders were it is easy to surmise. Captain Gus-

tavus Conyngham began to cruise from the moment he had a good offing.

Good fortune attended the Revenge from the very moment she sighted the coast of England, for on her second day out she captured a large ship, and the day following a brig. They were despatched, as were all the subsequent prizes, to Spanish ports, where Hortalez & Co. had established agencies, and there they were disposed of to French and Spanish merchants and the money forwarded to the Commissioners and their agents. During this remarkable cruise Conyngham kept at sea for two months, and then made a visit to Spain and returned once more to the cruising-ground. Over forty sail of all kinds were taken as prizes, and but few of them were recaptured or destroyed.

The Revenge ran in and out of Irish and, on one or two occasions, English ports with impunity. In the harbors of his own birth-country Conyngham paid for what he took in the way of supplies with orders on Lazzonere & Co., Spanish agents of Hortalez et Cie., representing himself as an honest merchantman. He crossed the Bay of Biscay a half-dozen times, and from Corunna and other places made reports to the Commissioners in Paris. It was while he was engaged in this exciting occupation that King George III. is reported to have said to Lord North that "if they could catch that pirate Conyngham, he would rejoice to go to his hanging."

Of course, with the first news that Conyngham was taking prizes along the coast there arose a storm of indignation in England, and troublesome clouds began to gather at Paris and Versailles. The long-suffering English Ambassador actually began to pack up his things and to threaten open war. So a scapegoat must be found, and poor Hodge, the agent at Dunkirk, was the man at whom the finger of the Comte de Vergennes was pointed, for he was the one who had appeared first on Conyngham's bond. All of the circumstances were aggravated by the fact that during the first week of Conyngham's departure Captain Wickes and his three vessels, having narrowly escaped capture, returned to French ports after having taken a few prizes in the Irish Channel. They, of course, having been built and outfitted in America, were in a different class, so far as the French Government was concerned, from the Revenge, but still their coming further incensed British popular feeling and hurried Lord Stormont in his preparations for departure. So they clapped Mr. Hodge into the Bastile, and the Comte de Vergennes, in writing to Mr. F. Grand, the Commissioners' banker in Paris, under date of August 21, '77, states that Hodge gave bonds and engagements that there should be no cruising on the French coast, and says, referring to Mr. Hodge, "It is a very serious matter to lie to a king, which he hath done when he declared and gave bonds that the vessel leaving Dunkirk should not make a cruise."

Lord Stormont's threats, gathered from his correspondence, were as follows: He declared that if a summary example were not made of the American agents, orders would be given to the British fleet to intercept and seize the French Newfoundland fleet just then expected to arrive. He also on August 10 declared to the French Court "that any French ships bound to the American ports with arms or ammunition shall be deemed lawful prizes by the Court of Great Britain if taken." He also declares it "to be the intention of the English Court to treat all American privateersmen as pirates."

A letter in the "Times," dated from Paris, at this juncture reads as follows: "England threatens France with her navy; France menaces her with an army; they are both tinder—the least spark will kindle a flame. War is suspended by a threat. It is the power of any Captain in the navy to begin it on the morrow. . . . The commission of Congress must be considered valid on the part of France to make a capture a lawful prize . . . which was shown by the conduct of the Court in regard to Conyngham, who was placed within the walls of a prison while he enjoyed in secret all the advantages of a free man. Cover is now no longer necessary. France has an army in readiness; she has fleets; she is ready to strike a blow. May England be prepared. Stormont was not wanting in attaining intelligence. He had good spies, but thought the Ministry were in his favor and the Queen only in favor of Franklin; hence he became a dupe to their arts."

Let us see what Franklin thought of the whole proceeding. He writes from Paris on July 27, 1777, thus:

"The King has complied with the request of Lord Stormont and committed Mr. Hodge to the Bastile. Mr. Hodge will not experience any inconvenience except a temporary deprivation of liberty."

So Conyngham was helping to accomplish the very thing he most wished to see—war between France and England.

In a letter from Silas Deane to Robert Morris, referring to the doings of Yankee cruisers in English waters, Mr. Deane observes that "they effectually alarmed England, prevented the great fair at Chester, occasioned insurance to rise, and even deterred the English merchants from shipping goods in French bottoms, at any rate, so that in a few weeks forty sail of French ships were loading in the Thames on freight, an instance never before known." Further on the Commissioner adds: "In a word, Cunningham [Conyngham], by his first and second bold exhibitions, is become the terror of all the eastern coast of England and Scotland, and is more dreaded than Thurot was in the late war."

Cooper says in this same reference: "Insurance in some instances rose as high as twenty-five per cent., and it is even affirmed that there was a short period when ten per cent. was asked between Dover and Calais, a short distance of only seven leagues."

We have left Mr. Hodge in the Bastile. Upon the safe arrival of the Newfoundland fleet he was released, and that is all there is to say of that.

Captain Conyngham at last gave up cruising in British waters and took the Revenge into the harbor of Ferrol. Unfortunately, he was now in hot water with the Spanish Court, for he had sent in a vessel that claimed to be Spanish, and it was taken, at the written request of his crew, into Teneriffe, with order to be sent to Martinique. There was much correspondence and protest between the Count d'Aranda, Spanish Minister at Paris, with the Comte de Vergennes and with Franklin.

Touching at the West Indies, where he stayed for a short time, Conyngham sailed at last for home, and arrived in Philadelphia in February, 1779, where the Revenge was turned over to Congressional authorities and sold at public sale by the National Government.

Odd to remark, Conyngham, a few weeks later, was on the quarter-deck of the Revenge again, for the vessel was purchased by his cousin's firm, Conyngham, Nesbit & Co., and he sailed in her as part owner and as privateersman from the Capes of the Delaware, under his old commission of March 2. But now he begins to meet with misfortune. After referring to his detention in Philadelphia and his sailing under his old commission, he writes thus:

I went round to New York—laid in the roads, two privateers who followed me kept in sight—I made every effort to get them to come down, but to no effect—then made chase after them, but to no purpose—at length, as the d——l would have it, led me into the very teeth of the Gallatea (Captain Jordan). I made effort to escape, but in vain, her teeth were too many. I was taken—my crew were sent on board the prison ship in New York—I was lodged in the condemned dungeon for fourteen days. I lived on a four-penny loaf of bread, with bad water. I was then examined, taken out of the dungeon, put in a room called Congress Hall, with other prisoners. Again I was removed—had iron shackles weight of 55 lbs. put on me, placed in irons on the deck of the packet; then carried to Pendennis castle, a large figure 4 of iron placed on each hand, then sent to Plymouth, lodged in the guard-room outside of the prison—then taken before the judges, examined and committed to Winchester under the high treason statute, attempted afterwards to escape, but was retaken; again attempted it and was successful, with a constitution shattered by ill-treatment, but with a spirit unbroken. I determined to be revenged or die a glorious death on behalf of my adopted country.

G. CONYNGHAM.

The date of his capture was the 27th of April, 1779, and he arrived in England the first week of July. His life in prison seems to have been a succession of hardships and attempts to escape, of all of which he made record in a most remarkable diary. Twice he broke loose. Once he deliberately walked out in the disguise of a visiting doctor, and at last he succeeded in digging out, with fifty-three American prisoners, on the 3d of November, after six months' imprisonment.

He succeeded in reaching London, where he found friends, and there, in disguise, he walked the streets and read with amusement of the attempts made to recapture him and his companions. He

had the satisfaction of seeing a picture of himself in a print-shop window, labeled "The notorious pirate, Conyngham," and representing him to be an enormous creature almost seven feet in height, of fierce aspect, with a belt full of pistols, and an enormous hanger almost six feet in length trailing at his side.

The party that had escaped with him had broken up into small detachments, and before he had found opportunity to get away from London and cross the Channel several of his companions had worked their way to Portsmouth and succeeded in reaching the shores of France in an open boat; but it must not be supposed that during the time of his imprisonment his good friend, Dr. Franklin, had neglected him—this we can see by looking once more at Franklin's correspondence. There is one letter that is of interest in this connection:

"I see by your newspapers," wrote Franklin from Paris to Hartley at London (Hartley, M.P., secret friend of America) during the summer of 1779, "that Capt. Cunningham, one of our cruisers, is at length taken and carried prisoner into England, where it is proposed to try him as a pirate, on the pretence that he had no commission. As I am well acquainted with the fact, I can assure you that he really had a Congress commission. And I cannot believe that mere resentment, occasioned by his uncommon success, will attempt to sacrifice a brave man, who has always behaved as a generous enemy—witness his treatment of his prisoners taken in the Harwich pacquet, and all afterwards that fell into his hands. I know I shall not offend you recommending him warmly to your protection."

Mr. Jonathan Nesbit, of the firm that owned the Revenge at the time of her capture, was in L'Orient in September of '79. Under the date of 22d of that month he wrote to Benjamin Franklin a letter in which he informs the American Minister of the capture of Conyngham, supposing that the news was unknown to him. In it he relates that Conyngham had been sent to England to be tried for piracy, and goes on to say: "They pretend to say that he took the Harwich packet without having any commission, which your Excellency must know to be false, as I believe that you were in Paris at the time that his commission and orders were delivere him. The commission under which I acted as Captain of the Revenge is date I apprehend, after the taking of the Ha wich packet. It is on this circumstanc no doubt, that the charge of piracy founded. His first commission was take from him in Dunkirk after he was put gaol, and sent up to Paris, and I think w lodged in the hands of Mons. le Com de Vergennes. I have to request th your Excellency will do everything in yo power to prevent this poor fellow fro suffering." Then he goes on to recapit late the value of Conyngham's service of which, as we know, the good Doct was well informed.

To this letter Franklin replied fro Passy, under the date of September 29:

TO MR. NESBIT

Passy, Sept. 29, 1779.

Sir,—Capt. Conyngham has not bee neglected. As soon as I heard of his arriv in England, I wrote to a friend to furnish hi with what money he might want, and to assu him that he had never acted without a cor mission. I have been made to understand i answer that there is no intention to prosecu him, and that he was accordingly remove from Pendennis Castle and put among th common prisoners at Plymouth, to take h turn for exchange. The Congress, hearing the threats to sacrifice him put 3 office in close confinement to abide his fate, an acquainted Sir George Collier with the determination, who probably wrote to th British Ministers. I thank you for informin me what became of his first commission. suppose I can easily recover it, to produce o occasion. Probably the date of that take with him, being posterior to his capture of th pacquet, made the enemy think they had a advantage against him.

Nothing was heard from Conyngha except the fact that he was alive, unt Franklin received the following letter:

Amsterdam, Nov. 18th, 1779.

Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to infor you that on the 3rd instant, with about 50 o our unfortunate countrymen, broke out o Mill prison. I brought 3 officers with m I came by the way of London, it being th safest. At London we meet with our goo friend Mr. Digges, who did everything in h power to serve one and all his countryme that chance to fall in his way. Happy we t have such a man among that set of tryan they have in that country. The treatment have received is unparalleled. Irons, du geons, hunger, the hangman's cart I hav experienced. I shall set off from here th 19th from Dunkirk. There I shall be glad t hear from you. I shall always be ready t

serve my country, and happy should I be to be able to come alongside some of those petty tryants. I find something of the effects of my confinement. In a short time will be able to retaliate. I shall at this time go out with Capt. Jones or in the squadron, could I have heard from you. I should be glad to go for the Continent if a good opportunity served. In this I shall take your advice, and act accordingly. The cash Mr. Digges supplied me with, and some necessaries I got at Plymouth; the friend we have at Plymouth is obliged to act with the greatest caution. Mr. Redmond Conyngham, in Ireland, has ordered me some little supply through the hands of David Hartley of London, a mortel enemy of America by all accounts. From your most obet. and very humble servt,

G. CONYNGHAM.

Of course at this time John Paul Jones was the hero of the hour in Europe; a little less than two months before, he had captured the Serapis, which was the culmination of his career of successful cruising on the coasts of Great Britain; but owing to the trouble with the Dutch Government, Commodore Jones was forced to put to sea on the 27th of December from the Texel, and with him sailed as an officer Captain Conyngham. He went round to L'Orient and thence to Corunna, where he joined the Experiment and sailed for America.

Unfortunately for poor Conyngham, however, the Experiment was captured by the British Admiral Edwards, and Conyngham found himself again a prisoner. He was sent to Plymouth and then to Mill prison. Again he suffered untold hardships until the day of his release.

That Captain Jones had considered him a regular appointed officer of the United States Navy is proved by the fact that he had summoned him while on board the Alliance as a member of a court martial.

As soon as Conyngham was free again he found himself in a peculiar position. For some reason (principally from lack of money), the Government deferred the settlement of claims to a future date, and fought with all possible vigor many just payments that should have been made from the public treasury. Again and again was Conyngham put off, though he petitioned yearly, as he himself states, from '79 to the year '98. Then, in '93, the case came under judgment; but many of the witnesses were dead, Dr. Franklin among them. Some of the Commissioner's agents turned against him, and his suit for restitution of funds and back payments was held not proven. He claimed but two-twentieths of the value of the prizes taken, that proportion being due to all regularly commissioned officers of the navy under an Act of Congress.

During the quasi-war with France Conyngham was in command of the armed brig Maria, of which he was part owner, and made several cruises, which, however, did not bring him in much money in return. In the War of 1812, though advanced in age and broken down in health, he endeavored once more to go to sea, but was forced to give it up.

During all this time he endeavored to keep alive his fight for recognition. Year after year he sent in petitions to Congress and tried to get a review of his claims. He caused many inquiries to be made for the lost commission, the possession of which would have determined at once his position in earlier days.

In a review of his case by Benjamin Walker for the Government, much stress was laid upon the fact that he could produce no proof in substantiation of his assertions. The commission had not been recorded at the time, and even the one that the British had taken from him could not be produced in evidence.

Every man has his enemies, and some were found who declared that the first commission had never existed and that Conyngham had been a freebooter, who had turned everything he could get to his credit. In vain he presented his sworn accounts, receipts, and bills from the Spanish agents, but in answer he was told that they were acting for a private corporation. Bitterer and bitterer he grew, until by some he was considered to have his mind unhinged on the subject. Twice he himself searched for the missing commission in Paris, but no trace of it could be found, and at last he died in Philadelphia, on the 27th day of November, 1819.

And now out of the mysterious past comes to light the very paper for which he sought. It might be some satisfaction if the half-undecipherable inscription on the crumbling tombstone in St. Peter's churchyard could be renewed and if there could be added to the curious old acrostic the words "Captain in the Navy of the United Colonies by virtue of"—by virtue of what we know now.

One Result

By Grace Denio Litchfield

BEAUTIFUL Mrs. Haviland was dashing through the Park in her victoria, her six-year-old son by her side. The autumn breeze was blowing freshly, and the two exquisite rose-tinged faces, one a smaller replica of the other, made a rare picture. Almost every one turned to look at them as they passed. Those who knew the lady bowed and smiled, or bowed and did not smile, while she had only the same slight but captivating glance of recognition for each. A gentleman on a fine bay joined her before she had gone far, and made the tour beside her carriage. After that still more of the passers turned to look, and fewer smiled as they bowed. But the radiance of her look never faltered, and if the rose of her cheek was somewhat deeper, so was the boy's, and the afternoon was grown cold.

It was five o'clock when the victoria left the Park, and, rolling down the avenue, turned into the broad, substantially built side street near the corner of which was the lady's home. The gentleman on the bay accompanied her as far as the street corner, and there took leave. A little girl, watching with straining eyes from an upstairs window, saw him as he lifted his hat from his handsome blond head, and wondered vaguely who he was. Any one of Mrs. Haviland's many servants could have told her. But Ruth never talked with the servants. She rarely talked even with the nurse or with Miss Murray, her governess, who, however, though a miracle of gentleness and well-preserved if characterless prettiness, was not precisely a confidence-eliciting person. She did not talk much even with her lttle brother, though she played with him by the hour on rainy afternoons, keeping him absorbed from first to last when no one else could manage the self-willed little fellow for ten minutes at a time.

She went now to the head of the stairs, partly to meet Harry, but more to catch a glimpse of her idolized mother. Harry did not come up, however. Mrs. Haviland's maid was sent for downstairs to remove her wraps, and Ruth, peeping over the banisters, had a gratifying vision of her mother reflected in the long hall-glass, as the lady stood before it while the maid deftly pinned back a lock escaped from the loose coil of her hair. Do mirrors realize when they are blessed? Not to many is it given to reflect so complete and satisfying a beauty as was this lady's. But all too soon she turned away, and, calling to Harry, took him in with her to the tea-table to stand at her elbow like a bewitching little page while she poured tea. She often took him in with her so—that is, if people were coming.

Ruth went slowly away from her post, therefore, knowing that Harry would not come up as long as the good time lasted. On her way to the school-room she passed her father coming down from his study. He did not see her in the semi-darkness—nobody ever seemed to see Ruth unless there were a bright light—and she slipped silently by, not caring in the least that he had not seen her, nor that if he had he might not have noticed her save by a grave nod. It was Harry whom he always saw and always stopped to speak to. Why should he or any one speak to her? For there was nothing about her even remotely like her mother. She was a singularly plain child, upon whom no amount of tasteful dressing conferred any saving distinction, and the consciousness of her unattractiveness lay like an added blight upon her personality.

It was past the children's supper hour when Harry came dancing into the nursery, where he and Ruth took their meals. Mrs. Haviland, too, would soon be coming upstairs to dress for dinner. Ruth was meditating slipping out into the hall for another sight of her as she swept radiantly down the passage to her room, when—wonder of wonders!—the nursery door opened and she came in. It was only to give the nurse some direction about Harry's toilette for the next day's drive, but Ruth's heart beat with joy at the sight of her.

Harry was looking particularly charming just then. His curls were tumbled all

over his forehead, and his face was flushed with the heat of the room till it looked like a ripe peach. As he ran up to his mother to snatch at a charm hanging from the glittering chain about her neck, she actually stooped and kissed him. Ruth held her breath, marveling at Harry's stolidity. She knew well that at the bottom of his selfish, hard little heart Harry cared less for his mother than for the least precious of his countless toys; but the surprise of it hurt the little girl like a fresh wound at each manifestation of his indifference. What was their beautiful mother for, if not to be worshiped by all with the intense, self-effacing adoration which in Ruth's soul was love's only form?

Late that evening the nurse called her from her bed to look at Mrs. Haviland as she passed through the corridor, arrayed for a ball in all her diamonds, looking like a dream of light. And when, attracted by the little group at the bedroom door, Mrs. Haviland glanced toward it, smiling the same lovely impersonal smile that she had bestowed on her acquaintances in the afternoon's drive, Ruth's heart beat even faster than before, and she crept back to bed in a silent rapture that kept her wide awake for some time. It was such wonderful moments as these that had counted for the chief pleasures in the child's ten short years of life.

The autumn passed, and still Mrs. Haviland drove in the Park in her open victoria, while the handsome blond gentleman reined in his bay by its side; and fewer and fewer people smiled as they bowed. Then came an afternoon in early December, when the sun was a glory and the earth seemed a heaven, and Mrs. Haviland went for her drive somewhat earlier than her wont. She went alone this time. Ruth, just returned from a demure little walk with Miss Murray, knelt at the school-room window and breathlessly watched her as she drove away. There was always the chance that she might look back—might look up—though she never did. She did not now.

The carriage came back almost at once, but Mrs. Haviland was not in it. There were only the two men on the box, and a note from Mrs. Haviland to her husband.

When the footman brought it in, Mr. Haviland was in the hall putting on his overcoat to go for a walk up the avenue. He took the note, and as he read, his face turned to stone. He read it twice from beginning to end—it was not long. Then, quite quietly, he refolded the dainty sheet and returned it to its envelope, put it in his pocket, took off his overcoat and handed it to the waiting butler, all without a word, but still with that face of stone, and, turning, went slowly up the two long flights of stairs to his study, and there shut himself in.

An extraordinary stillness settled down all at once over the house. The servants, mysteriously sagacious, went noiselessly about their business as usual, lighting all the lights in all the great empty rooms, and setting out the dining-table with its customary elegance. But Mr. Haviland remained shut up in his study, and no dinner was served, and no orders were given, and Mrs. Haviland did not return. Miss Murray looked agitated and scared, and as if she were trying to shrink into herself out of the way of an impending shower-bath, and Ruth was sent to bed long before her hour.

The next morning Mrs. Haviland still had not come back, and the same hush of uneasy expectancy pervaded the house like a noxious atmosphere. Ruth had no idea of what had happened. She knew only that her adored mother did not come, though she watched and watched all the day long, and could scarcely be gotten away from the window.

So some vacuous, miserable days went by, each more wretched than the last. Then one morning Mr. Haviland summoned Miss Murray from the school-room to his study, and she was gone some time. When she came back, her soft, young-old face had lost its delicate color, and she could hardly take the seat at her desk for a nervous tremor through her. But the children's wide-eyed stare of curiosity forced her to pull herself together, and after a few moments she said to them quite simply, just as if she were stating a fact in physical geography, though with an uncontrollable twitching of her thin, ladylike lips, that Mr. Haviland wished them to know that their mother was never coming back at all, but was the same as dead to them, and that they must be obedient children and never so much as mention her name in his hearing. That was the point that Miss Murray laid the

most stress on—that they were never to speak of her again.

Harry did not mind a whit that his mother was gone away for always. He just opened his glorious eyes wider and asked: "Then who will take me out to drive when I have my good clothes on?"

Ruth made no outcry and asked no question. But the blackness of night descended upon her soul.

An hour later their father came in. Harry gave a whoop of delight, and, dashing his slate to the floor, ran to him tempestuously, shouting, "I want a nickel! Dad, give me a nickel!"

Mr. Haviland stood stock still and looked fixedly at his boy, the shadow upon his marble face deepening into something almost like contempt. Then he flung down a handful of small coins upon the carpet quite angrily, and went out of the room immediately, without having said a syllable to any one.

Harry laughed with glee as he flung himself upon the rolling bits of silver. The nurse chanced to be in the room, and Ruth saw her glance meaningly at Miss Murray as she muttered: "It's Master Harry's looks. He is as like her as two peas, and not in looks only, more's the pity!"

Ruth did not understand the full import of the words, though their dimly apprehended scorn roused in her an impotent fury, and she clenched her tiny hands under the table. No one ever guessed what of desolation it meant to the child when her beautiful mother disappeared so suddenly out of her life. But they all saw how listless and apathetic she grew, and how dully she went through her routine of small duties and pleasures, no one of which interested or aroused her in the least. The moment she was left to herself she always went directly to the school-room window, and sat there with her arms folded on the sill and her chin resting upon them, motionless save for the restless, roving eyes that missed no figure that went by. But she never told any one for whom she was watching.

Her father came regularly now to the nursery, where he had been used to come only occasionally. It was, however, merely to ask perfunctory questions of the nurse or governess as to the welfare of his children, and he was so changed, so silent and stern, where formerly he had been only grave, that Ruth shrank from him. With her mother's going, a blank wall seemed to have risen between her and everything else on earth. Miss Murray said of her with solicitous discontent that she was a singularly old little girl. And so she was, since heartaches count for years.

By degrees, as time went by and Ruth's abstraction increased, the talk around her grew less guarded, and one day, when two of the maids were whispering across their sewing, she overheard something that drove her straight to her governess with a point-blank question.

"Please, Miss Murray, where in this city is my mother's new home?"

Miss Murray was so taken aback and so flustered that all the little laces on her gown were set to quivering.

"Why, Ruthie—child—however—however did you find out that—that your mother was in the city at all?" she stammered.

"Ellen said so. She was talking to Sophie. She said that the new marriage was no better than a mock marriage. She said that she was brazen-faced to come back and take a house not ten squares away from us." The child's tones were fierce with uncomprehending resentment.

Miss Murray's gentle face wrinkled all over with perturbation. She laid a frightened, bloodless hand against Ruth's mouth.

"Hush, dear, hush! Ellen must have meant some one else. Ellen had no idea what she was saying. Ellen never meant anything."

Ruth pushed aside Miss Murray's hand roughly. An obstinate determination was over all her face.

"I want to see my mother. Where is my mother?" she said, doggedly.

The direct, insistent gaze was not to be avoided. Miss Murray's anxious brown eyes twinkled through a blur of tears as she looked at the child.

"Don't ask me, dear," she said, tremulously, vaguely conscious of some hitherto unperceived need of pity. "I may not tell you. You will know all soon enough, poor child! You are too young to be told now."

"I want to see her. I want to see her," Ruth repeated, stubbornly.

But the firmness of the gentle is not to

be overcome, and Ruth received no more elucidating answer. The insistence went out of her face at last, and she returned to the window, sitting there in a submissive, patient way that lulled Miss Murray's disquiet to rest.

Shortly afterward Ellen disappeared, and Ruth rightly guessed that she had been dismissed as a warning to the household against further indiscretions. The child apparently took no notice, but despair seized upon her. She grew thinner, whiter, stiller. The desire to see her mother was eating up her soul.

In the extremity of her need a daring scheme shaped itself in her quickened brain. The maid who took Ellen's place was a kindly, light-hearted girl, and Ruth, in pursuance of her ends, began to make friends with her in a covert, shy way, to which the maid responded with easy good nature, soon coming to feel a genuine liking for the reserved, odd child who thus singled her out for favor. And so Ruth craftily matured her plan.

"Aggie," she said one night, as the maid was putting her to bed in her lonely little room, "isn't to-morrow your evening out?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss. To see some friends, maybe."

Ruth looked at her with troubled, unchildlike eyes.

"Do you know where the opera-house is, Aggie?"

"Certainly, Miss. 'Tisn't so far from here. I've passed it often."

"Did you ever go there at night, Aggie? Did you ever stand outside and watch the people go in and out? Did you?"

"Why, no, Miss, I can't say as I have."

Ruth had tight hold of the girl's arm. A suppressed excitement had taken the place of her usual apathy.

"Aggie, you must take me there to-morrow night. There is to be a new opera. I heard Miss Murray say so. She said everybody would be there."

"But, Miss Ruth—" began the girl, protestingly.

The child shook her by the arm in her frenzy of desire.

"You are not to say anything to anybody, Aggie, or they would not let me go. But we can just slip out after I have said good-night, and nobody will know, and you can take the latch-key to let us in when we come back. Oh, don't say no, Aggie! Don't! *Don't!* I want to go so much! I *must* go, and nobody else would take me if I asked."

The maid stood aghast at the audacity of the proposition.

"But I couldn't take you out at night like that, Miss Ruth! I should lose my place the minute it come to be known, and good enough for me, too, if I did. You know I can't, dear. You must see I can't, or, indeed, I wouldn't want no praying."

Ruth pressed close. Her agony of longing was like an outgoing, compelling force.

"Aggie, you must! *You must!* Where's the harm? I only want to see all the pretty ladies in their fine gowns and gay cloaks, and the carriages hurrying up, and the horses jumping and kicking, and everybody shouting and calling. You never saw anything like it, Aggie! I heard somebody tell Harry once. We will just stand close by the door a tiny little bit of a while, and nobody will ever know we have been. Oh, Aggie!" she suddenly threw her frail arms chokingly around the girl's neck, and her voice broke into a childish, tearful, irresistible quaver. "Oh, Aggie, *darling*, I never wanted to do anything so much in all my whole life! Take me! *Take me!* If you do, I will love you as long as I live! *I will love you with all my heart and soul!*"

The girl hesitated, frightened yet fascinated at the bold idea. She was thoughtless and lively, eager to please and easily led, and she saw no risk to the child in the proposed escapade And if Miss Ruth really wanted a bit of a frolic so much—

Thus it happened that on the following night little Ruth found herself on the streets of the huge city, with only a foolish young nursemaid for protector. It was an altogether new world to the child—a world full of distortions, dangers, and alarms. All the familiar landmarks were obliterated. Everything was changed. The houses were taller and wider, and closed in before her crushingly. What lurking horrors might not spring out upon her from any one of their dark vestibules! It was like walking through a lane lined with Jack-in-the-boxes. The electric lights

glared at her savagely, with great angry eyes through monstrous radiating lashes. A deadly terror was upon her. But her purpose was stronger than her fear, and she kept on her way by Aggie's side, no sound of fright escaping her, not even when she was nearly run over by a cab, nor yet again when—more terrrifying still—a policeman seized her and swung her over a puddle at a street-crossing.

So much time had been consumed in securing an unobserved exit from her home that when they reached the opera-house it was already late, and there was nothing to be seen except rows of waiting carriages and dawdling footmen.

Ruth rallied from her disappointment as soon as its cause had been explained to her.

"We will go to see your friends, Aggie," she said, with quick decision. "You needn't mind taking me along. Then we will come back when the opera is out. It is sure to be best fun of all when the opera lets out."

And again Aggie yielded. It would be a shame for the child to miss what she had come for.

Two hours later they stood in the midst of a dense throng at the doors of the vast building. The evening was turned damp and chilly, and the wind blew in rude gusts down the avenue. But the scene was all that Ruth had depicted, and more, and Aggie became instantly an absorbed spectator.

"Nearer, Aggie! Nearer!" the child whispered, excitedly. "I must see them all. I mustn't miss any!"

She tugged at the maid's sleeve, her eyes hunting hungrily through the crowd. What if *she* had not come!

The people streamed out. Aggie and her charge were pushed mercilessly to one side. The child's heart beat to suffocation. What if she were there, and she should miss seeing her! She gave a sobbing cry.

"I can't see, Aggie! Oh, I can't see!"

It had begun to snow. The wind lifted the awnings, and the wet flakes blew in under. Ruth felt cold, moist touches on her face and neck. Her feet and hands were ice. She shivered, and big despairing tears welled over on her cheeks.

Then suddenly the crowd parted, and she saw her mother standing at the foot of the steps, waiting for a pair of thoroughbreds to prance their way to the curbstone. She was holding the arm of the tall blond gentleman whom Ruth had once seen riding beside her carriage, and was talking gayly to a group of young men. An electric light blazed down full upon her. The wind turned back the edges of her ermine cloak, disclosing the splendor of the gown beneath. Oh, how bewilderingly beautiful she was! How her smile flashed! How her jewels gleamed! How the white fur about her throat set off the face above—the fair, pure, lovely face that had in it no least trace of evil!

Ruth scarcely breathed. In her ecstasy the slow, long torture of the past months was as if it had never been. Her nondescript little face was transfigured. For the moment her ineffable love made her beautiful.

But the brougham was drawing up to the sidewalk. The gentleman whom Ruth remembered was moving toward it. The lady was bowing her adieux. Now her arched foot was upon the step. In another instant she would be gone—gone, lost, forever!

"*Mother! Mother! Come back!*"

The cry rang out, importunate, passionate, agonized.

The lady half turned, and threw a startled glance over her shoulder at the crowd. But the gentleman hurried her into the brougham and entered after her. She sank down on the cushions, her adorable face quite pale.

"I thought—I almost thought that was Ruth's voice," she said.

"Nonsense," the gentleman answered lightly, "how could it be? Besides, it would have been Harry's voice, not Ruth's, if you had heard it. Home, John."

The footman touched his hat, sprang to the box, and the brougham whirled away through the sleet.

It was half-past eight of the evening a week later. The same lady, still more charmingly dressed, still more ravishingly beautiful, sat in her new drawing-room, an opera-cloak about her, fan and flowers lying beside her on a table. The gentleman whom Ruth had recognized stood by the mantelpiece. He took out his watch.

"Patrick is late."

The lady glanced up with her entrancing smile.

"Yes. It is the second time. He should be dismissed."

She let the cloak drop from her shoulders, and, drawing the evening paper toward her, looked lazily down its columns. The gentleman yawned.

Suddenly she gave a wild cry, and leaped to her feet.

"George! *George!*"

He was at her side instantly.

"Darling, what is it?"

She clutched at his arm, pointing to an item in the paper. He bent over and read it aloud.

"'On Monday, March twenty-fifth, of pneumonia, Ruth, daughter of Harold Haviland, aged ten years and nine months.'"

The lady fell back into the chair, white as death, twisting her hands as if in bodily pain.

"It is my child—my Ruth! He calls her only *his* daughter—do you see? But she was mine, too. Ruth! Oh, Ruth!"

She gasped as if for air, pulling at the necklace about her throat. The string broke and the great pearls rained down over her bosom. Again she wrung her hands, lifting her head with a long, convulsive sob that seemed to rack her body. A new, strange look swept blightingly across her beauty.

Her companion laid his hand upon her shoulder. The change in her appalled him.

"It is a frightful shock, of course, but why should you take it quite like this?" he said, in constrained remonstrance. "You never cared for her, you know, and you were willing to give her up—to leave them both."

She was looking up at him, and all her frame cowered at his words. Yes, she had not cared, and she had been willing to leave her. The thought gripped her as in a vice, resolving every sense into a frightened consciousness of an intolerable anguish. Was this remorse? Is it in such wise that souls are born?

She dropped her face on the table speechlessly. She did not guess whose had been the cry of love and longing that a short week before had faintly stirred a response in her slumbering mother-heart. But deep down in that region so seldom entered, known to each as his true self, she knew that from henceforth the little daughter she had never loved would call to her forever from her grave to come back.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Ad Astra. Being Selections from the Divine Comedy of Dante. Illustrated by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. R. H. Russell, New York. 9×12 in. 100 pages.

The selections from Dante printed in this elaborately illustrated volume are in the main excellently chosen, but a singular fact is that more come from the "Purgatorio" than from the better-known "Inferno" or from the "Paradiso." Every one will first turn to the illustrations of Paolo and Francesca and of the fate of Ulysses—subjects familiar even to those who have never read a line of Dante. These and the rest are treated in a genuinely reverential Dantesque spirit; and the book is a real addition to the year's Christmas volumes.

Atlas of the Geography and History of the Ancient World. Edited and Arranged by John King Lord, Ph.D. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 7½×12 in. 43 pages.

Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth College, has published an extremely valuable atlas edited and arranged from the latest sources. Such an atlas is indispensable to the serious student of history, and even to the student of geography, since that latter science is of little value except in its relation to the lives of men and to the civilization of peoples.

Battle with the Slum (The). By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 465 pages. $2, net.

Mr. Riis vitalizes every subject that he touches, and in this volume he has vitalized sociology. He has put his own life into the battle with the slum, and the book which is the outcome is almost as personal as "The Making of an American"—or, at all events, it is much more personal than most autobiographies. The larger part of this volume has already been reviewed in these columns under the title "A Ten Years' War," but in extending that narrative so as to cover the work of the last three years—much of it along new lines of civic betterment—Mr. Riis has practically recast the whole, while the publishers, by means

of new and effective illustrations, have created a new book as attractive to the eye as it is stimulating to the social conscience. Mr. Riis believes that in the last three years we have advanced more than in the preceding thirty, and while this courageous bit of optimism may not win the assent of the reader's judgment, it is pretty sure to win his heart, and infect it with a desire to take part in the same hopeful struggle. Mr. Riis's optimism is not of the kind which says that "all is going well, therefore we need not struggle," but of that which says that "all is going well if we struggle." In other words, it is not the optimism which produces smug complacency, but that which produces exalted endeavor.

Book of Golden Numbers (The). By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 687 pages. $2.

Among the many collections of verse for young readers none seems more thoroughly adapted to the children of to-day than that contained in this substantial and handsome volume. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith are experts in the kind of knowledge which is essential to the preparation of a book of this kind. They know their poetry well, as many other editors have known it, but they also know, what many other editors have not known, the tastes, capacity, and interests of children. It is idle to select the kind of reading which children will not enjoy; admirable as such reading may be, it is a waste of time to collect it. Two things are essential in work of this kind: knowledge of the best, and knowledge also of the capacity of the child. The result of the possession of both these qualifications has made it possible for the editors of this little book to make an almost ideal collection—broad, comprehensive, varied, and quite on a level with the interests and tastes of children. There are probably very few poems in this book which a child of common intelligence and a little imagination will not thoroughly enjoy; while the taste of the editors has been so catholic, and their choice of subjects so wide, that they have included something for every kind of child. The tact of the woman, the knowledge of the teacher, and the skill of the trained writer are shown in the subdivisions which are most alluring: "Green Things Growing," "On the Wing," "Fairy Songs and Songs of Fancy," "A Garden of Girls," "The World of Waters," "For Home and Country." The volume has another unusual quality: all its introductory matter is interesting. The long introduction from the hand of Kate Douglas Wiggin is a charming piece of writing; while the short introductions which open the door to each subdivision, and are placed in the volume as interleaves, bear the trace of the hands of both editors and are well adapted to make one wish to know what lies beyond. This volume will be a delight in many a household where such a book ought to lie at hand to read to the children in the hour after dinner and before bedtime. It is full of the poetry which lives by reason of its beauty, its truth, and its vitality. It will charm the child for the moment, it will educate his tastes without awakening the suspicion that he is at school, and it will enrich memory for all time to come.

Coming City (The). By Richard T. Ph.D., LL.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New 4½×7½ in. 110 pages. 60c., net. (Postage, 8c

A plea for the development of an officehol class, composed of educated experts selec as teachers are selected for State univ ties, not by competitive examinations, bu freer though less tangible tests of efficie In thus recommending the freer tests of ciency Professor Ely in no way identifies l self with the friends of the spoils system, merely points out the limited usefulness civil service reform method in a governn not animated by a civil service reform spir

Consecration of the State (The): An Es By J. E. C. Welldon, D.D. The Macmillan New York. 5×8 in. 59 pages. 75c.

Starting from the religious aspect of the onation of King Edward, Canon Welldon tests against that secularization of the S which he understands English Nonconfo ists to aim at. The State he holds to b divine institution. To detach it from concern with religion is to lower its ideal lose reverence for it. In support of his ar ment he quotes Channing, and points to example given in the religious observan fostered by our Government. Irreligion te downward to Anarchism. Canon Welld seems to misunderstand what English N conformists want, but they will see to that. his argument was intended to strengthen church interest in the present educational c troversy, it is a paralogism. But, on the otl hand, it may serve as a wholesome correct to certain extreme tendencies of thought b there and here.

Electricity. By George L. Fowler. Ill trated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelpl 4½×6 in. 205 pages.

A clear, concise treatise dealing with the c struction and operating of electrical apparat with the practical rather than the theoreti aspects of electricity.

Erromanga: The Martyr Isle. By Rev. A. Robertson. Edited by John Fraser, B.A., LL. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5½×8 in. pages.

This is a fitting companion book to the wide known autobiography of the "Apostle to t New Hebrides," the Rev. John G. Pato Erromanga is one of that group of islands, a is deeply stained with the blood of missio aries, for which the outrages committed foreign traders were largely responsibl Here, however, Christianity has been secure planted, and its fruits abound. The auth has been engaged in this noble work for son thirty years, and writes the story of it at t request of the British churches that sent hi forth. It is thoroughly interesting and copiously illustrated.

Four Princes: A Story of the Christian Churc Centered around Four Types. By James A. Scherer, Ph.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Phil delphia. 4½×7½ in. 276 pages. $1.25, net.

The study of history by epochs in which ant cedent movements are summed up, and fro which fresh developments start, is not ne

but it is here applied in a new way. Four representative characters—Paul, Constantine, St. Bernard, Luther—severally representing the missionary, the secularizing, the saintly, and the reforming spirit, are selected to stand for the efficient factors in the history of the Church, and also for the four great racial influences that have given form to organized Christianity. With this interesting conception of Christian history Dr. Scherer has wrought out an attractive narrative in popular form. He writes from the Lutheran standpoint, in which the glory of Luther sometimes occults other stars, and one is occasionally tempted to demur, *e.g.* to his judgment that the German Reformation was "largely responsible" for what Tennyson calls

> The red fool-fury of the Seine,

the gory cruelty of the French Revolution.

General History Way Marks. By Charles C. Boyer, Ph.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 192 pages. 65c.

This is both a desirable and a serviceable manual. It aims at helping the student of history not to lose amid the crowd of details the logical thread connecting events. Such a manual is therefore not for independent use, but as a companion-book to larger works. Here and there are careless statements, *e. g.*: "With it [the year 1689] began the long struggle between England and France for colonial independence."

Hidden Manna. By A. J. Dawson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

An intensely vivid, photographic story of native life in Morocco. It is dramatic rather than romantic, and its style is hard and not very sympathetic. It has been the fashion to call many recent writers the Kiplings of this place or that, often without much aptness, but it may truly be said that Mr. Dawson does for Morocco very much what Kipling did for India. There is a little that is repellent in this tale, and sometimes it is too high pitched, but the reader actually feels himself set down in the places and among the people described. In story interest, too, it is strong and absorbing.

History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, 1804-6. Reprinted from the Edition of 1814. With Introduction and Index by James K. Hosmer, LL.D. In 2 vols. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 6×8¾ in. $5, net.

The one hundredth year since the Louisiana purchase made the United States a thoroughly continental power is an auspicious time for the republication of this famous story of our first pioneering into the wilderness, since transformed by the advance of civilization. The original work is now found only in libraries; Dr. Coues's reprint in 1893 is out of print; the present publishers have wisely anticipated the demand of the centenary year for a new edition. This is furnished with a historical introduction by a most competent hand, in which the events that led up to the great exploit are so related as to show its great significance. The title-page and maps of the original edition are reproduced in facsimile with the best extant portraits of the heroes of the enterprise, whom Dr. Hosmer fitly terms "the Dioscuri of American tradition."

Modern Eloquence. Edited by Thomas B. Reed and Others. In 10 vols. The John D. Morris Co., Philadelphia.

The recent death of the editor-in-chief of this work and the ensuing estimates of Mr. Reed as statesman and orator may naturally attract special attention to his own discussion on "Oratory, Past and Present," which appears (rather oddly placed, one would say) in the fourth volume of this work, one dealing with Lectures. Quite characteristically, Mr. Reed begins by declaring facetiously that Republicans and protectionists in reducing the cost of white paper have a heavy responsibility on their consciences. But while he mildly satirizes the floods of printed eloquence now preserved by the newspaper for every man's reading, he distinguishes forcibly between the two kinds of public sentiment, "the voice of the people which is the hurried result of the untrained and uninstructed emotions, and that voice of the people, uttered after due thought and experience, which is the solid and enduring basis of human action," and with equal force between the men who stir the surface of thought for the moment and the great orators who have left permanent landmarks. In the work of preparing this ten-volume compendium of orations, after-dinner speeches, lectures, and occasional addresses, Mr. Reed had the assistance of the English writer and statesman Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose contributions to The Outlook have made him especially well known to our readers, that of Mr. Rossiter Johnson, an American author and journalist of wide and deserved repute, and that of Mr. Albert Ellery Bergh, a trained specialist in the making of compendiums. The editors have been aided by a Committee of Selection made up of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Senator Gordon, Senator Dolliver, Major Pond (who surely ought to know an orator at sight, if any one does), and several editors and professors. Introductions and special articles are furnished by Mr. Reed, Dr. Hale, Senator Dolliver, Mr. Bergh, Mr. H. W. Mabie, the Hon. Champ Clark, and Professor Lorenzo Sears. Moreover, many of the orators and speakers represented kindly consented to point out what they thought to be their own most valuable speeches. It is inevitable that such a work should contain some things not worthy of preservation, but a careful examination will show that the proportion of chaff to wheat is reasonably small. The general plan is a good one, has been worked out systematically and on a large scale, and as a whole the ten well-printed and handsomely bound volumes fairly and fully represent the best public utterances of nearly a hundred famous and brilliant American public speakers, besides anecdotes, stories, and illustrations innumerable. The scope of the work includes the hundred years just past; but relatively more attention is given to the men of our own day than to the fathers; this appears to be intentional, and it is for this reason probably that the work is less strong considered on the historical and political sides

than one would expect, while it is remarkably full as regards after-dinner oratory and occasional addresses of rather recent date. The section devoted to lectures is also large, and it is certainly a profound pleasure to have here the opportunity to read in their entirety addresses by Beecher, Collyer, Emerson, Curtis, Gough, Wendell Phillips, Froude, Huxley, Morley, Thackeray, and many other giants of the lecture stage, even though some lecturers not exactly gigantic are included. This section alone contains a really extraordinary amount of matter well worth having. It is hardly necessary to point out the value of this work to students and public speakers *in esse* or *in posse*. The compilation has been prepared with lavish outlay of time, thought, and money, and we do not for a minute doubt that it will be warmly appreciated and form a useful addition to many libraries, private and public. A word of praise should be added for the scores of portraits, most of which are notably well reproduced and finely printed.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Romances. In 14 vols. (The Handy Volume Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. Per set, $10.50.

This is the latest of the many and extremely useful handy-volume editions of standard authors which the publishers have been giving us of late years. The Lenox Edition comprises fourteen small volumes, of about three hundred pages each, containing all of Hawthorne's work in fiction, with the addition of "The Grandfather's Chair" and the biographical stories, and including, of course, "Mosses from an Old Manse." The edition is substantially the same as the Virginia Poe. A good clear type is used; and, although the paper is thin, clearness and legibility are secured. Each volume contains a photogravure frontispiece and a rubricated title-page. Miss Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, a well-known and very successful teacher of literature, has prepared a series of introductions giving the significant facts connected with the genesis of the different romances. This edition not only meets the demands of a good library edition, but is of a size which permits the lover of Hawthorne to carry a volume with him on his journeys and to take up the greatest of American writers of romance in those times of waiting and journeying which are so many in our busy modern life, and which are often wasted because no book is at hand.

Ohio and Her Western Reserve: With a Story of Three States. By Alfred Mathews. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 330 pages. $1.25, net.

A spirited narrative which will be read with interest by all Ohioans. The author gives two significant reasons for the exceptionally influential place which Ohio obtained in the Nation's counsels—particularly after the slavery question came to be the paramount issue in our National politics. The first of these is that Ohio was the first State settled by people from every section of the country, and a composite America in miniature. The second reason for Ohio's commanding influence is the moral seriousness which early marked her political life—due in part to the presence of anti-slavery immigrants from the South attracted to her borders by the free labor clause in the Ordinance of 1787.

Peasant and the Prince (The). By Harriet Martineau. (The Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 204 pages. 30c.

Polly State, One of Thirteen. By Frances J. Delano. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 259 pages.

Proverbs. By John H. Bechtel. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6 in. 201 pages.

This is a copious collection, conveniently arranged and indexed. It is open to the criticism that there is a distinction, of which it takes no note, between a proverb and a pro verbial expression.

Rollicking Rhymes of Old and New Times. By N. W. Bingham. Illustrated. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston. 5×7½ in. 62 pages.

Satire of Seneca on the Apotheosis of Claudius. A Study by Allan Perley Ball. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 256 pages. $1.25, net.

In accordance with the Roman custom of deifying a deceased emperor, Claudius, when poisoned off to make way for Nero, became a god. As he had been an object of ridicule as a "cabbage-head," his deification gave occasion for this satire, attributed to Seneca, who bore toward him a personal grudge as well as a philosopher's contempt. Its very title is satirical, substituting for "apotheosis" *apocolocyntosis*, "pumpkinification." An essay on the critical questions of authorship, etc., connected with the satire is here included with a translation of the text and notes. The former was originally a thesis for the doctorate of philosophy at Columbia. The whole forms a desirable and creditable addition to the classical library.

Songs in the Night. By A. Parke Burgess, D.D. W. C. & F. D Burgess, Newark. 5×8½ in. 112 pages.

Steering Gear. By Frank Andrews Fall. Leavens & Langdon, New York. 5×7 in. 47 pages. Paper bound.

Tolstoï as Man and Artist: With an Essay on Dostoievski. By Dmitri Merejkowski. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 310 pages. $1.50.

A profound essay upon the contrasted spiritual development of Tolstoï, the child of fortune, and Dostoievski, the endurer of hardships, and a criticism of the literary art through which the two contemporaries impressed themselves upon the higher life of their nation. The sympathies of the essayist are rather with the great Slavophile than with the great internationalist who pronounces patriotism the agency of the rulers for the enslavement of the masses, but the genius of both men is analyzed with almost loving reverence as well as with keen literary acumen.

World Before Him (The). By Horatio Alger, Jr. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 383 pages. 90c., net.

A recent plebiscite of boys' rôles showed Alger to be by far the highest favorite. Critics do not like him as well, but boys, not critics, form his audience.

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The Outlook

Saturday, January 10, 1903

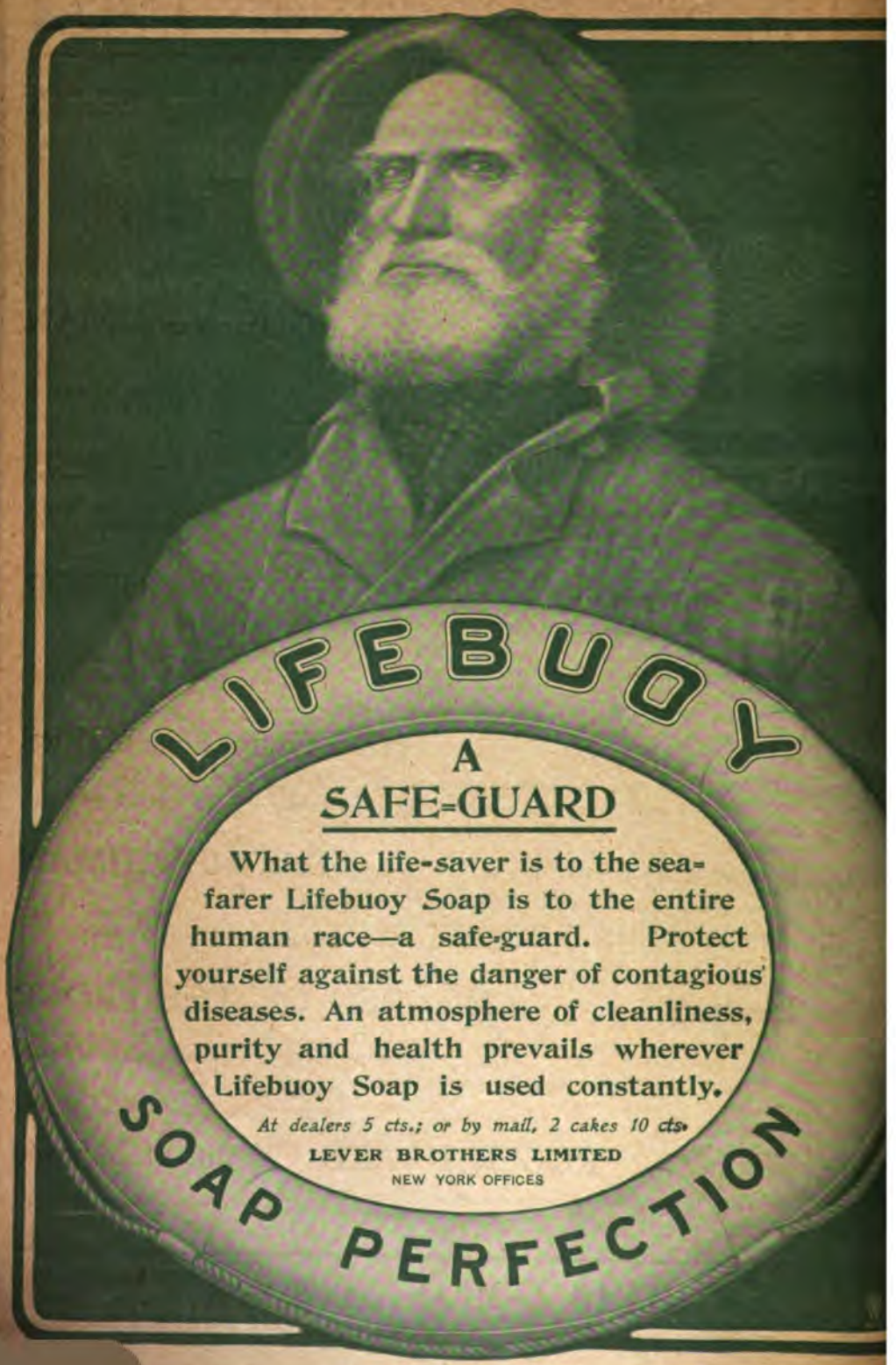
A Study of American Workmen by British Workmen. By George Lynch

James Bryce (British Political Portraits). By Justin McCarthy

The Young Finlander and the National Spirit. By H. M. Donner

The Boer Side of the Boer War
A Review of General De Wet's Book

The History of the Week. Books of the Week. Correspondence


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The Outlook

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The Latest Delaware Election

The election for Member of Assembly in the ninth representative district of Kent County, Delaware, which was held at Harrington and Farmington on Tuesday of last week, gave J. Edward Addicks another vote in the contest that he is making for the United States Senatorship, and furnished another proof of the gradual disintegration of the Democratic party in southern Delaware under the influence of Mr. Addicks's money. The ninth district of Kent County is normally Democratic, and in 1900 it gave a Democratic plurality of 119 on a total vote of about 800. In the general election two months ago this plurality was wiped out; and as the Addicks candidate and the Democratic candidate were tied—each receiving 424 votes—another election was ordered. This election was held on Tuesday last, and resulted in a plurality of 192 for the Addicks candidate, Mr. Powell. Inasmuch as the candidates presented and the questions involved in Tuesday's election were exactly the same as in the election of November 4, the extraordinary and unprecedented change from a tied vote to an Addicks plurality of 192, in less than eight weeks, raises, naturally, a presumption of fraud. An analysis of the vote shows that the gain of the Addicks candidate was made chiefly at the expense of the Democrats, who, to the number of 120, absented themselves from the polls. A staff correspondent of The Outlook who has been studying the Delaware situation on the ground writes that it is charged by the Regular Republicans and the Democrats that, after the November election, Addicks "workers" drove about the district for weeks bribing purchasable Democrats not to vote; that by a lavish use of money they induced forty men in the northern part of the district and sixty or eighty in the southern part to stay away from the polls, and that then they bought enough "floaters"—chiefly negroes—on election day to make up their plurality of 192—paying for them at the rate of from $5 to $20 per vote. If Mr. Addicks's money holds out, and if he be not deterred by criminal prosecution from further buying of votes, there is little doubt that two years hence he will carry every election district in the counties of Kent and Sussex, get absolute control of the Legislature, and go, with another Union Republican of his own choice, to the Senate of the United States. His managers openly boast that if they do not elect Mr. Addicks to the Senate this winter they will "wipe up the earth" with the opposition in 1904.

❀

The Situation in the Delaware Legislature

Under the new State Constitution the General Assembly of Delaware consists of seventeen Senators and thirty-five Representatives, and when the two houses meet in joint session on the 20th of January, to ballot for United States Senator, twenty-seven votes will be needed to elect. The numerical strength of the respective parties in the present Legislature is believed to be as follows: Union (Addicks) Republicans, 23; Democrats, 21; Regular (anti-Addicks) Republicans, 8. Mr. Addicks, therefore, lacks four of a majority, and cannot be elected without the aid of four men from the ranks of the opposition. That he will secure such aid seems at present to be in the highest degree improbable, although it is alleged that he would pay, without hesitation, $25,000—or even $50,000—apiece for the votes that he requires. The feeling of hostility to him in the Regular Republican party is so strong that he cannot possibly get any support from that source, and the Democrats are confident that none of their men would dare to sell out

to him, even if they should feel so disposed. In the present excited state of public feeling, a Democrat who should vote for Mr. Addicks would probably be thrown out of one of the State House windows. All that Addicks can do at present, therefore, is to hold up the Legislature and prevent the election of anybody, and this he can do only in case personal and factional ambitions and animosities prevent the Democrats and Regular Republicans from combining against him. If there be no choice of United States Senator this winter, the responsibility for the failure to elect will rest, first, upon Mr, Addicks, and, second, upon the Regular Republican party. The Democrats are willing to enter into a combination with the Regular Republicans, provided the latter will give them one of the two vacant Senatorial seats. They do not even insist on having the long-term Senatorship, but will take the short term and give the long term to the Regulars if the latter will help them to eliminate Mr. Addicks as a factor in Delaware politics. This, however, the Regular Republicans are not now disposed to do. Some of them are personally hostile to Willard Saulsbury, who would probably be the Democratic nominee, while others have Senatorial ambitions of their own with which a coalition might interfere. As The Outlook believes in the party system of government, it can understand the reluctance of Democrats to ally themselves with Republicans, or *vice versa*, in ordinary political contests. But this is not an ordinary political contest; it is a National scandal.

❀

The Defeat of a State Boss

Rhode Island enjoys the political distinction of being the only State north of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi having a Democratic Governor. Dr. Lucius C. Garvin was elected to the gubernatorial chair last autumn on the Democratic ticket by the astounding plurality of over 7,000 in a State which for years has been overwhelmingly Republican. While the Legislature of the State has a joint Republican majority, it is not so large as to make it impossible for Governor Garvin to influence in a very considerable degree the legislative as well as to direct the executive branch of the State government. A very interesting and picturesque st the story of the defeat of a powerful strongly intrenched boss, is connec with Governor Garvin's election. many years Rhode Island has been a b ridden State, General Charles R. Bray having been the commanding and cont ling figure in Republican State politics nearly a quarter of a century. Gen Brayton was a brilliant soldier in the C War, and, like many of his fellow-office went into politics. He became postmas of Providence, one of the most desira offices in the State, but lost his posit owing to an alleged improper politi use on his part of Government mon For a time the machine politicians ignor him, but he soon regained his politi position, and it is hardly too much say that he has assumed and exercis the function of a political dictator. Mu of the time he has held no political offi but has had his desk in the State Capit from which he has guided and direct legislation. A few years ago he beca blind, but this did not interfere with l control over the machine. At his desk has received Representatives, Senato and corporation agents on equal tern There is a current story that once became impatient at a long session of t House, and, after waiting for his lunche until his hunger increased and his patien diminished beyond the point of endurand he summoned the Sheriff and instruct him to go in and see that the Hou adjourned. What the Sheriff did is n a matter of record, but it is known th when General Brayton reached his hot the House had also reached it. Und General Brayton's influence very obnoxio corporation laws have been passed Rhode Island. Indeed, his success in co trolling and shaping legislation for pure material ends and with very little regar to the rights and welfare of the people large brought him to that state of min which has preceded the downfall of s many political bosses before him.

❀

The Victory of a Persistent Reformer

For nineteen years Ge eral Brayton and th "organization" have ha a quiet but persistent opponent. Dr. Lu cius Garvin, a country physician, has bee constantly elected from his district as

Democrat even in years when the Republicans were overwhelmingly in control. At first the bills that he introduced and the speeches that he made were either ignored or ridiculed. He was considered a crank and a radical, but finally some of his measures began to attract popular support. He persisted in writing to the papers and making public speeches advocating the measures which he had unsuccessfully introduced into the House. In this way the State at large gradually learned something about his personality, his character, and his political beliefs. He was instrumental in the passage of the factory inspection law, of the bill to make the working day for motormen and conductors ten hours, and in the abolition of the landed-property qualification of the suffrage. This enlargement of the suffrage increased the vote of Rhode Island about a hundred per cent., and was of course of direct and distinct advantage to those whom Lincoln called "the plain people." The serious street railway strike of the employees of the Rhode Island Electric Railway last summer, which involved the cities of Providence and Pawtucket in dangerous rioting, was a factor in the election. It was alleged that General Brayton, the head of the political machine, had practically acted as a special agent of the Rhode Island company in the passage of legislation favorable to its interests. Dr. Garvin, who opposed the political injustices which he believed were practiced by the Rhode Island company, not only surprised the State by winning the Democratic nomination against formidable opposition, but, having been nominated, still more astonished the expert politicians by winning the election. It is another instance of the fact that powerful boss rule may be, and often is, overthrown by patient, persistent, and upright effort to guard and preserve the real interests of the public. What Dr. Garvin will do in the executive chair time only can tell, but we earnestly hope that he will show such a combination of practical wisdom and scrupulous integrity that the political managers of the State may be convinced that honesty is the best policy, even if they are unable to understand, aspire to, or practice honesty on other and higher grounds.

The Philippines: Official Reports

The annual report of the Philippine Commission, and also a separate report from Governor Taft, have just been made public by the War Department. With regard to existing conditions, the reports agree in stating that armed opposition to our forces has practically ceased, that civil government has been extended in a hopeful way, that ladronism continues to be the great curse of the islands, and that its prevalence is largely due to the lamentable condition of agriculture, caused partly by war and the ravages of cholera and partly by the loss through disease of nine-tenths of the water-buffalo, on which the cultivation of rice is entirely dependent. Governor Taft states that the Moros do not understand popular government and do not desire it, and that the control by dattos or native chiefs may cease far in the future, but at present it is necessary to provide "a paternal, strong, but sympathetic government for these followers of Mahomet." During the year ending June 30, 1902, imports have amounted in full to forty-one millions, exports to twenty-seven millions; capital seems to be timid in going to the Philippines. In the recommendations of the two reports stress is laid on the need of currency reform and the reduction of duties on imports into the United States from the Philippines—the Commission recommends a reduction of at least seventy-five per cent. Governor Taft speaks earnestly about the labor problem, and commends the organization of labor unions as likely, if properly directed, to give laborers a sense of the dignity of labor and of their independence. He declares the objections to the unlimited introduction of Chinese to be logical, and thinks it would prove an obstacle to the opening of markets for Philippine products by the United States. The Commission, on this point, ask that power be given to admit a limited number of Chinese, certified to be skilled laborers, "on the bond of the employer that for every Chinese skilled laborer employed he will employ a Filipino apprentice, and that he will return the Chinese skilled laborer thus introduced within five years after his admission to the country, and that he shall pay a tax of not exceeding $50 for each Chinaman so admitted to the insular government to meet the expenses of the

enforcement of these restrictions." It will be noted that this proposition contains at least one important restriction not contained in the plans for admitting Chinese labor which have hitherto been discussed in this country. Nevertheless, the imposing of these restrictions does not meet the objection that the plan essentially amounts to authorizing coolie contract labor, under which the laborers would for years have no control of their own industrial conditions. Other important recommendations of the Commission are that individuals or corporations may be allowed to hold interest in more than one mining claim; and that the amount of public land which may be sold or held by individuals or corporations shall be increased to twenty-five thousand acres, the argument being that, as the Government owns sixty-five out of seventy million acres, there is no danger of concentration of ownership in individuals or corporations.

❀

The Tariff on Art

The bill removing the duty on works of art provides that works of art which were created fifty years before the date of importation shall be free of duty. Some obscurity of statement in the comment of The Outlook upon this bill two weeks ago led to misapprehension as to the provisions of the bill. The movement of which the bill is the expression seems to be gaining ground. Mr. Kenyon Cox, the Secretary of the Fine Arts Federation, recently said that, while there might not be any action on the bill during the present session, it was hoped that a hearing would be given by the Ways and Means Committee in order that the arguments in favor of the bill might be laid before Congress and so before the country. It is hoped also to engage the personal attention of President Roosevelt, whose interest in all matters relating to the development of the higher civilization of the country, and whose sympathy with art in all its forms, would naturally commit him to a wise and most generous policy. The most noticeable aspect of the agitation is found in the fact that there is no serious opposition to the proposed modification of the tariff law. No official body or person has recently declared in favor of the protec-

of the American artist. It would seem as if the time were ripe for entire removing the tariff from works of art; bu in the judgment of the men who have tl matter in charge, it is better to tal one step at a time. The few peop who think that art can be protected a not opposed to the free importation works of art which are more than fif years old. Mr. Ruckstuhl, who has r cently resigned his position in charge the sculpture at the World's Fair to b held in St. Louis next year, declares th he regards any tax on art from the poir of view of protection as absurd. It i in effect, a denial of American talent i art. The American artists are amply abl to take care of themselves; they have mad great advances during the past few years they have developed men who rank wit the first artists of the world, and they ar creating a new school of art which promise to take its place with the great schools o the past. In Mr. Ruckstuhl's judgment the taxing of collections made in Europ by such men as Mr. Pierpont Morgan composed as they are largely of work of art that can never be duplicated, i absurd:

> We have first-class painters and sculptors although not so many as there are in Europe But a picture of an old master cannot possibly compete with modern works of art, because i was painted when the art of painting was practiced as it never can be practiced again It was the reflex of a spiritual and intellectual condition which cannot be repeated here. Our modern tendency is in a different direction. A painting by an old master would be an acquisition, as are the writings of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, which were the result of a different spiritual atmosphere from that of to-day, and must be appreciated simply for their intrinsic beauty, for the expression of a life and a social state which are forever past, and, therefore, in a large measure must be entered in the category of archæological and ethnological things, so to speak.

❀

The Coal Scarcity and Dearer Oil

The coal famine remains unbroken, although the December output at the mines was the greatest on record. The mild weather in the anthracite-using district last week kept the situation from becoming acute, but even in New York City, where the coal roads converge, the great body of consumers are compelled to pay from eight to ten dollars a ton. Those who have turned to the use of oil in this emergency have been chagrined to

find the price of this fuel also advanced. Almost at the same time that the Standard Oil Company announced another dividend—bringing the aggregate of the year up to forty-five per cent. on its $100,000,000 of capitalization—it advanced the price of oil a cent a gallon in barrels, and two cents a gallon in cases. The Standard Oil Company is so continuously cited by trust apologists as their illustration of the possibility of lower prices through the monopolization of an industry that it is of interest to compare present prices with those prevailing when the monopoly was established in 1882. An examination of the record shows that oil to-day is actually dearer than it was twenty years ago. Prior to that time the price of refined oil had fallen, as a rule, from seven to ten per cent. each year ever since petroleum was first put upon the market at the beginning of the Civil War. Export prices by the barrel mean little to the ordinary consumer, but they form the official basis of comparison. In the decade preceding the complete establishment of the trust the export price of oil by the barrel in New York fell from 24 cents a gallon to 7½ cents. During the two decades following this event, the price of oil by the barrel has risen from 7½ cents a gallon in 1882 to 8½ cents a gallon in 1903. If improvements in manufacturing and economies in production have gone on as in the days of competition in the oil industry, the public has surely not received the benefit.

❀

The Steel Trust's Profit-Sharing

On New Year's Eve the United States Steel Corporation announced an elaborate plan—or rather two elaborate plans—which it has adopted for sharing future profits with its employees. The first of these, which is open to all its employees, but particularly to the ordinary wage-earners, offers them the opportunity to purchase on extremely easy terms 25,000 shares of preferred stock at a trifle less than the current market price, and promises them thereon not only the regular seven per cent. dividends whenever earned, but also a further dividend of five dollars a year for each share so long as the owner remains in the "continuous" employment of the Corporation. The employees are divided into five grades according to the amount of their earnings, and those of the fifth grade—getting $800 a year or less—are permitted to invest 20 per cent. of their year's earnings in the preferred stock, while employees of the next higher grade may invest but 15 per cent., and those of the very highest grade only 5 per cent. Furthermore, the employees of the higher grades cannot purchase any of the preferred shares until the subscribers of the lower grades have received their full allotment, if they care to buy shares. This feature of the offer calls attention to the fact that only a minority of the employees can become profit-sharers under this scheme, as there are only 25,000 of the "profit-sharing shares" and there are 168,000 persons in the employment of the Company. Expressed in simple terms, therefore, the amount of the offer is this: The Company will help several thousand of its employees to become shareholders, lending them, if necessary, at 5 per cent. interest, the money needed to buy the shares. To these shareholders, so long as they remain in the continuous employment of the Company, it will out of its profits distribute a bonus of $5 a share, or $125,000 in all. This means a bonus of $10 a year to the workman who gets the two shares for which most of them are allowed to subscribe, but if it were distributed among the whole body of the employees it would amount to less than a dollar apiece. The other portion of the profit-sharing offer is decidedly liberal. This is made only to those holding official positions or in some way responsible for economical management. To members of this class the Company offers a share in the profits rising from 1 per cent. when the profits aggregate $80,000,000 a year to 2½ per cent. when the profits reach $150,000,000. Upon the profits reported by President Schwab last May ($115,000,000), the bonus paid to officials under this plan would have been 1.6 per cent., or $1,840,000—or fifteen times the bonus allotted to workmen becoming shareholders. The New York "Tribune's" despatch from Pittsburg reports that the higher officials warmly applaud the new plan of profit-sharing, but that the workmen almost universally condemn it, declaring that the bonus offered them is of little value and bound by

conditions lessening their freedom to quit work. Other despatches, however, indicate that some of the workmen are eagerly subscribing for the preferred shares, and the friends of profit-sharing hope that the purpose of the Corporation to express and promote good feeling between employers and employed may yet be achieved among the wage-earners as it already is among the employees holding the more responsible positions.

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Street Railway Conditions

Two important and definite results have already followed the investigation into the intolerable conditions now existing on the street and elevated railways in New York. The investigation of the New York Street Railway Commission was really forced by the fact that the crowding of the cars and other objectionable features had reached such a point that the public could no longer endure them. The Commission has now issued a peremptory order directing the elevated railways to continue during what are called non-rush hours the full service afforded in the rush hours; it has also directed that the elevated roads shall by the end of March add three hundred cars to those already in service (thus giving room for fourteen thousand more passengers than under the present service), and that a third track be constructed in certain parts of the system. While the officials of the road say, with some appearance of justice, that less than the full service may suffice to seat all passengers at certain times of the day, it is certain that accommodation has not been furnished at times when it might easily have been provided, and it would be difficult to frame an order which would accomplish the end sought in any other way than by demanding full service all the time. The other result of the investigation to which we have referred was the rather startling recommendation of the Grand Jury of Kings County in its presentment as to the service provided by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. The Grand Jury not only emphatically asserted that the cars are poorly ventilated, dirty, badly lighted and badly heated, and that the crowding of people in them during the rush hours is shameful and indecent, but it went further, and, after making specific recommendations for municipal legislation on the points above stated, advised municipal control and operation. Whether or not this recommendation by the Grand Jury is beyond the usual scope of the action of such a body is a matter of no particular importance; it is of very great public interest that an official and legal body of this kind should reach this solution. The presentment of the Grand Jury declares that "the efficiency and advisability of the participation of government in this sort of work has been abundantly demonstrated," and it points to the water system of New York and other large cities, the economical conduct of gas plants owned in many cities of the United States and Great Britain, and especially the management of the Brooklyn Bridge, as convincing examples of what may be done through municipal control. Finally, the Grand Jury recommends that the municipality of New York acquire all the street, elevated, and tunnel railway systems, and operate them for the benefit of the city, with the further suggestion that the Attorney-General might properly take action for the forfeiture of the franchises of these companies on the ground that they have not performed the functions allotted to them by their charters, and that after such forfeiture the city could properly obtain control. It is not probable that these recommendations will be followed immediately or as a whole, but the action of the Grand Jury has certainly set the people of the city thinking about the possibilities of municipal control in the future, and it should at least prove a warning to the companies involved that public utilities must be so managed that public comfort and public decency shall be maintained.

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The Insurrection in Morocco

Last week's news from Morocco was hardly of a reassuring nature. The country is suffering from a case of "Pretender." In the present instance the Pretender's name is Omar Zarahuni, a native of the mountain district near Fez, the capital. He began his mission, it is said, with such clever exhibitions of conjuring tricks that the superstitious natives came to regard him as possessed of superhuman power. Omar was not

slow to take advantage of his opportunity and began to preach larger things, taking care also to preach humility of spirit. He rides only a donkey, so it is reported, and is preceded by a man carrying a prayer-rug. He inaugurated a jehad, or holy war, against the Sultan, and, in his own opinion, so close to success has he come that he has appointed viziers and other officials and set up a court with every symbol of royalty. After taking several strongholds, he besieged Fez itself, but, perhaps because of unexpected resistance, now claims that he is fighting, not to seize the throne himself, but in order to enthrone the Sultan's brother, who had been unjustly degraded and imprisoned, but has now been released by the Sultan. The army of the Sultan has been already severely crippled; he is now strengthening the defenses of Fez. As the insurrection extends to the wild tribes who live on both sides of the still rather inaccurately defined Moroccan frontier, France has ordered thither detachments from the twenty-five thousand zouaves and tirailleurs who guard the Moroccan-Algerian hinterland, while Spain patrols the African coast with war-ships. Thus the insurrection may yet involve the Powers, despite their joint assurance last week that they would regard it only as "an internal affair."

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The Future of Morocco

Bismarck once prophesied that the Moroccan question would set all Europe by the ears. But the question is simpler than it was in his day. It is seen that France, because it now possesses all the land about Morocco, is the Power chiefly interested in Morocco's future; indeed, were Morocco added to Algiers and Tunis (the only really admirable French colonies), the last obstacle to a great, logically rounded French North African empire would be removed. Hence, France has long been looking for an excuse to invade Morocco, of course "as a protective measure." When that invasion occurs, it will be far more significant of future control than Spain's descent upon Ceuta or England's upon Tangier. Those are coast places on the fringe of the great unconquered country. For Morocco itself has never known foreign dominion. The Turks progressed westward no further than Tunis and Algiers, and the Arabs no further than the Moroccan lowlands. The people of the main part of the country, of the mountains, have always been independent, fierce, fanatical. Neither France nor any other Power will easily conquer those mountain tribes. Yet if France does this ultimately, the Powers will also demand, and rightly, the fulfillment of certain conditions. Spain, as the nearest part of Europe to Morocco, as possessing Ceuta and Melilla on the Moroccan mainland, and as having a greater number of subjects in Morocco than those from any other European country, might be pacified by a great money equivalent in return for Spanish-African territory, and by an entrance into the Franco-Russian alliance. England, as the possessor of Gibraltar, opposite and close to Tangier, would demand a guarantee that a free highway to the Orient should be preserved. Germany would stipulate that her traders now busily at work in building up a new market (ousting the English, who in Morocco have hitherto had twice the trade of any other power) should be protected in their present extraordinary privileges. This protection, however, should not be the exclusive possession of any one nation; it should be extended to all traders. As the brave Boers have fallen before the British, so the savage Moors may fall before the French. But, as the world's commerce will be the gainer through the opening to it of South Africa, so the open-door policy should one day be applied to North Africa.

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The Imperial Durbar at Delhi

The culmination of the splendid festivities at Delhi in honor of Edward VII. was his proclamation as Emperor of India on New Year's Day. India is always fond of gorgeous spectacles, and the ruling nation has always encouraged Oriental magnificence and has indeed cleverly used it for the support of Occidental rule. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, and Lady Curzon, his American wife, were surrounded by a brilliant group of notables, white and brown; the Duke of Connaught represented his royal and imperial brother; Lord Kitchener stood for the military might of the Empire; native princes and

rajahs clad in silks and resplendent in jewels surrounded the amphitheater whence the proclamation was made; on the plain around were thousands of soldiers, not only British, but Pathans, Ghoorkas, and other native regiments, batteries drawn by elephants, cavalry in picturesque variety of uniform, and beyond a vast multitude of the common people in clothing of many hues. The durbar was opened with the flourish of trumpets, the royal standard was raised on high, bonfires were lighted far and wide, and finally the Viceroy read a message from King Edward, renewing "the assurances of my regard for the liberties of the Indian people; of my respect for their dignities and rights; of my interest in their advancement, and of my devotion to their welfare." Lord Curzon's own address prophesied prosperity for India, and incidentally announced that it had been decided not to exact interest for three years on all loans made or guaranteed by the Government of India to the Native States in connection with the recent famine. One especially interesting feature of the durbar week (for a whole week was given up to ceremonies and functions) was the opening of the Indian Arts Exhibition. Lord Curzon's address was a strong plea for arresting the progress of decay in the native arts, and the debasing of modern models. He said that it was certain that if many old Indian arts and handicrafts were to be revived and placed in a flourishing condition, it could only be done by the patronage of the Indian chiefs, the aristocracy and cultured persons, but so long as these preferred to fill their palaces with flaming Brussels carpet, cheap British furniture, Italian mosaics, French oleographs, Austrian lusters, and German brocades, there was not much hope.

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Mr. Chamberlain in South Africa

With more or less justice, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, British Colonial Secretary, has been regarded in many quarters as an instigator of the Boer war, not only because of the character of his correspondence with President Kruger immediately preceding that conflict, but also because of his attitude regarding the Jameson Raid. Friend and foe, therefore, will note with satisfaction that, instead of directing from London the settlement o the complicated questions in South Afric resulting from the war, Mr. Chamberlai is giving his personal attention to then on the ground itself. He has arrived i Natal, and his visit will include all of th British colonies in that part of the Africa continent. He purposes to confer with th representatives of all the different interest concerned, Boer and British alike. A to the latter, his speeches have alread excited much colonial enthusiasm. On of his critics remarked that, after th extraordinary achievement of inducing th people of Natal to shout themselve hoarse over the privilege of taxing them selves for the payment of millions of wa losses, Mr. Chamberlain ought to be sen from one end of the Empire to the other as the seductive recruiting sergeant anc practical tax-gatherer of the Imperia Federation. At all events, the Colonia Secretary's present undertaking consti tutes a new and personal element in the consolidation of the Empire. It is cer tainly a statesmanlike departure from the routine ruts of administration. It may even result in such a contribution to the growth of imperial feeling in England and in the colonies that a series of official visits to each of the chief groups of British possessions will be undertaken.

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The Chinese Indemnity

Wu-Ting-Fang, until a month ago Chinese Minister to the United States, declared long since that his country would be found to be unable to pay in gold the entire amount of the indemnity demanded by the Powers for the Boxer outrages of 1900. When the first payment became due on July 1, 1902, it was offered in silver, which had then somewhat depreciated in value. This payment was accepted under protest by all the foreign Governments concerned. Our own Government, accepting the statement of Minister Wu and having an earnest interest in the preservation of China's integrity and perpetuity as a nation, reserved the right to demand any balance of the installment due if the entire settlement should ultimately be made on a gold basis as agreed. This tolerant attitude gave great comfort to the Chinese—who now offer the second payment in a still more depreciated currency—and propor-

nonate discomfort to the representatives of the other Governments at Peking. They ascribe the present difficulty to the quasi-favor shown by the United States Government to the silver argument. When the treaty arrangement was made, the value in gold of the Chinese tael was nearly seventy-five cents; since then the tael's value has depreciated until it is now worth slightly over sixty cents. To liquidate on a gold basis, therefore, China would be obliged to pay the difference between these figures on every tael, which in the aggregate, according to Minister Wu, would deplete the Government's resources and leave it bankrupt. Yet the Foreign Ministers at Peking apparently insist more stoutly than ever that indemnity payments should be made on a gold basis—that is, in silver at the ratio of gold which existed at the time when the indemnity was fixed. The present loss indicates some idea of the tremendous burden under which any country labors in attempting to do business with foreign nations on the silver standard. The opposition to payments in a depreciated currency may produce, not only an immediately serious internal situation, so far as the actual Chinese Government is concerned, but also a far more difficult international complication in reopening questions which not long since threatened to bring about the partition of China among the Powers. Instead of such a result, The Outlook prefers to think that out of the present imbroglio there may arise a new case to be submitted to the Hague Tribunal of Arbitration.

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Anti-Vivisection Bills For some time anti-vivisectionists have been trying to put through Congress certain bills to restrict and largely to prohibit experiments upon living animals in the District of Columbia. These bills, if passed, would undoubtedly have great influence upon the Legislatures of the various States. It happened that a recent surgical operation, which has attracted much public attention, performed successfully upon a midshipman of the Naval Academy, was made possible by discoveries of vivisectionists. The surgeon who performed the operation, Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, one of the highest authorities of his profession in this country, wrote to Senator Gallinger, the sponsor of these bills, informing him of this fact. Thereupon Senator Gallinger replied at some length. He greatly weakened his case, however, both by making an unworthy intimation that Dr. Keen was guilty of misrepresentation and was actuated by motives of self-advertisement, and by assuming to write with the authority of a medical expert rather than from the point of view of a public man. Without these defects his argument is that "it is unsafe to reason from the brains of animals to that of man," that experiments upon man based upon such reasoning have been "to a great extent disastrous," that it is uncivilized to ignore the "altruism" of prohibiting experiments upon living animals and to prefer the "selfishness" of using such experiments for the purpose of "helping humanity," and that there is "undoubted testimony" to facts of horrible and malicious cruelty, cases of which he cites.

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Dr. Keen's Reply Dr. Keen, in his very dignified but incisive rejoinder, calls attention to the fact that Senator Gallinger took his medical degree many years ago, and since that time there has been a great advance in surgery, of which Mr. Gallinger, occupied by other duties, can have but little knowledge, and informs his opponent that "facts derived from experiments upon animals are applied surgically to the brain of man with greatest exactness," and that he himself had applied such facts scores and scores of times. "Were it not for experiments upon animals," he continues, "medicine would be in the wretched darkness of thirty years ago, and we surgeons would be practicing the unintentional cruelty to man of the surgery of the Civil War." As to the cases of cruelty cited by Mr. Gallinger, Dr. Keen calls attention to the fact that no data are given by which the original statements can be referred to and verified. In closing he renews his protest against the anti-vivisection bills, which, though offered with good intention, would, if passed, be as inhuman as a law "forbidding any person to aid in rescuing a drowning man." In discussions of this kind the scientific opinion of such an expert as Dr. Keen ought to be

final in determining the opinion of the layman, otherwise knowledge would be at the mercy of ignorance. As regards the ethics of the discussion, it is plain that the view which considers the prohibition of experiments upon living animals as "altruism," and the application of such experiments for saving human life as "selfishness," would logically place the veterinary surgeon at the head of the medical profession and would exalt the Brahminical civilization above the Christian. On the legal side, the practice of vivisection, like everything else which concerns physical pain and death, should be carefully guarded from inexpert hands, and should be limited to those who are thoroughly qualified for it by training; but to prohibit it because some surgeons are cruel would be like abolishing law courts and newspapers because some lawyers and editors are immoral. The people have the right to say that it is unwise to allow the practice of vivisection in the public schools—and The Outlook believes that they ought to say so—but they also have the right to profit by discoveries made and physiological laws established as the result of vivisection carried on by scientific men.

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For Better Religious Education

A forward movement of great significance "for the improvement of religious and moral education through the Sunday-school and other agencies" has been inaugurated under the auspices of the Council of Seventy directing the American Institute of Sacred Literature at Chicago. For this purpose a National organization is proposed, and a formal call has been issued for a Convention to create it. The Convention will be held at Chicago, February 10–12. It will be remembered that at the International Sunday-School Convention in Denver last June the Lesson Committee reported that the majority of Sunday-schools are so inadequately organized and manned that only the simplest plans of study can be made effective. The call for the Convention states that perhaps twenty-five per cent. of our Sunday-schools have reached a stage of development ready for the introduction of a gradation both of pupils and of the material of instruction. While it is recognized as unwise to attempt to replace the uniform system of the International Lessons, suited as it is to the large majority of Sunday-schools, the immediate need in these, says the call, "is to inspire a higher educational ideal of Biblical, moral, and religious instruction." But it is not intended "to duplicate or rival the work which any organization is now carrying on;" rather, to co-operate closely with the churches, and to supplement and assist the work of the various other organizations. Under present conditions "the greater number of children grow up without correct and adequate religious and moral education." These conditions have for years been recognized with increasing dissatisfaction. Individuals have striven singly and in groups to better them, but there is needed some leadership to unify such efforts. This it is proposed to supply as the scheme is progressively worked out by the directors and committees of the proposed association. Its immediate work will be the creation of an adequate literature of the movement, exhibiting desirable ideals and methods, and beginning a campaign of education on the whole subject. The list of signers to the call includes the names of about a hundred presidents and professors of colleges and seminaries, with a larger number of pastors and others interested in Sunday-schools, including Dr. B. B. Tyler, President of the International Sunday-School Association. Conferences between the leaders of the movement and the signers of the call are being held in some of the larger cities, to prepare for the organization and work of the Convention by preliminary comparison of views, and by securing agreement on the course to be pursued in an uncharted sea. The strength at present apparent in the movement is highly auspicious. The Outlook is in full accord with the belief expressed by the Council of Seventy, that "this movement . . . is a normal, timely, and vital step in the development of our Christian civilization." The time is ripe for the proposed work, and the field is large and open.

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The Harput Orphanage

In the annual report of Consul Norton, of Harput, Asiatic Turkey, we find a reference to the Harput Orphanage, conducted

and sustained by American benevolence. Most of our news from Asia Minor comes from the American missionaries there, and is naturally of great interest to the religious world; it is a satisfaction also to chronicle tidings which show how valuable the work of American missionaries, educators, and philanthropists may be in the direction of industry. Speaking of textiles, Mr. Norton says that, although his region produces an excellent grade of cotton, the native manufacture, which, owing to the abundant water-power, should be a large one, is quite the contrary, as it is dependent entirely upon hand-power. The only advance is due to the Harput Orphanage, which has introduced the weaving of attractive patterns to meet the popular taste, and is doing much to enable local industry to compete with English, German, and French looms. As to rug-weaving, the production from the Kurdish looms of the region extends but little beyond local needs, while the rug department of the American orphanage is steadily perfecting its work and turning out products which find a ready sale in the United States. The Harput Orphanage is able to command a dollar per square foot for its rugs, a price much in excess of the average of Oriental make, and this is due largely to the fact that the yarns employed in our orphanage are dyed exclusively with vegetable coloring matter. The increasingly widespread use of the crudely brilliant but fugitive aniline dyes in coloring materials for rug-weaving in Turkey is distinctly deplorable, and has already led to a steady depreciation of their value in the eyes of American and European connoisseurs, when contrasted with the products of Persian and Indian looms.——Another indication of American advance in commercial conditions at Harput is an incidental one. The various edifices of Euphrates College and of the American mission station at Harput were destroyed in the massacres of 1895. In the rebuilding of these structures American steel roofing was used. Its manifest superiority to fragile tile roofs and to the ponderous mud roofs hitherto in vogue throughout the Orient has now been recognized. The city hall at Harput is covered with American roofing, and a large school building now being erected is to have the same protection.

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With Lepers in Surinam

The work of Father Damien in Hawaii, of Mary Reed in India, and of other self-devoting spirits elsewhere, has been inaugurated recently in Surinam, South America, among the victims of the living death of leprosy, who there are numbered by hundreds. The Dutch colonial government established an asylum for lepers in 1897, to which every leper found on the streets is consigned. Dreading this as an American dreads the poorhouse, the lepers rarely venture out-of-doors; but intercourse with them in their homes, where they support themselves by the sale of small commodities, is an evil still unrestricted. Near the Government asylum the combined Protestant churches of Surinam established in 1899 a leper settlement possessing the attractiveness of a Christian home and named "Bethesda" (the House of Mercy). Friends in Europe and America have given aid, and a tiny village of little houses, each accommodating two patients in separate rooms, is now full. A young married couple, the Rev. H. T. Weiss and wife, with two deaconesses, Sisters Philippina and Martha, have devoted themselves to this charge, dangerous but divine, and to the naturally repulsive but humane services it requires. Mr. Weiss, a clergyman of the Moravian Church, is now on a visit to this country to solicit aid for the expansion of this good work, still unprovided with some important requisites. His mission is officially indorsed. He will be glad to send his printed story of Bethesda, and all desired information, to any who address him at 225 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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A Correction

A Southern correspondent informs us that the Georgia Legislature still meets annually and that the child labor bill defeated at the recent session will be presented again at the next session in June, with the prospect of commanding greater strength. It is the kind of a bill that grows stronger every time it is "killed."

Tammany Outdone in Minneapolis

The shocking revelations of police complicity with vice have so uniformly exposed conditions in some great metropolis that people in our smaller cities have naturally come to think of their own municipal virtue with a snug and smug complacency unwarranted by the facts, and peculiarly benumbing to the public conscience. It is true that public plunder on a vast scale may more readily be organized in a great city without public knowledge, and that it is more difficult there for a few public-spirited citizens to accomplish its overthrow; but there is no difference whatever in the kind of temptations to which public officials are exposed, and no difference whatever in the need of eternal vigilance on the part of the public to preserve municipal purity. The problem of municipal corruption is the same in Newark as in New York, the same in Harrisburg as in Philadelphia, the same in Minneapolis as in Chicago. This last proposition at least is now indisputable, for Mr. Lincoln Steffens's article on "The Shame of Minneapolis" in the January "McClure's" exposes a brazenness of municipal corruption not equaled in Chicago or even in New York during the past quarter of a century.

In the fall elections of 1900 Dr. Albert Alonzo Ames was nominated as the Republican candidate for Mayor of Minneapolis at the direct primaries. The responsibility for his nomination, therefore, cannot be lifted from the ordinary voter and saddled upon a corrupt political machine. His loose private character was known at the time of his nomination. He came of good Puritan stock. His father—also a physician—was one of the pioneers of Minneapolis, and Dr. Ames himself was a man of great professional skill, who from the first had one supreme virtue of a political leader—genuine kindness toward the poor. But, along with this attractive quality, he was from his young manhood sensuously self-indulgent, and as years advanced this characteristic grew upon him, and he not only made friends of the poor by his generosity, but friends of the corrupt by moral affinity. Entering politics early, he was elected Mayor of Minneapolis as a Republican. Changing his politics, he was at intervals twice elected to the same position as a Democrat, and changing his politics again a few years ago, he was, as stated, nominated in 1900 as a Republican. At the primaries which nominated him voters of either party could vote either ticket without challenge, and Dr. Ames is believed to have received the votes of a great many Democrats who did not take their party allegiance seriously. In the campaign which followed hundreds of Republicans who were disgusted with his nomination acquiesced in his election because it was a Presidential year.

During Dr. Ames's previous administrations he had not been especially venal. "He was a 'spender,' not a 'grafter,'" and his personal dependents seem to have monopolized the spoils which the wide-open city furnished. At the very beginning of his fourth term, however, he set out to organize the licensing of vice for his own enrichment. He made his brother, Colonel Fred W. Ames, a discredited officer from the Philippines, his chief of police. He made Norman W. King, a former gambler, his chief of detectives. The collector for women of the town was to be Irwin A. Gardner, a medical student in Dr. Ames's office, who was made a special policeman for the purpose. "These men looked over the force, selected those men who could be trusted, charged them a price for their retention, and marked for dismissal 107 men out of 225, the 107 being the best policemen in the department from the point of view of the citizens who afterwards reorganized the force." The carnival of corruption which followed is vividly depicted by Mr. Steffens, and a few of his strong lines will indicate the character of the picture:

> The administration opened with the revolution in the police force. They liberated the thieves in the local jail, and made known to the Under World generally that "things were doing" in Minneapolis. The incoming swindlers reported to King or his staff for instructions and went to work, turning the "swag" over to the detectives in charge. Gambling went on openly and disorderly houses multiplied under the fostering care of Gardner, the medical student. . . . [Even before this] disorderly houses were practically licensed by the city, the women appearing before the clerk of the Municipal Court each month to pay a "fine" of

$100. Unable at first to get this "graft," Ames's man Gardner persuaded women to start houses, apartments, and, of all things, candy-stores, which sold sweets to children and tobacco to the "lumber Jacks" in front, while a nefarious traffic was carried on in the rear. But they paid Ames, not the city. . . . But the money still paid direct to the city in fines, some $35,000 a year, fretted the Mayor, and at last he reached for it. He came out with a declaration, in his old character as friend of the oppressed, that $100 a month was too much for these women to pay. They should be required to pay the city fine only once in two months. This puzzled the town till it became generally known that Gardner collected the other month for the Mayor.

"In a general way," says Mr. Steffens, "all this business was known. It did not arouse citizens, but it did attract criminals, and more and more thieves and swindlers came hurrying to Minneapolis." When the whole orgy of profit-sharing with crime was finally exposed, it was shown that detectives were stationed at the doors of gambling-houses which swindled their clients, for the express purpose of scaring the victims if they threatened to complain, and, if possible, running them out of town in fear that they would be prosecuted. If the victims insisted upon taking their complaints to the Chief of Police, the Mayor's brother would first try to wear them out with long delays and then he too would attempt to browbeat them into silence. What this policy yielded to the administration is graphically presented to the eye by photographic excerpts from the ledger of one of the swindling concerns. The first entry in this ledger ran as follows:

ACCOUNTS NOVEMBER 18 TO 25

[*Expenditures.*]		[*Receipts.*]	
Nov. 18. Mayor Ames....	$500.00	Monday.....	$533.00
Gardner.....	50.00	Tuesday.....	269.00
[Detective] Norbeck	50.00	Wednesday..	622.00
Chief Ames.....	20.00	Thursday....	575.00
Wood.....	1.00	Friday	321.00
Kerosene Oil....	.25	Saturday....	352.00
Orrin.....	25.00	Sunday.....	45.00
Nut of Joint.....	$646.25		$2,718.00
		45% Steerers Bid.....	$1,123.10
		Bal. Joint...	$1,494.90
			$646.25
		Bal. to Crd...	$848.65

Some members of the police force did not stop at direct participation in robberies, one police captain having stood guard while a safe was robbed by confederates.

The final breakdown of the conspiracy came from dissensions within. As plunder increased greed increased, different conspirators began to rob one another, and the whole situation became chaotic. The conspirators held together well enough to secure the dismissal from office of a county sheriff who attempted to restrain their excesses, but soon the honor necessary to successful thievery failed, and the different conspirators failed to protect one another's protégés. At this juncture a grand jury was drawn in the ordinary way, one of whose members, Hovey C. Clarke, was a man of extraordinary force of character. Mr. Clarke was made foreman of the jury, and, finding that some of his associates would support him, he determined to overthrow the whole syndicate of corruptionists in control of the city. The determined jurors went to the jail and saw two bunco-steerers who had not received the expected protection and were nursing their grievances against the officials who had failed them. One of these men afterwards stated that he was persuaded to turn State's evidence because he "sized up" Clarke as a man who was bound to keep up his fight till he won. "We," he said, meaning criminals generally, "are always stacking up against juries and lawyers who want us to holler. We don't because we see they are quitters. They can be pulled off." Clarke and his associates could not be "pulled off," though Clarke was offered $28,000 to quit, and his life seemed to be in danger from the wrath of the criminal elements. "What startled the jury most, however," says Mr. Steffens, "was the character of the citizens who were sent to dissuade them from their course. No reform I have studied has failed to bring out this phenomenon of virtuous cowardice." In three weeks the jury was able, by means of hard personal work and heavy personal expenditures, to collect enough evidence to bring in indictments, and, with some difficulty, the assistant public prosecutor was persuaded to institute proceedings. The Grand Jury paid the cost of bringing witnesses from as far as Idaho. First Gardner was tried and convicted, then Captain Norbeck of the detectives, then Fred Ames, and then Chief of Detectives King. As conviction followed conviction and one piece of evidence supplemented another, a panic spread among the conspirators. Among those who fled were two heads of departments against

whom nothing had been shown or discovered until their flight revealed another source of "graft" in the sale of supplies to public institutions, and the diversion of provisions to the private residences of officials. Mayor Ames, under indictment and heavy bonds, fled from the State on a night train. By this time it was evident that the side of the prosecution was the side of victory, and men who had feared to act before were now eager to take part in driving out the last vestiges of the overthrown régime. In a few months a decent government was established, and Minneapolis had an unforgetable lesson not only in the appalling possibilities of municipal corruption at the hands of a few public plunderers, but in the inspiring possibilities of municipal regeneration at the hands of a few determined men of dauntless public spirit.

Mr. Steffens's stirring story should be read everywhere, for it strikes at the very heart of both of the twin stupidities which dull the conscience of American municipalities—the optimism which says that all is so good that nothing need be done, and the pessimism which says that all is so bad that nothing can be done.

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The Practical Test

What shall a Christian believer say to one who apparently denies the very foundation of Christian faith by altogether denying the existence of spirit; who insists that only matter and force exist, that there is but one kind of force, that the difference between the force generated by an electric battery and that generated by the brain of a Shakespeare is a difference only in quality and result, not in essence, that as the electric power ceases when the battery decays, so the mental power ceases when the brain decays, that as there can be no music without an instrument, so there can be no spiritual life except as it is connected with and produced by the body? This question in various forms is often asked—has been often asked of The Outlook.

The reply to this question is to be found in the principle that the test of any theory, whether in philosophy or in science, is simply this: Can the theory be practically applied in the conduct of life? This test is thus stated by Professor James in "The Varieties of Religious Experience." After quoting at some length from Sir Henry Maudsley, one of the ablest representatives of materialistic philosophy, he adds: "In other words, not its origin, but *the way in which it works on the whole*, is Dr. Maudsley's final test of a belief. This is our own empirical criterion; and this criterion the stoutest insisters on supernatural origin have also been forced to use in the end." The italics are those of Professor James. Using this test, how does the theory that mental force and physical force are identical work when applied to the conduct of life?

There are in philosophy two contrasted skeptical theories: one, that there is no matter, all is mind; the other, that there is no mind, all is matter. It is not easy to refute either by pure reason; but neither works well in actual life. How do we know that matter exists? We see it and touch it? But this only means that certain sensations take place in us which we attribute to external causes. How do we know that they are due to external causes? How do we know that we are not dreaming, that matter is anything more than a phantasmagoria, a succession of mental images, a series of pure imaginings? How does the materialist know that there is an electric battery? How does he know that there is a brain? The answer is that we have to live as though matter existed. This is the practical answer, and it is all-sufficient. If I think I am cold, the coldness may be only a "mortal thought;" but I shall continue to think cold, until I can think coal and put it on what I think is a fire. The answer, and the only answer, so far as we can see, to pure idealism is that it does not work well; whether matter exists or not, we have to act as though it exists.

Similarly, How do we know that mind exists? We reason, feel, resolve; but how do we know that reasoning, feeling, resolving, are anything more than a phase of physical energy, a more subtle form of electricity, a material force generated by the brain? How do we know but that the statement of one of the older materialists is true, and that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile"? The

answer to this question is the same as the answer to the other. The theory of materialism does not work well. We cannot apply it to the conduct of life. As we have to act as though there were matter, so also we have to act as though there were mind. Physical forces are not subject to moral judgments; we do not condemn gravitation as guilty of wrong-doing. Spiritual forces are subject to moral judgments; we do condemn spiritual forces as guilty of wrong-doing. If a paper-weight falls off the desk and hits you on the knee, you do not think the desk, paper-weight, or gravitation deserving of condemnation; if a man throws a stone and hits you on the knee, you do think the man worthy of condemnation. Society could not go on except upon the assumption that man is a free moral agent; that his acts are not the necessary sequence of purely physical conditions; that he deserves praise for some actions and blame for others. Except on this assumption there could be neither government nor public opinion, neither good morals nor good manners. Civilization is based on the hypothesis that matter exists; it could not go on upon any other hypothesis. Society is based upon the hypothesis that mind exists; it could not go on upon any other hypothesis. So long as a man acts as though there were matter, and as though there were mind, society does not care what theories he broods in his study. But when a man acts as though matter had no real existence, we call him crazy. If he attempts to put his theories into practice, he is liable to be sent to the insane asylum. If he acts as though mind did not exist, and ignores all moral responsibility for his action, we call him immoral, and he is liable to be sent to the penitentiary. Neither pure idealism nor pure materialism works. Life repudiates them both.

We do not think there is much use in arguing with either the idealistic skeptic or the materialistic skeptic. We never knew of much progress made in such argument. It is best to let him play with his pet doll before the study fire as much as he likes. It is certainly not a living child, and cannot go out by itself and enter into the tussles of actual life. To the idealistic skeptic we should simply say, Whether there is matter or not, you would better act as though matter is real, or you will very soon come to grief. To the materialistic skeptic we should say, If it be true that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, you would better see to it that your brain secretes the right kind of thought if you wish to enjoy the esteem of your fellow-men. If what we call the life of the soul is inseparably bound up with the body, and ends when the body ends, still let us make that life high, pure, true, noble. Religion is *life;* and to all philosophical skepticism, whether of the pure idealist or the pure materialist, our reply would be, Let us *live* as though life were real, life were earnest. It is not by the theories which we brood in our studies that we are to be tested, but by the life we live in the world of men.

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The Gifts of Millionaires

The daily papers report simultaneously two addresses, one by John A. Hobson, the English economist, delivered in Philadelphia, the other by Professor John Bascom, of Williams College, delivered in Chicago. Both, if they are correctly reported, maintain as a principle that educational, philanthropic, and religious institutions should refuse to receive gifts from donors whose money, in the judgment of the trustees, or perhaps we should say in the judgment of the general public, has been obtained by unrighteous methods. We quote from the newspaper reports a few sentences to indicate the principle implied or affirmed. Thus, from the report of Mr. Hobson's address: "Is society to be saved by the millionaires? The fact that they give us great gifts should not keep us from tracing the origin of their wealth. . . . Is it safe to take money so gained [*i.e.*, by unrighteous methods] and spend it for public purposes at the wish of the millionaire?" The answer that Mr. Hobson evidently expects to this question Professor Bascom gives: "John D. Rockefeller's dollars have sealed the lips of every instructor at the University of Chicago. . . . In the East it is considered necessary to teach political economy and sociology in any large institution of learning. How are professors at the Chicago University to do this? They have accepted this man's

money, and in fairness to him and themselves they must not tell the young men and women who come to their school how their benefactor gained his dollars. . . . There are men at this university who are being prepared to fill pulpits and teach the law of God. They should know of the business immorality which exists. Can they be taught that at the University of Chicago? Dr. Harper can say nothing uncomplimentary about the manner in which Rockefeller gained his dollars. He would cease to be a gentleman if he did."

Whether these reports accurately represent Mr. Hobson and Professor Bascom it is not important for us to determine. They represent accurately enough for our purpose a principle which is specious but, we believe, thoroughly unsound: the principle enunciated in the report of Mr. Hobson's address, namely, that it is the duty of those to whom wealth is offered for use in public service to trace the origin of the wealth, and to decline it if, in their opinion, it has been acquired by unrighteous methods. In our judgment, the trustees of religious, philanthropic, and educational institutions have no such duty; and no such consequences result from a failure to perform this impracticable task as is more than intimated in the report of Professor Bascom's address.

Before such a principle is accepted it must be thought out to its logical consequences. If the trustees of a hospital or college or church are to trace to its origin wealth offered for the public service, and to refuse such wealth as in their judgment has been unrighteously acquired, they must first of all establish a standard of business morality by which to test the commercial transactions of the proposed benefactor. The prohibitionist trustee who holds that it is wrong to make money by selling beer will refuse Matthew Vassar's money for the founding of Vassar College. A more radical temperance companion will refuse money from the hop-grower, because hops are used chiefly for beer. The Sabbatarian will vote against receiving money from a railroad millionaire if the railroad has been operated on Sunday. The vegetarian will decline money from Mr. Armour, because it is wrong to destroy animal life for food. Mr. Hobson classed Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller together; Professor Bascom is reported as saying that "it would be all right to accept Mr. Carnegie's money," but all wrong to accept Mr. Rockefeller's. Who shall decide? Are the board of trustees by a majority vote to settle a standard of ethics by which past business transactions are to be judged? And when they have decided upon a standard, how shall they decide as to the transactions? Are they to constitute themselves into a court to investigate the method by which Mr. Carnegie made the wealth offered to the library, and Mr. Rockefeller the money offered to the university, and Mr. Vanderbilt the money offered to the hospital, and Mr. Drexel the money offered to the institute? They cannot presume a man guilty because he is wealthy. Surely they cannot condemn him without investigation on common report. If they are to condemn him at all, they must give him a hearing in his own defense. This would be a curious result: that whenever money is offered to a board of trustees they must, before accepting it, put the donor on trial to see whether he acquired it righteously or not. And yet this is what they must do, if it is their duty to trace wealth to its origin before accepting it for public uses. And the inquisition must be a discriminating one. They must determine what proportion of the wealth has been acquired by righteous and what proportion by unrighteous methods. Does any unrighteousness vitiate the whole? Then there can be very few donations received. If not, what proportion of unrighteousness is required to make rejection of the donation a public duty?

It is quite impracticable for trustees to undertake any such inquisitorial function as this principle would lay upon them; but if they were able to perform it, and in the performance of it found that all the money was acquired by methods wholly immoral, this would of itself constitute no adequate reason for refusing to accept the money in trust for the public. Let us suppose the clearest of cases. A man has made his money as a professional gambler. Now that he has it, he desires to give it to the public. What better use can he put it to? He cannot ordinarily search out the men whose money he has won and return it to them. If he converts it into

government notes and bonds, and burns them up, he gives it to the Government. If he leaves it to his children, is it more moral for them to take it for personal uses than for a board of trustees to take it for public uses? Was Christ wrong when he suffered the woman that was a sinner to anoint his feet with ointment which it is quite certain she had bought with the wages of her sin? Ordinarily the best thing a sinner can do with his ill-earned wealth is to give it to the community; the fact that it is ill earned is no reason why it should not be devoted to the public service. It is rather an added reason why it should be so devoted. We are not here concerned with the question whether Mr. Rockfeller and Mr. Carnegie have earned their wealth by righteous or unrighteous methods, or part of it by righteous and part of it by unrighteous methods. We simply affirm that, first, it is not the business of boards of trustees to determine whether wealth offered for public use has been righteously or unrighteously earned; and, second, if it has been earned by unrighteous methods, the best thing that the owner can do with it is to give it to the public, save in the very rare cases in which it is practicable to return it to the original owners.

The supposed principle that trustees should trace to its source wealth which they receive for public uses rests on the false presumption that if wealth acquired by unrighteous means is accepted for public use it cannot be freely used for the public by those who have accepted it. The report before us does not indicate that Professor Bascom gave any reasons for believing as matter of fact that the lips of the professors in the Chicago University, or those of the graduates of its theological school, are sealed. Apparently this conclusion is based, not upon any evidence that the first do not teach and the second do not preach freely, but upon the assumption that they cannot honorably do so. In truth, they cannot honorably do anything else. It is not, indeed, the function of a professor of economics, whether in the Chicago University or in Williams College, to decide and teach whether Mr. Rockefeller personally made his money by ethical or unethical methods; that is a question for the courts of justice. But in so far as those methods are matters of public history, they are as proper subjects for economic and ethical teaching in Chicago University as in Williams College. The graduate of Chicago Theological Seminary is morally as free to condemn dishonest and despotic methods in business as the graduate of Union or of Princeton, and is as much under obligation to do so. There is no condition implied in the acceptance of an unconditioned gift for public uses except that it shall be used for the public by the institution to which it is given. If a liquor-dealer desires to take a high-priced pew in a church, shall the trustees refuse to rent it to him lest the minister be afraid to preach on temperance? This would be to insult the minister. If a railroad desires to advertise in a newspaper, shall the manager refuse to take the advertisement lest the editor fear to demand governmental regulation of railroads? This would be to insult the editor. A professor who should refuse to condemn the violation of economic and ethical laws because some patron of the university is publicly reported to have violated those laws would be grossly unfit for his chair. A preacher who should refuse to condemn dishonesties in business because some of his pewholders are reported to be guilty of such dishonesties ought to be drummed out of the pulpit to the tune of the rogue's march. We do not believe that there is any such cowardice in the pulpits and the professors' chairs as the report of Professor Bascom's address implies. But in so far as there is any such cowardice, the remedy is not to be found in laying upon boards of trustees the wholly impracticable task of tracing wealth to its source for the purpose of ascertaining how far it has been righteously accumulated, but in inspiring the hearts of teachers, preachers, and editors —and the editors need it quite as much as the teachers and preachers—with a loyalty to truth and a courage of conviction which will make them never consider the question where the money comes from which endows their chairs, furnishes their pew-rents, or supplies the pecuniary resources of their journals.

If property is offered to a board of trustees which does not belong to the donor and which can be returned to its lawful owner, they are not to accept it;

not because it was unlawfully acquired, but because it is unlawfully retained. If conditions are attached to the gift inconsistent with its free use in the sense to which it is nominally dedicated, it is to be promptly declined. If there is a reasonable suspicion that conditions exist in the mind of the donor which are not expressed, there may be occasions on which it would be legitimate for the board of trustees to avoid misunderstanding by some explicit statement. But it is not their function to trace proffered endowments to their source, nor to put the donor on trial, still less to condemn him on public report without a hearing. They will not raise the ethical standards in the community, nor in the institution under their charge, by imputing unworthy motives to a benefaction apparently worthy in itself, nor by attaching on suspicion dishonorable conditions to a gift which is in its terms free from conditions. On the contrary, they will best serve the highest ethical ends by assuming, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that all gifts are intrusted to them to use for the public benefit in accordance with their trust and with no other obligations than that trust implies, and by taking it for granted, if they are the trustees of an educational institution, that the teachers will be loyal to their own consciences and to the truth, without regard to the sources, real or supposed, from which the endowment of the institution is derived.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

IV.

March 30.

THE event of to-day was going to church. The only Sunday service which the Prinzessin arranges for the passengers is an early matin; we are awakened on Sunday morning by the band playing "Eine Feste Burg." That ends the religious services for the day, which then goes on exactly as do other days, except that the passengers do not get out shuffleboard and ring-toss, nor do I see the cards out in the smoking-room on Sunday evening. The first Sunday out, a service was announced, but it had to be abandoned; the weather was prohibitive. The second Sunday there was a simple service in the Social Hall; but as half the passengers were German and could not understand English, and half were American and could not understand German, and there were neither prayer-books nor hymn-books on board, the service limped. I think the Hamburg-American line, which seems to spare no expense in providing comforts and even luxuries for its passengers, might well recognize the fact that there are a goodly number of ocean travelers who enjoy a Sunday service, and might provide service-books so that passengers could arrange for a service if they wished to do so. The Directors may not care for Sunday services themselves, but then I do not suppose they all play shuffleboard and ring-toss, yet the material is provided for those who do. We all drove over to Nice and then separated. B—— and H——started for the Roman Catholic Cathedral on account of the music of Easter Sunday, found it too crowded, and finally went to a Russo-Greek church. The Matron and I went to the English Church, where the service began with the Lord's Prayer—the Invitation to Prayer, the General Confession, and the Absolution being omitted. I wonder why. Is Absolution taken for granted on Easter Sunday? Being a Puritan, to me all Sundays are Easter Sundays. After service we met and took our luncheon at a café-confectionery-baker-restaurant combination, where a delicious meal was served to us at a cost, including the tip to the waiter, of $2.11—that is, fifty-three cents apiece. The French do understand the art of giving delicious meals at small prices—an art not yet acquired in America, where "cheap and nasty" are terms almost inseparably connected in restaurants.

Then we took a carriage and drove over the hills to Villefranche. By the shore road the distance is about five miles; by the Cornichi road, which we took, the drive was at least double that distance. We climbed a thousand or twelve hundred feet by one zigzag road to the top of a

hill, and drove down a thousand or twelve hundred feet by another zigzag to our landing-stage. B—— engaged in conversation with our driver, asking him all manner of questions, at our suggestion, as to places, trees, fruits, flowers, etc., and he stopped and gathered some olives that hung over the road and gave them to the ladies of our party. B——'s knowledge of French is but slight, and she laughed over her own linguistic blunders; but the driver was immensely pleased at being taken, as it were, into our party; he gave us a most cordial "Bon voyage" when we left him, and even when our rowboat was a considerable distance from the landing-stage we could see him standing up in his carriage and waving his hat in adieus to us. As I am making this entry I hear the Cook party coming on board after their excursion to Nice and Monte Carlo. In half an hour we weigh anchor and set sail—except that we have no sails—for Palermo.

April 1.

Palermo is the first natural harbor we have seen since we left New York, and Palermo would not be a very safe harbor were its natural protection not improved by great breakwaters. At Madeira, Gibraltar, and Villefranche we anchored in what were practically open roadsteads, and the harbor at Genoa was almost wholly artificial. We are attached by hawsers to a wharf at one side of the harbor, but five or ten feet from the shore, and are carried a mile or a mile and a half in small boats to a landing on the other side of the harbor—why, I do not know. I am told that on her first excursion the Prinzessin undertook to land her passengers in her own steam launch and lifeboats, but met with so much opposition from the local boatmen that she abandoned the attempt in the Mediterranean Sea, and left the local boatmen to carry the passengers to and from shore. I am glad of it. Their income must be poor and uncertain at the best; and it is worth the quarter of a dollar to be greeted by them with smiles and not with curses. Before leaving New York I had looked up Palermo and laid out a day's excursion. It perhaps confirms the practical wisdom of the selection for the day that I hit upon the same route which Cook's agent had laid out for his party; but the result was that we met them wherever we went. In our tour about the city we were half the time in the Cook procession; we came into the church or the palace to find them there, or they came in to find us there, as the case might be; in short, we were, in spite of ourselves, Cookies, as H—— irreverently calls them. On one or two occasions I had to explain to the doorkeepers as best I could—not knowing Italian—that I did not belong with them, and had my own separate fee to pay for our party. I may record here the fact that I have kept a careful cash account of the expenses of our shore excursions at Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Palermo, and find that we have had substantially what Cook has given to his parties, and have paid about ten per cent. less. Ten per cent. seems to me a small sum to pay Cook for taking off from one all the care and worry of a shore excursion—that is, from those to whom it is a care and worry.

I am sorry to have had only a day and a half at Palermo; I should like to stay here for a month. The busy harbor, full of small craft, the opportunities for boating, the environing hills—grass-covered to their summit where they are not absolutely precipitous; the curious life in the streets, with something at every turn to attract the eye—peasant costumes, pannier-laden donkeys, donkey-carts carrying six or eight passengers, with one small patient donkey tugging at the load, the attractive shops, the countrymen with their rural wares; the abundant flowers and fruits, especially the orange-trees laden with oranges rich in color, fragrant, appetizing; the soft climate, soft but not enervating; the warm, cool air (contradiction, but a harmony in reality) which caresses and at the same time invigorates; the excellent hotels, if I may judge from my experience last evening in one of them where we took dinner with a friend who is staying here; the many excursions in the vicinity from half a day to two or three days in extent, all combine to make Palermo seem like an ideal resting-place. The ride along the seashore, the public gardens, where the gardener was so taken with the Matron's interest in certain flowers that he made her up a bouquet and presented it to her; the Palazzo Reale, with its chapel, in beauty second only to

the Sainte Chapelle in Paris; the ruined cloisters overgrown with vines and wild flowers; the uninteresting cathedral—it is enough merely to catalogue these here; if I ever wish to recall them, Baedeker will do the rest. A funny experience at luncheon illustrated the disadvantage of not knowing the language of the country. When luncheon was over, I called for my bill. As the courteous waiter started off, B—— surmised from my extemporized French that he was really going for a glass of beer! But the waiter never smiled when the error was explained to him. I cannot say as much for the self-restraint of the others of our party.

The most interesting object in Palermo —was not in Palermo at all. It is the monastery and church at Monreale, a mountain or rather hill perhaps a thousand feet above the sea, and a few miles back from the harbor of Palermo. This monastery and church covers the summit of the hill, and round it clusters a poor little village, all of whose inhabitants, I should say, could be put into the church at any one service, and then twice as many more without overcrowding it. The most striking feature of this church is furnished by the mosaics, which afford a striking illustration of the incongruous literalism of Scripture interpretations which prevailed in the Middle Ages. These mosaics are intended to give to the worshipers scenes from both Old Testament and New Testament history. Here is Noah's carpenter sawing the boards for the ark with what is very like a modern saw; here Jacob's angels are seen descending a very short ladder—one wonders why they did not jump, they certainly would not have required their wings—while the Father looks down upon them and upon the sleeping Jacob through an open window. I suppose they are very beautiful; they are certainly very wonderful; but they are not at all credible. It is difficult for a radical Protestant like myself to get, and almost impossible for him to keep, the point of view of a mediæval Christian. Why was this church built here on this hill-top? Why did these monks gather in this monastery to do nothing all day long but say their prayers, walk in these cloisters, cultivate the fruits and flowers in this garden, which, I suppose, in those times few but themselves were permitted to see, and look off over those ramparts at the wonderful view—the ravine below inclosed by mountain walls tapestried with grass and flowers, the plain beyond rich with grass and fruits, still further the city, the murmur of whose ceaseless industry they could easily imagine if they could not hear, and yet beyond the city the sea with its boundless horizon and its treasures of infinite life—all these uniting to call them to come out from imprisonment and idleness to liberty and toil—the sea calling them to life and liberty, the city and the plain to profitable industry, the fruits and the flowers to the glad enjoyment of the good Father's gifts the mountains to the worship of God in the temple not made with hands. How could they look unmoved upon all this and go back to their bare cells and their vacant life and their routine of ritual? I suppose this is inexplicable to a Protestant, because Protestantism instinctively measures the instruments of religion by their capacity to benefit man, mediæval religion by their capacity to express reverence to God. The Puritans' church was a "meeting-house" constructed and employed for the instruction of an audience; the mediæval cathedral was a monument reared as a memorial to the Almighty. The motive of the former might have been *Ad beneficium humanitatis;* the motive of the latter was *Ad gloriam Dei.* The cathedral was no more built to benefit the worshipers who gathered under its roof than the monument in the cemetery is built for the benefit of the one whose body lies beneath it. This church was put on the hill where all might see the glorious monument which reverence had reared to God, and the monks offered their orisons as a tribute to their King. That the best way to render acceptable service to God is by rendering useful service to his children probably never entered their heads. Something such were the thoughts which came to me as I sat there in the church and afterward walked in the cloisters at Monreale. Perhaps we Puritans have reacted too far from the sacerdotalism of mediævalism and need to retrace our steps. Perhaps there is something in this monumental piety which we need to incorporate in our humanitarian religion. I must think more of this. L. A.

The Mosely Commission

A Study of American Workmen by British Workmen

By George Lynch

Special Correspondent of the London "Daily Express," Author of "The War of the Civilizations," "Impressions of a War Correspondent," etc.

THE tour of inquiry into industrial methods and conditions in the United States which has just been concluded by twenty-three of the members of Mr. Mosely's Commission has been very interesting. In England we had been feeling the effects of New World competition in many ways—tobacco and beef trust ways, tube ways, bridge-building ways, ocean ways; in every branch of commerce the competition of the United States was being felt. In the great world struggle for trade we are hard pressed, if we are not, as you say here, beaten back into second place, and a bad second at that. The facts were well worth ascertaining. The elephantine aid of a Parliamentary commission might be instinctively sought by Britishers, but the importance of the subject asked for something more practical, immediate, and businesslike. So thought Mr. Mosely as he paced the paths of his old-fashioned fruit and flower garden, one of the most beautiful in England, punctuating his walks by prodding with the point of his stick at his enemies the wasps, who were feeding on his luscious peaches and nectarines that embroidered with fruit-beads the sunny walls. He had made his money in diamond dealing in Kimberley—had made enough and had enough to spare for doing something in the world, when occasion should offer. He saw opportunity when war broke out in South Africa. He erected a hospital in Natal, equipped it, and presented it through Princess Christian to the British forces in the field. There are various opinions about these South African Uitlanders who have made their pile out of diamond or gold mines, but some of them, like Beit and Mosely, have commanded admiration by their philanthropic generosity. The Jews are not a fighting race; if they do not shed their blood, it is nice to see them shed their gold for the service of the country under whose flag they have made it. Mosely having made it under our flag, with the keen business instinct of his race, did his part in the commercial struggle as he did before in the blood-spilling struggle. He brought a hospital to the wounded in war—he now sends a commission to the strugglers in the commercial fight. There was a considerable amount of difficulty in deciding as to who would be the best to constitute the commission. He eventually settled on asking twenty-three secretaries of the leading trades-unions. There were many advantages about asking the secretaries of the unions. If a selection had to be made from among the ordinary members, there might have been a certain amount of invidious feeling among their fellows in the giving of them a free trip to America with all expenses paid for about three months. Then, on the return of the commission, the secretaries of the various unions are in a better position than any one else to impart the results, and communicate throughout their unions the conclusions they have arrived at.

I must say I was greatly struck, coming over on the steamer, with the broadmindedness of the members I traveled with. I was prepared to find them rather predisposed in favor of British methods and hidebound with insular prejudice, but, on the contrary, found them approaching the task before them with absolutely open minds. They seemed prepared to look at everything impartially, and prepared to learn all that was possible in the time. Mr. Mosely and the delegates made a circular tour, in which they were afforded every opportunity for visiting and inspecting some of the largest manufactories in the United States. Starting from New York, they visited the American Locomotive Works at Schenectady, the works of the General Electric Company, and the power-house at Niagara; they were the guests of the Industries Federation at Buffalo, saw the iron and steel works at Cleveland, the packing-houses in Chicago, the Carn-

Steel Works at Pittsburg, the Cramp Works and the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia, the Patent Office and the President at Washington. It may be thought surprising that the owners of these various works were willing to show them to this body of inquisitive strangers, yet in only one instance was permission refused to inspect a factory. If a similar body of Americans had gone on a like quest through Great Britain or the Continent, I don't think everything would have been thrown open to them as it was done here. It speaks volumes for the supreme confidence of the Americans in themselves that they took the attitude expressed by one of them to me in the words, "See all you like and welcome, and beat us if you can."

Each delegate had been supplied by Mr. Mosely with a list of questions to be answered, which form an excellent guide for their investigations. The delegates showed great diligence and industry at their task; they worked hard and compiled voluminous note-books recording their observations, and so much were the note-books in evidence that at one factory—the Carnegie Steel Works, I think it was—those who were conducting them around "kicked," and the note-books had to be shut up. The questions the delegates had to study were divided into: (*a*) Early training of the workers; (*b*) General condition of workers outside the factory; (*c*) Relations between employers and employed; (*d*) General questions which relate mainly to the working of the Civic Federation of the United States, and the desirability of establishing such an organization in England. Many of the questions are beset with difficulty, while the answers to others stand out with obvious clearness, and a month in the country would give the answer as well as a year. This applies to many of the questions under section (*b*); for instance, take question 32: "Is the American workingman more sober than the British?" Without going into the question of actual sobriety, it is unquestionably clear that the American drinks less than the British workman. In some factories visited by delegates in the course of their circular tour, beer or spirits are absolutely forbidden up to the conclusion of working hours; where that rule is not put in force, men very seldom drink beer at their midday meal. Coffee is the usual beverage. Then I have spoken to numbers of employers on the subject of men being late at work on Monday mornings, as is so much the case in towns like Northampton, England, where there is practically no work done on Mondays, and even on Tuesday morning the men do not appear to have recovered from the effects of the holiday. Such a thing would not be tolerated in the States; the regulations appear everywhere the same—a strict record is kept, wages are docked if men are late, but that does not mean that they are allowed to make a practice of coming late. This is not tolerated. A repetition of these offenses and dismissal follows. "We won't keep men who drink or who come late as the result of it—that's all there is to it," were the words of one of them. When we come to look at statistics, we find that what has been impressed and borne in on us so forcibly by what must necessarily be rather cursory observation is borne out by figures. The British workman drinks just twice as much as the American. Per head of the population the consumption is as follows:

	United Kingdom. English Gallons.	United States. English Gallons.
Beer	30.60	12.60
Spirits	1.00	.93.
Wine	.39	.28
Absolute Alcohol	2.08	1.00

I have taken the alcoholic strength of wine at 15 for both countries, and the strength of beer at 4 for the United States and 5 for the United Kingdom. Represented in money, we spend annually more on drink than in the United States—£58,500,000 more on beer alone.

"I guess you put a brake on your progress with your beer," was a remark I heard the other day. Several large employers I spoke to were emphatic in their opinion that beer was bad to work on. They think that it is heavy and acts as a sedative; dulls rather than stimulates. One would think that to the bracing air of this country it would be even more suitable than in England. One often speculates whether a sedative would not be of advantage to some of these feverish workers, especially in New York, this "City of Unrest." Whatever difference of opinion there may be regarding answers to some of the other questions, there can be none to this, as to whether the American or

British workman drinks the most. We are not concerned here with what might be done with the sixty-six millions if we were to reduce our drink bill to that of the Americans, which would enable us, for instance, to establish a fund for old-age pensions, together with paying off the national debt in about eighteen years; but in the comparison of the working power of these two competitors we are concerned in considering whether the one, as the American put it, is not handicapping himself, or putting a brake on his progress, with this load of beer.

One of the points on which the delegates of the Mosely Commission are unanimous is as to the advisability of our having an organization established in England similar to the Civic Federation, and they will recommend the various unions they represent to take steps to carry out that object. There are few of the other forty-one questions set for them to answer on which they will all agree; there are some that it will be almost impossible to answer. "Is it true that the average life of the American workman is shorter than that of the English workman?" Connected with this question there are others, as to whether the American does a larger amount of work in early manhood, but deteriorates young, thus shortening his working years, and is thrown out of work at an early age. To get at the facts regarding the average life of the workman here, I consulted some of the actuaries of the leading life insurance offices, among others Mr. Emory McClintock, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. He very kindly placed all the available figures at my disposal, but admitted that there were none which would exactly answer my question. An investigation is now being made by a number of insurance offices acting together, in which the various trades and occupations are being classified, but the results will not be totaled up until next June. If this were published, it would be a help to answering the question accurately, but at present a final answer is not obtainable. The opinion of an authority such as Mr. McClintock should carry weight, however. He is clearly and emphatically of opinion that the average American workman lives longer than the English, and in this he was supported by the others I spoke to on the subject. Similarly accurate or conclusive answers can hardly be obtained on the other questions as to whether the American is thrown out of employment at an earlier age. There is perhaps even a still greater objection on the part of American employers to take on men advanced in years than there is in England.

At the same time observant visitors here, not excluding these Mosely delegates, fail to recognize the fact that many of the men engaged in arduous employments after a few years take up other employments less arduous. The puddlers of Pittsburg, for instance, never remain long at their very highly paid but extremely severe work. After from three to five years of it they go off with their savings to a more easy occupation, and thus the impression is given that the men get superannuated at an early period. From the lowest to the highest, men change their occupations with more facility here than in England. The workingmen who strain their vitality to the utmost at high pressure at highly paid employments frequently retire to the cultivation of a small farm, or to occupations in which their acquired skill is applied to making some labor-saving machine do the hard work for them. How often during this pilgrimage have I heard the delegates say that the men do not really work harder here than in England! Here they are often human attachments to machines; they press the button, the machine does the rest; they have just to see that the well-lubricated machine does the work smoothly, without stop or blunder or hitch. In many cases, instead of being the human handle of the machine, they would in England have been the working parts; the wear and tear would have come more directly on their muscles and nerves.

There was a considerable amount of difference of opinion among the delegates of the various unions as to the amount that was to be learned in America in their respective trades. The men connected with ship-building saw nothing to learn here, and went away satisfied with the superiority of the English ship-building yards. The representative of the bricklayers said that the American bricklayer laid more bricks in a given time, but that the American style of work would not be tolerated in England. The walls are so thin

that they would be condemned as unsafe in England, and the bricks are laid parallel to each other with mortar between instead of being locked together as in England. British architects insist that they must overlap in every layer. The flimsier work of the American naturally does not take as much time. English employers could not expect us, it was pointed out, to get an equal amount done when the work was much more complicated. The payment in the two countries worked out on the average to show that the American got as much for two and a half days' work as the British for a week. The representatives of several other trades, however, were greatly struck with what they saw, notably with the appliances here in the way of labor-saving machines. "We have no machine like that; we do that by hand," were remarks one often heard when going around with them. In this country, where so many factories are of recent erection, it is not surprising that they should be filled with new machinery, but there were interesting scrap-heaps to be shown in many that the delegates visited which proved how quick the American manufacturer is to throw out anything that has been improved upon. The English manufacturer is much slower to move in this respect, and he is inclined to hold on to an antiquated machine as long as he can get any work out of it. There were some conclusions arrived at incidentally by the delegates, on which they formed very definite opinions, although they did not exactly come within the scope of the Commission. The representative of the plasterers, who is a member of the London County Council, thinks that England has nothing to learn from the States in the way of civic government. They all thought the telephone service of the large cities admirable in comparison to that in England, but formed a different opinion of the postal service, one of them experimenting by timing the delivery of letters which he posted in New York to himself, with results that showed the service in London to be immensely superior.

Taking in the whole situation, seeing what one can of the workmen at work, talking to these visiting workmen who are experts in their various trades, just a few great conclusions force themselves home on the mind through a throng of conflicting detail. The workman is very much the same man on either side of the Atlantic. His environment is what alters, stimulates, or retards his potentiality. There was a strange story told me the other day to the effect that the Westinghouse Company brought over a large number of American workmen to the factory they had opened in England, and that, after a short time, they found that the work of their imported men could be beaten by men taken from the neighborhood of the works; that the Englishman on his own ground, in fact, beat the imported American. These facts, told me as they were by Americans, appear to me very significant, but fall in with some of the conclusions that strike home as the lessons of this Commission. We do not take sufficient account of many factors in this great problem. First of all, the climate. Look at the quickening effect of this bracing atmosphere on the more lethargic peoples. Jules Verne wrote a book, "Dr. Ox's Experiment," I think it was called, which describes the galvanizing effect on a lazy German town of supplying oxygen through pipes to the inhabitants. After passing the statue of Liberty and landing at the Battery, every immigrant must experience something of the sort. A great stimulating, vivifying, energizing quality is in the air of the country. One need not drink champagne here—one breathes it. Look at the effect on the Irish or Italian immigrant. The population of Ireland is exceeded here in the numbers of Irishmen, and Irishmen have accomplished immensely more here than on the other side, while the lazy Italian develops into a plodding, strenuous worker that Italy never knew. The essence of democracy he breathes also, and the workman of to-day may be the employer of to-morrow. The employers are more accessible to their employees—there is less of a dividing margin. Question 19 of the delegates' catechism is, "Are there greater opportunities for the workingman to rise in America than in England?" "Ten thousand times more," was the enthusiastic answer of one who in his progress from having been an immigrant workman to being a millionaire can speak from the personal knowledge of personal experience. When, in considering the environment of the workers, we

come to consider the standard of their comfort in either country, I unhesitatingly say it is higher here—higher because it is more civilized. The well-paid British workman probably has more good beef to eat, more good beer to drink, but there is a smaller percentage of baths in his house, and the American workman has a larger supply of literature in the form of cheap books, magazines, papers, etc., or, if it may be said that the English workman has an equal supply, the American is unquestionably the larger consumer of it. The various co-operative methods by which the American workmen get at their amusements are interesting; they club together for lectures, concerts, theaters, excursions, etc. Their versatility and quick-moving adaptability for going from one employment to another more easily than in old countries are remarkable, but have also their drawbacks. Their very independence has its penalty. It is too much to say that America has lost the idea of the family home as it is known in England, but is not the tendency in that direction?

This all seems drifting away from the Mosely Commission; but I think it is not. The great lessons of the quest will be found to be learned, not from any special panacea that touches the spot in a detail of piece-work or time-work, but in the great conditions naturally upspringing from, on the one side, men working on the surface of a virgin continent across whose breast "Fecundity" is writ large with fullest meaning. On the other, the progeny of generations of workers toil in a confined area under conditions that have become almost inherited. There is a good deal of brag and boast and surface-show of energy on the one side, on the other appearances of being hidebound by labor traditions and conditions. I doubt if the average workman works one bit harder in the new country than in the old. Expeditions like this commission cannot but work for good. Nations and continents cannot be brought too closely in conference, like the other day when representatives of the biggest industries of America and England debated all the afternoon about an eight-hour day. An eight-hour day for the workers of the world there is a flag-pole for the unions to rally to. The world has become too small a place for anything less effectual than world conferences. Ten hours in Germany, eight hours in Britain, is anomalous. The capitalists have here their Morgan. Who is to be the Pierpont Morgan of the Labor Trust of the world? The delegates will each bring back to his trade a number of detail suggestions and a mass of information; but the general verdict will not be in pointing out any great superiority in favor of America. They have been much impressed with the high pitch to which both capital and labor have been organized here. The lesson to be learned from this might naturally make for conflict in hard-fought strikes; but they have recognized in the Civic Federation an organization that could bring arbitration to bear on and to avert such conflicts.

If We but Knew

By Clarence Hawkes

If we but knew the secret of that power
That opes the bud in early days of spring,
If we but knew what makes the robin sing
His wondrous song just at the matin hour,
If we but knew the priceless boon and dower
Of human life when man is truly king,
If we but understood the little thing
That vexes us just at the present hour,
If we but knew—ah, well, 'tis vain to sigh
And speculate on things beyond our ken!
We know that earth is fair and life is sweet,
And something tells us that we cannot die,
And if we live and love the good, ah! then
We face to face with truth some day must meet.

James Bryce[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Story of Gladstone's Life," etc.

JAMES BRYCE is universally recognized as one of the intellectual forces in the British House of Commons. When he rises to make a speech, every one listens with the deepest interest, feeling sure that some ideas and some instruction are sure to come which no political party in the House can well afford to lose. Some men in the House of Commons have been orators and nothing else; some have been orators and instructors as well; some have been Parliamentary debaters more or less capable; and a good many have been bores. In every generation there have been a few who are especially regarded as illuminating forces. The House does not think of measuring their influence by any estimate of their greater or less capacity for mere eloquence of expression. It values them because of the lessons which they teach. To this small order of members James Bryce undoubtedly belongs. Now, I do not mean to convey the idea that such men as these are not usually endowed with the gift of eloquent utterance, or that they cannot deliver speeches which would entitle them to a high rank among Parliamentary debaters, no matter what the import of the speeches might be. My object is to describe a certain class of men whose Parliamentary deliverances are valued by members in general without any special regard for their form, but only with regard to their substance, for the thoughts which they utter and not for the manner of the utterance. James Bryce would be considered an effective and even a commanding speaker in any public assembly, but nevertheless, when the House of Commons and the public think of his speeches, these are thought of mainly for the truths they tell and the lessons they convey, and not for any quality of mere eloquence which adorns the exposition. In a certain sense James Bryce might be described as belonging to that Parliamentary order in the front of which John Morley stands just now; but of course John Morley has thus far had more administrative experience than James Bryce, and has taken a more distinct place as a Parliamentary and popular leader. Of both men, however, I should be inclined to say that their public speeches lose something of the praise fairly due to them as mere displays of eloquence, because of the importance we all attach to their intellectual and educational influence.

I may say also that James Bryce is not first and above all other things a public man and a politician. He does not seem to have thought of a Parliamentary career until after he had won for himself a high and commanding position as a writer of history. Bryce is by birth an Irishman and belongs to that northern province of Ireland which is peopled to a large extent by Scottish immigrants. We are all rather too apt to think of this Ulster province as essentially un-Irish, or even anti-Irish, in tone and feeling, although some of the most extreme among Irish Nationalists, men like John Mitchell for instance, were born and brought up in Ulster, and in more recent days some conspicuous Home Rulers have sat in the House of Commons as representatives of Ulster constituencies. James Bryce has always been an Irish Nationalist since he came into public life, and has shown himself, whether in or out of political office, a steady and consistent supporter of the demand for Irish Home Rule. Indeed, I should be well inclined to believe that a desire to render some personal service in promoting the just claims of Ireland for a better system of government must have had much influence over Bryce's decision to accept a seat in the House of Commons.

Bryce began his education in the University of Glasgow, from which he passed

[1] This forms the sixth of a series of articles on living British statesmen. The first, on Mr. Balfour, was printed in The Outlook for August 16; the second, on Lord Salisbury, in The Outlook for September 6; the third, on John Morley, in The Outlook for October 4; the fourth, on Henry Labouchere, in The Outlook for October 18; the fifth, on Lord Aberdeen, in The Outlook for November 1, 1902. Other subjects of articles will be Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir William Harcourt, John Redmond, John Burns.

on to Oxford, where he won many honors and has left the memory of a most successful career, not merely as student, but also as professor. He studied for a while at Heidelberg, where he cultivated to the full his previously acquired knowledge of German; and I have heard in later years on good authority that while Bryce was a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government he became a great favorite with Queen Victoria because of his capacity for fluent speech in the language which the late Queen loved especially to hear. Before he turned his attention to active political life Bryce studied for the bar, became a member of the profession, and actually practiced in the Law Courts for some years. Thus far, however, he had hardly given indication of the gifts which were destined to secure for him a high and enduring place in English literature. Thus far his life may be regarded as that of a student and a scholar; he had yet to give to the world the fruits of his scholarship. James Bryce is probably above all things a scholar. He is, I may venture to say, the most scholarly man in the House of Commons. I doubt whether there is in England so widely read a man in all departments of literature, art, and science as Bryce, now that Lord Acton has been removed from us by death. Long before his entrance into Parliamentary life Bryce had obtained the highest distinction as a writer of history. It is not too much to say that his great historical work, "The Holy Roman Empire," is destined to be an English classic and a book for all countries and all times. The author could hardly add to the reputation which he won by this masterpiece of historical study, insight, and labor, but it is only mere justice to say that every work of importance which he afterwards gave to the world has maintained his position in literature. His turn of mind has been always that which distinguishes the practical student—the student of realities, not the visionary or the dreamer, the man who, according to Goethe's phrase, is occupied more by the physical than by the metaphysical. In 1877 he published a narrative of his travels in Transcaucasia, with an account of his ascent of Mount Ararat. I believe no other traveler has ever accomplished such a practical study of Mount Ararat as that which was made by Mr. Bryce, and during a part of his explorings he was absolutely alone, as he could not prevail upon the guides belonging to that region to overcome their superstitious dread of an intrusion on certain parts of the mountain. He was always fond of travel and was able to bring some fresh ideas out of places long familiar to tourists, and he gave to the world in English periodicals the results of his experiences as a traveler. His descriptions of Icelandic scenery and of some rarely visited regions of Hungary and of Poland have a genuine literary as well as a genuine geographical value.

His most important work, after his great history of the Holy Roman Empire, is undoubtedly his book on "The American Commonwealth," published in 1888. This work has been read as generally and studied as closely on the one side of the Atlantic as on the other. I have heard it spoken of with as thorough appreciation in New York, Boston, and Washington as in London, Manchester, and Liverpool. Many years have passed since an eminent English public man, not now living, once expressed to me an earnest wish that some European writer would take up the story of the great American Commonwealth just where De Tocqueville left it in his "De la Démocratie en Amérique." I joined cordially in his ideas and his wishes, and we discussed the qualifications of certain Englishmen for the task if any of them could see his way to undertake it, but neither of us seemed to be quite satisfied that we had named the right man for the work. At the time it did not occur to either of us that the historian of "The Holy Roman Empire" would be likely to turn his attention to the story of the American Commonwealth. Indeed, the two studies seemed to me so entirely different and uncongenial that if the name of James Bryce had been suggested to me at the time I should probably have put it aside without much hesitation. One could hardly have looked for so much versatility even in Mr. Bryce as to favor the expectation that he could accomplish, with something like equal success, two historical works dealing with such totally different subjects and requiring such different methods of analysis and contemplation.

More lately still Mr. Bryce brought out

his "Impressions of South Africa." This book was published in 1897, and the time of its publication was most appropriate. It appeared when the prospects of a war with the Transvaal Republic were opening gloomily for the lovers of peace and fair dealing in England. If Mr. Bryce's impressions of South Africa could only have been appreciated, and allowed to have their just influence with the leaders of the Conservative party at that critical time, England might have been saved from a long and futile war, and from much serious discredit in the general opinion of the civilized world. But if Bryce had spoken with the tongue of an angel, he could not at such a time have prevailed against the rising passion of Jingoism and the overmastering influence of mining speculators. It is only right to say that the book was in no sense a mere distended political pamphlet. It was not meant as a counterblast to Jingoism, or as a glorification of the Boer Republic. It was a fair and temperate statement of the author's observations in South Africa, and of the general conclusions to which his experience and his study had brought him. Bryce pointed out with perfect frankness the defects and dangers which he saw in the Boer system of government, and even the most ferocious Jingo could hardly have felt justified in describing the author by that most terrible epithet, a "pro-Boer." The warning which Bryce gave, and gave in vain, to the English Government and the English majority, was a warning against the credulous acceptation of one-sided testimony, against the fond belief that the proclamation of Imperialism carried with it the right to intervene in the affairs of every foreign State, and against the theory that troops and gold-mines warrant any enterprise.

The Parliamentary career of James Bryce began in 1880, when he was elected as Liberal representative for a London constituency. He did great work in the cause of national education, and took an important part in two State commissions appointed to conduct inquiries into the working of the public schools. At a later period he was chosen to represent a Scottish constituency, and when Mr. Gladstone came into power as the head of a government he received the important office of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. At that time his chief, the Secretary f Foreign Affairs, was a member of tl House of Lords, and therefore the who work of representing the department the House of Commons, where alone ar important debates on foreign questions a conducted, fell on Mr. Bryce, who had tl entire conduct of such discussions on beha of the administration. The department w one which gave an effective opportuni for the display of Bryce's intimate know edge of foreign countries, and he acquitte himself with all the success which migl have been expected from one of his inte lect, his experience, and his enlightene views. Later still he became Chancello of the Duchy of Lancaster, and for th first time had a seat in the Cabinet. Th Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaste is one of a small order of English admin istrative offices which have comparativel unimportant duties attached to their specia administration, and leave the man in pos session ample time to lend his assistance both in the Cabinet and in the House o Commons, to all the great public question which occupy the attention of the Govern ment. In 1894 he became President o the Board of Trade, one of the most im portant positions in any administration. Bryce's official career came to a close for the present when the Liberal party lost their majority in the representative chamber, and the Conservatives got into power and secured the administrative position which they are holding at the present day. Nothing can be more certain than that the first really Liberal administration which is again formed will assign to Mr. Bryce one of the highest places in its Cabinet and in its work. Since he has come to sit on the benches of opposition he has taken part in many great debates, and is always listened to with the most profound attention. He is one of the few leaders of the Liberal party who were manful and outspoken in their opposition to the policy which originated and carried on the late South African war. He has taken a conspicuous part in every debate upon subjects of foreign policy, of national education, and of political advancement. He has never acted as a mere partisan, and his intervention in debate is all the more influential as it is well understood that he advocates a policy because he believes it to be right and not because of

any effect it may have in bringing himself and his Liberal colleagues back again into power.

I have often noticed the effect which is produced in the libraries and committee-rooms, in the rooms assigned to those who dine and to those who smoke, when the news is passed round that Mr. Bryce is on his feet. A member who is reading up some subject in the library, or writing his letters in one of the lobbies, or enjoying himself in a dining-hall or a smoking-room, is not likely to hurry away from his occupation or his enjoyment in order to rush into the debating chamber merely because he is told that some leading member of the Government or the Opposition has just begun to address the House. The man who is addressing an audience in the debating chamber may hold an important office in the Government or may have an important place on the Front Bench of Opposition, but then he may be a personage who feels bound to take part in a debate merely because of the position which he holds, and every one knows in advance what views he is certain to advocate and what line of argument he is likely to adopt, and our reading or dining or smoking friend may not think that there is any pressing necessity for his presence as a listener in the House. But there are some leading men on both sides of Mr. Speaker who are always sure to have something to say which everybody wants to hear, and Mr. Bryce is unquestionably one of that happily endowed order. When the word goes round that Bryce is up, everybody knows that something will be said on which he cannot exactly calculate beforehand, something which it is important that he should listen to, and there is forthwith a rush of members into the debating chamber. There can hardly be a higher tribute to a man's importance as a debater than the fact that his rising to address the House creates such an effect, and I have seen it created again and again whenever the news went round that "Bryce is on his legs." I have many a time heard Conservative members murmur, in tones not altogether expressing absolute satisfaction at the disturbing information, "Bryce is up—I must go in and hear what he has to say." The tribute is all the higher in this case because Bryce is not one of the showy and fascinating debaters whom everybody wants to listen to for the mere eloquence and fascination of their oratorical displays. Everybody knows that when he speaks it is because he has something to say which ought to be spoken and therefore ought to be heard. It is known that Bryce will not make a speech merely because he thinks the time has come when some leader of Opposition ought to take part in the debate, if only to show that the Opposition is attending to its business.

This command over the House Bryce has always held since he became one of its members, and no man can hold a more desirable and a more honorable position. It is all the more to his credit because he does not aim at mere originality and never makes it a part of his ambition to say something astonishing and thus to excite and delight the mere curiosity of his audience. There have been and still are many members of the House who have made a reputation of this kind and are therefore always sure to command a full attendance merely because everybody expects that when they rise to their feet they are sure to make the House "sit up," if I may use this somewhat colloquial, not to say vulgar, phrase. Take such a man, for instance, as the late John Arthur Roebuck, a man of great intellect, master of a peculiar style of eloquence, who made himself only too often a splendid specimen of what might be called in American phraseology "a crank." All that could be said with certainty beforehand of Roebuck was that whenever he rose to speak he would say something calculated to startle or to puzzle the House. There are men of the same order, if not perhaps of quite the same debating qualifications, in the House at present—men who always draw a rush of members when they rise to speak because nobody can tell in advance what side they are likely to advocate or what sort of bewildering paradox they may set up and make up interesting if not convincing by the force of their peculiar style of eloquence. Bryce is emphatically not a man of this order. He is no lover of paradox; he has no desire to create a sensation; he merely wants to impress the House with what he believes to be the truth, and his great quality is that of

beacon and not of a flashlight. His arguments appeal to the intellect and the reasoning power; he speaks of what he knows; he has large resources of thought, experience, and observation to draw upon, and the listeners feel convinced beforehand that he will tell them something which they did not know already, or will put his case in some new and striking light.

The House of Commons well knows that it would lose one of its most valuable instructors if Bryce were no longer to occupy a place on its benches or were to condemn himself to habitual inactivity and silence. When the Conservative Government under Lord Salisbury came into power, and more especially after the late general election which brought them back with added strength, many of the Liberal leaders seemed to have grown weary of the political struggle. Something worse than mere apathy appeared to have set in, something more than mere despondency and disheartenment. Men on whom the Liberals of England had long been wont to rely suddenly showed an apparent loss of faith in all the proclaimed principles of the party, and either relapsed into utter silence or spoke in language which suggested an inclination to cross over to the enemy's camp. The two principal impulses to this mood of mind were the South African war and the Irish Home Rule question. The majority in the constituencies had become inflamed with the spirit of Jingoism, and could think of nothing but the war and the Imperial glory of annexing new territory. Feeble-hearted and weak-kneed Liberals began to think that the party could never hope for a return to power unless it too could blow the Imperial trumpet. Other Liberals made it manifest that they were becoming alarmed by the unpopularity of the Home Rule question, and were repenting the enthusiasm which had carried them too far along the path marked out by the genius and the patriotic resolve of Gladstone. A species of dry-rot appeared to have broken out in Liberalism. Before long a new section of Liberalism was formed, the principle of which appeared to be that its members should call themselves Imperial Liberals, and at the same time should support the Tories on the only important questions then under discussion—the policy of the South African campaign and the Irish National clai for Home Rule. Some of the men wl had held high office when Gladstone w in power, who had made themselves co spicuous by the ardor and the eloquen with which they supported his policy peace abroad and justice to Ireland, no openly avowed their renunciation of h great principles. There were others amor the foremost Liberals in the House Commons who, if they did not thus open take the renegade part, kept themselv quietly out of the active political field an allowed the movement of reaction to g on without a word of protest. Three least among the Liberal leaders took very different course. Three of them, least, not merely nailed their colors to th mast, but stood resolutely in fighting att tude beneath the colors and proved them selves determined to maintain the struggl These three men were Sir Henry Camp bell-Bannerman, John Morley, and Jame Bryce. There were others, too, it mus be said, who stood up manfully with thes three in defense of that losing cause o Liberalism which they could never b brought to regard as a lost cause. Bu the dauntless three whom I have jus mentioned were the most prominent an the most influential who went forth agains that great array of Toryism and Jingoism Bryce was in his place as regularly a ever during the whole of that depressing time, and he never failed to raise his voice when the occasion demanded his intervention on behalf of the true princi ples and practices of Liberalism. During that long, dreary, and disheartening sea son when despondent men were often disposed to ask whether there was any longer a Liberal party, Bryce made some of the ablest speeches he has ever delivered in arraignment of the Jingo policy, of the War Office maladministration, and the rule of renewed coercion in Ireland. The Liberal cause in England owes a debt that never can be forgotten to the three men whom I have named, for their un-flinching resolve and activity in the House of Commons; and of the three none did better service than that which was rendered by James Bryce.

Bryce has, in face and form, the characteristics of a stalwart fighter. His forehead is high and broad, with strongly marked eyebrows, straightly drawn over

deep and penetrating eyes. The features are all finely modeled, the nose is straight and statuesque, the hair is becoming somewhat thinner and more gray than it was when I first knew Mr. Bryce, but the mustache and beard, although they too show some fading of color, are still thick and strong as in that past day. The face does not look Irish; its expression is perhaps somewhat too sedate and resolute; but, on the other hand, it does not seem quite Scotch, for there is at moments a suggestion of dreaminess about it which we do not usually associate with the shrewd North Briton. Bryce is a man of the most genial temperament, thoroughly companionable, and capable of enjoying every influence that helps to brighten existence. Always a student of books and of men, he is never a recluse, and I do not know of any one who seems to get more out of life than does this philosophic historian. Bryce's London home is noted for its hospitality, and his dinner parties and evening parties give much delight to his large circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Bryce are not lion-hunters, and do not rate their friends according to the degree of celebrity which each may have obtained. But they have no need to engage in a hunt after lions, for the celebrities seek them out as a matter of course, and I know of no London house where one is more certain to meet distinguished men and women from all parts of the civilized world. Bryce's travels have made him acquainted with interesting and eminent persons everywhere, and an admission to his circle is naturally sought by strangers who visit London. Representatives of literature, science, and art, of scholarly research, of political movement, and of traveled experience are sure to be met with in the home of the Bryces. I had the good fortune to meet there, for the first time, many distinguished men and women whose acquaintance it was a high and memorable privilege to make. Among Bryce's especial recreations is mountain-climbing, and he was at one time President of the Alpine Club. He can converse upon all subjects, can give to every topic some illustration from his own ideas and his own experiences, and the intelligent listener always finds that he carries away something new and worthy of remembrance from any talk with him. Although his strong opinions and his earnest desire to maintain what he believes to be the right side of every great controversy have naturally brought him into frequent antagonism with the representatives of many an important cause, I do not know of any public man who has made fewer enemies or is more generally spoken of with respect and admiration. A man must have very high conceit indeed of his own knowledge and his own judgment who does not feel that he has a great deal to learn from conversation with a master of so many subjects. Yet Bryce never oppresses a listener, as some intellectual leaders are apt to do, with a sense of the listener's inferiority, and the least gifted among us is encouraged to express himself with frankness and freedom while discoursing with Bryce on any question which happens to come up. I think that among his many remarkable qualities is that sincere belief which was characteristic of Mr. Gladstone, and for which Gladstone did not always get due credit—the belief that every man, however moderate his intellectual qualifications, has something to tell which the wisest would be the better for knowing. We must all of us have met scholars and thinkers and political leaders whose inborn sense of their own capacity had an overbearing and even oppressive effect on the ordinary mortal, and made him shy of expressing himself fully lest he should only be displaying his ineptitude or his ignorance in such a presence. But there is nothing of this to be observed in the genial ways of James Bryce, and the listener finds himself unconsciously brought for the time to the level of the master and emboldened to give free utterance to his own ideas and opinions.

Bryce has been made a member of most of the great intellectual and educational institutions of the world, has held degrees and honors of various kinds from the universities of Europe and the United States, and could hardly travel anywhere abroad or at home without finding himself in recognized association with some school of learning in every place where he makes a stay. The freemasonry of intellect and education all over the world gives him rank among its members, and receives him with a welcome recognition wherever he goes. I presume that in the political sphere of action he is henceforward likely

to find his congenial career, but he must always have the knowledge that, if for any reason he should give up his political occupation, he can at any moment return to some pursuit in which he has already won an established fame. There are not many political leaders of our time about whom the same could fairly be said. For myself I may frankly say that I hope James Bryce will henceforward devote himself especially to that political career in which he has accomplished such great things. English public life cannot well afford to lose his services just now and for some time to come. A man who can bring to political work such resources of thought and of experience, who can look beneath the surface and above the mere phrases and catchwords of political parties, who can see that Liberalism in its true sense must mean progress, and who can at the same time see clearly for himself what progress really means, and in what direction and by what methods it is to be made—such a man could ill be spared by the Liberalism of our generation. The historical work he has already done is, in its way, complete and imperishable. But the Liberal party has yet to recover its place and to regain the leadership of England's political life. Every effort which the Conservatives in office have lately been making to hold their full mastery over the country has only shown more and more clearly that they have not kept up with the movements of thought and are not able to understand the true requirements of the time. On the other hand, the limp and shattered condition of the existing Liberal party only shows the absolute necessity for the recognized leadership of men who understand the difference between the work of guiding the country and the ignoble function of competing for power by imitation and by compromise. In the new effort now so sorely needed to create once more a true Liberal party, the country requires, above all things else, the constant service of such men as James Bryce.

The Young Finlander and the National Spirit

By H. Montague Donner

EVENTS have moved with a swift pace indeed since the writing of my article published in The Outlook of September 20, 1902, and the last gleam of hope that feebly irradiated the murky skies of oppression hanging over Finland has now faded away, leaving the inhabitants of that unhappy land gazing in consternation at the dark horizon where national obliteration begins.

Now that the mask has been definitely dropped from the Russian designs and active persecution ushered in with the issue of the famous—and infamous—ukases of October 2, the paramount care of the Finnish people is no longer to appeal, but to act; no longer to entreat, but to resist; and from the generation but recently out of its teens must the larger works of salvation come.

Hence it becomes incumbent upon us to understand something of the status of parties and the workings of public opinion in Finland, and more particularly to familiarize ourselves, if possible, with the plan of action of the generation of young Finlanders on whom the problem of the future weighs most immediately and heavily.

From the time when the Swedish Helsings first established themselves through right of conquest on Finnish soil, and more markedly since the beginning of Muscovite domination, there has existed in Finland a dual racial problem, which, at all times difficult of solution, has not infrequently been marked by an access of bitterness on the part of the factions concerned that has invariably proved a source of weakness by which the wily Russian has seldom failed to profit when occasion invited. The language question it was that long divided Finland, to its undoubted injury, into the rival camps of the Svekomans and Fennomans.

As the names indicate, the Svekomans

comprised the inhabitants of Swedish extraction, inhabiting the western, southwestern, and part of the southern coast line to a distance of about eighteen miles inland, and speaking as their mother tongue the language of their neighbors across the Gulf of Bothnia, and imbued with the traditions of Swedish social, political, and literary supremacy; while under the banners of the Fennoman faction were gathered the people of pure Finnic stock, whose aim was the triumph of the Finnish idiom, not merely as the dominant factor in the domains of society and government, but also as the proper expression of the national spirit.

It was but natural that the majority of the governmental body and the official class as a whole should belong to the Svekoman party, and just as natural that the guns of the Fennomans should be trained upon them with most pertinacity and determination. It was also only in the order of things—according to decree of nature, let us even admit—that the Fennomanic ideal, especially since the discovery of the Kalevala, of a young and vigorous people, distinctively Finnish in character and tongue, ready to take its place in the ranks of nations by the side of the recently emancipated Rumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, should have steadily continued to gain adherents among the rising generation, irrespective of party affiliations. Thanks largely to the more or less active interference of Russian diplomacy—whose peculiar forte it has always been, constantly is, and ever will be to foment discord and create disunion in the ranks of its present or prospective victims, and which saw in the weakening of the hitherto superior political power the most favorable opportunity for hastening the accomplishment of its own nefarious designs on the autonomy of Finland itself—the Fennomans succeeded, as the struggle went on, in gaining material advantages over their Svekoman rivals. The Finnish language came to be recognized as on an equal footing with Swedish as the official tongue, and an ever-increasing proportion of important government posts fell to the share of the party.

The present crisis, affecting as it does the very life of the Finnish nation, has, however, revolutionized the old standing of parties, and we hear little nowadays of Svekoman and Fennoman hostility. In the face of the threatened extinction of the national life, the Svekomans, guided by the wise counsels of Van Born, Wrede, Schybergson, Axel Lille, former editor of the suppressed "Nya Pressen," and V. Söderhjelm, have abandoned their uncompromising attitude on the questions of language and franchise reform, to devote all their energies to the defense of the common fatherland, while the Fennoman party has split into two irreconcilable halves, the Old Finns and the Young Finns. The last-named faction, under the leadership of ex-Consul Wolff (whose speech at St. Petersburg on behalf of Finland on the occasion of the first monster petition to the Czar in 1899 made such a profound impression in Europe), Castrèn, the writer Aho, the poet Erkko, and Professor Otto Donner, have thrown to the winds the old differences with their Swedish-speaking fellow-countrymen, with the result that the two have coalesced under the title of the Constitutional party, which proclaims as its one great object the retention of the autonomous government of Finland, and has come to represent the sentiment of the nation at large, with whom the Senate and the Old Finns have fallen into complete disfavor.

The policy of this latter party, sacrificing everything, from the time of the first manifesto of February, 1899, to the fetich of party aggrandizement, has been one of consistent abandonment of all opposition to the autocratic will of the Russian Government, of abject surrender at each successive attack of the cohorts of bureaucracy; and in this attitude of self-effacement, ardently advocated in its semi-official organ "Uusi Suometar," it has had the guidance of three men of signal ability and far-reaching influence, Archbishop Johansson of Abo, and former Senators Yrjö-Koskinen and J. R. Danielson, the latter an eminent jurist and political writer, and in earlier days one of the stanchest upholders of Finnish autonomy and opponents of Russian aggression. Yrjö-Koskinen is in some respects the foremost figure in the Grand Duchy—a man of great mental alertness, abounding energy, and a personal influence that once seemed little short of hypnotic. But that this strange power of his is at last deserting him in some measure is shown by the

fact that many of his former adherents have lately left him, among them Tudéer, formerly Vice-President of the Senate, and hitherto one of the most faithful dancers to Koskinen's piping, while A. Meurman, a communal councilor and one of the most influential of the faction, shows signs of kicking over the traces and transferring his allegiance to the Constitutional party.

The specious plea of the Old Fennoman party has been that, by due and "loyal" submission to the will of their monarch, the Finnish people would retain the Czar's good will and at the same time build a bridge over the present chasm of misunderstanding upon which the autocrat and his Finnish subjects may meet at some future day of enlightenment and perfect a compact whereby an equal measure of justice to both Finland and Russia shall be insured. Surely it is small matter for wonder, in view of the latest manifestations of the Russian Government's hatred of Finnish institutions, its indifference to past promises and pledges, and its contemptuous flouting of its servile instrument, the "reorganized" Finnish Senate, and the reduction of that body to an innocuous "advisory" capacity, that the more self-respecting among Yrjö-Koskinen's followers should have commenced to blush for their weakness, and that the Old Fennoman faction should now show, in spite of frantic efforts to disguise its real condition, unmistakable signs of approaching disintegration.

Among a people so imbued with the spirit of liberty as the Finns, the doctrine of blind obedience to the behests of a despot can find acceptance no more readily than it did among the English under Charles I. and James II., or the Dutch under Philip of Spain. Against the granite-bound steadfastness of the elemental Finn it is in vain that the storm breaks and rages.

For of what is compounded the elemental Finn? That we may comprehend the might of his bloodless resistance, we ask: "Who and what is this stern son of the North, to the full stature of whom the Russian autocrat, by the very nature of a tyrant's limitations, must ever fail to grow?" Verily, he is the child of the rock-ribbed land that gave him birth—tenacious of purpose as the rock-clasping roots of his native pine; slow in the form ing of opinion as the growth of his prime val forests, but unendingly stubborn in th maintenance of it when formed; slow t wrath, but, if once aroused, silent and im placable in the nursing of his resentment From his childhood at war with nature t wring from her a scant livelihood, he feel that when he has learned to conquer he she is, verily, his mother; that, mother like, she is tender with him, eager out o her penury to lavish upon him of her best She sets on his brow the triple crown o fortitude, patience, and resignation, whis pering to him that, rooted in her, flesh o her flesh and bone of her bone, he must be both tender and indomitable, unyield ingly true to her and her ideals, and ready to defend them to his last gasp.

Out of this close daily communion with the soul of Nature, and the contemplation of her orderly processes, the Finn has drawn a fundamental faith in God and a belief in ultimate divine justice that is nowhere excelled, if anywhere equaled, on the face of the earth; and, concomitantly with this spiritual conviction, he is imbued with a regard for law and order that amounts almost to veneration. When, therefore, he sees these overturned with complacency, if not positive derision, by a hand that he had for a century been accustomed to look upon as that of, in the main, a guardian and well-wisher, what wonder that he undergoes a gradual revulsion of feeling, culminating in silent wrath and hatred of the alien tyrant who, robbing him of one cherished birthright after another, would reduce him to the debased level of the ignorant, spiritless Russian *mujik!*

In view of the fact that the last faint hope of ultimate justice has been dispelled by the retention of Bobrikoff as Governor-General, followed by the placing of supreme power in his hands, at the cost of the independence, not only of the Senate (which, considering the present "reorganization" of that body, is of little consequence), but even of the judiciary, hitherto the final bulwark of Finnish liberties, the present generation of Finland finds itself compelled to adopt a definite plan of action to avert the destruction, not merely of its autonomous form of government, but of the national existence itself.

And what is this plan of action? As

far as it has been definitely evolved, it consists, first and foremost, of a silent movement, practically universal in Finland, to carry out to the limit the doctrine of passive resistance to each and every step of Russian aggression. In the matter of the problem most pressingly confronting the Finnish people, the enlistment in Russian regiments of the youth of the country, who, after much pressure, were induced or frightened last summer into finally responding to the illegal ukase (which the clergy throughout the country refused to read from their pulpits), and presenting themselves for military inspection and enrollment (to the number of only 14,642 out of a total of 25,080 summoned), this resistance takes the form of a refusal to appear at the impending mustering-in. This action has been deliberately determined on, despite a printed appeal issued by certain of the Old Fennoman faction as the result of a meeting called by its leaders and held in Helsingfors last October, under the presidency of Professor Danielson, to consider the best means of meeting the threatened widespread "rebellion against authority"—which meeting disclosed a pitiful attendance of some fifty-odd members, and furnished indubitable proof of the general disrepute into which the Senate and the Russophile faction have fallen.

This, however, represents but a phase of the activity of young Finland. A work of incalculable importance has also been for some time in operation—that of instilling in the minds of Finnish children of all classes an adequate sense of the sacredness of Finnish constitutional liberties and law; an intimate knowledge of the traditions and history of the race; an abiding love for its literature, as enshrined in Kalevala and the poems of Runeberg, Topelius, and others; and a vital conception of Finland's standing and mission among the nations. In this labor of love no hamlet is too remote for the step of the teacher to penetrate or the voice of the Finnish patriot to reach. Officials who, trembling for their means of livelihood, give way to Russian pressure, are, cruel though it may seem, at once made to feel the public resentment and scorn, while a widespread movement has been set afoot, in which the women of the stricken land play an important part, to practice a rigid economy in household matters, especially by abandoning luxuries of every description and limiting the scope of family and social festivities, so as to provide a gigantic national fund for the assistance of conscientious and fearless officials who have been arbitrarily deposed by the Governor-General to make way for Russian interlopers.

But the most formidable project of all the plans mooted, the most aggressive and threatening toward the Muscovite oppressor, and most pregnant with possibilities of his discomfiture, is one that has been lately put forward in all seriousness, and in the present hopelessness of the Finns has found wide acceptance where it would have been scouted even a twelvemonth ago as too radical a departure from Finnish traditions. This is nothing less than to place Finland at the head of all the dissatisfied factions and nationalities tributary to Russia and systematically ground down by her ruthless bureaucratic machinery: the Poles, Lithuanians, Esthonians, Courlanders, Little Russians, Caucasians, and Jews, and the constantly growing revolutionary party in the body of the Empire itself, thus supplying the indispensable cohesion so far lacking among these various elements.

Never has dissatisfaction with the ruling class been so widespread among all classes in Russia itself as it is now, when even those parts of the social organism that have hitherto been most devoted to the doctrine of blind submission are becoming permeated with the ideals of social and political regeneration, and when even the military arm of the State has begun to show signs of disaffection most alarming to the bureaucratic class. Therefore, having nothing more to lose, these young Finlanders argue, it becomes Finland's highest duty to proclaim herself the champion of the struggling cause of liberty and enlightenment throughout the Muscovite Empire. Then, by inculcating among all the dissatisfied factions the doctrines of constitutional law and liberty, as she has herself practiced and perfected them, she will crystallize the purpose of the hitherto disunited and ill-organized bodies, furnish them with a perfectly definite programme which they shall unitedly strive their utmost to bring to triumphant adoption, and direct their ca[illegible]he

invaluable aid of Finnish enlightenment and practical experience in sound, progressive social and political organization. Violence will be discredited as out of keeping with the fundamental Finnish reverence for orderly development, and this very fact will, it is confidently expected, be the means of greatly strengthening the movement and securing for it the practical adhesion of the more stable and responsible elements of the social structure, which are none the less determined on a change in the principles of government because they discountenance the "propaganda of the deed." Though the present generation may not live to see it, the triumph of the great liberating movement will undoubtedly be greatly hastened by the active participation in it of the people of Finland, armed with the wisdom and knowledge garnered during centuries of gradual political development and its accompanying moral and intellectual achievement. Then will Finland once more come by her own, and the vision of Tolstoï be fulfilled, when Russia shall achieve her real unity through the peaceful process of being Fennicized, instead of through the incredibly blind and fatuous policy of the attempted Russification of Finland by the strong arm.

And what then remains for such of Finland's sons as have taken up their abode without the gates and watch their country's pain and peril from afar in sheltered peace? Have they no duty, too? Can they not take part in the battle for justice and restitution? Of a surety they did not flee from present oppression and suffering in their native land with the desire to evade all responsibility in the tremendous task that confronts the Finnish youth and manhood of to-day. They may say, "We must contribute of our means to swell the patriotic funds at home." Well and good, but does their responsibility end with this immediate material aim? No; theirs is the further duty of spreading a fuller knowledge of Finland, its institutions and its people, among the nations of the earth, so that no portion of the civilized world may remain in ignorance of the part which that far northern land, humble and forgotten though it have lain these centuries past, has played and continues to play in the world drama of political, social, and intellectual progress. By the slow but unfailing force of example, by word and deed, they must show what splendid training Finland has given her sons in citizenship and culture, and thus bring to the various lands of their adoption the well-defined conviction that the whole world is concerned, in a very real and vital sense, in the final defeat, not merely of Russia's intended annihilation of Finland's national life and thought, but *of each and every attempt of an inferior civilization to destroy a higher one*, under whatsoever pretext or by whatsoever means such attempt be made. So shall the time assuredly be hastened—though we live not to see it—when the triumph of broad, enlightened international opinion over the narrow dictates of national prejudices shall have ceased to be a mere dream of Utopia!

The Boer Side of the Boer War[1]

IF Sir Conan Doyle's description of the Boer War is regarded as a British apologia, General De Wet's book may with equal justice be regarded as a Boer defense. Coming only a fortnight after the appearance of ex-President Kruger's memoirs, it challenges attention because, like Oom Paul's story, it is written with simplicity, directness, vividness; and it challenges comparison with Oom Paul's work because it seems to be animated by a greater regard for exactness of statement, because of the absence of archaic notions, of deep-rooted prejudices, which disfigure the pages written by the venerable exile in Holland.

General De Wet's book is one which should be read both by pro-Britons and pro-Boers, because of its reasonableness; the author seems to be aware of this quality, and dedicates the volume "To my fellow-subjects in the British Empire." Such a striking dedication, together with

[1] *Three Years' War.* By Christiaan Rudolf De Wet. Frontispiece by John S. Sargent, R.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

the author's closing words of loyalty to his adopted country, have called out two criticisms. Some, to whom Christiaan Rudolf De Wet has been not only an ideal cavalry leader and strategist, but also in unbending Boer loyalty an ideal hero, declare that he must have somehow sold himself, that the book with its dedication represents the first step in his preferment by Great Britain, and hint that by such means the British Government may finally have ended a war which was draining the best blood and treasure of England and her colonies. Others, however, pro-Boer as well as pro-British, feel, in our author's words, that "loyalty pays best in the end, and loyalty alone is worthy of a nation which has shed its blood for Freedom."

Before considering General De Wet's treatment of the war it is well to consider General De Wet himself. His portrait by Mr. Sargent, the frontispiece of the volume, tells us at a glance much about the man. No better delineator of the human face could have been chosen for this purpose than our foremost American portrait-painter; in his work we see the "slim" Boer—that shrewd, alert, clever, calculating, indomitable something which has distinguished the best as well as the worst Boers, which was as evident in a Joubert as in a Kruger. The portrait is one which remains impressed on the mind; long after we have closed the pages of this volume we see the man's face before us at every turn; and his face gives a double impact to his words.

Those words are both descriptive and critical. As to description, they do not narrate what the author himself has not seen. In this respect the "Three Years' War" is a soldier's story, first-hand and unpadded, in many respects worthy to stand alongside two accounts by great soldiers of their own experiences—General Grant's "Autobiography" and Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India." While there is not a page of the description which is not readable, perhaps the most interesting are those pages which give us a new realization of the staggering blow to Boer enthusiasm dealt by Lord Roberts's victory at Paardeberg—the turning-point of the war—involving the defeat and capture of General Cronje. That Boer officer, by his obstinacy in maintaining a hopeless position, General De Wet thinks, really brought the defeat upon himself, whereas he might have sought to make good his escape in a night attack upon the beleaguering forces. "If I presume to criticise his conduct on this occasion," says our author, "it is only because I believe that he ought to have sacrificed his own ideas for the good of the nation, and that he should not have been courageous at the expense of his country's independence, to which he was as fiercely attached as I." Intrepid soldier that he was, General Cronje evidently thought that to abandon his laager was quite too much for De Wet or any one else to ask; at all events, the latter says that, while Cronje's view was either to stand or fall with the laager, he did not consider the certain consequence of a possible fall, namely, an "indescribable panic throughout not only all the laagers on the veldt, but even those of Colesberg, Stormberg, and Ladysmith." For "if Cronje were captured, how could any ordinary burgher be expected to continue his resistance?" To the contention of the Cronje party that, had the attempt been made which De Wet urged, the Boers would have been pursued and overtaken by Lord Roberts's forces, our author replies:

> The English at that time did not employ as scouts Kaffirs and Hottentots, who could lead them by night as well as by day; moreover, with the reinforcements I had received, I had about sixteen hundred men under me, and they would have been very useful in holding back the enemy until Cronje had made his escape. No words can describe my feelings when I saw that Cronje had surrendered and noticed the result which this had on the burghers. Depression and discouragement were written on every face. The effects of this blow, it is not too much to say, made themselves apparent to the very end of the war.

After this surrender De Wet immediately set about doing what he could to allay the panic which had seized upon the Boers. Feeling that Lord Roberts's troops must remain for some time at Bloemfontein in order to obtain needed rest, De Wet decided to take advantage of the expected circumstance; for, in his opinion, there was but one way to restore Boer prestige—to let his soldiers go home, and there to weed out all of the incapables, or discouraged, or traitors; then, with those who were willing to fight to the end, to make another stand. De Wet felt sure

that the best fighters would return in full number. His confidence was ultimately well justified. General Joubert, who had come from the Transvaal into the Free State hoping to be able there to discover some method for checking Lord Roberts's advance, was anything but pleased to hear of the De Wet plan, and exclaimed:

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going to give the English a free hand, whilst your men take their holiday?"

"I cannot catch a hare, General, with unwilling dogs," I made reply. But this did not satisfy the old warrior at all. At last I said: "You know the Afrikanders as well as I do, General. It is not our fault that they don't know what discipline means. Whatever I might have said or done, the burghers would have gone home; but I'll give you my word that those who come back will fight with renewed courage." I knew very well that there were some who would not return, but I preferred to command ten men who were willing to fight rather than a hundred who shirked their duties.

Among British Generals, General Knox occupies most space in the book. Lords Roberts and Kitchener seem to have comparatively scant consideration. The author's most interesting reference, however, is to General Buller. He says that "whatever his own people have to say to his discredit, Sir Redvers had to operate against stronger positions than any other British General." Concerning his own achievements, the best of the war, the most brilliant leader that any recent war has produced is, as we should expect, modest, and extremely concise in language, especially in describing the battle at Sanna's Post, where the hitherto little-known burgher administered such a crushing defeat to Colonel Broadwood that no less than 350 Englishmen were killed or wounded, and 480 prisoners, 7 cannon, and 117 wagons captured. A few days later, with only 800 men, near Reddersburg, facing three times that number of English, De Wet inflicted a similar defeat—a defeat, however, characterized, according to our author, by treachery on the part of the British. They had hoisted the white flag, and De Wet with his men galloped towards them, but before they reached them the British again began to shoot, killing a Boer officer.

This treacherous act enraged our burghers, who at once commenced to fire with deadly effect. Soon the white flag appeared above almost every stone behind which an Englishman lay, but our men did not at once cease firing. Indeed, I had the greatest difficulty in calming them and in inducing them to stop, for they were, as may well be imagined, furious at the misuse of the white flag. Strewn everywhere about on the ground lay the English killed and wounded. According to the official statement, they had a hundred casualties, the commanding officer himself being among the killed. We took four hundred and seventy prisoners of war.

While there are undoubtedly two sides to this story (the misuse of the white flag is said to have characterized the Boers more than the British), there is one feature of the Boer conflict—the horrors of the war as affecting women and children—which justifies vigorous language. Before Lord Roberts left South Africa he had issued proclamations prescribing that any building within ten miles of the railway where the Boers had broken up the railway line should be burnt down.

This was also carried out, not only within the specified radius, but also everywhere throughout the State. Everywhere houses were burnt down, or destroyed with dynamite; and, worse still, the furniture itself and the grain were burned, and the sheep, cattle, and horses carried off. Nor was it long before horses were shot down in heaps and the sheep killed by thousands by the Kaffirs and the national scouts, or run through by the troops with the bayonets. The devastation became worse and worse from day to day. And the Boer women—did they lose courage, with this before their eyes? By no means. As when the capturing of women (or rather the war against them and against the possessions of the Boers) commenced, they took to bitter flight, to remain at least out of the hands of the enemy. In order to keep something for themselves and their children, they loaded the carriages with grain and with the most indispensable furniture. When then a column approached a farm, even at night, in all sorts of weather, many a young daughter had to take hold of the leading-rope of the team of oxen and the mother the whip, or *vice versa*. Many a smart, well-bred daughter rode on horseback and urged the cattle on, in order to keep out of the hands of the pursuers as long as at all possible, and not to be carried away to the concentration camps, which the British called refugee camps (camps of refuge). How incorrect indeed! Could any one ever have thought before the war that the twentieth century could show such barbarities? No. Any one knows that in war cruelties more horrible than murder can take place, but that such direct and indirect murder should have been committed against defenseless women and children is a thing which I should have staked my head could never have happened in a war waged by the civilized British nation. And yet it happened. Laagers containing no one but women and children and decrepit old men were fired upon with cannon and

rifles. . . . I could append now hundreds of declarations in proof of what I say.

It is, however, when General De Wet comes to speak of something to him still more incredible, the treachery of his own men, under the work of national (Boer) scouts used by the British, that his language becomes more forceful:

England's great power was pitted against two little Republics which, in comparison with European countries, were nearly uninhabited. The mighty empire employed against us, besides its own English, Scotch, and Irish soldiers, volunteers from the Australian, New Zealand, Canadian, and South African colonies, hired against us both black and white nations, and, what is worst of all, national scouts from our own nation, sent out against us. . . . If there had been no national scouts and no Kaffirs, in all human probability matters would have taken another turn. . . . The English only learned the art of scouting during the latter period of the war, when they made use of Boer deserters. . . . The English, we admitted, had a perfect right to have such sweepings and to use them against us, but we utterly despised them (the deserters) for allowing themselves to be hired. We felt that their motive was not to obtain the franchise of the Uitlanders, but—five shillings a day! And if it should by any chance happen that any one of them should find his grave there—well, the generation to come would not be very proud of that grave. No! it would be regarded with horror as the grave of an Afrikander who had helped to bring his brother Afrikanders to their downfall. . . . Such men, alas! there have always been, since in the first days of the human race Cain killed his brother Abel. . . . It was far easier to fight against the great English army than against treachery among my own people, and an iron will was required to fight against both. If only our orders had been carried out a little more strictly, and if only the most elementary rules of strategy had been observed in our efforts to break the British lines of communication, Lord Roberts and his thousands of troops would have found themselves shut up in Pretoria, where they would have perished of hunger. . . . Had not so many of our burghers proved false to their own colors, England, as the great Bismarck foretold, would have found her grave in South Africa.

Many an excerpt might be taken from this interesting volume, full of description—perhaps not always exact enough—and equally full of criticism which spares neither friend nor foe. His foe triumphed in the end. It was an expected triumph, but a quarter-million men were finally required to bring down such "embattled farmers" as De Wet, Delarey, and Botha. Finally these were brought low. Resistance was no longer possible. They did the manly, the courageous, and what to many seems the impossible thing, they not only submitted to the conqueror, they pledged allegiance to the only Government which thenceforth could rule in South Africa. They had fought for independence and freedom; in losing independence who shall say that they have not gained a greater freedom than any they had yet enjoyed or could enjoy under a Boer oligarchy? It is to be hoped that the magnanimous spirit of General De Wet animates the majority of his countrymen. In impressive words he thus sums up his own position: "There was nothing left for us now but to hope that the Power which had conquered us, a Power to which we were compelled to submit, though it cut us to the heart to do so, and which, by the surrender of our arms, we had accepted as our ruler, would draw us nearer and ever nearer by the strong cords of love."

Bishop Potter on Industrial Duties[1]

BISHOP POTTER'S Yale lectures consist of two very distinct parts: first, the personal observations of the author regarding the moral side of the industrial relationships of our modern life; and, second, the statistical generalizations which his reading upon the subject has led him to accept. The first of these portions is fortunately much the larger, for it is incomparably the better. Bishop Potter's incursions into the field of economic statistics seem to have been chiefly confined to the study of such popularizers as Mr. Mallock and Mr. Willey, and his uncritical citation of their views gives this part of the work a capitalistic trend quite at variance with most of Bishop Potter's personal observations. Nothing could seem more capitalistic, for example, than Bishop Potter's apparent approval of Mr. Mallock's citation of

[1] *The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation.* Yale Lectures by Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Leoni Levi's assertion that the entire rental "of all the land in England, if divided equally among the adult population, would give each man about two pence a day and each woman about three halfpence." Were the statement true, it would be but a hackneyed method of belittling the concentration of wealth; and it has not even the merit of being true. The income of English landlords, as returned by themselves for taxation, is $250,000,000 a year from agricultural land alone, $900,000,000 from city land and houses, and $50,000,000 from mines and quarries—a total of twelve hundred millions, or an average of $150 a year for every family in the nation. If this estimate be cut in two because the tax returns include the rental of houses as well as land, the figure is still treble that indicated by Mr. Mallock. The American figures cited upon the same question of the distribution of wealth are better grounded, but also stand in need of more critical treatment. The money wages of city workmen, it is stated on good authority, rose about 50 per cent. between 1860 and the early seventies, and, on the whole, kept this gain during the twenty years of falling prices which followed, so that the purchasing power of wages in 1891 was from 60 to 70 per cent. greater than in 1860. The rate of interest, it is next stated upon no authority, fell from seven per cent. twenty years ago to four or five per cent to-day. Then from these two statements there is deduced the startling conclusion that "the last quarter of a century—to speak in general terms—has brought to the workingman an increase in his earnings of from 60 to 70 per cent., while the same period has cost the capitalist the loss of from 20 to 30 per cent. upon his." This conclusion rests upon a perfect network of unwarranted assumptions. In the first place, it is assumed that the earnings of workmen rose from 60 to 70 per cent. during "the last quarter of a century," whereas the figures cited showed no advance since 1873, except such as came from the fall in prices. If this fall in prices increased the purchasing power of the wages of workmen—who had to meet advancing rents—it also increased the purchasing power of the interest of the capitalist, who generally profited by the advance in rents. Yet no such correction is made in reckoning the change in the capitalist's income, and the rate of interest he receives is reckoned to have decreased two or three times as rapidly as the census figures show. It is to be regretted that a book which ought to be read so widely as this of Bishop Potter's should contain such one-sided statements regarding the important subject of the economic separation of classes.

Fortunately, these statements do not indicate the spirit of the book. No recent writer has brought out more sharply than does Bishop Potter the separation of classes which the spirit of Christianity is bound to combat. "It is in vain," he says, "that we endeavor by amiable sophisms . . . to obscure to ourselves or to others that tremendous cleavage which in our time has come to pass between the rest of human society and those who make up what we call the working classes. . . . Almost the worst enemy to the progress of human society is the spirit of caste; and the tragic element in the constitution of our modern social structure is that, under forms of government that profess long ago to have renounced and abandoned it, it still rears its head in forms more insolent and more mischievous than any that in any age of human history it has assumed."

This citation indicates the moral temper with which Bishop Potter regards the growing power of the capitalist class. Its dominant spirit of commercialism is a thing utterly hateful to him, and its arrogant attitude toward the men who do the work of manual laborers is even more repellent than the same attitude when assumed by the heirs of a long line of feudal ancestry. There are many practical suggestions as to the methods by which the public can curb aggression on the part of organized wealth, and there are still more practical suggestions as to how it may lift up the manhood of the poor by shortening the hours of labor and granting wages and conditions which permit wholesome living.

The observations made to the well-to-do classes regarding their industrial duties are by no means confined to the direct employers of labor. Every one who purchases goods, Bishop Potter strongly urges, is indirectly an employer of labor, and is morally bound to give his or her trade to factories and stores which treat

their employees honorably and well. Nor do our industrial duties end with our treatment of those who serve us. We all have another and most vital duty in the matter of moderating our demands for service from others. One of the most dangerous foes of the higher life of our modern communities is the temptation to luxury. It corrupts, says Bishop Potter, not only the rich who yield to it, but the poor who witness it. "As enervating character, as debauching morals, as threatening—nay, destroying—the purity of the family and the integrity of the individual, there is no other single influence that can surpass it, if there is any that can equal it. Ask any experienced worker among low and outcast women what in the case of young girls has been most productive in inducing those awful lapses that consist in the prostitution of the human body, and they will tell you what madness seizes upon the young when the lust of personal display is appealed to by a gold brooch or a pair of diamond earrings. . . . The question must needs come home to every man and woman among us: 'If I have wealth, how far am I warranted in indulging this craze, in feeding this passion, whether in myself or others, or in using great expenditure in whatever form to promote the creation of a standard by which no good end is served and every bad and base passion inflamed and stimulated?'" If we would have the community free from materialism, our own lives must not be ruled by its standards.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Americans in Process: A Settlement Study. By Residents and Associates of the South End House. Edited by Robert A. Woods. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 389 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Birds of God: Angels and Sundry Imaginative Figures from the Pictures of the Masters of the Renaissance. Selected for Children by J. B. Radcliffe-Whitehead. R. H. Russell, New York. 11×14 in.

An elaborately prepared portfolio of monotint reproductions of many famous pictures, intended to serve as an introduction to art-appreciation by children. The title given to the book is singular and not very apt.

Book of Meditations (A). By Edward Howard Griggs. B. W. Huebsch, 150 Nassau Street, New York. 5×7¾ in. 226 pages. $1.50. (Postage, 10c.)

Under this modest title is found high worth—the observations and reflections of a cultured mind at home and abroad, at home everywhere that art and books are found, in sympathy with human life in all its experiences, and Nature in all her moods. Professor Griggs's "Meditations" are as many-sided as the world that suggests them, and stimulating to all that is best in thought and conduct. It is a good book to have on the table, convenient for intellectual and moral refreshment in the chance moment of leisure.

Corot and Millet: With Critical Essays by Gustave Geffroy and Arsène Alexandre. Edited by Charles Holme. John Lane, New York. 8½×11½ in. $2 net.

There are no more inspiring names in the history of modern French painting than those of Camille Corot and Jean François Millet. We have recently seen in Sir Walter Armstrong's "Turner" the influence of certain regrettable qualities of personality on the work of a great artist; in this appreciation by MM. Geffroy and Alexandre we have a more encouraging and optimistic impression. As to landscape-painting, not even Turner himself so energized and broadened it as did the more admirable Corot, according to some enthusiasts perhaps the only worthy successor of Claude Lorraine: while as to genre work, what name may be put alongside Millet's? Why these things are so may be appreciated first of all, it must be owned, from such a comprehensive and acutely appreciative biography as Julia Cartwright's "Millet" (a new edition of which has just appeared); such a volume as the present, however, should also be in the hands of every lover of French painting. If the work cannot be read in the original, the American or English reader can take advantage of this sympathetic translation by Mr. Edgar Preston. The text is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of Corot's oil paintings, decorative paintings, charcoal drawings, and etchings, and with reproductions of Millet's crayon studies, pen drawings, drypoints, heliographs, woodcuts, oil paintings, and water-colors.

Correggio. By Leader Scott. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 68 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Country Without Strikes (A). By Henry Demarest Lloyd. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 183 pages.

A timely cheap edition of the one important book on compulsory arbitration.

Economic Interpretation of History (The). By Edwin R. A. Seligman. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 166 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Economics of Forestry. By Bernhard E. Fernow, LL.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 520 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Ethics: Civil and Political. By David Allyn Gorton, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 237 pages. $1.50, net.

Familiar Studies of Men and Books. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 2 vols. Illustrated. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 226 pages.

An extremely attractive edition of some of Mr. Stevenson's most characteristic papers; the two small volumes, printed from an unusually clear and effective type, on good paper, with illustrations, form one of the most convenient and altogether satisfactory editions of the essays, sketches, and studies which has yet appeared.

First Book of Forestry. By Filbert Roth. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 291 pages. 75c. (Postage, 10c.)

The early association of the author of this volume with the well-kept forests of Germany, his subsequent observations in the widely differing forest districts of our own country, and his years of experience in teaching the science, are all evidenced in a book which is not only elementary, but practical to every forester or student of forestry. The work is at once valuable as a text-book for schools, as a manual to be kept in country homes, and as a comprehensive work for any one's reading. Fortunately for the layman, the author expresses himself in non-technical and conversational language. The illustrations, while interesting, hardly match the value of the text.

Flowers of Song from Many Lands: Being Short Poems and Detached Verses Gathered from Various Languages. Rendered into English by Frederic Rowland Marvin. The Pafraets Book Co., New York. 7×10½ in. 138 pages.

The list of poetic fragments in this collection includes couplets, quotations, and somewhat longer selections from the German, French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Scandinavian, Greenlandic, Persian, Turkish, Arabic, Sanscrit, Phœnician, Assyrian, Latin, Greek, Chinese, Japanese, Ashanti, South Sea Islands, and Osage Indian literatures. Each specimen, says the collector, who in many cases is translator also, is characteristic of the soil and climate whence it was taken.

Fordwell Graham. By W. June Arlington. Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 414 pages. $1.25.

His Excellency's English Governess. By Sydney C. Grier. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 367 pages. $1.25.

In vivid presentation of life in the Orient lies the fascinating quality of Mr. Grier's novels. The heroine, a young lady of beauty, culture, and high social standing, becomes the feminine guardian of Azim Bey, the ten-year-old son of Ahmed Khemi Pasha, and takes up her residence in that gentleman's harem. She is not welcomed by the Pasha's mother, that lady having a mind to poison the poor little Bey, who is by all odds the most entertaining person in the book. There is interesting exposition of zenana etiquette, gossip, bickerings, and jealousies, and an unusual view is given of its tyrannical hold over its lord and master, who had been commonly considered as the oppressor and never the oppressed. The relation of Turks, Armenians, and Kurds is pictured in not quite the ordinary way.

Historical Introductions to the Rolls Series. By William Stubbs, D.D. Collected and Edited by Arthur Hassall, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. New York. 6×9 in. 534 pages. $5.

Reserved for later notice.

History of Over Sea (The). Done into English by William Morris. With Decorations by Louis Rhead. R. W. Russell, New York. 8×10½ in. 2[illegible] pages.

It is unfortunate that this very attractively made thin quarto was not published earlier. In its text, its illustration, and its binding it is emphatically a high-class holiday book, written in delightful English and sumptuously dressed. Of the class of prose writings to which "The History of Over Sea" belongs it is only necessary to say that they are written in that archaic English which Morris could use as well, probably, as any man of his generation, and that they represent the romantic side of his mind, his love of the mystical. The decorations for this volume are furnished by Mr. Louis Rhead, and the cover design is strongly suggestive of Persian book decoration.

How to Sing (Meine Gesangskunst). By Lilli Lehmann. Translated from the German by Richard Aldrich. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 281 pages. $1.50, net.

To most readers the fact that this book was written by Mme. Lehmann, whose identification with a number of Wagner rôles has made her known almost personally to thousands, will give to it a real interest in spite of its technical character. A large part of the volume is taken up with careful and minute instructions, illustrated with diagrams. The reviewer cannot help thinking that Mme. Lehmann has attempted to do through the medium of the printed page what can be done only by oral instruction. Nevertheless, the general sanity that is apparent in her fundamental principles is worth the attention of those who cannot find the details in her work very illuminating. She has little respect for the singer who yields to "indisposition." "If you wish to sing only when you are in good form," she remarks, "you must excuse yourself ninety-nine times out of a hundred." Some of her advice she would probably modify, if not reverse, in dealing with pupils of certain temperament. On one point her views are worth quoting. She is roundly—and, in our view, soundly—opposed to the artificial division of the voice into three registers. "It will be much more correct," she suggests, "to call every tone of every voice by the name of a new additional register, for in the end every tone will and *must* be taken in a different position of the organs, although the difference may be imperceptible, if it is to have its proper place in the whole." A few anecdotes and reminiscences give a readable quality to

the earlier pages. Behind the entire book is the authority of one whose mastery of the art of singing in the song recital as well as upon the operatic stage places her among the foremost singers of our time.

Hudson River (The): From Ocean to Source. By Edgar Mayhew Bacon. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×10 in. 590 pages. $4.50, net.

Mr. Bacon, the author of this handsomely made volume, has long been a devout student of the scenery, history, and legends of the region through which the Hudson River flows. His "Chronicles of Tarrytown," published some time ago, was the first fruit of his investigations, and bore evidence of his qualification, by reason not only of familiarity with the material with which he dealt but of vital interest in it, to become the recorder and historian of the Hudson River country. For his book is both a record and an impression. He describes, in effect, nearly the whole course of the river; but he does it in connection with its chief historical points and its personal associations. He conveys the physiognomy of the country, so to speak; he tells its early history in an informal and engaging fashion, and he associates it with the men who have lived near it, and with the events which have taken place at its different points. Beginning with the exploration of the river by the Englishman Hudson, in the Dutch ship Half Moon, under the authority of the Dutch East India Company, he traces the gradual ascent of the river and its slow settlement along either bank from New York to Troy. Disclaiming any attempt to make the historical narrative continuous, Mr. Bacon has so woven together the different chapters in the settlement of the river country and the incidents connecting it with different localities as to make a story which has unity if not continuity. He writes not only of the oldest New York, but of the newest New York; and the interest of his sketch proves that he has an eye for the many artistic effects about the metropolis which are often overlooked. He gives a very interesting account of the festivals and pageants which have taken place in New York. He describes the early settlers in the Hudson Valley; the early navigation, with the great changes which were introduced with the appearances of steam upon the river. He groups the incidents and history of the Revolution; he has two delightful chapters on "The Land of Irving" and the literary associations of the Hudson; he writes of West Point, of the old Dutch towns, and of many other aspects of his subject, not too heavily, and with a strong infusion of tradition and anecdote, much of which will be new to most readers; for Mr. Bacon has evidently put behind the work thorough examination of the sources of local history. The value of this handsome quarto does not depend solely on the attractiveness with which Mr. Bacon has invested the whole subject; it is a kind of foot-note to the more conventional histories, because it throws light upon the life and habits of the earliest settlers. It is a study in Dutch civilization in the New World, severe enough in intention to be accurate, but easy enough in temper to take in a great deal of humor, and to comment upon those characteristic customs and habits which, while they escape the attention of the formal historian, are full of significance. The book contains more than a hundred illustrations—reproductions of photographs, engravings, and drawings by Mr. Bacon, and with some very interesting reproductions of paintings by Boynton, Weir, Casilear, and Seavey. Each volume is accompanied by sectional maps of the river in a slip which will be of value to those readers who like to follow with the eye the country about which they are reading. The book is eminently readable in style. Its only serious defect is its uncomfortable weight in the hand.

Introduction to the Talmud. By M. Mielziner, Ph.D., D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 297 pages. $2, net.

As Christianity in its formal aspect has rested more on the great doctors of the Church than on the New Testament, so has Judaism rested on the great doctors of the Synagogue more than on the Old Testament. This is still true of Judaism, though there have been earnest pleas lately for that return to the ancient Scriptures which is so significant of the reforming Christianity of to-day. But to understand Judaism as it is, and why it is what it is, one must know something of the Talmud, just as one who would understand certain aspects of Christianity must know something of the early Church fathers and of the fathers of Protestantism. The large attention now given to Biblical study has drawn increased attention to the Talmud for its value in questions of Biblical exegesis and criticism. It is, indeed, a vast mine of learning and of speculation, much of it antiquated, but also with much precious metal embedded in unserviceable material. Professor Mielziner has facilitated the comprehension of an intricate subject by producing the first comprehensive work of its kind in our language. It is enriched by a copious bibliography of works in special departments of Talmudic lore. Readers who have some knowledge of Hebrew will find it more valuable than others.

Letters to Washington and Accompanying Papers. Vol. V., 1774-1775. Published by the Society of the Colonial Dames of America. Edited by Stanislaus Murray Hamilton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 288 pages. $5, net.

Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene (The). By Lewis Wager. (The Decennial Publications, Second Series. Vol. I.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 91 pages.

Manual of Zoölogy (A). By Richard Hertwig. Translated and Edited by J. S. Kingsley. From the Fifth German Edition. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5⅞×8½ in. 704 pages.

In a scientific aspect this is a splendid work. Professor Kingsley has edited, with modifications permitted by the author and with added illustrations, the treatise which holds in German schools the foremost place in its field, and has thus adapted it to the requirements of American students beginning the subject. Professor Hertwig is more admirable as a scientist than as a philosopher; perhaps it is well that he very seldom philosophizes in the

present work. He confesses frankly enough that the secret of life is inscrutable, the goal sought by science in the physical basis of life is "indiscernibly distant," yet he does not hesitate to approve "the attempt to explain life as the summation of extremely complicated chemico-physical processes." These processes are doubtless essential to the manifestation of life, but it is quite a jump to infer from this that their summation is essential to the existence of life. These processes go on destructively in a dead organism. What is it that sets them going constructively in a living organism?

Memorable Places Among the Holy Hills. By Robert Laird Stewart, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 250 pages. $1, net.

Availing himself of the explorations of recent travelers and discoverers as well as of his own, Dr. Stewart has made a book of real interest to readers of the Bible.

Perseus and Andromeda. Retold by Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5½×8½ in. 54 pages.

A free translation from Ovid, but amplified and treated in a poetic spirit. Reproductions of the Vatican Perseus, of Cellini's Perseus, of Burne-Jones's Medusa, and of the Vatican Minerva make interesting illustration.

Reminiscences, Musical and Other. By Fanny Reed. Illustrated. Knight & Millet, Boston. 5×8 in. 158 pages. $2.50.

The persons, eminent mainly in artistic circles, who are the subjects of the various chapters, are widely various, as may be indicated by the names of Liszt, the Marquise de Bloqueville, Coquelin, and Munkacsy. It is not easy to understand why so much that is merely biographical and appreciative should be included under the title Reminiscences. Scattered through the volume are a number of interesting and characteristic anecdotes.

Sinless Christ (The). By George Tybout Purves, D.D., LL.D. (The Presbyterian Pulpit, No. I.) **For Whom Christ Died.** By William R. Richards, D.D. (The Presbyterian Pulpit, No. II.) The Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. Per vol., 75c., net.

Presbyterians have begun to do what Unitarians have long been doing, but with this difference: instead of frequently publishing single sermons of representative preachers, they are to issue from time to time small volumes, each containing eight sermons by the same author. The present volumes begin the series. Of their authors, Dr. Richards, recently succeeding Dr. Babcock in the Brick Church, New York, is less widely known; but for freshness and power it would be hard to find better sermons than he has presented here.

Socialism and Labor, and Other Arguments Social, Political, and Patriotic. By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4⅛×7 in. 225 pages. 80c., net.

Son of Destiny (A): The Story of Andrew Jackson. By Mary C. Francis. The Federal Book Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 450 pages.

A badly written historical novel.

Spain and Her People. By Jeremiah Zimmerman, LL.D. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 350 pages. $2, net.

Dr. Zimmerman can hardly congratulate himself on possessing a particularly good literary style, but he can feel well satisfied at having given to the world much interesting and valuable information concerning Spanish history politics, and society. Actual conditions in Spain from the actual traveler's standpoint may be obtained with greater color and vividness from such works as Miss Bates's "Spanish Highways and Byways," Mr. Jacacci's "On the Trail of Don Quixote," above all from Baron Davillier's "L'Espagne." The chief merit of the present volume is in its explanation of recent conditions: such as the appallingly phlegmatic national spirit in the face of the loss of a hundred thousand men who fell during the recent insurrections and during the more recent Spanish-American war; and such as the loss of Spain's great colonial possessions, involving the abandonment by a hundred thousand colonials of their former homes and their return to the mother country. Yet there is much valor, probity, and generosity in the individual Spaniard, and these qualities as indicated by our author are as admirable as ever. The illustrations are interesting and would well illustrate the text had they been better placed. The picture of the Cordova mosque looks belated, twenty-five pages after the author had finished his description of Cordova and was claiming his reader's attention with Madrid and the Escorial; in like manner, an illustration of a Madrid square finds its space in the chapter on Segovia, while not until we are in the midst of the chapter on Saragossa are we favored with a view of the Escorial.

Text-Book of Nursing (A): For the Use of Training Schools, Families, and Private Students. By Clara Weeks-Shaw. (Third Edition. Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged.) Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 397 pages. $1.75

This book has stood the test of actual use, and has been found clear, complete, and admirably adapted for precisely the uses indicated in the sub-title.

Theism *et als.* By the Rev. Charles Caverno, A.M., LL.D. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 246 pages.

Dr. Caverno writes clearly and incisively. Those who have met with his occasional articles on theism and other topics related to it, for which his present title employs the abbreviation used by lawyers, will welcome their collection in this volume. To him intelligence, ethics, and æsthetics are inseparable from theism. The scientist, the moralist, the artist, if whole-minded, must be theists. His chapter on "The Unity of Moral Dynamism" is a most desirable broadening of the popular conception of the agency of the Holy Spirit, which Dr. Caverno recognizes in the primary movings of untutored conscience as really as in the aspirations of the saint.

Under the Pine-Tree Flag. By Willis Boyd Allen. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 274 pages.

With Washington at Valley Forge. By W. Bert Foster. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 369 pages. 90c., net.

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The Outlook

Saturday, January 17, 1903

A Fight for the City

The Story of the part borne by District Attorney Jerome and his associates in the great contest which overthrew Tammany in New York City. Written for The Outlook by Alfred Hodder, Private Secretary to Mr. Jerome

PART ONE

The Hunting of John Doe





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The Anti-Trust Programme

Apart from the action of the House in passing the General Staff Bill, which we have so often warmly commended, by a vote of 153 to 52, and the debate in the Senate on party responsibility for the tariff on coal, the interest of both houses last week was practically absorbed in the new legislation proposed for the regulation of trusts. At the very beginning of the week, Senator Hoar, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the upper house, introduced his well-considered and unexpectedly radical bill, and the day following Attorney-General Knox, acting upon the requests he had received from the Senate and House Judiciary Committees, outlined the legislation he believed essential to cope with the evil of industrial monopoly. Were it not for the overshadowing importance of Mr. Knox's letter setting forth the programme of the Administration, we should describe in detail Senator Hoar's bill and outline his elaborate speech in support of it. At present, however, we shall only note that the bill applies to all corporations selling their products in other States than those in which they are chartered, establishes publicity for all their operations, and forbids attempts to break down competitors by lowering prices in specific localities or by binding purchasers not to buy of competitors. The programme of Attorney-General Knox is more limited in its scope, but proceeds strongly along the line of dealing with the worst evils first and establishing in the courts the right of Congress to go further as occasion demands. The Attorney-General starts out with the declaration that the end sought is not the destruction of combinations, but their regulation and the correction of "the tendency toward monopolization of the industrial business of the country." In his judgment, he says, monopoly would be impossible in this country, where abundant capital is within the reach of capable and enterprising men, if competition were assured a fair and open field. The advantages of production on a colossal scale, he points out, are often more than counterbalanced by "the close economies possible through direct, personal, interested management." "If the law will guarantee to the smaller producer protection against piratical methods in competition, and keep the highways to the market open and available to him for the same tolls charged to his powerful competitor, he will manage to live and thrive to an astonishing degree." With this view of the situation, he would restrict anti-trust legislation to the securing of equal freight rates and the prevention of what he aptly calls "predatory competition."

To Secure Equal Freight Rates

In order to secure equal freight rates the Attorney-General recommends that legislation be directed against those who receive as well as those who give the advantages of discrimination, and that the legislation against the recipients "take the form of penalizing the transportation of goods produced by the guilty parties, and the Federal Courts be given power to restrain such transportation at the suit of the Government." The Attorney-General points out that, "whatever Congress may have designed" in the Inter-State Commerce Act, that act "as construed by the courts" cannot easily be employed to punish shippers for participating in unjust discriminations. "The courts have held," he says, "that to constitute an unjust discrimination it is necessary to prove that at the time the unlawful lower rate was being granted to the favored shipper the higher lawful rate was imposed against another shipper on like commodities be-

tween the same points." In many cases the person unlawfully favored has become the only shipper between the two points, and the whole provision is rendered hopelessly ineffective. Similarly, the penalties imposed by the act against the carriers granting the discriminating rates "have been held by the courts not to be applicable to any carrier that is an incorporated company." Only the agent who makes the unlawful concession can be punished, and he "is usually the only person by whom it can be ascertained that the rebate has been paid, and when he has testified in relation to the matter he has thereby obtained amnesty from prosecution." Attorney-General Knox would have the law changed so that the incorporated companies and the beneficiaries could both be punished, and the right of the courts to enjoin such practices be made certain. He would also have the law provide that the published rates of railroads must in all cases be adhered to, and that where traffic is transported at less than those rates all the participants should be punished.

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To Prevent "Predatory" Competition

Thus far the Attorney-General's recommendations relate only to the discriminations practiced by the railroads through which the industrial trusts have been favored. He proposes an additional provision directed against the discriminations which the industrial trusts themselves practice when they "sell below the general price of a commodity in particular localities, or otherwise in particular localities wantonly seek to destroy competition." The products of such combinations he would exclude from crossing State lines. In order to get all the information necessary to correct trust abuses, he recommends the creation of a new commission charged with the duty of investigating the operations of corporations "engaged in inter-State commerce," and armed with the power to require witnesses to testify and to produce the books, papers, contracts, and documents bearing upon the points investigated. Finally, in order to secure prompt decisions from the Supreme Court upon cases arising under the anti-trust laws, the Attorney-General asks that his department be given the same authority to advance such cases to their final hearing that the department already has to advance certain other classes of cases of less public moment. What the Attorney-General particularly desires, of course, is a final decision from the Supreme Court upon the constitutionality of an act of Congress debarring from inter-State commerce the products of corporations attempting to monopolize trade by plainly unreasonable acts. If the Supreme Court decides that Congress has this power, the way will be open to develop anti-trust legislation so as to require the same publicity from oil, steel, and other manufacturing trusts that this act requires from the railroads that are engaged in inter-State transportation. The present programme does not claim to be complete. It is distinctively a plan for protecting producers against unfair competition from the trusts, rather than for protecting consumers against unfair prices; yet, as the Attorney-General says in conclusion, the adoption of the legislation proposed "will make a long first stride in advance."

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The President and Negro Office-Holders

The action of President Roosevelt in sending to the Senate the nomination of Dr. Crum, a colored physician of Charleston, as Collector for that port, and the closing of the post-office at Indianola, Miss., because the postmistress, a colored woman, was threatened with violence, have called forth wide discussion throughout the South, and some violent expressions of opinion. In December, in answer to the protests of several citizens of Charleston against the appointment of Dr. Crum, President Roosevelt stated his position in a few words:

> I do not intend to appoint any unfit man to office. So far as I legitimately can, I shall always endeavor to pay regard to the wishes and feelings of the people of each locality, but I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color. Such an attitude would, according to my convictions, be fundamentally wrong. If, as you hold, the great bulk of the colored people are not yet fit in point of character and influence to hold such positions, it seems to me that it is worth while putting a premium upon the effort among them to achieve the character and standing which will fit them.

The Outlook sees no reason to change its opinion that the President's attitude on

the general question was right, and one which will commend itself in the long run to the best people of the South. The reaction of the South against the injustice and misery of the reconstruction period was inevitable; and it is not surprising that it has gone so far as to affirm that under no circumstances shall any colored man be elected to hold any office. It is clearly impossible for the President of the United States to accept such a principle as this; to discriminate against the negro simply because he is a negro would be inconsistent, not only with the fundamental principles of the Republican party, but with the fundamental conceptions of a republican government. Mr. Roosevelt, although a man of fortunate conditions as regards social and educational opportunities, is pre-eminently an exponent of the American doctrine that a man shall be treated as a man, no matter what his position, his religion, or his color. To bar a whole race from holding any position under the United States Government is so plainly a flat contradiction of the spirit and principles of that Government that to state the proposition is to refute it.

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The Race Question The race question in the South involves such great difficulties, and demands for its solution so much patience, knowledge of actual conditions, and such far-seeing statesmanship, that it ought to be the policy of the United States Government, as it is certainly now the sentiment of the North, to aid the thoughtful men of the South in their endeavor to put the relations of the two races on grounds of justice, mutual respect, and law. The Outlook is in pronounced sympathy with the best men of the South, who are dealing at first hand with as appalling a problem as any man ever had to face. It believes that these men ought to be aided in every possible way; it recognizes the existence of the inflammable material in many parts of the South which occasionally breaks forth in acts of violence and in incendiary sentiments; and it believes that the Government ought, so far as possible, to co-operate with those men, who are growing in numbers in every State, who are endeavoring to help the negro to better educational and to larger industrial opportunities, leaving to the future the settlement of his political position when he shall have secured a foothold as a citizen. As a rule, a Federal officer ought to be *persona grata* in the community in which he holds office, and there are very few communities in the South in which it would be wise, either for the whites or for the blacks, that a negro should be appointed to a Federal position. There is no inconsistency between the conviction that the United States Government cannot exclude from official position a negro because he is a negro and the conviction that, at present at least, negro appointments in the South ought to be few and made with great good judgment. In the Indianola matter it is difficult to see how the President could have taken any other action; that seems to have been simply a recrudescence of race prejudice in its worst form. Nothing has been urged against the postmistress except the fact that she was a negro. She had held office for some time, and, as far as can be learned, had discharged her duties to the satisfaction of the community; she does not appear to have been in any sense an offensive person. Under these circumstances, the endeavor to drive her out of her position by threats of violence was cowardly and ought to have been met by the President as it has been met; and this, we believe, will be the sentiment of the best people of the South.

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Reciprocity Legislation by the "Third House" One of the most important legislative events in Washington last week took place, not in Congress, but in the parlors rented by the American Beet Sugar Association, where, by a vote of 3 to 2 (or 12 to 2, counting the proxies held by Mr. Oxnard), resolutions were adopted withdrawing opposition to Cuban reciprocity, provided the proposed twenty per cent. reduction in the tariff on Cuban goods is strictly limited to a five-year period. If this limitation is securely pledged them, the Association advises its constituents that they have less to lose from the twenty per cent. reduction than from the continuance of the agitation in favor of helping Cuba. At the same time, however, the Association declares its

inflexible opposition toward the proposed tariff concession to the Philippines granting the products of the islands a reduction of seventy-five per cent. instead of twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates on imports from foreign countries. Although this concession has been sanctioned unanimously by the House, it is feared that the beet-sugar opposition may defeat it in the Senate. The chief obstacle to the adoption of the Cuban reciprocity treaty now lies in the opposition of the cane-sugar Senators from Louisiana. Although more than two-thirds of the Senate are ready to vote for the treaty, a few bitter opponents may keep the vote from being reached at this short session.

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The Duty on Coal

The scarcity of coal still continues to be the cause of a great deal of public suffering and inconvenience. Not only are factories being in some cases shut down and in some cases run upon half-time, but it is reported that in some communities coal is being sold to those consumers only who have a physician's prescription—that is to say, those who can prove that the coal is absolutely necessary to preserve health. Some of the transatlantic steamers which sail from the port of New York have been delayed in their departure from lack of coal. There is every indication of a widespread and rapidly increasing demand for the abolition or suspension of all duty on coal for a long enough time at least to relieve the present crisis. The Legislature of Rhode Island has passed a resolution demanding such suspension from Congress. Senator Lodge has introduced a resolution into the Senate, and Representative McCall a bill into the House, providing for the suspension for ninety days of all duty on coal, and for the suspension of duty on Canadian coal beyond that time, provided the Dominion Government shall enter into reciprocity in this respect. The action of the Rhode Island Legislature and of the Massachusetts Senator and Representative makes the question now a non-partisan one; no protectionist, with Rhode Island and Massachusetts earnestly working for the abolition of coal duty, can say that the demand comes simply from those who wish to attack the protective system. Senator Lodge has, we are glad to say, apparently changed his opinion since last autumn, when he opposed free coal on the ground that it would endanger the unity and logic of protection of American industries. The absurdity of saying that a man is protecting himself when he freezes to death because he will not use the coal offered to him by his neighbor would be amusing if it were not exasperating at such a time of public suffering.

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Crimes Against Non-Union Workers

Day after day last week the Coal Commission heard the testimony of a score of non-union workmen who had been the victims of cruelties of every description because they remained at work or went to work after the strike had been declared. The boycotting and assaults testified to before the Commission were in some respects less revolting than the petty persecutions and terrorism from which no physical injury resulted. Take, for instance, the case of Thomas Washaiski, of Hazleton, a clerk for Pardee & Co., who was married on September 16, and whose experiences of that day, as told to the Commission, were summarized in the press despatches as follows:

> On the night of the wedding a small crowd gathered at the Catholic Church, and as the bridal party entered the edifice Washaiski and his bride were called "scabs." Coming out after the ceremony, he was assaulted by the waiting crowd, which had greatly increased. The driver of the carriage was not permitted to take the couple home, and the witness sought refuge in the parochial residence, and the bride was escorted home in a trolley-car by friends. While in the parochial residence the crowd remained in the vicinity, calling the bridegroom vile names and yelling "scab" at the rector of the church because he had performed the ceremony. Later on, the witness said, he managed to get away from the house, and spent the night in the colliery, being afraid to go to his home. The bride spent an anxious night, as some unknown persons came to the house and threw stones at the place.

In one case of assault testified to before the Commission the victim stated that his assailants were two union men, who had been tried and convicted for the crime. Commissioner Parker inquired whether they had been expelled from the union, and the head of the local union, on being brought upon the stand, testified that he did not know whether they had

been or not, but that the unions and individual strikers had done all in their power to disperse crowds and help keep the peace. Chairman Gray sharply reprimanded the witness for his apparent readiness to wait for convictions by the civil authorities before disciplining his men. "Do you think," he exclaimed, "that you can have effective discipline unless you make investigations yourself and bring the men up and punish them in some way? I ask you, as a member of the order and as a man who would be glad to see your order come up out of the mire and the clouds that are around the baser parts of it into the sunlight and into the air of free government and a free country." This remark of the Chairman stirred Mr. Mitchell, who came to the defense of his union by declaring that the union had no right to expel men for crimes of which they had not been convicted, and protesting against the assumption that the union organization was responsible for the acts it had been unable to restrain. He contended, as had his attorneys, that if the union was on trial for the outrages, there should be some evidence connecting the union with them. Mr. Mitchell at one time took part in the cross-examination of a witness—the Sheriff of Lackawanna County—who testified that the union in several instances had rendered him material help in preserving order. General Wilson, of the Commission, in cross-examining the same witness, brought out the fact that the deputy sheriffs employed were not paid by the county, but by the coal companies. This explanation surprised Chairman Gray, who said most justly: "I am not familiar with such an un-American law. When the county or State relinquishes the duty of maintaining and protecting life and property and keeping the peace, then they are open to criticism." The result of the week's testimony, however, was extremely hurtful to the prestige of the union, which had plainly failed to instill into great numbers of its followers the conviction that it as well as they were discredited by outrages against its opponents. The Outlook believes that the greatest enemy that the trades-unions have to face to-day is not the criminal aggressions of capital, but the criminal acts of their own members.

The Erie Canal In his annual message Governor Odell, of New York, expresses for the first time since his re-election his views regarding the improvement of the Erie Canal. He explicitly reaffirms his "belief in the thousand-ton barge plan." He acknowledges, however, that the plan for the lake route (described in The Outlook for December 20), which he has heretofore favored, is, in the judgment of those who have given the matter study, impracticable. He therefore concludes in favor of the enlargement of the present route, with some variation. Though he thus simplifies the question by putting the weight of his influence on the side of the route which is most generally favored, he introduces a new complication by making an estimate of the cost far in excess of former estimates. He declares that the improvement will involve the expenditure of $255,000,000. If Governor Odell were opposed to all canal improvement, he could have taken no more effectual means to discourage the people of the State from undertaking it than by suggesting the possibility of such enormous expense. It makes the project appear to require a vaster outlay than the Panama Canal. The fact is that this estimate includes interest for fifty years and a twenty per cent. margin for error, and allows also for the deepening of the Champlain Canal to twelve feet. Inasmuch as estimates upon which Governor Odell bases his figures already include a ten per cent. margin for contingencies, and interest for eighteen years, and as the deepening of the Champlain Canal is no essential part of the project, State Engineer Bond's estimate of $123,200,000 seems much nearer the probability than Governor Odell's. At any rate, there is no such reason for dismay at the bigness of the undertaking as the message of Governor Odell would seem to imply.

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The Franchise Tax Assailed Apart from his recommendation of a costly canal and his argument against it, the most striking feature of Governor Odell's message is his plan for the abandonment of the franchise tax law adopted under Governor Roosevelt's administration. This law, it will be recalled, simply provided that the value of

municipal franchises should be assessed like real estate. Governor Odell reports that "some corporations can bear this burden without serious results following. But, as is well known, the continued increase of street railroad traffic and the demands for lighting, water, telephone, and other public utility facilities have perhaps brought into existence many corporations which cannot bear the excessive burden which is now imposed under the present law." In our view, this is as bad reasoning as has often appeared in a Governor's message. The franchise tax imposes no burden upon corporations which merely earn a fair rate of interest on the capital actually invested. In such cases the franchise has given no additional value to their property, and the tax upon it amounts to nothing. It is only where the franchise gives to the securities of a corporation a market value far in excess of the capital invested that the franchise tax becomes important. To say that any corporation cannot afford to pay taxes upon the surplus value given to its property by public privilege is preposterous. The argument, furthermore, is made worse by the lines calling attention to the recent great increase in the demand of the public for the services of municipal monopolies. Had there been a decrease in these demands, there would have been an argument for tax reduction, but the increase is an argument for increased taxation. The Governor's argument that the franchise tax will yield less than anticipated does not affect the justice of the law, and only further weakens the force of his protest against the burdensomeness of the new law. The Governor's argument that the State, and not the municipality, ought to receive the tax on the value from municipal franchises only needs to be stated to expose its weakness. His final contention, however, that taxes on the earnings of municipal monopolies would be fairer than the tax on the value of their property does demand a word of comment. Taxes on earnings cripple corporations not yet paying their running expenses, and place unjust burdens upon new enterprises. Taxes on market values fall but lightly upon corporations making small profits, and rest chiefly upon those holding monopoly privileges. Furthermore, and finally, the assessment of market values is the method applied in the taxation of the property of individuals, and all who care for equal taxation wish the same method applied to the taxation of corporations. It is greatly to be regretted that Governor Odell's disappointing recommendations upon canals and taxation have practically withdrawn public attention from his excellent recommendation of legislation against combinations to prevent enlistments in the National Guard. Such combinations are clearly against public policy, and combinations against public policy, whether of labor or capital, should be prohibited by the public.

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"Catering to the Better Element"

The municipal situations in the several important cities of Pennsylvania present, as usual, some extraordinary features. In Philadelphia the Republican machine, after four years of almost uninterrupted victories, has made an important and unexpected concession to public opinion in the proposed nomination of District Attorney John Weaver for Mayor, who has more than met reasonable expectation in the discharge of his duties and has earned the commendation of the independents. It seems strange, but it is none the less true, that the Republican party organization in Philadelphia should be able to make a nomination for Mayor which the Municipal League would support; and yet this is just what has happened. The League has decided to recommend that if District Attorney Weaver shall be made the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty, he should be supported by the Municipal League. In making this recommendation it was declared that the League was not unmindful of the fact that Mr. Weaver's nomination will be due to methods and influences which are radically wrong. It is manifest, however, that under existing conditions in Philadelphia an attempt to oppose the candidate on this ground alone would be unwise. Mr. Weaver has made an admirable record as an honest and energetic District Attorney, and this is certainly a reason for believing that as Mayor of Philadelphia he will appreciate his splendid opportunities to redeem the character of the city government by securing the enforcement of the laws and protecting the interests of

the citizens. In Pittsburg the defeat last fall of the reformers and honest Democrats has led to the revival of the old Municipal League, which will make a strong effort to redeem the city from the hands of both groups of spoilsmen. In Harrisburg, where so great an advance was scored a year ago, the Municipal League proposes to make an active fight for the election of decent men, as it finds that many of the regular party men who sailed into office in the reform tide have lost their keen interest in the Municipal League end of it and are more concerned in playing politics. In the meantime, against rather heavy odds, Mayor Vance McCormick is making commendable progress, rooting out old abuses and establishing the city's affairs on what may be called a business basis.

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Praxedes Mateo Sagasta Last week Spain suffered the loss of one who, since the death of Cánovas del Castillo, has, not without justice, been called the one great Spanish statesman. Praxedes Mateo Sagasta was a Castilian; he was born seventy-five years ago, and was educated as an engineer, but he early turned to politics as a life-work. In 1854 he was elected to the Cortes, or Parliament, but, on account of his part in the insurrection two years later, was obliged to take refuge in France. When he was allowed to go back to Spain, he returned temporarily to his old profession and became Professor in the Madrid School of Engineering, at the same time editing the radical-progressive "Iberia." In this latter capacity he continued his bold proclamation of Liberal principles, thereby bringing himself into disfavor with the Ministers of Isabella II. During the insurrection of 1866 he was again obliged to flee to France, but, on the overthrow of the despotic Queen (1868), returned to Spain, and, the constitutional guarantees being suspended, when General Prim formed a provisional government, Sagasta, as Prim's "familiar spirit," was appointed Minister of Public Works, subsequently becoming Minister of the Interior, and finally Minister of Foreign Affairs, acting in the last-named capacity throughout the critical year of 1870. Colonel John Hay, now Secretary of State at Washington, was then an attaché of our Legation at Madrid, and thus describes Sagasta:

> He has a dark, wrinkled face, small, bright eyes, the smile and scowl of Mephistopheles. He is a most vigorous and energetic speaker, but so aggressive and pungent in his style that he rarely fails to raise a tempest in the languid House when he speaks at any length. He has a hearty contempt for the people and a firm reliance in himself—two important elements of success for a Latin statesman.

On the accession of Amadeus of Aosta, in 1871, Sagasta entered the new Cabinet, an indication that by this time his radicalism had become cooled. He certainly became the antagonist of Ruiz Zorilla, that radical of radicals; the latter's election to the presidency of the Cortes was a bitter pill to Sagasta, forcing his resignation from the recently assumed Premiership. Amadeus refused to accept the resignation, however, and the Cortes was dissolved. In the subsequent elections the Ministry obtained a large majority, it is true, but Zorilla succeeded so well in showing that the elections were secured by corrupt practices that, after a few months, the Premier was again driven from power. When, in 1873, Spain found herself again a republic, Sagasta was once more Minister of Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister, and remained so until the accession of Alfonso XII., a year later. The Premier who had served Marshal Serrano would not give his adhesion to the new régime until the King, who was destined to reign eleven years, had been six months on the throne. In 1881 Sagasta and Martinos Campos organized the present Liberal party, which overthrew the Conservatives and came into power. From this time forward Spain knew many vacillations between Conservative and Liberal Cabinets, which were invariably headed now by Cánovas, now by Sagasta.

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Sagasta and America The Spanish Cabinet change of 1897 seemed the most important of all; it proclaimed Spain's last effort to retain (and now by a broad policy which might have been successful earlier) her hold upon her colonies in general, and upon Cuba in particular. Sagasta assumed the Premiership on the distinct policy of the pacific[illegible] through autonor

only by all the Spanish Conservatives, but even by many Spanish Liberals. The Premier's first act was to recall General Weyler, the infamous "butcher" Captain-General of Cuba, and to appoint as his successor the humaner and high-minded General Blanco; but in everything Sagasta left no opportunity unexhausted to avert the coming war. Even he was powerless in the matter; and when the Manila disaster capped the climax, he was forced to resign. The sympathies of the courageous Queen Regent, however, were firmly enlisted upon his side; and, largely through her aid, Sagasta was successful in forming a new Cabinet. He now abandoned his former temporizing tactics and declared that the war should be fought to the bitter end, though he knew better than any one that from the start Spain's cause was hopeless. When the war was over, perhaps the most difficult problems ever faced by any statesman had to be met by the Spanish Premier. It is true that he was helped by the surprisingly phlegmatic national spirit in the face of the loss of tens of thousands of men and of vast colonial possessions. But he met each new perplexity with such calmness, courage, and straightforwardness that his Cabinet actually lasted for months after the close of the war. In 1901 a threatened Carlist insurrection led to the downfall of the Conservatives, and Sagasta was again called to power as the one man under whose influence the army would remain loyal to the Alfonsist monarchy. In this task Sagasta's success was brilliant; and he himself had the satisfaction of completing his long and devoted service to the Queen Regent by insuring the peaceful accession to the throne of her young son, the present King. Sagasta remained as Premier during most of the first year of the new reign, everywhere consolidating the power of the actual monarchy. It is believed that the admirable Queen Regent herself could not have preserved the succession to her son during his minority if it had not been for the unswerving loyalty of the great Liberal statesman. Personally Sagasta was rather un-Spanish; he was unarrogant, uneloquent, ungraceful. If his apparently Mephistophelian subtlety was everywhere acknowledged, so also was his personal honesty, no matter how he may have winked at official corruption. He lived simply and died poor—a striking comment upon the integrity which had distinguished a long record of opportunities for private gain irresistibly tempting to men of weaker fiber.

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The Irish Land Question The vexed Irish land question has apparently advanced a long step towards solution through the report of the Land Conference which was recently arranged by the Earl of Dunraven and other landlords on the one hand, and, on the other, by Messrs. Russell (Independent), and Redmond, O'Brien, and Harrington (Nationalists), on behalf of the tenants. The Conference received encouragement from Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and, it is understood, from King Edward himself. It would seem as if the Committee represented irreconcilable views; but, according to its just published report, it has made a *unanimous* declaration concerning future governmental aid in Ireland. The unanimity of this recommendation, rather than the terms of the recommendation itself, gives hope, such as has not been cherished before, for future peace and good will in what has often seemed to us an unnecessarily unhappy isle. Indeed, it is safe to say that the unanimous agreement on the land question by representatives of landlords and tenants is the most notable event that has occurred in Ireland for generations. The report even meets the approval of extreme Tory landlords in Ireland—the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lords Clonbrock and Barrymore, for instance, who at the outset apparently discountenanced the Committee, undoubtedly because they thought that no permanent settlement could be reached, as they considered their estates worth more than the tenants could afford to pay. The rental to be dealt with is no less than $25,000,000. According to the report, the proposed settlement would be on lines of voluntary purchase rather than compulsory sale, and would substitute a reduced installment of purchase-money for rent. In order to accomplish the aims of the Committee, the amount which the Imperial Government would have to pay would be about $3,000,000 a year. The question, there

fore, is: Will the British Treasury officials continue their rather haggling policy as regards Irish matters, or will they institute a broader-gauge system? To insure loyalty the Irish demand generous treatment, if for no other reason than that they are a generous, if hitherto improvident, people. Statistics, however, show that they have been less improvident during the years which have elapsed since the passing of the Gladstone Land Act of 1881. It is believed that public sentiment in the United Kingdom, once convinced that permanency of settlement might be reached by legislation following the encouraging agreement just noted, might force the Treasury's unwilling hand. The unanimous recommendation, therefore, will at least enable the Chief Secretary for Ireland to introduce an Irish land bill into Parliament at its next session. It should be the chief Government measure of that session.

The Dardanelles

Last week the British Government protested to the Turkish Government against the permission recently granted to four unarmed Russian torpedo-boat destroyers to pass through the Dardanelles to the Black Sea under the Russian commercial flag. The British note declares that such a passage of the Dardanelles was a violation of existing international treaties, and adds that if Russia is allowed to send war-ships into the Mediterranean Great Britain will reserve the right to demand that British battle-ships may be sent into the Black Sea. The treaties of 1856 and 1871 provide for the closing of the Dardanelles to war vessels of all countries. The present is not the first violation. Russia has more than once smuggled war-craft through the straits under the guise of harmless merchantmen or transports carrying home time-expired troops. The Russian Government can hardly seriously maintain that a vessel of war entirely changes its character by merely dropping its armament and raising a commercial flag. As, under treaty, England would be allowed to send war-ships to the Black Sea if Russia is permitted to despatch her vessels into the Mediterranean, the protest from the British Government caused considerable irritation in Russian circles, and also some concern on the part of the Turkish authorities, who feared that other Powers might follow the example of Great Britain. The other Power most feared by Turkey would be Germany, and hence there was considerable relief at Constantinople at a non-official announcement later in the week at Berlin that Germany does not propose to associate herself with Great Britain's protest, on the ground that the Berlin Government "considered the Dardanelles equally with the whole of the Mediterranean as outside its sphere of politics." This statement may be only a temporary expedient on the part of William II. He is aware as well as any one that he is not only German Emperor but King of Prussia, which, as a member of the North German Federation, was a signatory of the Treaty of Paris in 1856. While the recent passage of the Dardanelles may not amount to any more than previous evasions of the law, under present conditions it has been an event of sufficient import to compel a decline in English consols, financiers fearing the phantom of possible international complications. The incident, they think, may not be wholly unconnected with Balkan complications, especially with the expected insurrection in Macedonia next spring.

The New German Tariff

By a summary use of closure, the German Government has forced its tariff bill through Parliament, or rather it has forced a tariff measure upon the German people, more drastic and unworkable than was the measure originally proposed. That bill was due to the insistence of the Junkers or Agrarians in Parliament, and the Government's support was popularly supposed to be paid for by a return support from all agriculturists concerning certain governmental undertakings. If the original bill was unwelcome to the entire manufacturing element in Germany, the measure just passed is still more unwelcome. The coalition which has rallied to its support and defeated the Liberals by a vote of two to one has provoked sharp criticisms. Perhaps the most noticeable has come from the venerable Theodor Mommsen, who for many years has commanded world-wide respect, no

account of his History—now a classic—of Rome, but also because he has been regarded as an authority on the history of constitutional development. Professor Mommsen differs from some German scholars in being as fearless in expressing his opinions as he is erudite in forming them. Germans have not forgotten the day when Bismarck caused him and the lamented Georg von Bunsen to be excluded from the Reichstag on account of their courageous strictures upon the Iron Chancellor's autocratic policy. Professor Mommsen calls attention to the peril of continuing any alliance between the Agrarians and the Roman Catholic party of the Center, as under this alliance Germany stands in danger of a renewal of the old feudal régime. The country may again be dominated by the great landowners and nobles acting in harmony with the ecclesiastics. In this event the Constitution itself would be endangered; "its overthrow is rapidly progressing," says Professor Mommsen. In these very modern and progressive times it seems almost impossible that a Junker domination—in other words, an aristocratic absolutism—could long obtain in Germany. Already the new tariff measure has exercised a depressing effect on German commerce and industry. Far from being discouraged by the passage of the bill, the Socialists in Parliament, who were its chief opponents, feel that the measure can endure only for a short time. It would seem improbable that any reactionary agrarian coalition could stand for many years in the path of the progress of manufacturing Germany, importing every year $300,000,000 worth of manufactured products, nearly $500,000,000 worth of foodstuffs, and about $700,000,000 worth of raw material for factory use. A tariff war is not a pleasant thing to contemplate anywhere, but of all protection countries Germany can thus least afford to provoke it.

The New Archbishop of Canterbury

Last week the Rt. Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury to succeed the late Most Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., who died in December. The new Archbishop is a comparatively young man, but has served a capital apprenticeship for the exalted office to which he has been called; he was born in 1848, and is a son of Henry Davidson, of Edinburgh. He was graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, and for some years served as curate at Dartford, Kent. For the five years following he was chaplain and private secretary to Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, whose daughter he married. He made the principal arrangements for the great Lambeth Conference of one hundred bishops in 1878, and is consequently well known to the prelates of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. He was also chaplain and private secretary to Archbishop Benson. This was followed by his appointment as Examining Chaplain to Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham. During these years he was also one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral; and in 1883 became Dean of Windsor and Domestic Chaplain to the Queen. He was Secretary of the Lambeth Conference of 1888, and afterwards published a history of the Lambeth Conferences. In 1891 he was appointed Bishop of Rochester and Clerk of the Closet in Ordinary to the Queen (in this capacity he ministered to the venerable monarch in her last moments), and in 1895, on Dr. Thorold's death, Bishop of Winchester. During and since his years at Windsor Dr. Davidson has been intimately connected with the Court; he was a close friend of the late Queen, and is one of the recognized advisers of the present King. On the death of Dr. Benson the Archbishopric was offered to Dr. Davidson, but his health at that time was precarious, and he was obliged to decline it. Personally courtly and urbane, the new Archbishop is popular, not only with the Court, but with the people. Unlike Dr. Temple's, his experience has been gained wholly within the Church; like Dr. Temple, he is an ardent temperance reformer as well as a great administrator. His quality of mind is well shown in the admirable biography of Archbishop Tait, his father-in-law, published in 1891. Although Dr. Davidson has been classed as "Broad-Church Evangelical," English Churchmen of whatever party feel sincere satisfaction with his appointment—by far the most important ecclesiastical preferment which Mr. Balfour, the new Premier, has been called upon to recommend.

A Beecher Memorial It is proposed by Plymouth Church of Brooklyn to erect a building which shall stand as a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher. The idea of this memorial originated with Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the present pastor of the church, who is working with energy and enthusiasm for its development. Dr. Hillis proposes a Memorial Building that shall be a mausoleum, where objects associated with Mr. Beecher, such as his manuscripts and works of art illustrating his life, shall be kept and displayed. A fund has already been started to provide for this memorial, and a committee of the church has been selected to carry on the work of raising funds and creating public interest. Contributions should be sent to Theodore Miller, President of the Brooklyn Trust Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., who is treasurer of the fund. This suggestion to erect a building which shall stand at once as a mausoleum to contain the body of Henry Ward Beecher, and as a shrine in which all the objects associated with his life shall be preserved, springs out of a natural desire to commemorate one of the most important men in the history of the country; a man whose influence in the support of the idea of nationality and freedom was a large factor in the crisis of the Civil War, and whose eloquent exposition of faith in a God of love was far-reaching in breaking the bondage of the fear of a God of wrath. With the animating purpose of this memorial of Mr. Beecher The Outlook is in profound sympathy, but the matter is too important to let the question of details go by without consideration and perhaps discussion. Memorials ought in all cases to harmonize with the genius and spirit of the man whom they commemorate, and the question as to what is the best form which a memorial to Mr. Beecher could take is one not merely of interest to his church and his personal friends, but to the public at large. It is worth while asking at this stage whether a memorial of Mr. Beecher's great services to the country should not take what might be called a vital form, should not be given the shape of perpetual beneficence to the unfortunate, the struggling, those who have to fight against adverse conditions. Mr. Beecher was pre-eminently an apostle of freedom in religion, in public life, in the individual character. We hope the memorial fund will be raised generously and quickly. But when it is raised, we believe it should be so expended as to express, in the most permanent and concrete form, the spirit which actuated Mr. Beecher in his service to his church, to his country, and to his race.

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The Methodist Twentieth-Century Fund With the close of the year 1902 the Twentieth-Century Thank-Offering Movement of the Methodist Episcopal Church came to a termination. In various parts of the country meetings were held on the evening of December 31 commemorative of the movement, and partaking largely of the aspect of a jubilee over the successful accomplishment of the work as outlined by the Board of Bishops of that Church in their first announcement of the Twentieth-Century Movement four years ago. Dr. Edmund M. Mills, the Corresponding Secretary of the Commission having the movement in charge, has made a report covering several of the principal causes for which the funds were contributed. The gifts to universities and colleges amount to $6,932,783; to theological seminaries, $85,730; to institutions for secondary education, $1,132,100; making a total for education of $8,150,613. Dr. Mills reports as the amount subscribed toward debts on church property, $9,003,596; toward philanthropies and charities, $2,519,761; toward a permanent fund for the superannuated ministers of the Church, $604,000; toward churches in destitute communities, $379,000. This makes a grand total of $20,656,970. It should be stated that this vast sum does not represent the whole amount raised under the terms of the movement. Several large gifts in addition to those recorded by Dr. Mills have been made, but are not in his tabulation because not officially reported; but it is quite within bounds to say that the final total will exceed the required amount by a million and a half dollars. Among the educational institutions which received large contributions are Syracuse University, $1,203,800; Ohio Wesleyan University, $1,092,806; American University, $525,000; Cornell College, $405,000; Allegheny College, $310,000; Wes-

leyan University, $287,000; Boston University, $260,000; Hamline University, $250,000; Woman's College of Baltimore, $244,000; University of Southern California, $240,000; University of Denver, $205,000. The fund for the benefit of the superannuated ministers, which, according to Dr. Mills's report, amounts to $604,000, will be greatly increased when all the returns have been collated; indeed, it is quite likely that a special effort will be made to increase this fund to $5,000,000. Although the Methodist Episcopal Church has contributed over $20,000,000 during the last four years on the basis of the Twentieth-Century Thank-Offering Movement, it has also increased its contributions to its various benevolent enterprises and maintained its financial standing in every respect. It was one of the conditions of the Twentieth-Century Movement that the contributions to this fund should be over and above the contributions to all the general causes of the denomination.

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A Congregational Encyclical

The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States is not a legislative assembly, but simply a voluntary organization composed of representatives from local churches. It holds a triennial meeting, collects and publishes statistics, and performs other services that require united action. The Moderator of the Council has no authority over the churches. He is nevertheless in some respects for the time being the most eminent of Congregationalists, because he is peculiarly "the servant of all." As no other man, he can speak as the representative of the churches of his order. The present Moderator, Dr. Amory H. Bradford, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Montclair, N. J., is especially fitted for his position by his deep-set belief in Congregational principles. He is temperamentally, as well as officially, a representative of Congregationalism. He has just sent out his annual letter to the churches. Coming from one who has double reason for sturdily upholding the independence of the local church, this letter is significant for the stress it lays upon the need of co-operation and unity. Even in matters which are of interest chiefly to Congregationalists, this letter gives emphatic place to recommendations of increased consolidation: specifically, plans of developing fellowship among the churches, of unifying the administration of the missionary societies, and of centralizing, at least in State associations, the system for supplying churches with pastors and the undertaking to pension aged or invalided ministers. In matters of wider import Dr. Bradford's suggestions are of the same import. Looking to the far-off unification of Christendom, he sees it being brought nearer by means of federation. This method of organization he commends because it insures liberty, exalts the essentials in religion, is simple in operation, and it centers attention upon social righteousness. In keeping with this plan for Christian unity is his urgent exhortation to the churches to give heed to the task of bringing about a healthful social order. In doing this he bids them exalt the faith in human brotherhood. "The greatest contribution which the Church can make toward the solution of the social problem is to exhibit a society in which the rich and strong actually do seek to serve the weak and not to please themselves, and in which the poor love those for whom they labor with the very love which was in Christ." He sees "prophecies of spiritual renewal" in the fact that science is bringing nearer "unseen realities," that men are feeling the closeness of human relationships more than ever, and that there is "a growing passion for reality" which, though occasionally leading to temporary defections from the Church, "far more frequently leads to a hitherto unknown appreciation of its spiritual mission." This suggests the type of the coming revival, which will be a more vivid realization of the fatherhood of God on which the brotherhood of men depends. To promote the realization of God, he suggests special meditation and meetings during the coming Lenten season. From the man who more than any one else in America has the right to represent those churches which have insisted, and still insist, upon the independence of the local church and upon the sufficiency of simple forms of worship, these recommendations towards unity and an observance of the church year indicate in a peculiarly striking way the fact that church bodies are becoming less than ever

content with one-sided conceptions of religious life.

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The Trust Problem
Natural Laws

There is one objection made to any anti-trust legislation which, if sound, would call for the repeal of all existing statutes on that subject and a cessation of all attempts at legislative control, regulation, or influence. It is expressed by the sentence, "Business should be left to the operation of natural laws." We suppose the proposition is specious or it would not be used. But it is to us a matter for surprise that it deceives any one.

No doubt there is always a danger of unwise interference with natural laws; of such an attempt to regulate as will be injurious, not beneficial, to the community; of a control that may become despotic and so both unjust and disastrous. No doubt great wisdom and great care should be exercised in regulating trade and commerce; no doubt individual liberty should be maintained as far as it can be made consistent with the public welfare; no doubt the more we can make the private conscience, enforced by public opinion, efficacious, and the less we have to resort to governmental authority, the better. All this may be and is true. But the notion that remedy for industrial ills can be found by a do-nothing policy, in the faith that natural law will bring about universal justice and will promote the common welfare, appears to us to ignore the self-evident facts of modern industrial life.

A man on a higher level builds a dam across the stream which irrigates his neighbor's grounds, and diverts the water to his own uses. His neighbor complains of the water famine which destroys the fertility of his land. The dam-builder replies, "Law must not interfere. You must leave natural law to take its course." The reply is not far to seek. The dam-builder does not leave natural law to take its course. By building the dam he has himself interfered with the course of natural law. What he really means, whether he is conscious of it or not, is this: "I must have a right to interfere with natural law, and you, my neighbor, must not. You must not interfere with my interference." And this is exactly what is meant by the plea that natural law must be left to take its course without legislative interference, when that plea is put forth by the advocates of trusts, monopolies, and combines.

When natural law ruled in this continent, the North American Indians blazed pathways through the forests, and when any one of them wished to travel, he put his goods upon his back, or upon his wife's back, and took what path he pleased, when he pleased, and traveled at what rate he pleased. When civilization took possession of the continent, one of the things it did was to create by law an artificial person called a railroad corporation; to this artificial person it gave the right to take the real estate of A and B and C, through the whole alphabet many times repeated, whether A and B and C wished to sell or not, and to pay them, not what price they asked, but whatever price a disinterested tribunal put upon the land. And so, by a most direct and positive interference with natural law, a public highway was constructed by which individuals and goods could be more conveniently carried than in packs upon the back of the traveler along a blazed pathway through the forest. Society created this artificial person, and conferred upon this person this artificial power, because it rightly believed that thus the public interests would be promoted and the public welfare advanced. Now that it finds this power unjustly used, not for the equal service of all, but for enriching one and impoverishing another, and it proposes to require this artificial person to use this artificial power for the benefit of the public and not for its injury, what sense is there in crying out against the requirement on the ground that government should leave transportation to the operation of natural law. It is not left to the operation of natural law. It is carried on by artificial organizations created by law and equipped with artificial power by law. And it is eminently right that society, which has created and empowered the corporations to serve the community, should require them to render the service for which they were created. Otherwise the corporation becomes the iron despot of the Frankenstein who has created it.

There are stored up in the hills of Pennsylvania great masses of coal. Under the operation of natural law any man might go to these hills, put in his pick, and dig out what coal he needed for his fuel, as the North American Indian cut down in the forest whatever wood he needed for his fuel. But civilization cannot go on under the operation of natural law. So, by a complicated artificial system, we have given the ownership of these lands to individuals; we have given the ownership of the top of the soil to one set of individuals, and ownership of the underground mines to another set of individuals. Their right to the soil depends wholly upon the artificial arrangements which society has made. Society determines what they may own, how far down they may own, for how long a time they may own, under what conditions they may own. In England the owner may control the land for an indefinite period after his death. In America he can control it for only two lives. In France he must divide it in a certain fixed proportion among his children. This individual proprietary right in land is wholly an artificial right, created by statute, controlled and regulated by statute. And it has been so created and regulated because society thinks this is the best method for the promotion of the general interests of society. And now, when the owners of these coal lands combine and charge extortionate prices for the fuel which they did not create, and their right to control which is wholly an artificial right created by society, to aver that society's power to regulate and control has been exhausted, and that it cannot go on and compel the owners whose right in the coal it has created to use these rights in subordination to the public right to fuel, is to affirm that society may create rights which it is powerless to regulate after it has created them, that it may interfere with natural laws just far enough to give to a dozen operators a monopoly in a fuel necessary to human well-being, if not to human life, but may not interfere when interference becomes necessary to prevent individual greed from inflicting untold disaster on the general public. As we are writing this article the daily press is reporting the Congressional investigation into the cause of the extortionate prices charged for coal, which have produced untold suffering and in one or two cases, as reported, death. From one account of this investigation we quote the following sentence:

> There was considerable feeling manifested between the dealers who were members of the local association and those who were not. One who would not join the association declared emphatically that the Reading company was holding up its supply of coal, and furnishing transportation facilities to the independent operators for the purpose of allowing them to charge exorbitant prices for their product, and then divide the swag with the Reading.

We do not affirm that this is true; but we do affirm that the people have a right to ascertain whether it is true or not; and, if it is true, they have a right promptly to put an end to such a despotic use by a corporation of powers which have been conferred upon it by the people.

Civilization is not the product of natural laws operating without human intervention. It is the product of natural laws employed by man for man's benefit. Natural law does not make a locomotive or a dynamo. Man, understanding natural law, and using it for his purposes, makes the locomotive and the dynamo, and by means of them causes steam and electricity to do what he wishes them to do. He possesses power to use natural forces to accomplish predetermined ends. He possesses the same power to use intellectual and moral forces to predetermined ends. By this capacity he has built the locomotive, the dynamo, the stationary engine. By this capacity he has built up the State, the Church, the school, the various industrial organizations. This capacity distinguishes him from the beasts. To forego this capacity and leave natural law to work out its results unmodified by human volition would be to go back to barbarism, nay, to the pre-human conditions of the field and the forest. To stop in the use of this intelligence when it has gone far enough to serve the few who are well and strong, and not far enough to serve the many, would be simply to perpetuate in a new form that aristocracy against which democracy in government, education, and religion is a revolt. In attempting to make natural law serve, not the favored few, but all the people, democracy will make mistakes; it will attempt unsuccessful experiments; it will meet with failures;

and it will be obstructed by some who think that nothing can be but what has been, and by others who, having the larger share of the world's wealth and power, object to any further distribution of either. But we greatly mistake the temper of the American people if this movement so to use natural laws, so to administer natural forces—both physical and moral—as to serve the welfare of the entire people, can be permanently either halted or diverted by the unspecious plea that natural law is not to be directed to wise and profitable ends by human intelligence and human wills.

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Southern Education

The meeting held in Carnegie Hall, in this city, on Friday evening of last week, in behalf of the General and the Southern Education Boards, was attended by a very influential and deeply interested audience; for the work of these two Boards is being rapidly recognized in all parts of the country as being not only educational in the technical sense, but as having the most fruitful relations to the public life of the United States. Dr. Adler used a very happy phrase when he described the work of the two Boards as "unofficial statesmanship." Speeches were made by President Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, who made a careful and extremely lucid statement of the school situation in the South; by President Alderman, of Tulane University; by Dr. C. D. McIver, President of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial School; by Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., and by Mr. Morris K. Jesup. The three Southern men among the speakers are among the foremost educational leaders of the South; and it is not invidious to rank them among the foremost statesmen of the South to-day. The phrase "educational statesmen," which has been applied to Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, and to Governor Montague, of Virginia, indicates the place which the educational question has come to have in many parts of the South, and is suggestive of that broader conception of public life to which events in this country are fast educating men of all sections. So important in its fundamental bearings upon the public life of the country is the educational movement in the South that Mr. Michael Sadler, an Englishman who speaks with authority on educational matters, was justified in saying, a few months ago, "It is a work which is not merely national, but international, in character."

The General Education Board, which has its central office in this city, is devoting itself to the rural schools of the South, acting as an agency for the beneficence of private individuals, selecting schools which need aid, co-operating with local generosity, and making a thorough survey of the rural school system throughout all parts of the South. The Southern Board, on the other hand, is carrying on a vigorous educational propaganda, striving everywhere to create throughout the South a general interest in education, and to persuade people to acquiesce in a heavier taxation to build up educational systems. The campaign has been thoroughly planned, for both Boards are under the management of men who are not only enthusiastic in their devotion to the cause they have at heart, but eminently practical, and who know at first hand the field in which they are working. Under the direction of the General Board three State conferences have already been held in North Carolina, Louisiana, and Georgia; similar conferences have been arranged for in Florida, Alabama, and Virginia. In these conferences the most progressive men in the different States are brought together, the work and purpose of the Board explained, and the problems connected with educational work, such as taxation, consolidation of school districts, the beautifying of school-houses, negro education, and all matters relating to rural schools, presented by men who have thorough command of the subject. A model school for negroes has been established near Athens, and summer schools for negro teachers at Hampton and Tuskegee. The Board has co-operated with three summer schools for white teachers, and has given aid in different amounts to normal schools in various parts of the South. Never, perhaps, in the history of the country has so large a movement been so thoroughly organized, so well directed, and accomplished so much in so brief a period. A vast amount of information relating to educational conditions in

parts of the South has been collected; and the Board is in a position to do its work with increasing intelligence and efficiency.

The work is a National one, although its field is in the Southern States. The generosity and sacrifice of the South for education, taking into account the limited resources of the Southern people during the last twenty years, are just beginning to be understood at the North, and wherever understood are evoking a response which is a practical recognition of what is due to a people who have put forth heroic efforts to rebuild their social structure, and who are struggling with problems of appalling magnitude. Those who know the history of the South since the war are filled with admiration for the quiet courage, the undaunted energy, and the heroic patience with which that section has been working out its industrial and social reorganization. In no other movement has the enthusiasm, what may be called the gallantry, of the Southern character been more strikingly indicated than in the educational movement. A story of that movement is already a record of individual self-denial and heroic self-sacrifice; if it could be told in terms of personal experience, it would awaken the admiration of the whole Nation. Among the men who are leading the South to-day in this new era of its development, there are none better deserving the confidence and admiration of the Nation than men like President Alderman, President Dabney, and Dr. McIver. The million dollars given by Mr. Rockefeller for the work of the General Education Board makes it possible for that Board to spend a hundred thousand dollars each year for the next decade; but, as Mr. Baldwin declared at the meeting, this "is but a drop in the bucket. The trustees of this fund believe that every dollar expended in education in the South is a good investment, and they are going to ask the people of this whole country to make such an investment. We have provided a business organization composed of men every one of whose names is a household word—men whom you can trust—who are to manage this money in the best possible way, and it is to this board that we are going to ask the public to intrust funds for this great purpose."

A Significant Novel

Those who keep in touch with the life not of a section, but of the country as a whole, and are sensitive to the stirrings of the spirit over the length and breadth of the continent, have felt for several years past that we are approaching another and more comprehensive expression of American life in books. One of the results of the journalistic treatment of literature, now so prevalent, is the attempt to take account of stock every week and to measure accurately the rise and fall of the tide of creative power from year to year. In the nature of things this is impossible; but the fact that it is impossible does not deter a great many people from pronouncing final judgments on literary conditions and prospects. When the tide recedes, these critics are sure that the artistic impulse in America has spent itself, or that the country has ceased to produce the material of which art is made. They are confident that commercialism, or the practical spirit, or the decay of the love of the beautiful, or absorption in material activities, has drained the springs of inspiration, and that nothing can be hoped from America in the future except a civilization which is content to work with its hands and leave other civilizations to work with the soul.

Nothing could be more short-sighted or lacking in the historical spirit than these predictions. Again and again in literary history the rise and the fall of the tide of creative power have left their marks; again and again, when the vital force which blossoms in every art has receded and left the earth bare and bleak, it has come back with a rush and sweep unknown before, while the elegists were chanting its funeral dirges. No one can feel deeply the tremendous forces which are at work in the life of this country to-day without being confident that, sooner or later, those forces will find their expression in literature. Such a tide of energy as that which has been steadily mounting since the Civil War cannot find utterance for itself in material activities. Sooner or later, it reaches the higher levels of the soul, and intensity of action is translated by men of genius into intensity of aspiration.

At the very time when the pres

finds it difficult to keep the record of the material growth of the country, so rapid and so vast is it, there has come and gone a man with the original insight, the profound sympathy, the touch with his kind, which are the prime elements of power in a great man of letters. It is easy to overestimate the significance of a writer, like Frank Norris, who dies at the very beginning of his career; and it is too soon to pass final judgment upon the work which he has left; but it must be quite clear, even to those who differ widely from the young novelist in his methods and his point of view, that the author of "The Octopus" and "The Pit" brought to the study of American life that power of looking beneath the surface, of touching the great realities, of seeing the dramatic and ethical aspects of contemporary movements, which constitute original force in literature. While other men were saying that there can be no poetry or romance in a country so engrossed in business affairs, so absorbed in gigantic practical enterprises, Frank Norris fastened upon one of the most engrossing, colossal, and in a sense tyrannical of these activities, saw how every great outgoing of energy relates itself to many forms of life, and how impossible it is for men to work lavishly and with sublime forgetfulness with their hands without engaging their souls; and, equipped with this insight, guided by this sympathy, Norris was artist enough to seize the dramatic aspects of the raising of wheat, its transportation, and its final distribution. It was an immense theme, demanding the energy of a Zola and the genius of a Tolstoi.

It is not surprising that a man who died at thirty-two should not have shown a complete mastery of his material, and should have failed perfectly to coördinate all the parts of his great design. What is significant is the fact that he saw under the surface of American life the deep and inexhaustible human interest; and that he had the genius to recognize the epical quality, not of life in Russia or in France, but on the wheat-fields of the Far West and in the exchange in Chicago.

That he had the faults of a young writer is clear enough. "McTeague" was the book of a very young man, who could not discriminate clearly between what was essential and what was non-essential, and, in his attempt to tell the truth as he saw it, was willing to drag in incidents which were not only disagreeable but absurdly out of place in any formal study of character. The book was significant, not as a finished piece of art, nor as a faultless piece of workmanship, but as disclosing a determination to see things as they are, and to deal with them, not only from first-hand knowledge, but with first-hand directness and power. When "The Octopus" appeared, it registered an immense advance on all its predecessors. It was far from being a finished piece of work. The influence of Zola was evident on almost every chapter; it lacked concentration; there were departures from good taste in it, and there was lack of restraint; but, on the other hand, there were the tread and swing of a powerful man, exploring, with open mind and heart, a great new field.

The second story in the trilogy which Norris planned shows a still greater advance on the work which preceded it. There are signs of immaturity in "The Pit." The lighter phases of life with which it deals are not always touched with a light hand; Norris had still much to learn in the delicate art of social portraiture. But in the handling of his main theme "The Pit" shows the touch of a master. There is a current in the story which is almost irresistible, and which mounts at times to the height of a flood. Such power is not common anywhere in the literature of the world, and it has very rarely appeared in this country. No such searching study of the absorbing, tyrannical, destructive fascination of speculation has ever before appeared. In its vivid description of relentless energy, made up of a thousand details, each one of which contributes to the impressiveness of the general effect, one is no longer reminded of Zola, from whose influence Norris had evidently broken away, but of Balzac. There is no imitation of the method of the older writer on the part of the younger writer; but there is the same thoroughgoing, searching study of all the phenomena contributing to a tremendous impressiveness in the total result.

"The Pit," which bears the
Messrs. Doubleday, Page &

widely read for its human interest; it ought to be widely read for its searching exposure of one of the perils which menace American growth and manhood in the country. It would be premature to hail "The Pit" as the great American novel. It has evident faults; but its insight, its power of imagination, and its tremendous energy ought to silence those who have been ready to declare that the material of great art does not exist on this continent; and it will confirm the hopes of those who believe that there is to be another literary development in America in the near future not less characteristic of the hope of the New World than was the fine, aspiring, noble-minded literature of a past generation.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

V.

April 5.

IT is idle to attempt to recall and record the suppressed excitement which we all shared when we found ourselves yesterday in the Ægean Sea, and to describe the various scenes in the ever-changing panorama as we sailed among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. At one point we saw a ruined temple to Athene on one bold promontory overlooking the sea, and watched it for an hour; then it was that I first realized that I was really in Grecian waters. Once we saw a village, partly modern, partly remains apparently of an older time; what it was I could not make out; some of our fellow-passengers were wiser and knew or thought they knew; but I did not take their information very seriously, and have already forgotten what it was. For some time Mount Olympus, snow-capped, was clearly discernible in the distance; that it was Mount Olympus we were certain, both from the direction in which it lay and from the fact that there is no other snow-capped mountain in the vicinity. I almost repented my resolve to bring no temptations to study with me. I wished that I had a history of Greece, or Mahaffy's "Survey of Greek Civilization," or at least Bulfinch's "Age of Fable"—anything to enable me to revive the little knowledge I once possessed of this land of romance and of tragedy. I envied the two or three collegians on board whose knowledge was more recent, and who could therefore reclothe these shores with some resemblance to the ancient life. I think, too, I would have been willing to take for twenty-four hours the responsibility of command, just to direct the steamer to land us at the Plains of Troy, and lie off shore there for the day, that we might get at least a tantalizing glimpse of the excavation at Mycenæ. I went to bed early and asked the steward to call me as we approached the Dardanelles, and was on deck at half-past five this morning as we entered them. We stopped opposite the formidable batteries which the Turkish Government has erected to command this entrance, while some Turkish official rowed out in a boat to examine our papers and give us permission to enter. The batteries were formidable; but not so the three Turkish men-of-war in the harbor. I do not know much about shipping; but if their boilers and engines were in no better condition than their hulls, which were covered with barnacles to an extent I never saw before even on a stranded hulk, combined they would be no match for one American gunboat. The Turkish officer, in his uniform and his red fez, looked like a gentleman; but a more villainous set of countenances I never saw than those of three or four boatmen who attended him. The Armenian massacres are no longer an enigma to me. All day has been spent in the sail up the Dardanelles, past the narrow strait across which Byron swam in emulation of the Greek Leander, and through the inland Sea of Marmora. Not until well on in the afternoon did we come in sight of Constantinople and watch the domes and minarets of the city emerge from the haze, while we looked on wondering and questioning of one another which was the Mosque of St. Sophia, and where was the palace in which the brother of the Sultan was supposed to

be confined for life for no other crime than that of being the Sultan's brother, and which was Scutari and which Stamboul, and where was the Golden Horn and where the famous bridge of boats.

Hardly had we come to anchor near the mouth of the Golden Horn before a tugboat appeared maneuvering about us, but whether to get at us or out of our path it was at first difficult to guess. The Matron was the first to spy some familiar faces on the boat. Yes, there were our friends. Now they are on board our steamer with their greetings, and which is the happier, they or we, who can tell? Now we are all of us on the tug with our hand luggage. Now we are at the custom-house. Now we are walking along the famous bridge of boats, across the Golden Horn, our baggage examined and our passports viséed.

April 8.

We are back on the Prinzessin again, and though I should have liked more time to study Constantinople and more time to spend with my friends, and time to accept an invitation which I received to go a day's journey into the country and see a rural Turkish community and what Christian missionaries are doing in the interior, I am not unthankful, to be out of what is the worst-governed city I ever saw in my life—worse in all of its aspects than anything I ever dreamed of. I shall not attempt to preserve here the pictorial and dramatic aspects of our experiences, though I hope never wholly to forget them: the beauty of the Bosphorus; the splendid site of Robert College, which occupies the best situation between the Golden Horn and the Black Sea; the queer steamers which ply up and down, with a harem for the women which no man may enter if there is a Turkish woman in it, but may if there are only Frank women; the ostentatious but flimsy-looking palaces along the shore; the mosques, especially the splendid mosque of St. Sophia, with its aerial dome resting on nothing, like the dome of the heavens; the cosmopolitan markets; the shops, big and little; the famous bridge of boats, with the constant procession passing and repassing upon it; the overloaded porters, bent nearly double under their burdens; the veiled women looking at you with great eyes through the openings in their veils; the disreputable graveyards, unkempt and uncared for, which constitute apparently the sole pleasure-grounds of Constantinople; the evening call to prayer as we heard it in the gloaming, repeated from minaret to minaret along the banks of the Bosphorus—these hints, aided by such snap-shots as I was able to get with my camera, must serve to keep alive the outward aspects of life in Constantinople. For more detailed impressions I can always go to the pages of Charles Dudley Warner and D'Amicis. But I have my own impressions of the civic and political life. Our visit was very brief, it was true—too brief for any adequate study of conditions. But some of the conditions were too apparent to require study, and I had the advantage of information from permanent residents in the city.

Midway between the Black Sea on the north and the Ægean Sea leading into the Mediterranean on the south is the little Sea of Marmora, at a guess twenty-five or thirty miles in length, for we were two hours or a little over traversing it. The Hellespont connects it with the Ægean Sea, the Bosphorus with the Black Sea—two narrow straits the bold rocky shores of which are easily fortified. The Sea of Marmora is thus a landlocked and easily protected harbor, within which the fleets of the world could not only ride at anchor but could conduct naval maneuvers. Judging from the absence of lighthouses and buoys, the water is everywhere relatively safe. Where the Bosphorus enters the Sea of Marmora, and at right angles to it, there enters from the west a broad but comparatively short river, which at the point of juncture is rather an arm of the sea. This is the Golden Horn. Where these two streams enter the Sea of Marmora three cities of considerable size are clustered: on the eastern or Asiatic shore, Scutari; on the western or European shore, south of the Golden Horn, Stamboul, north of the Golden Horn, Galata and Pera, which are as indistinguishable from each other as Williamsburg and Brooklyn, the name of Galata being given to the portion lying along the water's edge, the name of Pera to the portion rising above it on the side of one of the steep hills which, leaving but a narrow

margin, wall in the Bosphorus on both shores. Galata and Pera are the modern city; contain the good hotels, the banking houses, the commercial offices, etc.; are supposedly relatively decent but uninteresting. We did not visit this section. Scutari is the oldest and the most squalid portion, as we saw it in our brief and incidental visit on Sunday. Stamboul is the ancient city; the city of the Turks and the city for sightseers. Here are the great mosques, the famous bazaars, the museum, the extraordinarily Oriental and cosmopolitan market; here the strange costumes and the strange faces. These four cities, Stamboul, Galata, Pera, and Scutari, constitute the city of Constantinople. A city so situated ought to be one of the chief commercial and manufacturing centers of Europe. Its harbor ought to be full of the fleets of commerce; it should collect the products of European manufactures needed in the East and Eastern products demanded in Europe; it should be a manufacturing center of raw material brought from both communities; it should at least be the connecting link between Eastern Europe and Western Asia, and a distributing reservoir for both; it should have great piers, commodious warehouses, large and active manufacturing establishments, broad avenues, well-paved and well-lighted streets, a busy and large population. It has none of them, and the reason it has none of them is because it has nothing worthy to be called a government.

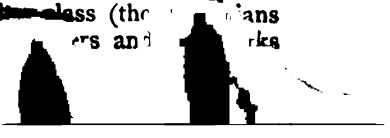
One day not long since a lady in the environs of Constantinople was sitting in the library of her house when she heard the report of a gun, and then shot fell in the hall and in the room at her feet. Half a dozen panes of glass had been broken by the shot. She rushed out to find a Turkish neighbor—a shepherd—of an unenviable reputation near by, shotgun in hand. She called him to account, and he replied that he was shooting at a dog which had been killing his sheep. But dogs have not wings, she said, and to have shot thus into my windows you must have shot up into the air. She got no satisfactory reply, proposed to report the case to the police, but was dissuaded by her friends. The police will do nothing, they said; the police are afraid of him. And if you make him any more your enemy than he is now, you will find some memb of your family murdered some night his way up from the boat, and no one w know by whom, and no one will troub to inquire. This little incident is fair illustrative of the Turkish Government, c to speak more accurately, of the Turki no-government. No one is really safe- no one, from the Sultan to the lowe peasant. The Sultan lives in daily drea for his life, and rarely stirs outside h palace grounds. He is universally hate by Turk as well as by Christian. Fro rapacity and greed in a favorite of th Sultan no person is really safe. Th widow of a once prominent Pasha owne house and land in the vicinity of Constar tinople which had been a long time in th family. An unscrupulous favorite of th Sultan, a scheming and influential poli tician, laid covetous eyes on it, and offere her an absurdly small price for it—per haps half its market value. Her friend advised her to sell, and she did so, rathe than risk the peril to herself and he children of arousing his enmity by refusal. Robert College wished to adc seven acres to its grounds. The bargair was made, the price agreed upon, every thing was settled but the delivery of the deed and the money for the deed. Bu a year elapsed before the transfer could be finally effected, and the matter had to be kept a profound secret lest political influences should be brought to bear to prevent the sale. The owner planted trees in the lot to conceal his purpose to sell, and on the day when the exchange was made would not come up to the College for the transfer lest the secret should be suspected, but sent for its President to meet him elsewhere.

Such is the Turkish Government on its executive side. On its administrative side it is quite as bad. Constantinople is probably the worst-administered city in the world. Its dirt and its dogs defy description. The latter divide the task of scavenger with beggars; both prowl the streets at night, and our fellow-passengers affirm that the yelping of the dogs, even in Pera, the modern city, made sleep at night well-nigh impossible. The roads in the immediate suburbs of Constantinople are, many of them, impassable for carriages. I did not learn as to the sewer system, though I think there is practically none, and

apparently nothing that could be called a water system. There is no local post-office. If one wishes to send a letter from one part of Constantinople to another part, he must send it by a porter. Corruption pervades all branches of administration; indeed, all departments of the Empire. The Government is bankrupt; the Empire is reported to be some years in arrears to its soldiers, though, as there is no popular assembly, no responsibility to the people, no free press, and, so far as I can learn, no public reports, it is difficult to get at the facts with any approximation to accuracy. But the Sultan personally is enormously rich. When an English Duke, a few weeks ago, visiting Constantinople in his yacht, called on the Sultan, and the Sultan wished to return the visit and did not wish to risk his person in so public a manner as would be required by a visit to the yacht, he put a palace on shore, royally fitted up and with a retinue of servants, at the Duke's disposal, that the visit might be made there. To put the whole situation in a sentence, "Constantinople is thoroughly Crokerized." It is carried on by the Sultan and his favorites on the principle avowed by Mr. Croker, "I am in politics for what I can make out of it."

Appeal to the courts appears, from all that I can learn, to be quite useless. Justice is sold by the court to the highest bidder; payment of the suitors to the judge is regarded as quite legitimate; and he only is looked upon as an unjust judge who receives money from a suitor and then renders decision against him. Even when justice is not corrupt, it is not, I judge, very intelligent, from this Turkish popular story illustrative of Turkish justice. Once upon a time—so the story runs—a thief climbing over the fence of his neighbor to break into his house fell, caught his eye on a hook to which the clothes-line was attached, and destroyed his eye. He brought complaint against the owner of the house which he was planning to rob. The judge decided that the owner must lose his eye, because the law says, An eye for an eye. In vain the innocent house-owner pleaded his right to have a hook in his yard for his clothes-line and the no-right of the intruding burglar to be there at all. The law was explicit: an eye for an eye. At last a happy thought struck the defendant. "I am a tailor," he said to the judge, "and I need both my eyes. If one of them is put out, I can no longer support my family and they will become objects of charity. But my neighbor is a hunter. When he goes shooting, he closes one eye to take aim. Take his eye out. It will be an accommodation to him; I shall still be able to support my family, and the law will be maintained." "Excellent suggestion!" cried the judge; and it was so decreed. Such a story is not to be taken too seriously; but the fact that it is found in the folk-lore of the Turkish people indicates at least what is the popular conception of justice as practically obtainable in Turkey.

I naturally made some inquiries of residents as to the Armenian massacres. The result fully confirmed my previous impressions. Turkey had solemnly promised the Powers certain political reforms. Turkey never fulfills her promises unless she is compelled to do so, and the Powers were too jealous of one another to unite in bringing any pressure to bear on Turkey to initiate the reforms. The Christians in the Empire universally desired them; so did a small but growing party of Turks known as Young or Reforming Turks. There were a few fanatical Armenians—neither considerable in numbers nor in influence with their own countrymen—who were too impatient to await the development of events and who constituted a Revolutionary Committee. This fact furnished at once a provocation and an excuse to the Turkish Government. The universal belief among the foreigners in Turkey appears to be that the orders for the massacres came from the Porte. It is certain that the first massacres, those at Trebizond, were commenced without the knowledge of the local Governor, who used all the power he possessed, at no inconsiderable hazard to himself, to stop the massacre in his own city; of course he was powerless to arrest it elsewhere. The fire, once lighted, easily and rapidly spread. The massacres which followed were due partly to race and religious prejudices, partly to Turkish envy of the most prosperous people in the Empire, partly to the hostility of a debtor to a creditor class (the Armenians being the money-lenders and



the money-borrowers in most Turkish communities), partly to a desire for plunder by the unprincipled, partly to the inability of a feeble Government to put any check on fanatical violence when once it had commenced its remorseless work, partly to deliberate incitements by the Government, which was only too willing to have its subjects butchered if so the reforming party in Turkey, and especially the Young or Reforming Turks, could be curbed into silence and submission. The impression which some of us in America had entertained, that the English Government could have stopped the massacres if it had acted promptly and courageously, was confirmed by a report, certainly believed in high quarters and apparently well founded. It is to the effect that the English Minister in Constantinople, after the Trebizond massacre, had given orders to the British fleet to pass the Dardanelles and come up to Constantinople, that the forts were not in condition to resist, and there were Turks ready in Constantinople to co-operate and put the Sultan on board the British fleet and put another and better man in his place. But Lord Salisbury, with characteristic caution, was afraid to act, and ordered delay; the forts were put in readiness; and later, when the continuing massacres had aroused the English public, it was too late to force the Dardanelles. England has paid for this pusillanimity. The Turk understands a threat, but understands nothing else. English influence, which was formerly dominant at Constantinople, is so no longer. It is now the Germans who control both politically and commercially in the Turkish Empire. I was told also, and on what seemed to me good authority, that while every European Power was jealous of every other European Power, and no one of them was willing that Constantinople should come under the dominating influence of any of the others, least of all that it should become a Russian port, they would all be glad if the United States would take it under her wing and make it a free city under an American protectorate, and that even some hopes were expressed that this would be the result of our claims for damages against Turkey. Possibly rumors of this desire reached the ears of the Sublime Porte and led it to pay those claims. This might be a satisfacto solution of the Eastern question to Eu pean Powers, it would not be serious entertained, I imagine, by Americans, least at present; but that it is even se ously discussed at European dinner-tabl may serve to illustrate the complexity the Turkish problem. As to its solutio I have to confess to myself that my bri visit has given me no light; it has on enabled me to see more clearly than have ever done before the intolerabl condition of the present situation, an the apparent hopelessness of any of th proposed remedies. I suspect the remed will come in a totally unexpected manne and by some form of revolution. An yet it is difficult to see how revolutio could have any prospect of success. Th various elements which make up th Turkish community—Turks, Greeks, Ar menians, Bulgarians, etc.—are jealous o one another, and as yet their commor detestation of a detestable government has not sufficed to unite them in making a common cause for reform of any sort. The Turkish army is an effective fighting machine, and though it is not very intelligent, it is, to a considerable extent, officered by Germans, who are perhaps the most intelligent in the art of war of any Europeans. There are practically no arms in the private possession of any of the people in Turkey, and the Government does not mean that there shall be. How much on its guard it is against the importation of arms is illustrated by a single incident. A benevolent friend sent a tennis set from America to the American College for Girls. It was stopped at the custom-house, and only with considerable difficulty were the custom-house authorities persuaded that tennis-balls sent to a college of girls were not intended as ammunition for a revolutionary uprising. There is, however, a public-school system, recently organized and somewhat efficient in the towns. The existence of mission schools has created a demand for education which could not be wholly resisted. Perhaps through these schools the Young or Reforming Turkish party may in time be increased so as to become a political power. I wish so; I can almost say I hope so. In no other direction do I see present ground for hope for unhappy Turkey. L. A.

A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN OF AMATEURS

BY ALFRED HODDER

Private Secretary to District Attorney Jerome

Introductory

THE story of Mr. Jerome's campaign in New York City in 1901 as it is here set down is a story by an eye-witness, but by an eye-witness who had in the beginning no intention whatsoever of playing the chronicler. It was in great part a campaign of amateurs, and an improvised campaign. Mr. Jerome was himself in some sort an amateur in politics; he had, indeed, been an active member of the City Club from the date of its formation; he had been Chairman of the Committee of Seventy and member of the Executive Committee in the campaign that resulted in the election of Mayor Strong; he had been associate counsel in the investigation made by the Lexow Committee; but, apart from these sporadic incursions into politics, he had confined himself to executing with singular audacity and energy the duties of judge in the Court of Special Sessions. With one exception, those of his adherents who first rallied together had never taken part in the organization of a canvass. None of them had long been friends of his, and few of them had long been friends of one another. As a group they came into existence unexpectedly, fortuitously, to meet the needs of the occasion. The bond uniting them was new and incidental as the bond uniting a group of Western ranchmen. They were not Westerners, they were city-bred, they were college-bred, they were even supercivilized, yet to a man bred in the West they conjured up an image of the plains. Their talk was picturesque and varied as the talk of cowboys, which is saying much for it; they were as ready with a jest, as slothful seemingly, as swift in the despatch of business; there was as little formalism among them, as little cant, as little pose. There was not even much heat of indignation; in Mr. Jerome, indeed, there burned beneath a cavalier exterior the wrath of a Hebrew prophet; but his allies were not hot, they were determined simply; they took cognizance of grievances and outrages only as matters of which they purposed trying to make an end. And precisely as in the West it has been found that wherever a few men of our race are gathered together there exists, potentially at least, for all the purposes of justice, of law and necessary order, the Anglo-Saxon State, so it was found that in this random group there was the making of an effective political machine. There from time immemorial has lain the safeguard of the race against all species of oppression; and there to-day lies its safeguard against the tyranny of any machine.

Mr. Jerome's appearance in the field of politics was to me of even more immediate interest than to the general public, for reasons of my own. I knew him, like the general public, only through the medium of the daily press; but I had for years been wondering, not unhopefully, what would be the effect in an American election of a candidate who from the platform told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as steadily as from the witness-stand; and in the preceding months I had been engaged, in company with Josiah Flynt, in an investigation of the Powers that Prey and the alliance between them and the Powers that Rule. Here was a man in office knowing more than I could know of the alliance between the Powers that Rule and the Powers that Prey, and determined to dissolve it; here, as a few

nights' speeches showed, was a candidate who told the truth. It happened also that I had written in my academic days a book directed against both skepticism and so-called idealism in philosophy, in the interest of the realism of the man of science and of the plain man; a book which was essentially a plea for loyalty, even in metaphysics and even for reasons strictly metaphysical, to truth and fact. The principles of that book I was intending to illustrate further with reference to literary criticism and with reference to politics in the United States. The volume on politics had been planned already; it was to have begun with a defense, although a qualified defense, of Tammany; it was to have continued with an attack upon so-called reformers, and to have concluded with the exposition of a system of reform quite different from theirs—a system of loyalty to truth and fact. A living man is of more interest than any system, and an experiment than any theory. I found myself recording a campaign instead of elaborating the book I had projected, or even plying my more immediate trade of novelist. Mr. Jerome's course of action proved so excellent an illustration of much that I had to say concerning politics that the illustration has for the time being taken precedence of the text.

Imperfect as the record is, the interest of the campaign recorded seems to me to be neither merely local nor ephemeral. For the present, at least, New York is obviously the chief city of America; its daily news is in some sort, like that of Washington, the daily news of every city in the United States. The municipal conditions that have long prevailed there are in essentials the conditions that prevail in almost every large city of the United States—in almost every city numbering more than fifty thousand inhabitants. The sources of danger and of safety are the same; the outlook is, on the whole, the same.

It is true, as Mr. Jerome said in his closing speeches, that democracy is on its trial; so much is patent even to those who have no great fear for the result. The name and even the watchwords of democracy are in America, indeed, assured of their supremacy. But in the course of application to the complex world of fact, all simple formulas are destined to undergo strange transmutations. As the simple formulas of Christianity have served as manifesto for a bewildering variety of systems of ethics and church government, in some at least of which it may be plausibly asserted that the essence of Christianity has disappeared, so the simple formulas of democracy may serve as manifesto for a bewildering variety of forms of civil government. What the form will be that bears in the United States the title of democracy may well be matter of doubt and even of anxiety; the United States is not the smallest or the simplest fact in the vast, complex world. And nowhere, perhaps, so well as in the city of New York can be seen the interaction of the forces that are molding the government of the Republic from within.

I.—The Hunting of John Doe

When, at the close of the municipal campaign of 1901, Mr. Shepard formulated the two main causes that had led to the victory of the Fusion ticket, he found them in the offense given to the public by the words and acts of William Devery, first Chief and then Deputy Commissioner of Police under the late administration, and in the part played in the last weeks of the canvass by the Fusion candidate for District Attorney of the County of New York, William Travers Jerome. Mr. Jerome had been for five years a Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, and in the spring and summer preceding the canvass had been the center of attention as a principal in a prolonged duel with Devery.

Devery had at once given offense and conquered notoriety by playing with a certain unexpected zest the part assigned him. He was a dictator, and he bore himself like a dictator. The power of the police over the masses of the population is much like that exercised during the Renaissance in Italy by princelets of a reigning family; Devery's position was for all the world that of the ducal tyrant of some Italian State in an Elizabethan play. Being a man not without a sense for fact, he knew it; and being a man not without a sense

for the effective embodiment of fact, he suited mien and words and gestures to his rôle. The classes of society whose taste controls our printed criticism conceived differently the bearing even of a dictator; tastes differ on such points from class to class and even from age to age. What in the early Elizabethan period thrilled the auditor as the "large utterance" of men raised above the common lot of mortals, came to be derided in the mouth of ancient Pistol as King Cambyses' vein; the applauded actor of one generation was the robustious periwig-pated fellow of the next. Such a robustious periwig-pated fellow Devery seemed to the politer circles whose attention had been attracted by his emphasis; to them his dictatorial dignity appeared mere strut and bluster, the more comic for his unwavering gravity and for the disregard of the Republic's English shown in each authoritative phrase. Besides, they never dreamed that he was a potentate at all.

Mr. Devery had been for years, so far as the great public knew him, a figure for opera bouffe. He was, in the opinion of Tammany, "the best chief of police that New York has ever had;" and his language was a continuous performance in inspired mixed metaphor and Irish bull. His phrases achieved currency, in particular the phrase "touchin' on an' appertainin' to." "Touchin' on an' appertainin' to that, there's nothin' doin'," from the frequency with which he uttered it, had the success of a popular line in a comic song. From time to time he was not to be found at police headquarters, and was reported ill with an attack of grippe, or out of town. At such periods a burly figure, that Mr. Devery's most intimate friends might have mistaken for him, was likely to be discovered, very unsteady on his legs, throwing handfuls of silver among a crowd and watching them "scramble" for the pieces, or very unsteady on his seat, driving faster than the law allows and either stared at or ostentatiously ignored by patrolmen. Naturally, he was the delight of the daily prints. In the absence of a fresh rumor of disaster or victory for the troops in the Philippines, or of a strike among laborers or the formation of a trust among employers of labor at home, he was always news. They reported his phrases, and invented, hilariously, the theory of a Devery Double. He was money in the bank, or rather money at the desk, on the next Saturday, for a witty, devil-may-care horde of newspaper men, who found him easy to caricature and easy to convert into a "story" "for a filler." He took his celebrity good-humoredly; indeed, he was rather proud of it. Ridicule and attack were welcome or indifferent to him. Both were advertisement and both were homage. An anecdote will make his mode of dealing with them plain. On I forget what occasion, the newspapers that print woodcuts were all solicitous to get his photograph, and he refused to sit for them. Why, no one knows; the refusal was a whim; he would sit, or he would not, as the humor struck him. The "Commercial Advertiser" at that time had made a specialty of setting forth his unfitness for the office he held, and his fitness for the penitentiary, no less. Lincoln Steffens, then city editor of the "Commercial Advertiser," called him up on the telephone. "That you, Chief? This is Steffens. Top of the morning to you. As soon as I heard you would not let yourself be photographed, I knew you were saving the chance for me." "Well, of all the cold-storage nerve; say—you're a ripe peach!" "Sure. We give more space to you than any other paper in the city. When shall I send the photographer? Right away?" "You're on. Say, don't you want a job in the police? I need a man with a front like that!" A few days afterward the photograph was reproduced in the "Commercial Advertiser." As Deputy Police Commissioner Devery held court every Thursday, when he sat in judgment on delinquent members of the force, and made maxims for their instruction. "When ye're caught with the goods on, don't say nothin'," is a dictum that achieved instant currency. He presided like an Oriental caliph, ungoverned by law or evidence, inspired by the witticism or the irritation of the moment. A patrolman was brought before him charged with reckless shooting in the streets; the Chief glared at him. "Did you hit your man? No? Fined thirty days' pay for not hittin' him. Next time you hit 'im." Every Thursday afternoon the proceedings in his court were reported in the newspapers in the columns dedicated to comedy; every Thursday evening gentlemen in the clubs dedicated

to civic spirit discussed the disgrace to the city of having a man like Mr. Devery at the head of its police, and laughed bitterly at his judgments while they discussed him. In their indignation and disgust, no doubt, they often did him scant justice.

Devery had some seven thousand men to keep in hand, by military reckoning a brigade, and nobody has ever suggested that his hold on them was not masterly. He knew his men from helmet to shoeleather; he had been one of them; and when he gave a command, they walked in the eye of the lord. Indeed, even since he has been discharged, it is gravely believed and feared that the rank and file still take his orders. Men who have ever had a regiment to discipline and to control will not think him an absolute buffoon. As to his brutality of speech and harshness in judgment, there are few colonels—few good colonels, that is—in either the American or the British army, to go no further, who have not found both necessary. A regiment cannot be kept smart by politeness, and the men do not respect a commander who knows no better than to try politeness as an instrument of control, by way of experiment. The leading truth about Mr. Devery is, not that he was ridiculous, but that he was, in his own world, formidable. His superiors backed him up, and his subordinates were devoted to him; and even the malcontents obeyed him.

It was not until late in the winter and early in the spring of 1901 that the inhabitants of the brownstone districts, the prosperous minority in a word, received a revelation of the nature of Devery's rule and of the degree of its arrogance, and that Mr. Jerome came prominently into notice. The Rev. Mr. Paddock, who had been working on the East Side, laid a complaint before one of Devery's subordinates, Captain Herlihy, about police rule in Allen Street, the "red-light district," and was publicly cursed and insulted for his pains. Bishop Potter sent an admirably temperate letter to Mayor Van Wyck, Devery's official superior, seeking redress; but no redress was forthcoming. In their refusal to listen to Bishop Potter the administration made a mistake; they roused a body in the commonwealth to all practical intents and purposes both unaware of their existence and at a pinch more powerful than they. The Committee of Fifteen was organized to inquire into the conditions of Mr. Devery's rule. Mr. Croker, prompt to recognize the blunder of his henchmen, appointed a Tammany Committee of Five for the same purpose, putting Lewis Nixon, a notably honest man, at the head of it, and ordering it to take action before the Committee of Fifteen could complete its organization. Mr. Nixon chose to begin his investigations by a raid on an alleged pool-room at No. 20 Dey Street, and applied to Justice Jerome for a warrant; and there the defeat of Tammany in the coming election and the duel with Devery began. Mr. Jerome knew "down to the ground" the nature of "fake" or tipped-off raids. The magistrate issues a warrant and hands it to a police officer to serve it; the police officer organizes a raiding party, and sends word beforehand to the gambling-hell of the time set for the raid; and the raiding party finds a set of empty rooms, in charge, perhaps, of a facetious caretaker. Mr. Jerome was quite ready to issue warrants; but he declined to be a figure in a comedy. He made out the warrants against John Doe, put them in his pocket, and, in company with Mr. Nixon and Mr. Philbin, led a raiding party, ignorant of its destination, to 20 Dey Street, and rushed the place. "Rushing" means hustling watchmen, breaking barred doors, and a free fight, ending, possibly, in a shooting scrape, with such of the occupants of the rooms within as try to make good an escape. In an outer room dedicated to lounging and drinking, Mr. Jerome, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Philbin, and their party stumbled upon eight members of the police force detailed to get evidence against the place. These testified subsequently that they each drew fourteen hundred dollars a year from the taxpayers of the city of New York; that they had frequented that room for thirty-five days consecutively, barring Sundays, and that they were perfectly unaware of any gambling conducted in the house. In another room, where something like a hundred men had been rounded up and reduced to submission, Mr. Jerome gave an officer the warrants to serve and opened court.

Conducting raids in person and opening court informally in gambling-hells were unprecedented departures from the decency and decorum prescribed by public

opinion to a magistrate. In this, the first instance of such departure, he had scarcely declared the room in which he sat a court-room and himself a judge presiding, when a man, perfectly well known to the invading party, detached himself from the crowd, and said, *sotto voce:* "Mr. Jerome, I can't afford to be caught here; you must help me get out." "You don't seem to understand that this is a court-room. Hold up your hand and be sworn." The man hesitated. People who have talked with Mr. Jerome only in clubs have never met the judge. His manner in court is exceptionally tranquil and unassuming; but every spectator knows himself to stand in presence of the power and dignity of the law. "You can take your choice, and take it quickly: go to jail for contempt of court, or hold up your hand." The man held up his hand and was sworn. "What is your name?" "John Doe." "I shall be obliged to commit John Doe to the House of Detention in order to find him when I want him. I do not know his residence." Then the unwilling prisoner told his name: he was Maurice Holahan, President of the Board of Public Works. He explained to the newspapers the next day that he had gone to 20 Dey Street looking for his "wayward son." Neither the newspapers nor the public took the explanation seriously, and the wayward son was indignant. Indeed, the town shook with irreverent laughter, and the wayward son made undutiful revelations about certain of his father's dealings in contracts with the city.

This was the first of Mr. Jerome's John Doe raids. The Committee of Five never asked him, or any one, for another warrant. The little comedy Mr. Croker had planned turned suddenly too grave for his taste, and the Committee of Five ceased to exist. The Committee of Fifteen awoke to the fact that they had found a man precisely suited to their needs. They were non-political and non-partisan; they were in search of information about the actual conditions of police rule in New York City; when their informants led them to believe that a place should be raided, they applied to Mr. Jerome for the warrants. The hunting of John Doe was undertaken in earnest, with Mr. Jerome as chief huntsman. John Doe was Mr. Devery, as supposedly the official head of the system of blackmail by the police; but any confederate or subordinate of his was welcome game. In view of the current belief that gambling in the city was in the hands of a small syndicate of Mr. Devery's intimate friends, it was determined to make gambling-houses the main objective of the raids. The keepers of the gambling-houses were not themselves the men wanted; they were taken into custody and prosecuted mainly in the hope that some of them would turn State's evidence. They had paid their money for protection; it was hoped that when they found the police could not deliver the goods, they would rise against their blackmailers.

Through the spring and summer months, night after night, the raids went on, Mr. Jerome risking his life freely among the least scrupulous class in the city. He had not sought the position of chief huntsman or its notoriety. He was not a professional reformer or an aspirant for political advancement; he was ostensibly a club-man and man about town like another. As a Deputy Assistant in the District Attorney's office, and later as a Judge, he had learned the police game; he was, at once by knowledge and position, the one man who could and would do the work cut out for the Committee of Fifteen. Conducting a raid, examining the prisoners, waiting at the police station afterward for such of them as could secure bail, meant commonly staying abroad all night; and his official duties required him to open court in the Special Sessions at ten the next morning. His fellow club-men criticised him for making himself conspicuous. His brother lawyers and judges criticised him for "lowering the dignity of the bench." The newspapers caricatured him as Carrie Nation Jerome with a little hatchet. No doubt he enjoyed certain incidents in many of his nights; but the man who enjoys leading or assisting in a raid must be of an adventurous sort. It is the custom in raiding to send two or three men in advance whose business it is to mix with the players. On the first notice that the rush has begun, they are two or three against a hundred; they must hold the crowd from escaping by door or window. On battering down the door of one pool-room, Mr. Jerome discovered on the inside one of his own men, Hammond, with a prisoner in his left hand,

a prisoner and a revolver in his right, struggling forward to the arrest of a third. McLellan, another of his assistants (who was held for examination before a magistrate for having shot, on a more recent raid, a man who had fired twice at him), was on three occasions overpowered and beaten to a pulp before the rest of his party outside could break in and come to his assistance. More than once Mr. Jerome himself was obliged to bear a hand in a free fight before he could open one of his phenomenally informal courts. At times, of course, the raid ended in pure comedy. One evening Mr. Jerome and his party took by storm an absolutely empty house. The appurtenances of gambling were in evidence, but the John Doe warrants remained in the pockets of the Justice; he found nobody to serve them on. He sat on a roulette-table and said: "Sporting life is checkered, but never dull; some days you can't lay up a cent;" when there blew in from the street a young exquisite, who, at sight of his hosts, looked as if he were taking the count in order to get his bearings. "I—I beg pardon," he said, vaguely. "Not at all," said the Judge; "we were just waiting for you. I am Judge Jerome, and this is a court in session. Hold up your hand and be sworn. Tell the truth and no harm will come to you. Try on any nonsense and you will pass the night in the House of Detention. You can take your choice." As a bystander said, the young exquisite "sweated tacks," and was sworn. Before he could be asked a question, he turned to one of Mr. Jerome's party and said hurriedly: "I say, old man, can you give me a cigarette? Thanks. By Jove, I need one!" Then he told all he knew.

In the course of these raids there were for the police many unlucky accidents. There was a raid, for example, on a place called the Webster House on Third Avenue. Some thirty or forty taxpayers in the neighborhood had in a petition "humbly prayed" the police captain of the precinct, Captain Gannon, to suppress the joint, on the ground that their property was being injured by its proximity to the Webster House, and that their women could not go to and fro of an evening past the house without being insulted. The petitioners, failing to obtain redress from the Captain, applied to the Committee of Fifteen. In the raid that followed Captain Gannon was surprised taking his ease in a back room of the place, and it subsequently appeared that he was an habitué of the Webster House. It is an incident that makes a picture. And Devery, in his judgments from week to week in the travesty of a court he presided over, added the finishing touches; dashed them in with a reckless security that made even his own admirers gasp. One patrolman, McManus by name, came up before him during the raids, on the charge of absence from duty without leave. The known facts in the McManus case were these. A married man, he had some years before abandoned his wife and allowed his three children to be supported for four years in a charitable institution maintained by the city. During all this time he was an officer on the force. It had been charged that he had seduced a fifteen-year-old girl, taken her from the house of her parents, and was living with her as his mistress. For this he was indicted and tried for rape and seduction by the county authorities, and on the trial the jury disagreed. Men familiar with the trials of members of the police force can read between the lines. He was tried also at Police Headquarters for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and after the evidence was put in decision was "reserved." It was on record also that he had once been dismissed from the force for intoxication, but, without reason given, had been reinstated. Finally the Gerry Society had caused him to be arrested for failure to support his children, and the trial took place in the Court of Special Sessions at a time when Mr. Jerome happened to be presiding justice. Mr. Jerome and his associates on the bench sentenced McManus to three months in the penitentiary. It was on his release that he appeared before Devery on the charge of being absent from post without leave. He might have pleaded that his absence was unwilling and unavoidable, but he did not. He pleaded, when Devery had lost his temper and was to all seeming on the point of passing heavy sentence on him, that he had been sentenced to the penitentiary by Judge Jerome. Devery's mood changed. Two days before, Mr. Jerome, in one of his raids, had captured an especially significant check drawn to the order of and cashed by Frank Farrell, one of Devery's inti-

mates and an alleged fellow-member of the gambling syndicate. "Judge Jerome," Devery mused. "This complaint is dismissed! There is a lot of little tin soldiers runnin' around this town with popguns on their shoulders, shooting them off in the streets, raising riots and degrading the community. I say it's an outrage. Judge Jerome isn't goin' to run this town if I can help it. This man here claims that he was wrongly convicted, and I believe him. It is about time a halt was called on Judge Jerome." McManus, when arraigned before Mr. Jerome and his associates, had pleaded guilty. After Devery's decision he drew his pay for the three months during which he had served the city in the penitentiary.

To rich New Yorkers and to rich men everywhere the fact is seemingly a novelty, and even a paradox, that the administration in great cities means one thing to the rich and quite another to the poor. To the rich it means, in practice, customs-house officials, lawyers, judges in the higher courts, tax-gatherers, and, in the case of the very rich, legislatures, Congressmen, and Senators. To the poor it means the policeman on the beat, the police captain in the precinct, the district leader and his heelers, and the nearest police magistrate. To the women of the rich the policeman is almost a domestic servant, to whom they can appeal for aid and protection, and in whose presence they feel a sense of safety; they appeal to him and say, "Thank you so much," with a sense of conferring a favor; and "Chief of Police" is to them the title of a vaguely conceived petty official. To the women of the poor a policeman is a sentinel of a garrison—at least professedly a friendly garrison—that has quartered itself upon the city, and holds it in subjection under military law; and the Chief of Police is a remote and awful military dignitary of undefined powers. If the sentinel is good-natured and sober, he can be appealed to in case of need with some chance that he will throw his power into the scale of justice. If he is ill-natured, or drunken, or venal, there is indeed a bare chance that an appeal to his superiors may bring him a rebuke, but more than a rebuke is scarcely to be hoped for; neighbors and friends are slow to testify against the police for obvious reasons, and all who know the police know how difficult it is to force one of them to testify against another. I have seen the big fellows blush like girls, and wipe off the cold sweat that started to their faces, at the lies they were telling to shield a comrade—lies perfectly patent under cross-examination; but I have never seen one of them break down. And so long as the man complained of remains in authority, there is small limit to his power to be avenged on the complainant. He can take any woman on the streets into custody and charge her with "soliciting." He can take any man on the streets into custody and club him, and charge him with having been drunk and disorderly, and with having resisted an officer in the discharge of his duty. Except by mistake, such arrests and charges do not befall the rich. The rich have money with which to pay for a fight; the rich have money with which to bring witnesses to their social position, and to bring bondsmen to give bail for them; and at the first credible intimation that a mistake has been made about the wealth and social position of a prisoner, the police are all apologies, contrition, and courtesy. The poor have no money with which to pay for a fight, or to bring witnesses, or to indemnify bondsmen; and their witnesses, who would gladly come forward on a guarantee of impunity, cannot afford, on penalty of sheer hunger, to miss a day's work, and cannot afford, on grounds of personal safety, to appear against an accusing policeman. Even when the policeman's immediate superiors are honest, the poor had better, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, in wisdom for themselves, submit than fight; and they do submit. When the policeman's superiors, as in New York City, are, as a rule, more corrupt and brutal than himself, the case of the poor is little short of desperate. Gamblers, the keepers of dives and brothels, criminals generally, have ready money and pay it, and are relatively safe. The poor are safe only in so far as they are inconspicuous; and known savings, for example, or a strikingly handsome wife or daughter, suffice to render them conspicuous. Well-worn instances of Roman or Italian tyranny are re-enacted in New York with variations; the old materials of tragic drama lie ready to the playwright's hand. No one who knows anything of the extent

to which the privilege of theft and robbery is a matter of bargain and sale, and anything of the extent to which the "cadet system" has prevailed, will find these statements exaggerated. The hunting of John Doe did not achieve its ostensible purpose; William Devery and his allies and lieutenants were still at large and still bore sway; but it made apparent in some measure to the well-to-do the nature and the abuses, possible and actual, of the power of the police.

Sir William Harcourt[1]

By Justin McCarthy

EVERY friend and admirer of Sir William Harcourt must have been glad when it was made known that the late leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons had declined to accept the King's offer of a peerage and was determined to remain in that representative chamber where he had made his political name and won his place of command. Sir William Harcourt would have been thrown away in the House of Lords. He could not have done anything to arouse that apathetic chamber to anything like living importance in the affairs of state, and the House of Commons would have lost its most impressive figure. Sir William Harcourt's political fame was made in the House of Commons, and he is even yet its most distinguished member. I say "even yet" because Harcourt is growing old, and has passed that age of threescore years and ten authoritatively set down as the allotted space of man's life. But he shows no appearance as yet of old age, seems full of energy and vital power, and is as well able to command the listening House of Commons by argumentative speech and impressive declamation as he was twenty years ago. Harcourt's bearing is one of superabundant physical resources, and he has a voice of resonant tone which imposes no tax on the listening powers of the stranger in the farthest gallery. He is a very tall man, would be one of the tallest men in any political assembly, and his presence is stately and commanding. After Gladstone's death he became the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and he resigned that position only because he could not cordially accept the policy and plans of action undertaken by his leader in the House of Lords, Lord Rosebery. I do not propose to enter at any length into the differences of opinion which separated these two men, but it was generally understood that Lord Rosebery did not see his way to carry out Gladstone's policy for the maintenance of Greece and the Christian populations generally against the blood-stained domination of the Ottoman power in the southeast of Europe. The result of these differences was that Lord Rosebery applied himself to form a Liberal party of his own, which should be what is called Imperialist in its policy, and that Harcourt became merely a member of the Liberal opposition in the House of Commons. To have won the place of Liberal leader in the representative chamber might well have satisfied the ambition of any man, and to withdraw from that place rather than contribute to any further disagreement in the party did not in any sense detract from Harcourt's influence and fame.

Sir William Harcourt won his earliest distinctions in law and literature rather than in politics. He comes of a family which has a history of its own and had members who won reputation during many generations. He was educated at Cambridge University and obtained high honors there. He was called to the bar in 1854, and became Queen's Counsel in 1866. In the meantime he had accomplished some important literary work. He was a writer for the "Saturday Review," then at the zenith of its reputation, and under the title of "Historicus" he contributed a series of letters on important public subjects to the "Times" newspaper which attracted universal attention, were afterwards collected and published

[1] This article is the seventh of a series about living British statesmen. In preceding articles Mr. McCarthy has written of Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Henry Labouchere, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Mr. James Bryce. Other subjects will be Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. John E. Redmond.

in a volume, and found readers in every part of the world where men take interest in the public life of England. He was a leading advocate in some legal causes which excited the profound attention of the whole country, and was already regarded as a man of mark, who might be safely assumed to have a successful career before him. It was generally taken for granted at the time that such a man was certain to seek and find a place in the House of Commons, which of course offers an opening for rising legal advocates as well as for rising politicians. I can remember quite distinctly that to all of us who were watching the careers of promising men it appeared quite certain that Harcourt was not likely to content himself with professional distinction, and that when he entered the House of Commons he would devote himself for the most part to the business of political life. He made one unsuccessful attempt to obtain a seat in the House of Commons as representative of a Scottish constituency, and was more fortunate in his second endeavor, when he was elected to Parliament by the city of Oxford as a Liberal in 1868. Then for a while I personally lost sight of him, for towards the close of that year I began a lengthened visit to the United States, and only learned through the newspapers that he was already winning marked distinction as a Parliamentary debater. When I returned to England in 1871, I found that Harcourt was already regarded as certain to hold high office in a Liberal administration. His first step in that direction was to obtain the office of Solicitor-General in Gladstone's Government.

A story was told of Harcourt at the time—this was in 1873—which I believe to be authentic and is worth repeating. Up to this time he was merely Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, but the usage in Parliamentary life is that the leading law officers of the Crown, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, shall receive the honor of knighthood. It was therefore a matter of course that Mr. Harcourt should become Sir William Harcourt, and bear the title by which he is still known everywhere. The story goes, however, that Harcourt was not much delighted with the offer of a distinction which is commonly conferred upon the mayors of English cities and towns and other such personages of municipal position. Harcourt, as I have said, came of a distinguished English family which had contributed Lord Chancellors and other such exalted dignitaries to the business of the State. He probably had also in his mind the fact that rising men in his own profession who happened to be sons of Peers were specially exempted by constitutional usage from the necessity of putting up with knighthood when accepting one of the two legal offices under the Crown. The manner in which this very fact proclaimed the comparative insignificance of the title may have still further influenced Harcourt's objections. Anyhow, he did endeavor to impress upon Gladstone his claim to be exempted from the proffered dignity. Gladstone, however, assured him that it was the recognized constitutional practice to confer a knighthood upon a new Solicitor-General, and that there was no reason why Harcourt should seek dispensation from the honor. "Then," demanded Harcourt—so at least the story is told—"why don't you confer knighthoods on all the members of your Cabinet, and see how some of them would receive the proposition?" I cannot vouch for this story as historical truth, but I can vouch for the fact that it was told everywhere at the time, and received, so far as I know, no contradiction.

Harcourt made his way almost at once to the front rank of Parliamentary debaters. His style was somewhat rhetorical and declamatory, but it was distinctly argumentative, and his speeches contained few passages of mere declamation. He was a hard hitter, one of the hardest in the House, but he hit straight from the shoulder and never gave an unfair blow. He was often very happy in his sarcastic touches, and there was a certain robust and self-satisfied good humor even in his severest attacks on his Parliamentary opponents. The general impression of observers at first was that Harcourt would go in merely for the reputation of a powerful debater in the House of Commons, and would not show any ambition for the steady and severe work of Ministerial office. The public had yet to learn that the highest reputation of the man was to be made by his success as the head of a great Ministerial department. Many

observers also formed the opinion that Harcourt had no clear political views of his own, and was merely a sort of free lance ready to accept employment under the most convenient leader. He had entered the House of Commons as a Liberal, and even before he accepted office had always ranked himself as a regular supporter of the Liberal party, but he often made speeches in opposition to the views of extreme Liberals or Radicals—speeches such as might well have been made by some eloquent member of the Tory party. Many of the more advanced Liberals had for some time no confidence whatever in Harcourt's Liberalism, and were often engaged in sharp controversy with him. My own impression is that, up to a certain period in his career, Harcourt had not formed, or troubled himself to form, any very settled opinions on the rising political questions of the day. Upon all the old subjects of political debate, on the controversies which divided political parties in a former generation, his views were, no doubt, quite settled, but then there were many new subjects coming up for discussion, bringing with them new occasions for political division, and it is quite probable that on some of these at least the new Solicitor-General had not quite made up his mind. He had been a close student at Cambridge, and had been elected professor of international law by that University; he had practiced law as an advocate, and had begun to make a reputation for himself as a writer. It is quite probable that he had not yet given any special attention to some of the new questions which the growing development of social and political conditions was calling up for Parliamentary consideration.

Harcourt appears to have accepted as a matter of course, when he entered the House of Commons, the recognized principles inherited by the Liberal party. But there was then, as at most other periods of England's constitutional history, a new and advancing Liberal party beginning to make its influence felt, and not satisfied to abide by the mere traditions and established canons of the older Liberalism. Only a very few even of the advanced Liberals were yet prepared to support and encourage the Irish demand for Home Rule, and on such domestic questions, for instance, as the regulation of the liquor traffic, the Liberal party in general had not made up its mind to any policy other than a policy of mere inaction. I mention these two subjects in particular because they have an especial value in throwing light upon the change which took place more lately in Harcourt's political attitude. Probably at the time when he first entered the House of Commons he had not concerned himself much with the Home Rule question, and had allowed himself to take it for granted, as so many even among Liberal politicians and newspapers would have told him, that the Irish Home Rulers were aiming at the break-up of the Empire. In the same way it is quite possible that he may have given little or no attention to the demand for some new regulation of the liquor traffic, and dismissed the whole subject as a crotchet of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. When, however, he began to study the political life of the House of Commons as an active and a rising member, and when he found that his inclinations and his instincts were leading him into politics and away from law, we can easily understand that he set himself to study with candid judgment the new questions which were beginning to divide the Liberal party. I have often heard Sir William Harcourt accused of inconsistency and even of time-serving, because of his sudden conversion to the principle of some political movement which was at last coming to be accepted by the great Liberal leaders. I do not see any reason whatever to believe that Harcourt can fairly be reproached with inconsistency, or can be justly accused of any ignoble motive for his adoption of the newer and more advanced opinions. The explanation seems to me quite clear. The university student, the practicing advocate, the professor of international law, adopted a new career and devoted himself to an active part in the work of the House of Commons. Then it was that he studied for the first time with earnestness and impartiality some great developing questions which had previously been mere names and shadows to him, and thus he came to form the conclusions which guided his subsequent career. If Harcourt had been thinking chiefly of his own political advancement, he might have done better for himself by following the example of Disraeli, and taking a place among the

Tories, where intellect and eloquence were more rare than on the other side of the House, and where promotion was therefore more easily to be won.

Harcourt had probably not given much attention to great financial questions until he came under the influence of Gladstone. Up to that time he had, perhaps, not assumed that such subjects were likely to come within the scope of his practical work; but when he had to study them, he began to discover that he had within him the capacity for a thorough comprehension of their real meaning and development, and as the result of the study he became, when the opportunity offered itself, one of the most successful and enlightened financial Ministers of his time. In the same way he had, perhaps, never given any serious thought to the question of Irish Home Rule, and had fallen quietly into the way of regarding it, in accordance with the common opinion of most Englishmen just then, as something naturally associated with a rebellious desire for the breaking up of the Empire. When, however, he was led to study it as a question of reasonable import, he grew to be a convinced and a hopeful advocate of the cause. For a long time after he had taken office under Gladstone he found himself brought into an incessant opposition and even antagonism to the small group of Irish members, who then represented the Irish national demand, and compelled to fight against the obstruction which these Irish members were raising night after night, as their only means of enforcing public attention to a serious consideration of Ireland's national complaints and claims. He became converted to the cause of Home Rule, just as Gladstone did, by having the question forced upon his consideration, and thus being compelled to ask himself whether there was not some real sense of justice inspiring the Irish agitation.

I shall always remember a conversation I once had with Gladstone on this subject of Irish Home Rule. It was in one of the inner lobbies of the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone began it by asking me how I could regard Home Rule as a national demand, seeing that only a very small number of the Irish representatives in the House were actively in favor of such a measure. Gladstone called my attention to the fact that out of the whole body of Irish representatives elected by the constituencies on the same basis of voting, less than a dozen members declared themselves uncompromising advocates of Home Rule. I drew Gladstone's attention to the fact that the suffrage in Ireland was so high and so restricted that the whole bulk of the Irish population were disqualified by law from giving a vote at any election. Gladstone appealed to me to say whether he had not long been in favor of an expanded suffrage for the whole Kingdom, and I told him that I cordially recognized his genuine purpose, and that whenever we got a really fair and popular suffrage he would then find ample proof that the great bulk of the Irish people were united in their demands for Home Rule. Not long after, it came about that Gladstone and his Government saw their way to a measure of reform which gave the whole Kingdom an expanded and popular suffrage, and at the next general election the great majority of Irish members opposed to or lukewarm about Home Rule disappeared altogether from Parliament, and their places were taken by avowed and genuine Home Rulers elected mainly because they were earnest advocates of Home Rule. Out of the hundred and three members who constitute the Irish representation, we had then nearly ninety who were proclaimed and consistent Home Rulers. This result did much of itself to make Gladstone a convert to Home Rule, and it had naturally the same effect on Harcourt, who was far too intelligent a man not to accept the lesson taught by the Irish constituencies, and to admit that the demand for Home Rule was a genuine national demand, and as such entitled to the serious consideration of real statesmen. The conversion of Harcourt I have always, therefore, regarded as sincere and statesmanlike, and of the same order as the conversion of Gladstone himself. The first business of statesmanship is to recognize established facts and to act upon their evidence. Once the demand had been proved to be national, neither Gladstone nor Harcourt was the man to deny it a full consideration; and the same full consideration made the one man and the other an advocate of Home Rule.

In the days before the great constitu-

tional change which I have described, the change which resulted in the adoption of a popular suffrage, in the days when our small band of Irish Nationalists was still doing battle inch by inch against the Government, we had many fierce struggles with Harcourt, then a leading member of the Liberal administration. We had to admit that we found in him a powerful antagonist. He was ready in reply, resolute in maintaining his position, and he gave us, to say the least of it, as good as we brought. He was ever alert, he could answer attack by attack, he could carry the battle into the enemy's ranks, and the ablest of our debaters had his best work to do when compelled to stand up in Parliamentary contest against Harcourt. But I always observed that in our private dealings with Harcourt, on questions which came within the range of his administrative functions, we always found him considerate, kind, and even generous. There are frequent occasions when a Minister of the Crown had to be applied to by an Irish member for justice in the dealings of his official department, where individual questions of right and wrong having nothing to do with the general subject of Home Rule came up for consideration. I am now speaking of questions which were not to be settled by mere debate in the House of Commons, but which belonged to the ordinary and practical dealings of the department with this or that individual case. I can remember many instances in which I had to make some such appeal to Sir William Harcourt, and I always found him most ready and willing to consider fairly the nature of any individual grievance, and to prevent the administration of the law from being perversely turned into an engine of oppression. I know that many of my colleagues as well as myself felt thankful to Harcourt for his prompt interference where a genuine grievance had been brought under his notice, and for his resolve to see that justice must be done to the obscure sufferer from official tyranny. When the Liberal Government and the Irish National party came to work together for Home Rule, we, the Irish National members, had nothing on our memory which could prevent us from regarding Harcourt as a genuine Liberal and a sincere friend who had never shown any inclination to abuse his power when he was strong and we were at our weakest. My recollection of the days when we were fighting against Harcourt is tinged with no bitterness. He was always a formidable fighter, but he fought fairly when he still had to fight against us.

It is not surprising that Harcourt should have been for some time regarded as a powerful debater and nothing more. He was one of the foremost debaters in the House of Commons, even at a time when that House had more commanding debaters in it than it can claim to have just at present. He cannot be ranked among the great orators of the House. He is wanting in imagination, and without the gift of imagination there cannot be eloquence of the highest order. Even in the mere making of phrases he has seldom shown originality, and it has often been remarked of him, as it was remarked by Disraeli of Sir Robert Peel, that he never ventures on any quotation which has not already well established its popularity. Sir William Harcourt's best qualities as a speaker consist in his clearness of exposition, his unfailing fluency, his masterly array of forcible argument, and the fact that he never allows his eloquence to soar over the heads of his audience. I should be inclined to say of him that, although he is unquestionably a great Parliamentary debater, yet his intellectual capacity, his faculty for balancing evidence, acquiring and comparing facts, appreciating tendencies, and coming to just conclusions, are greater even than his powers of speech. I may say that one who listened to Sir William Harcourt during the earlier stages of his Parliamentary career might very naturally have been led to quite a different conclusion, and might have set him down as a clever maker of speeches and not a statesman. But such an observer, supposing him to be endowed with a fair amount of intelligence, would have gradually changed his opinion as he followed Harcourt's political career. Every time that Harcourt has been in office he has more and more given proof that there is in him the genuine quality of statesmanship. He served as Home Secretary under Gladstone, and was afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, first in one of Gladstone's administrations and afterwards in the Government of Lord Rose-

bery. There can be no question that he proved himself to be one of the greatest financial Ministers England has had in recent times. His famous Death Duties budget, introduced while Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister, created one of the most vehement controversies known to the political life of the present generation. Yet the great principle which Harcourt embodied in his dealing with the question of death duties must now be regarded even by his political opponents as resting on a basis of absolute morality and justice. The principle merely was that the amount of taxation which any individual pays to the State in consideration of his having obtained property by bequest shall be greater in proportion according as the acquired property is great in amount. In other words, Harcourt's policy maintained that a man who comes in for a large property as a bequest shall pay a larger proportion of taxation to the State than a man who comes in for a small property, and that the same principle ought to prevail through our other systems of direct taxation. The whole controversy simply turns on the question whether the rich man ought or ought not to pay a larger proportion of his income to defray the national expenses than the poor man—whether the citizen who has only income enough to enable him to maintain his family decently ought to be called upon to pay towards the maintenance of the State on just the same scale as that ordained for the man who can live in lavish luxury. The boldness and originality of Sir William Harcourt's venture in his budget of 1893, the energy and argumentative power with which he carried it to success, have undoubtedly secured for him a place in the front rank of England's financial Ministers. The later years of Harcourt's career offer a strange commentary on the estimate generally formed of him when he began to be conspicuous in Parliament. At the former period he was commonly regarded as a clever but somewhat superficial man, as one whose qualities were rather flashy than sound, as a ready maker of telling speeches designed to produce an immediate effect and destined to be utterly forgotten the day after to-morrow. Harcourt's later years of public work have proved him to be a serious Parliamentary leader, a man of strong and deep convictions, a man who thinks before he speaks and speaks because he thinks.

Indeed, the seriousness of Harcourt's convictions on some subjects of National importance has brought him more than once into disfavor with his constituents. He holds very strong and advanced views on the subject of local option—that is to say, on the right of localities to say whether they will or will not allow the sale of intoxicating drinks within their confines, and to state what conditions are to be imposed on the traffic if it is permitted at all. Sir William Harcourt went further on this subject than som even among his colleagues who were in favor of the general principle as a principle, but did not see the necessity for pressing it to immediate action. One of those colleagues said to me that in his opinion Harcourt might very well have allowed the question to stand over for eight or ten years, and perhaps by the end of that time the habits of the population would have improved so far as to render the passing of any strong restrictive law unnecessary. I am quite certain that Harcourt's earnest resolve to deal boldly with this subject if he should be allowed the opportunity had much to do with the condition of feeling in the Liberal party which led to his resignation of its leadership. We may look forward with confidence to the formation of a new Liberal Government in which Harcourt will have a commanding position, and when that time comes we may take it for granted that, in spite of whatever opposition on either side of the House of Commons, he will once more attempt to deal with the question of local option.

Most of my American readers know that Sir William Harcourt's second wife was the daughter of Lothrop Motley, the famous historian who was for a time Minister to Great Britain, and died at Harcourt's country residence in 1877. The eldest son, Lewis Vernon Harcourt, who was born in 1863, has also married an American lady. The younger Harcourt, whom I have known since his boyish days, is endowed with much of his father's talents, and I have always thought that if he had devoted himself entirely to political life he might make for himself such a career as his father has already accomplished. During contested elections I

have been more than once associated with the younger Harcourt in "stumping" some parts of the country on behalf of the Liberal Government then engaged in the cause of Home Rule, and I have the clearest memories of his remarkable organizing capacity, his ready eloquence, and his skill in replying to questions and arguments and in convincing skeptical voters. I take it for granted that every one who has known Lewis, or, as he is commonly called, "Lulu" Harcourt, must have delightful recollections of his bright companionship. We have all heard that Sir William Harcourt studiously consulted his son when the offer of a peerage was made to him by King Edward, and that "Lulu" was resolute in supporting his father's desire to refuse the honor, even although his acceptance of it would have made "Lulu" the heir to a peerage. Sir William Harcourt, we may well hope, has yet good work to do in the House of Commons. There is nothing about him which suggests the idea of advanced years or of decaying powers, whether mental or physical. The curious attack of weakness which lately came over so many members of the Liberal party never touched his robust intellect and resolute character. No man could render more valuable services than he may be expected to do in turning to account for genuine Liberalism the reaction already beginning to set in against the reign of the Tories and the Jingoes. I cherish the belief that the best of Sir William Harcourt's work is yet to be done by him.

The Possibilities of Peat

By S. Power

THIS New Year's Day, 1903, smiles sunnily on a curious, uncomfortable, unnecessary condition of affairs. The richest country in the world has its commerce, its manufactures, and its homes practically at the mercy of a few operators in fuel. This article is written in a writing-room of a hotel, because the home order for fuel paid for ten days ago has not been delivered, and the domestic shortage allows fire only nights and mornings. My lawyer, in good practice, yesterday owned to highly pessimistic feelings in view of the fact that he had just paid for twenty-eight tons of coal at fourteen dollars a ton. He does not know how fortunate he is to get it at all. New England churches suspend service, New England manufacturers are walking the floor in dread of being compelled to shut down their mills for want of coal just when our export trade needs nursing to hold its own. People sent Christmas boxes of home cake, nuts, and confectionery to friends, and the prettiest bonbonnière was full of nut coal, carefully washed and dried. With the cover closed the enamel box went on with the dessert—a joke which has had a famous run these holidays.

At the first cold snap the University Settlement sent around to the Young Women's Christian Association and other institutions to see if they could sell any coal to help out the Settlement's shortage. The "Young Woman's," as it goes among its frequenters, has the right sort of an engineer, who buys its coal by the boat-load and gets it at $3.20 a ton this season of scarcity. His dynamos burn "buckwheat" fine coal just as the great electric power and light companies use it. There is coal *en route*, we are told, but the mere transit after the stagnant months of strike almost blocks trade. The ocean liners contract by the year for coal, and each steamer of the crack lines must have at least two thousand tons for a week's run. Five million families must have at least a half ton a month each or shiver. That is the least amount by which one small fire can be kept with economy. Multiply it and see what amount must be moved weekly to keep this country going. The coal-trucks must roll steadily each hour of night and day on the railroads to keep our American world of business and its cooking fires supplied. Chill is as deadly as freezing, though its effects are slower. The colds taken in fireless street-cars, in chilly rooms and draughty shops, swell the death-rate under various other names

of resulting diseases. The people die and make no sign.

It is all so useless, the complications of trade and the suffering of humanity. New York City shivers and complains, with deposits of the best fuel known in two hours' reach, sufficient to keep its fires for two generations. New Jersey has enough to last a century; Chicago fumes over its coal famine with beds of the richest gas-fuel almost within the city limits; Wisconsin valleys are filled with it; Indiana might supply her neighboring States with firing and not feel it; St. Paul has fuel-beds to last her fires indefinitely. Of course this fuel is the despised, little-understood peat. Really, one might put in a cup of tea all that people know about one of Nature's best gifts, which will play no insignificant part in human affairs for the coming century. The wireless telegraph is of less importance.

Peat is the deposit of dead swamp moss and other bog plants charged with carbon, often with bitumen. The swamp moss, one of the most enduring plants known, will hold two hundred times its own weight of water, and its earth holds eighty to ninety per cent. Dry the sods in the air and they burn so well that a ton and four-fifths equals a ton of coal for heating purposes. That is to say, it has about half the heating power of good coal and more than twice the heat of wood. If a measureless supply of wood existed within two hours of the city, to be had for cutting and hauling, we should feel easy on the fire question. Years since a careful State geologist estimated the peat along the Hudson River through Westchester and Rockland Counties at over two million cords, with better yield in the interior of those counties. New York City has dug out and thrown into the bay from its own subsoil peat enough to keep its fires going all this winter. The subway cuttings come upon it every little while, and the Irish workmen carry home sods of it to burn for the sake of the old country. The writer took a turf uptown from the cuttings at the Tombs Power Station, and it made incense in a bedroom grate for days. It was not dry, yet it burned and gave heat. But what was most curious and delightful was its aroma, like that of pines in the noonday sun. Its soft, purifying effect on the air, due to its moist, antiseptic property, soothed irritable lungs and made breathing easy. Enough had been read and heard of the "glowing fires of peat," but the charm of its subtle odor and the soft purity of its air were a novelty.

Old men who remember the peat fires of the Civil War and after, when coal waxed high and scarce, are enthusiastic over the lasting, summer-like heat diffused by burning turf. Between 1860 and 1875 some forty-six firms began to cut peat in New York, New England, and Ohio. It was everywhere liked as a household fuel, and it raised steam admirably, but it was not understood that it needed different firing from coal or wood. Above all, the supply was not adequate for railway and factory purposes, with the few and scattered companies raising peat at any one time. It was as if twenty small mines had to furnish all the coal wanted for the country to-day, or as many country mills grind all its flour. So peat fell back into disuse, railways bought their own coal-mines and worked or leased them, and every one else bought the fuel offered, wood or coal. Housekeepers would not look at coal as long as wood was five dollars a cord, and it took forty years to bring the public into the use of hard coal. It was held in the same contempt which peat now receives, as a makeshift for those who could afford nothing better. Let us learn the facts about this despised clod fuel.

The American Society of Mechanical Engineers, which will be recognized as sound authority, in its boiler tests rules one pound of dry wood equal to four-tenths of a pound of coal for making steam. That is, two and one-half tons of pine wood, a little over two and one-eighth cords, give the same heat as a ton of hard coal. Common air-dried peat gives the same heat with one and four-fifth tons. That is, again, common dry peat turf throws out more heat than the same amount of best oak or beech cord-wood. The average heat given by the best soft coal is 13,600 thermal units, that of dry peat 9,400 units, per pound. But there is such a thing as prepared peat, ground to pulp like wood fiber for paper, the water extracted by ventilator fans, and the pulp pressed into blocks three by four inches,

hard as coal and clean as tile, yielding more heat than ordinary hard coal.

The Continent is far ahead of this country in the development of peat fuel. The Russian Government, aware that its oil-wells in southern Russia cannot meet the service for ships and railways, has hundreds of excavators at work in the peat bogs along the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow, raising and pressing fuel for the locomotives. Alert little Finland and the Caspian order vessels and locomotives to burn peat when in shed or harbor. Sweden outdoes the world in fuel enterprise, for not only are its briquettes the best made, but its Royal Peat Association held a Peat Exposition last year, which showed twenty-four varieties of native peat, besides briquettes from Russia, Germany, and Holland, and the turf grown by the Peat Cultivation Society. Peat can be grown from Sphagnum and Hypnum swamp mosses in twenty-four years, although the vast deposits existing in the world began when mammoths had the globe to themselves. The exposition also showed quantities of by-products from peat, which equaled in variety the derivatives from coal—paraffine, acetic acid, peat spirit, peat tar, and ammonia in the list. It is not out of the way to consider peat as an unfinished coal mixed more or less with petroleum, the villainous smell left out. According to master engineers, two million tons of prepared peat have been used yearly in Swedish works.

Few regions north of the Carolinas are without a plentiful peat supply within a radius of fifty miles, and where this is the case it is cheap and beneficial to use common air-dried peat for household fires. It has a hundred good qualities besides its heating property. It does not dry the air as coal fires parch it, and long experience shows that its antiseptic quality prevents consumption and relieves it, like the air of pine forests. Consumption is practically unknown in peat-burning districts, and the lovely complexions of Irish and Swede women are largely due to the moist pure air of peat fires. Peat charcoal is a notable disinfectant, and late researches of Continental chemists prove that the cholera bacillus cannot survive where it is used. The value of peat ashes in manufactures and as a fertilizer equals its worth as a fuel. The ash di courages insect pests in orchard and ga den; it nurtures the short, sweet pastu which feeds high-flavored mutton and fi wools, and makes the richest sward f lawns. Every inch and fiber of a pe bog has its value. The water from pe streams keeps sweet on shipboard roun the world. The fibrous upper layers turf, least considered for fuel, whe ground with asphalt make the most e during, elastic street pavement. Car fully burned, peat produces a charco worth five times as much as wood cha coal for the highest uses in manufacture and the arts.

If asked why this has not been know sooner, it is answered that the facts hav been known for a hundred years, but th world is too taken up with what comes t hand to notice anything outside its imme diate vision. Oppressive dispensation are needed to make nations recognize th resources of Nature. Starvation teache the worth of maize and potatoes for food, and the coal famine brings to light the unsuspected values of a dozen fuels— coal-slack, lignites, briquettes, and nativ peat. It is said, by those who should know better, that the cost of manufacturing peat is too great to permit its use. But while this is said by those who should know better, we have it on the best authority of mechanical and civil engineers, of scientific institutes and trade reports, that it is made on the Continent, ground and pressed, at sixty cents a ton; and this side of the water an enterprising firm is turning out thousands of tons of finished peat weekly, at a cost of $1.75 a ton, including royalties. This is for the finished peat, which equals coal for heating, and exceeds it in other good qualities. It is nearly smokeless, it has no sulphurous gas, it does not burn out grates and boilers, and it is as clean to handle as so much flooring tile. The notable Holland housewives are willing to pay more for it than for coal, simply because it takes less room and is so clean to handle.

When it is added that peat can be successfully worked in winter as in summer, with the aid of mechanical devices, the last objection to its use would seem to be removed. The keen-witted manufacturers of Sweden and Denmark build their factories on the borders of peat bogs for

the convenience of the fuel. The peat-turf in Minnesota and western New York is so bituminous as to take fire in the late summer and smolder slowly for months—in the Northwest burning until the snows of December put it out. It would be as well to adopt the latest Continental enterprise—building power and light stations on the edge of bogs, and transmitting power and gas to neighboring towns. Peat makes very brilliant gas, free from the malefic odors of coal-gas, at a much less expense. And the energy derived from the use of peat reduces the rate of power to one-ninth of a cent an hour for each horse-power—the computation given by a manufacturer who had installed his plant next to a peat bog. Is there nothing here to tempt the consideration of American business men?

The New International Encyclopædia[1]

THIS great work is well named. And it is international from the American standpoint on the continent which lies between the modern and the ancient seats of civilization, with the subjects of peculiar interest to Americans nearest to their eyes. It needed to be discriminated as "new" from the "International Cyclopædia" published years ago, since it is an independent and original work.

There are two distinct types of encyclopædia, represented severally by the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and by Brockhaus's "Conversations-Lexikon." The former is more suited to specialists than to the general reader. The latter, free from this limitation, is typically German in dry and monotonous indifference to literary form. Chambers's deservedly popular work embodies the merits without the defects of the German type, but, like the Britannica, retains too much of British insularity to be satisfactory to American needs. Several American cyclopædias, while aiming to supply its deficiencies, have made large drafts upon it.

But before the final volume of an encyclopædia is issued, its first volumes already lag behind the unresting advance of events and of learning. Not only are revisions and supplements constantly required, but new works are needed. Discovery and invention, new sciences, political and social changes, create new interests and open new outlooks upon the world of thought and the world of action. The projectors of the New International were not mistaken in judging that the first decade of the twentieth century is a ripe time for their great undertaking.

It is planned on German rather than on British lines, studious of scientific accuracy, but written for the general reader. At the same time, its principal contributors have been selected on the ground not only, as in Germany, of their special knowledge, but also of their literary style as attractive and clear. The volumes before us are a pledge that, whatever its shortcomings, ponderosity and dullness will not be among them. Reference is here in point to the eight-page article on Architecture, with its four additional full-page illustrations, Egyptian, Greek, Mexican, and American—the latter, quite fitly, being St. Paul's in New York, with its overlooking "sky-scrapers." This reference to illustrations justifies the further remark that the New International outranks in this line all its predecessors, both in quality and in quantity, while evincing a discriminating selection. Some of the colored plates, *e. g.*, Apples, Cacti, Indian Baskets, Indian Blankets, are very fine. In its numerous maps, of course, the latest political changes are exhibited, as a glance at its Africa reveals; and one finds drawn in its Antilles all the mail steamer routes as well as the submarine telegraph lines of the present year.

The contributors announced in the first volume number a hundred, of whom three only are women, whose several topics are Biography, Consumers' League, etc., and Cookery. The fact of this disproportion must be mentioned; beneath the surface of it we leave it to Sorosis to inquire. Beyond this list no note of individual authorship appears. Those who prefer

[1] *The New International Encyclopædia.* Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vols. I., II., III. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

signed articles must respect the solid reasons given against them, of which this one is enough: that the number of revising hands through which many an article passes before it appears in the New International imparts to it a collective authorship in place of an individual.

A feature of this work convenient for the general reader, and not heretofore found in an encyclopædia, is its department of general intelligence, with a large variety of miscellaneous topics. Here occur titles and characters in literature, political nicknames, popular allusions, etc. This has been found a popular convenience in the Century Dictionary, in which, for instance, "Bondman" appears as "A tragedy by Massinger (1623);" to which the New International adds: "a minor opera by Balfe (1846); a novel by Hall Caine (1890), the scene of which is laid in the Isle of Man and Iceland." If one cannot find everything here—*e. g.*, "Barnburner," the name of a political faction in New York fifty years ago—there is an eminently satisfying abundance of this small information.

The department of Biography is rich beyond all that has yet appeared in encyclopædias. Some forty members of the Brown tribe find place here, besides over a dozen who add to their patronymic the slightly distinctive *e*. Not all of these may permanently remain above the encyclopædist's horizon; but none of them is here refracted from below it. The article on John Brown of Kansas must be pronounced deficient in the judicial impartiality shown his contemporary, President Buchanan. Brown is made the exponent of the "bloodiest and most unscrupulous type of frontier ruffianism." If such superlatives are his due, what words can be found for the atrocities that maddened him? In the copious illustrations that have been referred to, biography has its share in full-page portraits of illustrious characters, two or three in a volume.

Passing from general to particular, one finds a noteworthy article on Archæology, to which seventeen pages are devoted, with three full-page illustrations of Greek and American relics, besides many smaller ones—an admirable brief of an immense and expanding subject. Rather more is desirable at its close than the mere hint of the incomputable antiquity of man, elsewhere than on the American continent. Another scientific article of great merit is that on Biology, to which five pages are devoted. Here one may think that the discussion of the rival theories of experience and of natural selection as influential in the survival of the fittest, and the verdict in favor of the latter, have failed to take due notice of the recent theory of "orthoplasy," indorsed by some eminent names, as combining and reconciling these rivals by assigning to experience transmitted by education its value in utilizing the opportunities given by natural selection.

Among articles on the mechanic arts, that on the Atlantic Telegraph, with its account of the sixteen cables working at this date, those on the Automobile, with its two full-page illustrations, and on the Bridge, with three such, besides smaller ones, are excellent specimens of a present-day account. This department is fully exhibited. Bricks, butter, the machinery for making them, and even that employed in bottling, have each its full-page illustration.

Large space is given to the department of Geography, both physical and political. The physical maps of Africa, North America, South America, and Asia deserve special mention. The eighteen pages given to Australia and related subjects illustrate the value of a work that exhibits recent political changes, as in that newly organized commonwealth. The page and a half given to Australian Literature will be to many readers the revelation of a new field of interest.

Among religious subjects the Bible receives large treatment, embodying both common and curious facts to the extent of twenty-five pages. That but one page is given to Biblical Criticism may seem, in view of the appended bibliography, to be an instance of wise judgment in a subject at once so recondite and so hotly litigated. In this bibliography both sides are impartially represented. Throughout the entire work special students will find a good bibliography attached to every important article, with references to special monographs as well as to standard works.

It is not to be expected that a work involving innumerable particulars in the entire sphere of human knowledge shall be free of all slips and errors. Some

such occur. It is hardly a historical fact that Cæsar "out of love for Cleopatra entered on the Alexandrine war." The historian Merivale represents the outbreak of hostility as prior to the love affair. Of another kind is the inaccurate statement that "the original site of Boston included Beacon, Copp's, and Fort hills, all of which have been considerably cut down." This is true of Beacon hill, not of Copp's, while of Fort hill not a vestige remains. The State House at Boston, in the fine engraving presented of its front, erected, as the text states, in 1795, is termed "The New State House." What is new in the building is a large extension in the rear, not visible in the engraving.

More serious misrepresentation occurs in the biographical sketch of Henry Ward Beecher, viz.: "His theology was not in general accord with that of the Congregational denomination. In 1878 he formally renounced belief in the eternity of future punishment." The latter statement is correct; the former is not. Mr. Beecher was not in *full* accord with the then general belief of Congregationalists: the disavowal here cited is proof of that, but it proves no more. That he was in *general* accord is incontestably true. Less excusable than this is the injustice done to Mr. Beecher by the omission of material facts, which should balance the statement that a jury failed by a vote of nine to three to acquit him of the charge of adultery, by a statement of his vindication by a remarkably large and representative church council after a searching investigation. Referring to this, the late President Porter, of Yale, in a public reply in England to insinuations against Mr. Beecher, expressed surprise that well-informed persons should regard Mr. Beecher's innocence as involved in any doubt. Yet the New International leaves it in doubt. The statements here criticised are taken over from the old International, and seem to have escaped that "searching criticism" which all matter from that source is stated to have undergone. Mr. Beecher's brothers, Charles, Edward, and Thomas, are severally termed a Congregational "divine," or "clergyman," but he is described as a "Protestant pulpit orator." The proper term for each is "Congregational minister," under which designation each appeared in the Congregational Year-Book till his death.

It remains to be said that this really formidable undertaking gives promsie of achievement not only creditable but brilliant. It aims at the production, not merely of a work for reference, but of a condensed library, in whose many departments the best knowledge of the time, digested and arranged, is presented in accessible and convenient form. The educational value of such a work for the home as well as the school is unquestionably great.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Aspects of the Jewish Question. By a Quarterly Reviewer. With Maps. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×6 in. 98 pages. $1, net.

Across Coveted Lands. By A. Henry Savage Landor. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¾×9 in. $7.50.

In all externals this book is prepossessing. The two large volumes are well printed and have many good reproduced photographs. The narrative tells of the author's adventures in Persia and Beluchistan, which countries he reached through Russia and Afghanistan. As a personal record of travel the book is entertaining in a moderate degree, but when one tries to find material of real value about the countries which are indeed "coveted" by nations richer and more powerful, the result is disappointing and unsatisfactory. Neither the people nor the countries are brought out in strong relief.

Bairn Books (The): The Book of the Zoo. The Book of Shops. By Walter Copeland. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3½×5 in. Per set, $1.25.

Black Prince and Other Poems (The). By Maurice Baring. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 144 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Called of God (The). By A. B. Davidson, D.D., L.L.D., Litt.D. Edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 336 pages. $2, net.

Under this title are included thirteen discourses by the late Professor Davidson, who for forty years held the chair of Hebr[ew] Old Testament Literature in the Free

College, Edinburgh. Dr. Davidson, a scholar of international reputation, was a man of deeply emotional nature protected by a crust of reserve. A biographical introduction portrays his character. The discourses "all deal with the history—generally with a spiritual crisis in the history—of some Scripture personality."

Characters of Theophrastus (The). A Translation, with Introduction, by Charles E. Bennett and William A. Hammond. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 85 pages. 90c., net.

Christian Science and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. By Rev. George Francis Greene, D.D. The Chronicle Print, Cranford, N. J. 4½×6½ in. 24 pages.

Vigorous; effective; a brief description of the claims of "Christian Science," and an expression of the writer's views of their fallacy.

Christ of the Ages (The): In Words of Holy Writ. By William Norman Guthrie. The Western Literary Press, Cincinnati. 6½×8½ in. 162 pages.

This is in some points a unique work. The demand of Christian thought to-day is for the historical Jesus, as he went about in Palestine, for the exact reproduction of his personality in word and deed, as it appeared to his disciples. Dr. Caird, the Master of Balliol, has shown that, however desirable be the closest possible approximation to this, it is beyond realization; the Christ, through the interpretation of him by his spirit after he had passed beyond earthly limitations, has necessarily become, and must permanently remain, an ideal conception—none the less authoritative for that, since there is no authority more imperative in conscience than that of the moral and religious ideal, when once conceived. So much is necessary to hold to, if one would fairly estimate the idea on which Mr. Guthrie's work is based. "The Christ," he says, "is He we see—not He alone whom the Gospels give." Mr. Guthrie's Christian consciousness finds the lineaments of his Jesus in the Hebrew equally with the Christian Scriptures, and has drawn on both to paint his portrait of the Son of Man in the freest exercise of the right of "Christian appropriation." Thus, the story of the temptation in the wilderness is introduced by a series of prophetic visions given in the Old Testament, which Jesus is represented as pondering during the "forty days." The portrait resulting from this treatment of the Scriptures is a mosaic, for which not all parts of the Gospels were found serviceable; so that there are some large omissions. The literary form is that of the "loose" blank verse used by the later Jacobean dramatists, and the sequence of the parts conforms to the order of the Christian year.

Collection of the Writings of John James Ingalls (A): Essays, Addresses, and Orations. Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo. 6×9½ in. 536 pages.

Commodore Trunnion's Courtship and The Cruise of H. M. S. Thunder. By Tobias Smollett. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4½×6½ in. 245 pages. $1.25.

Essence of Christianity (The): A Study in Definition. By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 332 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

E. W. Dadson, B.A., D.D.: The Man and His Message. Edited by Jones H. Farmer, B.A., LL.D. William Briggs, Toronto. 5¼×7¾ in. 379 pages.

Dr. Dadson, who died in 1900, was a beloved pastor in Montreal and elsewhere, widely influential as a denominational leader and as editor for some years of the "Canadian Baptist." His memorial in this volume is that of a strong and much-loved man. It includes a sketch of his life, with many paragraphs from his writings on current topics, besides some characteristic sermons.

First-Hand Bits of Stable Lore. By Francis M. Ware. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 297 pages. $2, net.

In delightfully conversational language Mr. Ware gives us many hints concerning the proper care of horses. Every one who owns a horse should also own this volume.

Hasting the Pirate. By Paul Creswick. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 303 pages. $1.25.

This romancer harks back to the age of the Vikings for his tale of love and war. Saxon and Dane struggle for supremacy of sea and land, and for possession of two fair maids who are stolen back and forth, and gently and roughly wooed by turns. When finally they are given to their rightful lovers, it is by Alfred the Great. In the earlier chapters the two heroes are Alfred's guests at Corpe Castle, where the King holds Witan, persuading his councilors to co-operate with him in building many ships that England's navy may match the Vikings. There is a fine feast at Corpe Castle, and some love-making, while the pirates busy themselves in stealing such vessels as the good King commands. But everything comes right in the end, as it was bound to do with Alfred for King. The fault of the tale is that the heroes rush so foolishly into danger—but that is the way of heroes in romance.

Haunted Mine (The). By Harry Castlemon. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 433 pages. 80c.

Her Majesty the King. By James Jeffrey Roche. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5×8 in. 149 pages.

Her Wilful Way. By Helen Sherman Griffith. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 360 pages. 90c., net.

Girls' stories are rare of late. This is one about a girl of good heart and mind, but thoughtless and irritable. A quarrel with a stepmother and the reconciliation of the two form part of the plot.

History of Christianity (The): From St. Paul to Bishop Brooks. By William Edward Gardner. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 209 pages. 50c., net.

Mr. Gardner has very fairly accomplished the difficult task of condensing into some hundred and seventy pages an account of the development of primitive into modern Christianity. It is written in a catholic spirit and serviceable in any Sunday-school. Occasionally the narrative is so condensed as to be misleading. A serious case of this is the representation of the civil war in England, 1642–1648, as growing out of a religious rather than a political controversy. It is also quite amiss to speak of Tyndale's version of the Bible as discred-

ited by its "inaccuracies." It was rather its annotations that made it distasteful to the church authorities. Tyndale's work set the standard for his successors.

History of the Middle Ages (A). By Dana Carleton Munro. Illustrated. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 242 pages. 90c.

A commendable attempt to simplify an intricate subject. Though compact, the book has something more than the dry bones of history; there are color and dramatic rendering of stirring episodes to be found not infrequently. The author's division and arrangement are excellent. He emphasizes three topics—the work of the Christian Church, the debt due to Byzantine and Arabic civilizations, and the life of the times.

Horace's Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Sæculare. Edited by Clifford Herschel Moore, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 465 pages. $1.50.

Immortality and Other Essays. By Charles Carroll Everett. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 280 pages. $1.20, net.

This third volume of essays by the late Dean of the Harvard Divinity School bears the stamp of his penetrating and cultivated mind and the charm of his felicitous literary style. While the transient occasions for which he wrote and temporary phases of thought are reflected here and there in these essays, they are so pervaded by the ideas of universal reason as to have permanent value. Theologically Dr. Everett was a rationalist; religiously he was a mystic, as any one must be who is profoundly possessed by the thought of the immanence of God. To listen to the discourse of such a mind brings enlightenment and peace.

Isle of Content (The). By George F. Butler, M.D. The Erudite Press, Concord, Mass. 6¼×9¾ in. 135 pages. $1.50.

This elegantly made volume contains the reflections of an educated and thoughtful mind on a variety of themes, the first of which loans its title to the whole. Without any trace of originality, and with no special charm of literary form, they are marked by good sense and sincerity, by cheerfulness and human sympathy.

Jewish Encyclopædia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists under the Direction of the following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D.; Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D.; Richard Gottheil, Ph.D.; Joseph Jacobs, B.A.; Marcus Jastrow, Ph.D.; Frederick de Sola Mendes, Ph.D.; Isidore Singer, Ph.D., and Others. Vol. III., Bencemero—Chazanuth. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7¼×11 in. 684 pages.

Nothing in our day more strongly attests the renaissance of the spirit of Judaism than this great work, Jewish in its inception and design, but supported by the co-operation of Christian with Jewish scholars. Its field is as wide as is the dispersion of the children of Israel. Every country, every town of note, where they have become a part of the community, every person of note whose history connects with theirs, comes into this record—a record of the religious, political, social, and scholarly activity of this persevering people for the past three thousand years. Thus in the present volume Lord Byron has place as the writer of "Hebrew Melodies;" the Emperor Caracalla of Rome, and the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, for their friendliness to the Jews. In whatever field Jewish activity has expressed itself, it finds a record here; *e. g.*, the British Museum has two pages for an account of the books and other objects of Jewish interest therein. The largest space is accorded to the Bible in various points of view, among which the two pages given to the Bible in Mohammedan literature illuminate a field too much neglected. Cantillation, the mode of intoning in public prayer and reading, is illustrated by some eight pages of musical notation. Among the numerous illustrations, those of the censorship to which Jewish publications have been subjected during the last two centuries are conspicuous: the first volume of this encyclopædia appears thus defaced by Russian intolerance. The bibliographical department is rich both in information and in illustration. Were it worth while to speak of slips, a singular one to notice in such a work is the etymology assigned to "catacomb," as a hybrid compound of Greek and Latin, whereas it is wholly Greek. It is matter for National satisfaction that only in America was it found possible to launch this epoch-marking work, nine more volumes of which will be required for its completion.

Literary Values and Other Papers. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5¾×7 in. 256 pages. $1.10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. Introduction and Notes by J. W. Pearce, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 186 pages. 25c.

My Life-Work. By Samuel Smith, M.P. Illustrated. Hodder & Stoughton, London, England. 5½×8¾ in. 630 pages.

This volume is doubly interesting. It is of moment first as the autobiography of one who has deservedly occupied a prominent place in the eyes of all Englishmen, especially of all Dissenters; secondly, because the book comprises a capital history of Parliamentary proceedings during the past half-century. Though Mr. Samuel Smith is a veteran in politics, his matured opinions are not always those which one might expect—for instance, he thinks that India involves by far the most difficult problems confronting the British nation in the future, and adds: "Our future relations with America are almost as important as those with India." Other observers might think that the South African problems now exceed in complexity the Indian; and that the future relations of Great Britain with America are even more important than the relations existing between England and India. The most noteworthy part of the volume to the student of history and to the student of religion alike is Mr. Smith's account of his position on various questions affecting the Anglican Church and the Dissenting bodies. In 1897 he offered a motion to disestablish the Church of England, and says: "I never undertook anything that was more unpopular. All the

Liberal leaders were opposed to it, and made me feel it so in a manner that was very trying, and of course it was resented by the whole Conservative party. I was well aware that as a politician it was mere folly to raise such a question. None had touched it since Mr. Miall, in 1873, and the cause had greatly gone down in the country. The impelling motive that urged me to this course was the apparent impossibility of rousing the country to the stealthy Romanizing of the Church [of England] except by a motion of this kind." If disestablishment ever comes, the name of Samuel Smith will be remembered as a courageous protagonist, although the time was not ripe for such an extension of freedom as he and others have endeavored to bring about. The autobiography is rather too diffusely written; it might have been condensed with profit to the average reader. It will be found, however, not only a recognized source of information for the student of English politics, but also a source of inspiration to any man. It shows how religion animates not only one department of life but all departments.

Myrtle and Oak. By Rennell Rodd. Forbes & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 115 pages. $1.

Orchestral Instruments and Their Use. By Arthur Elson. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 299 pages.

An introductory chapter deals with primitive and "savage" instruments, and is followed by one on the growth of the orchestra. The final chapter treats of the orchestra as a unit, and characterizes some of the most eminent orchestral conductors. The intermediate chapters describe the individual instruments: first the violin, and then, in order, the other stringed instruments, the reeds, the brass, and the instruments of percussion. The book is enlivened with a large number of pertinent stories about music and musicians. The author has not only a capital sense of humor, but also a very good wit of his own. He has succeeded admirably in making a necessarily brief and terse treatment of his theme very readable and clear. The volume is well worth adding to a musical library, and deserves a welcome from the amateur and the concert-goer. There is a useful index.

Prayers and Thoughts for the Use of the Sick. Selected by Lucy Forney Bittinger. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 161 pages. $1, net.

This collection, which includes many passages of Scripture, is both judicious and serviceable for consolation and patience, not only to the sick, but also to those in various kinds of trouble.

Preacher's Life (A): An Autobiography and an Album. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 426 pages.

The recent death of Dr. Parker, the many-sided Christian preacher, draws fresh attention to his autobiography, penned barely five years since. Whatever other memorial of him may appear in print, this will be its natural companion. Here is the real Parker to be compared with Parker as others saw him. The autobiography itself is divided into "Personal and Pastoral," "Literary and Controversial." The appended "Album" is a series of personal sketches—Gladstone, Beecher, and others. A royal personality pervades the whole.

Selected Poems. By William Watson. John Lane, New York. 4½×7 in. 143 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Short Tales from Storyland. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Illustrated in Color and Black and White. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7×9½ in. 96 pages. $1.50.

Ten Girls from Dickens. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser. Illustrated by George Alfred Williams. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 236 pages.

Triumph of Love (The). By Edmond Holmes. John Lane, New York. 6½×8 in. 68 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

True History of the American Revolution (The). By Sydney George Fisher. Illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 437 pages. $2, net.

Though falling short of a great work, the narrative of this volume sustains its daring title. Passionately patriotic, in fullest sympathy with the revolutionary elements which carried on our great struggle for national independence, the author puts in the clearest light the excesses committed on our side, the divisions in the ranks of our own citizens, who the loyalists were and why they sided with Great Britain, the moderation shown by the British commander Howe, and innumerable other things which are practically unknown by the great body of cultivated Americans—unless they have read Lecky or Tyler—and yet must be known if a true or even plausible picture of the Revolution is to be presented. It is a commonplace to say that history is past politics, but the very historians who repeat it write of our Revolution as if in that political struggle society divided in a different way from that in which it divides to-day, and as if all the arguments were on one side, while to-day there is so much to be said on both. As Mr. Fisher pertinently remarks:

> The people who write histories are usually of the class who take the side of the Government in revolution, and as Americans they are anxious to believe that our Revolution was different from others, more decorous, and altogether free from the atrocities, mistakes, and absurdities which characterized even the patriot party in the Revolution. They do not like to describe in their full coloring the strong Americanism and the doctrines of the rights of man which inspired the party that put through our successful rebellion. They have, accordingly, tried to describe a revolution in which all scholarly, refined, and conservative persons might have unhesitatingly taken part, but such revolutions have never been known to happen.

Mr. Fisher writes of a revolution in which the radical elements had the same characteristics they have to-day, and the story rings true. Fortunately, the narrative is as interesting as it is instructive, and therefore, while we do not take Mr. Fisher's view upon all points, we heartily commend his volume to all who would like to understand why the "scholarly, refined, and conservative" elements in our own country, as well as in England, were generally antagonistic to American independence.

Correspondence

Our Plutocratic Government

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article in The Outlook of November 22, on "The Trust Problem," is gratifying to me, but at the same time makes assertions which the facts in the case would seem to refute.

For example, on page 671, you assert that this government is "democratic in politics, education, and religion;" and that "the plain people control the government of city, State, and Nation." Now I say that these statements may be true some day, that they ought to be true to-day, but that they are not true now, nor have they ever been true in this country, especially since the adoption of our present Constitution in 1787. The preamble to that Constitution is as much out of harmony with the Constitution itself as is the Constitution out of harmony with the principles of liberty and equality laid down in the Declaration of Independence eleven years before. One is wholly inconsistent with the other. To say that our present government is democratic, or even republican, in principle is to say what is not true. To say that it is aristocratic is not to come as near to the truth as to say that it is plutocratic. Our Constitution was written primarily for the defense of private property, and hence, of necessity, the powers of government were placed in the hands of private property (capital) by those who made the Constitution. This act on the part of the framers of the Constitution was done deliberately, as their own statements will show; hence they cannot be excused, nor can they be held to be innocent of the conscious betrayal of the rights of the people.

That our government is not a popular government in any true sense can be shown, first, by the expressed purpose of the prominent framers of our Constitution, and, second, by the working of the instrument itself.

First, as to the purpose of the framers; and I can take the time to refer to the ideas of but a few of the men in the Philadelphia Convention. Many other statements, with these which I ask your permission to give, may be found printed in Mr. Madison's Minutes of the Federal Convention, comprising Volume V. of Elliott's Debates, and Mr. Yates's Minutes, in Vol. I. of the same work:

"Mr. Madison: Government ought to be so constituted as to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority."—E. D., I. 449.

"Mr. Gouverneur Morris: The Senate ought to be composed of men of great and established property—aristocracy; . . . and to make them completely independent, they should be chosen for life. Such an aristocratic body will keep down the turbulence of democracy."—E. D., I. 475.

"Mr. Madison: In all civilized countries the people fall into different classes, having a real or supposed difference of interest. There will be particularly the distinction of rich and poor. In framing a system of government which we wish to last for ages, we should not lose sight of the changes which ages will produce. An increase of population will of necessity increase the proportion of those who will labor under all the hardships of life, and secretly sigh for a more equal distribution of its blessings. These may in time outnumber those who are placed above the feelings of indigence. According to the equal laws of suffrage, the power will slide into the hands of the poor. How is this danger to be guarded against?"—E. D., V. 243.

"Mr. Hamilton stated that he did not believe in a republican government, but urged those who did to tone their government as high as possible. Inequality constituted the great and fundamental distinction in society."—E. D., V. 244.

"Mr. Butler insisted that the labor of a slave in South Carolina was as productive and valuable as that of a freeman in Massachusetts; that as wealth was the great means of defense and utility to the nation, they were equally valuable to it with freemen; and that, consequently, an equal representation ought to be allowed for them in a government which was instituted principally for the protection of property."—V. 296.

"Mr. Hamilton: All communities divide themselves into the few and the many. The first are the rich and well born; the other, the mass of the people. . . . The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right. Give, therefore, to the rich and well born a distinct, permanent place in the government. They will check the unsteadiness of the mass of the people."—E. D., I. 421.

"Mr. Gerry: Government should be moved as far as possible from the people."—V. 136.

"In Massachusetts there are two parties: one devoted to democracy—the worst of all political evils; the other as violent in the opposite extreme."—V. 537.

"Mr. Randolph: The general object of the Senate was to provide a cure for the turbulence and follies of democracy."—V. 138.

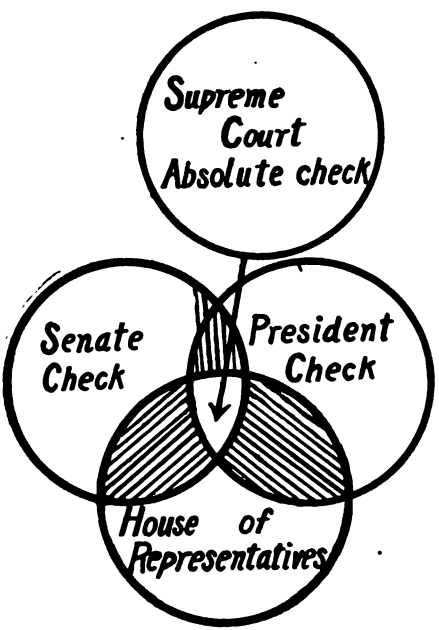
There are several other extracts I

would like to give, but must limit myself to these, with one other from Mr. Madison:

"In a republican government the majority, if united, have always an opportunity. The only remedy is to enlarge the sphere, and thereby divide the community into so great a number of interests and parties that a majority will not be likely to have a common interest separate from that of the whole, or of a minority; and, in the second place, that in case they should have such an interest, they may not be so apt to unite in the pursuit of it."—V. 163.

When it is remembered that the attempt was made by the Convention to have these records destroyed, and that they were not given to the people till more than fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution, and that the Constitution was made so rigid that it is practically impossible even to amend it, is there not manifest in these facts, as well as in the statements made in the Convention, that the framers knew that they were robbing the people of the United States of their rights and liberties?

Now, in the second place, let us see how the Constitution has worked practically. To show this I append a diagram



which is almost self-explanatory. The House of Representatives is the only popular branch of the government. This branch has a negative check, but practically no power positively to carry out the will of the people. The Senate and the Executive veto are each checks upon and nothing can pass the House u which these other powers do not ag But, strangest of all innovations in establishment of a government, sho these three branches finally agree u any new measure in the interest of people, and it become a law, the Supre Court, with a rigid Constitution back it, stands ready to kill the measure w an absolute veto. This feature of government, which Mr. John Fiske highly commended as a purely "Americ idea," is good if the people want a cons tutional monarchy, but such an absol negative power placed in the hands o few men, naturally aristocratic in tend cies, or with any tendencies, howev good they may be, in itself refutes t statement so often made by the press a by political speakers in this country, th this government is founded upon dem cratic principles.

THOMAS C. WISWELL.

University Congregational Church,
Seattle, Washington.

[It is impossible for us to refute th statements of our correspondent, becaus he is discussing—it appears to us—n matters of fact, but matters of opinion. the people and government of the Unite States are in the state which he believe them to be in, the condition of all co cerned—plutocrats, proletariat, editor clergymen, everybody indeed exceptin the members of the Supreme Court an the United States Senators (although th popular election of Senators which w foresee in the not far distant future i going to knock *them* out, too) is sorry i deed. In our turn we should like to as our correspondent what he proposes to d about it. Has he or any other one ind vidual, or set of individuals, invented system of government to take the place o our present system? If so, we should b glad to know about it. Our conviction amply confirmed and sustained by history is that governments are the fruits of evo lution, not of invention. The farmer o the State of Washington who wants t improve his apple crop does it, not wit the saw, with the ax, and with fire, bu by grafting, plowing, pruning, and spray ing. This is the method to be followed, we believe, in developing a true democ racy.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Outlook

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The Outlook

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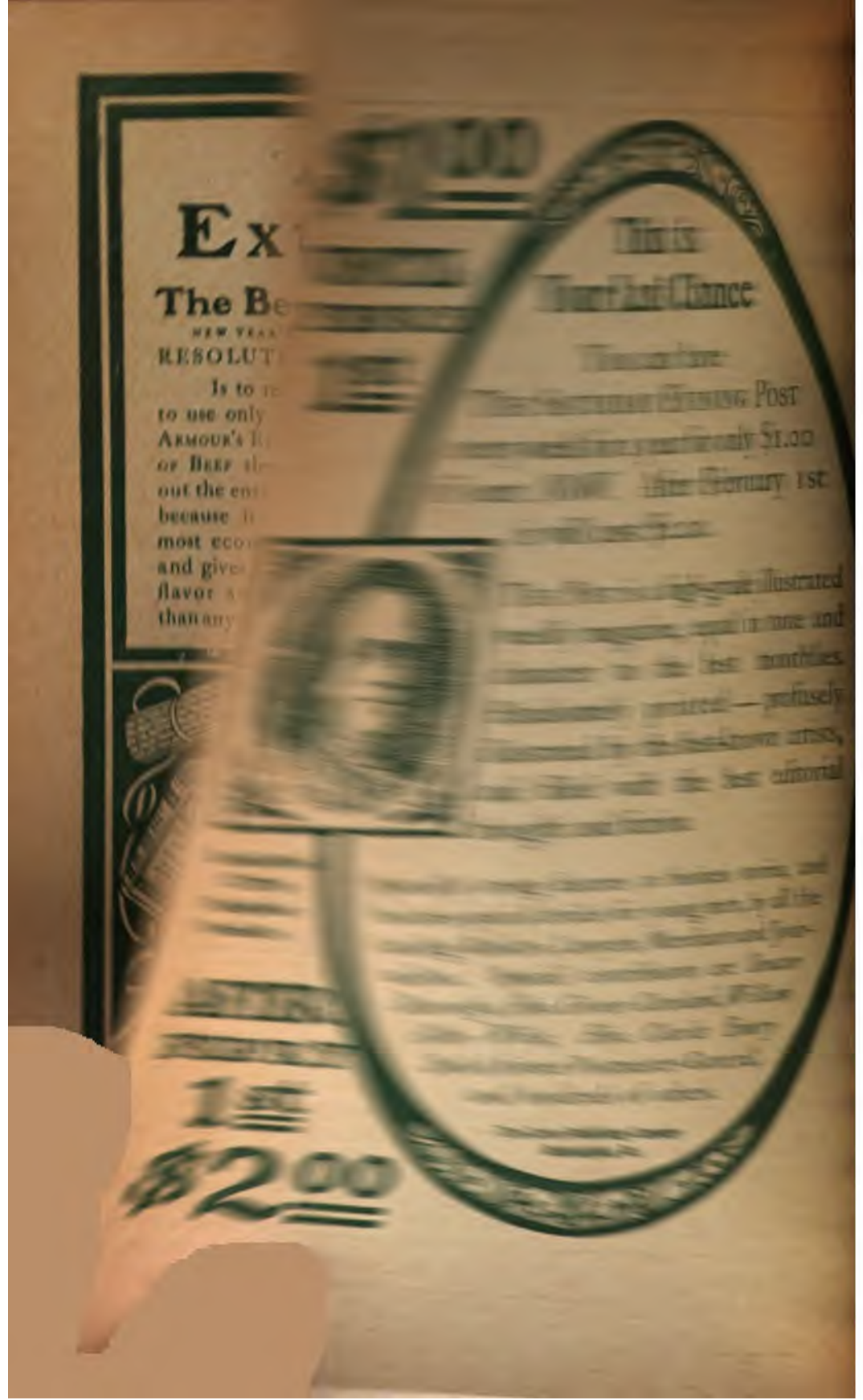
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The Outlook

3 January 24, 1903 No. 4

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the beginning of December, that the Republican Congress had ignored this recommendation during the intervening weeks of coal famine, and that the time had come for this recommendation to be embodied in legislation. Senator Aldrich, the Republican leader in tariff matters, at first objected to the consideration of this resolution on the strong Constitutional ground that all bills for raising revenue must originate in the House, but immediately weakened his position by declaring that the Democrats talked about free coal when out of power, but when in power had, with the exception of Senator Hill, of New York, voted unanimously for a duty of forty cents a ton. Senator Vest answered this thrust most effectively by telling the whole truth, though it cut sharply the faction of his own party which favors levying taxes to promote private revenues. It was a well-known fact, he declared, that the Senate amendment restoring a duty on coal when the House Democrats had made it free was dictated by a handful of Democratic Senators who "held up" the party by threatening to act with the Republicans unless the coal interests continued to be protected. As the debate continued, Senator Vest again drew fire by declaring that Mr. Dingley had placed the duties in the present tariff higher than he thought they ought to remain, for the express purpose of furnishing a margin to be traded away for commercial concessions from other conntries. Senators Aldrich and Hale resented the statement that such strategy had been employed by Mr. Dingley, even declaring that it was a reflection upon his honor, when Senator Dolliver, who had been Mr. Dingley's associate on the Committee on Ways and Means, created confusion in the ranks of his ultra-protectionist colleagues by declaring that Mr. Dingley "did put the duties up for the express purpose of having them traded down," and defended the policy as not only in line with the precedents set by the parliaments of Europe, but in line with all the Republican platform declarations in favor of reciprocity. As the debate proceeded it became evident to the protectionist leaders that their party would not defend a tariff on coal when it already commanded famine prices, and when the House Committee met to frame a bill the Republican members soon agreed to make anthracite coal permanently free of duty, and to grant for one year a rebate of the full tax collected on importations of bituminous coal. The bill embodying this proposal passed the House with less than half a dozen adverse votes, and was accepted by the Senate and signed by the President as soon as the bill came before them. The rebate feature of the bill is a concession to the ultra-protectionists, but in its operation will be simply a useless and annoying piece of red tape.

❀

Proposed Seizure of Mines and Railroads

But the putting of coal on the free list did not express the radicalism which the present famine has developed among people hitherto classed as conservative. On the day the duties were suspended Chairman Jenkins, of the Judiciary Committee of the House, introduced a resolution in line with ex-Senator Hill's "revolutionary" plank in the New York Democratic platform last fall, and recommending a far larger measure of public ownership than Senator Hill *if* Congress has the Constitutional power to order it, and the necessity for its exercise has arisen. The resolution read as follows:

Resolved, That the Committee on Judiciary be and is hereby directed to investigate and report to this House with all convenient speed the opinion of that Committee as to the power of Congress to declare that a necessity has arisen for taking possession of all coal, coal-beds, and coal-mines in the United States, and all lines of transportation, agencies, instruments, and vehicles of commerce necessary for the transportation of coal, and that if in the opinion of that Committee the power exists and a necessity for the exercise of such power has arisen, that that Committee forthwith report to this House a bill declaring the necessity, providing fully and in detail the occasions, modes, conditions, and agencies for said appropriation that will fully and completely exhibit the power of Congress in that regard.

❀

Is This Constitutional?

Such a proposition coming from the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee deserves an attention which would not be accorded to it if presented by an unknown newspaper correspondent, by an irresponsible newspaper editorial thrown out to catch passing attention, or by an individual politician who might be suspected of

offering it as a bid for popular favor. It indicates, not merely how deep and widespread is the dissatisfaction with the conditions into which private and uncontrolled ownership and management of the coal mines and coal roads have brought the country, but also how far that dissatisfaction has carried leaders of public opinion in a Socialistic direction. The coal operators have done more to give Socialism a standing in the United States than all the apostles of Socialism since the word was first coined. The Outlook expresses with reserve its judgment on the Constitutional aspect of this proposition. It appears to us, however, entirely reasonable to believe that the Supreme Court would uphold the power of Congress under the Constitution to take over any railroads of an inter-State character and operate them for the public benefit, provided, of course, provision was made for paying the present owners a fair market price for them. The Constitution gives Congress absolute control of all inter-State commerce. It puts no explicit limits upon that control. It implies no other limits than such as are necessarily implied in other provisions of the Constitution, such as that private property cannot be taken for public use without compensation. Control of inter-State commerce involves control of all the instruments of inter-State commerce; that is, Congress has practically unlimited power—except as above indicated—over all the instruments of inter-State commerce, including inter-State railroads. The decisions of the Supreme Court sanction, we think, this general statement. If, in the opinion of Congress, that control can be exercised only by seizing and operating the instruments of inter-State commerce, it would have the Constitutional right to seize and operate them, either temporarily or permanently, provided that in doing so it gave a reasonable compensation to the present owners. It has the same right to carry fuel that it has to carry letters; and whether a public necessity has arisen for the exercise of this right is a question for Congress, not for the Court, to decide. But the right to seize and operate the coal-mines is by no means equally clear. We are not able to see how that right under our Constitution can be defended. The United States is a Nation, but it is a Nation formed by the union of sovereign States. Their sovereignty is limited and defined; but the sovereignty of the Federal Government is also limited and defined. By the Constitution the powers not conferred upon the Federal Government either by express terms or by necessary implication are reserved to the States. A clause in the Constitution expressly confers on the Federal Government the power to regulate inter-State commerce, but we do not know of any clause in the Constitution which in express terms or by necessary implication confers upon that Government the authority to enter a State and take the property of private owners and use it, not for governmental purposes, but for the general benefit of the public at large. Nor do we see how the claim by the Federal Government of such power can be reconciled with decisions of the Supreme Court which have drawn a clear line of distinction between inter-State commerce and the products of industry which are the subjects of that commerce. Mr. Jenkins's resolutions are both interesting and significant, because they indicate a public spirit which it will be wise for coal operators and coal roads not to set at defiance; but we do not believe that the people will attempt so radical a remedy for present ills until they have experimented with other measures less drastic and revolutionary in their character.

❁

Mormon Apostle Named for United States Senate

At the Republican caucus of the Utah Legislature held last week to nominate a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Rawlins, Apostle Reed Smoot received more than three-quarters of the votes on the first ballot, and his nomination was immediately made unanimous. As the Utah Legislature is this year Republican by the overwhelming majority of 51 to 11, Mr. Smoot's nomination is of course equivalent to an election. Week before last it was announced that President Roosevelt had communicated to Mr. Smoot the request that he withdraw his candidacy, but this communication, if made, produced no effect either upon Mr. Smoot or his Mormon supporters, who were moved

because what he has done has been in his characteristically frank and direct manner. When Booker Washington dined at the White House, it did not occur to the President that it concerned or would interest any one outside of his own private circle. His appointment of Dr. Crum to the office of Collector of the Port of Charleston, South Carolina, was made because no negro Federal office-holder had been selected under his administration for that State, and because it had been intimated to the Administration that while Charleston would vigorously protest against a negro postmaster, it would acquiesce in the appointment of a negro to such an office as that of Collector of the Port. The President recognizes the very widespread and deeply felt reluctance among Southern whites to having a negro in a public office where he comes in contact with the wives and daughters of the white residents; but he felt that this objection did not affect the Port Collectorship. The President having made the appointment of Dr. Crum on political and civic grounds that are entirely tenable in the South as well as in the North, and under the impression that he was acting with ample consideration of the feelings of Charlestonians, we do not see how he can withdraw the appointment either with justice to his appointee or with regard for his own self-respect. The South Carolina Senate has, however, passed a resolution of protest to be forwarded to the United States Senate, and it is possible—although we think hardly probable—that the appointment may not be confirmed. A Federal negro appointment has been made in Boston. William H. Lewis, a graduate of Amherst College and of the Harvard Law School, has been appointed United States Assistant District Attorney. The appointment was made by the District Attorney, but with the undoubted approval of the President. Mr. Lewis is not only a capable lawyer, but during his college and university courses was a very popular and successful athlete—famous all over the country as one of the best football players that Harvard University has ever had. In his college life no distinctions were made on account of his color. We believe it is a perfectly sound contention that if the South is to have negro Federal officers the North should have them too.

The Indianola Case While the desirability of having a negro Collector of the Port in Charleston may be honestly questioned by those who have the welfare of both whites and blacks in the South at heart, we do not think that any fair-minded and really patriotic citizen can give anything but cordial assent to the Administration's attitude on the Indianola case. Mrs. Cox, an educated and respectable negro woman, has been postmistress at Indianola, Mississippi, for about ten years. She was appointed by President Harrison and reappointed by President McKinley. Some of the most influential and highly respectable white citizens of the town are on her bond. There has been no question raised for ten years on the part of anybody in the town concerning the satisfactory character of her administration of the post-office. During the Harrison and McKinley Administrations the white Democrats of Mississippi, believing in the doctrine that the spoils belong to the victor, accepted the fact that Republican Administrations would appoint Republican postmasters. There was no white Republican in Indianola. President Roosevelt, however, in pursuance of what we believe to be his very wise and non-partisan policy, began to name white Democrats for certain offices in the South. This led some of the white Democrats of Indianola to see a chance of getting the post-office for themselves. The attack on Mrs. Cox, therefore, had its origin in a political cabal. Indeed, when pressure was brought to bear to compel her to resign her office, a public meeting was held in the town, and forty of the best citizens voted for her retention, against thirty-seven votes for her expulsion. All the testimony of the most intelligent and fair-minded residents confirms the belief that Mrs. Cox has been an efficient and creditable Federal official, and, in our opinion, the Government is bound to protect its officers in the faithful performance of their duties with all the power and authority at its command. The Post-Office Department has taken the very proper stand that when the local authorities of Indianola shall assure the postmistress of proper protection, the office, which has been closed, will be reopened. This makes the question a very simple one; the citizens

simply have to determine whether they want a post-office in their community enough to see that it is respected. It has been said that the Post-Office Department has deprived the citizens of Indianola of the facilities of the United States mail. To us it appears that the citizens are simply depriving themselves of these benefits.

❀

"Cornered" Contracts Not Binding

The Appellate Court in Chicago has handed down a sweeping decision declaring that, under the laws of Illinois, dealers who have sold for future delivery goods they do not own cannot be forced to settle their trades on the basis of an artificial value created by the "cornering" of the market. In the case that called forth this decision a Chicago firm had sold oats for delivery last July. When the time for the delivery arrived, the price of oats, as the firm claimed, was forced to a fictitious figure by the action of eight Board of Trade members, who had bought up more oats than could possibly be brought to Chicago before the end of the month. The firm asked and obtained an injunction from a lower court which kept the creators of the corner from collecting the extortionate prices established through their own conspiracy, and the Appellate Court has now sustained this injunction. The decision leaves the Board of Trade free to discipline its members who do not fulfill their contracts in accordance with its rules, and without doubt the manipulation of corners will go on, but those who manipulate them will be less confident of profiting by their wrongs, as the victimized dealers can always appeal to the courts for release from their contracts. The law and the decision making the cornered contracts invalid are thoroughly good as far as they go, but they go little further than the law and decision making gambling contracts invalid. The cornering of markets through the speculative purchase of more goods than can be brought to them can be checked completely only by legislation prohibiting sales for future delivery save by those who own or produce the goods in question. To get rid of corners and the sudden riches, sudden ruin, and demoralizing excitement which attend them, we must get rid of the speculative buying and selling of goods which neither buyer nor seller ever expects to use in productive business.

❀

The Chinese Indemnity

All the foreign Ministers in Peking, except Mr. Conger, the United States representative, have now signed a formal note informing the Chinese Government that failure to fulfill its obligations by refusing to pay the war indemnity of 450,000,000 taels as a "gold debt," provided for by the peace protocol, would entail grave consequences. The Chinese tael, the basis of the calculation of indebtedness, was worth nearly 75 cents when the protocol was signed; it is now worth slightly more than 60 cents. The day before this practical ultimatum was delivered, the report was published of the revenue derived from the maritime customs of the treaty ports of China for the year 1902. Though the revenue is almost a fifth greater than that for 1901 (the year of unwonted depression due to the Boxer troubles), the report for 1902 does not show the increase legitimately expected. There are gloomy prospects for the import trade, owing to the continued *likin* (internal transit) exactions, but more especially to the decline in the purchasing power of silver, a decline evident not only in China, but in our own Asiatic insular possessions, where the fluctuations in the ratio between the Philippine silver coin and the gold dollar of the United States amounted in some cases to as much as thirty per cent. during 1902. This has resulted in great injury to the business interests of the islands, besides involving a loss to the insular treasury of about $1,000,000 in gold. It is thought by many representatives of the protesting countries in the matter of the Chinese indemnity that, for the future, some plan must be devised by which, both for their sakes and for the sake of the Chinese themselves, a more permanent relation between the currency in which Chinese payments are made and the current coin of civilized nations may be established. The motive of our own Government in dealing with China is different from that of the other co-signatories of the protocol. The constant aim of Secretary Hay has been to rehabilitate, not to spoliate, China; to maintain, not to destroy, commercial

and territorial integrity; and he has constantly endeavored to impress upon the Foreign Ministers of other countries that such a course is also for them the wisest and best. If the Powers insist upon the strict letter of the protocol, they are undoubtedly justified in insisting upon payment at the rate prevailing at the time (September 7, 1901) when the protocol was signed; on the other hand, the tolerant attitude of this country in accepting, though with reserve, the payment made last July at the existing rate of exchange is not only the astutely liberal course, but the one which, in the long run, will tend to the greatest good of the greatest number. If the other Powers cannot see it in this light, they may remember that China, as well as her creditors, was represented at the Hague Conference. Under the resultant treaty China might be well within her right in attempting to have her apparently bankrupt condition, in view of the hard terms of the protocol, form the plea for a revision.

❁

The Irish Land Question

Last week Captain Shawe-Taylor, Secretary of the Committee which has prepared a new Irish land bill to be presented to Parliament next March, arrived in this country, and declares that, if the Committee's admirable plan results in the expected legislation, the Irish constabulary force will be reduced one-half, and the Land Commission abolished. Captain Shawe-Taylor adds: "We have spent two hundred million pounds to get South Africa, and I think the English Government ought to give a few millions to get peaceful Irela .d." A good many millions will be required to enable the Government, under the proposed plan, to lend the purchase money at low interest to tenants, small and large, who may thus acquire by easy payments the lands upon which they are now living. It is reported that tenants all over Ireland are now optimistic as to the future and are confidently looking forward to obtaining land holdings on the exact terms laid down in the Committee's report. This is in accord with the quick and mercurial Irish nature, as opposed to the slower-moving Anglo-Saxon. Even if the British Treasury experts should agree to all of the Committee's recommendations, Irish tenant would be well advised not to expect th immediate redemption of their islanc although a new land law, on the line proposed, would be, of course, a chie means of redemption. American compe tition is affecting them, as it is man another European people. Irishmen mus meet it, but, even if there were no Ameri can competition, they must now, in an case, augment their incomes to meet th enhanced demands of taxation. Hence not only must agriculture itself be mad more remunerative in Ireland, but old industries must be revived; above all the Irish must do what has been suc cessfully done in more than one American State where somewhat similar agricultural conditions have prevailed: crops must be diversified in order to use the land to the best advantage under new and complicated competition.

❁

The Swedish Famine

Letters and despatches from Sweden last week confirm the first intelligence of the famine in the northern part of that country. The agricultural conditions there are analogous to those in Finland, where a similar famine exists. Nearly half a million persons are affected by the Finnish famine, but the Swedish famine has thus far affected only about a quarter of that number. But the smaller number will doubtless receive the quicker relief, not only from the immediate and generous gifts from the King and other members of the royal family and from many citizens, but also from the action of the Swedes in this country. With admirable promptness they have responded to the appeals of the principal papers published here, the New York "Nordstjernan" and the Chicago "Svenska Tribun," which have already sent approximately twenty-five thousand dollars from the Swedes in this country to help their brothers in distress. The starving Swedes are eating pine bark, which is dried, ground to powder, mixed with stewed Iceland moss, and made into a kind of famine bread. The failure of the crops, owing to drought and flood, has been followed by an unaccountable scarcity of fish in the Gulf of Bothnia, and now the ptarmigan, usually found in great numbers in the stricken

district, have almost completely disappeared. Although a quarter of a million dollars have thus far been contributed in Sweden, the United States, and other countries, it is estimated that the expenditure of twenty times as much will be necessary to save the population from decimation.

❀

Missionaries in Morocco

Events in Morocco last week were of peculiar interest to Americans and Englishmen, since they involved the hasty departure of American and English missionaries from Mequinez, thirty-four miles from Fez, the capital, and also from Fez itself. For days prior to their departure, our women especially were openly cursed, the Moors shouting, "What's this filth in our streets?" When the Americans from Mequinez arrived at Fez, the Moors exclaimed, so it is reported, "O God! we thought they were sending the cursed dogs from us, but they are coming back." It is not so many weeks since Mr. Cooper, an English missionary, was murdered at the capital itself, and this event, together with the open hostility of the natives, has caused apprehension as to the safety of the missionaries. The recrudescence of anti-foreign feeling in Morocco resembles that in China preceding the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, and is the cause of the Pretender's strength. Insurrectionary fighting is in progress all the way between Fez in the mountains and Tangier on the coast. France, always sensitive as to any possible opportunity for interference which may lead to more of a foothold in Morocco, has warned the Moorish Government that a repetition of the fighting in the vicinity of a city with such a large European population as that of Tangier would justify European intervention; this follows warnings from the same interested quarter concerning frontier complications. The continuance of the insurrection will probably benefit no one but France. Great Britain would naturally prefer to see the Sultan emerge successfully from the conflict in which he is engaged, as any disturbance of the *status quo* would involve the British Government—still busily engaged elsewhere—in new complications. Precisely these complications, however, would be welcomed by the French Government, which would take advantage of them at least to adjust its somewhat shadowy—not to say shady—frontier claims against Morocco.

❀

Dr. Delitzsch and the Kaiser

Last year, as the readers of The Outlook know, Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, Professor of Assyriology of the University of Berlin, and son of the famous Hebrew scholar and conservative theologian Franz Delitzsch, late Professor at Leipzig, at the request of the German Emperor delivered before the Imperial Court a lecture on the Babylonian origin of the religious conceptions found in the Old Testament. This lecture has since been published in an English translation under the title of "Babel and Bible." The views there expressed, though quite in line with the development of Biblical scholarship in the German universities, are by no means in harmony with the theological conceptions which obtain in the State Church; for the conservative element in the German churches seems even more decided than the radical element in the universities. The fact, therefore, that the German Emperor is the head of the State Church gave to his invitation to Dr. Delitzsch a significance it otherwise would not have had. Again this year the Emperor, having defrayed the expenses of further research on the territory of ancient Babylonia, with the officials of the Court listened to Dr. Delitzsch in another lecture on the same subject. It was therefore not a mere impulse which actuated the Kaiser, but a well-considered and evidently sincere interest in advancing Biblical knowledge and in honoring high scholarship. Beyond this no inferences can be drawn concerning the attitude of the State Church toward the views expressed by Dr. Delitzsch. Indeed, the principal value of Dr. Delitzsch's lectures will not be in the views expressed, from which many scholars will dissent on other than dogmatic ground, but in the contributions which they make to the knowledge of historical conditions antedating earliest Hebrew literature.

❀

Church Statistics for the Year

Some very interesting facts are brought out by the annual statistical exhibit of the churches of the United States which has recently been compiled by

Henry K. Carroll, LL.D. He finds that during 1902 there was a net gain of 720 ministers, 1,261 churches, and 403,743 communicants in all the denominations in this country; which is a considerable decrease over the year before, when the increase in the number of communicants was reported as 924,675. Dr. Carroll accounts for this disparity by the fact that in 1901 the Catholic bodies were credited with an increase of 473,083, while this year the increase is placed at 120,634. The increases for the various larger denominations, as far as communicants are concerned, are:

Catholics (8 bodies)	120,634
Methodists (17 bodies)	98,184
Lutherans (22 bodies)	49,320
Baptists (13 bodies)	48,654
Presbyterians (12 bodies)	30,001
Disciples of Christ	27,836
Protestant Episcopal (2 bodies)	16,355
Congregationalists	13,330
United Brethren (2 bodies)	10,345
Adventists (6 bodies)	9,782
Reformed (3 bodies)	8,498
German Evangelical Synod	5,875
Evangelical (4 bodies)	4,311

Several of the denominations show decreases in number of ministers, churches, and communicants. The Dunkards appear to have lost 9,000 members; the German Evangelical Protestants are credited with 16,500 less than last year; the Latter-Day Saints with a decrease of 400 ministers, 86 churches, and 3,324 communicants; while the United Brethren, with a decrease of 158 ministers and 172 churches, appear to have made a gain of 10,345 communicants. Dr. Carroll notes that a new Lutheran Synod, the Slovakian, has been organized in this country during the year. It is composed of Finns, whose emigration to the United States has been greatly accelerated by the Russification of Finland.

❀

Changes in Twelve Years

Since 1890 the relative standing of the various larger denominations has been greatly changed. The Roman Catholic still remains by far the largest communion, with 9,401,798 communicants, as against 6,231,417 in 1890. The Methodist Episcopal stands second, with 2,801,798. The Latter-Day Saints have shown in twelve years the greatest gain in standing, having moved from the twenty-first to the sixteenth position. Other bodies showing a gain in relative standing are: The Regular Baptist, South (from fourth to third); the Disciples (from eighth to sixth); the African Methodist Episcopal (from eleventh to tenth); the Colored Methodist Episcopal (from twenty-third to twenty-first); the United Norwegian Lutheran (from twenty-fifth to twenty-fourth). A loss in relative standing, on the other hand, is recorded of the following bodies: Regular Baptist, Colored (from third to fourth); Regular Baptist, North (from sixth to eighth); Congregational (from tenth to eleventh); Reformed, German (from fifteenth to sixteenth); United Brethren (from sixteenth to seventeenth); Lutheran General Synod (from seventeenth to nineteenth); Methodist Protestant (from twenty-second to twenty-third); Primitive Baptist (from twenty-fourth to twenty-fifth). All of these bodies, however, show an actual increase in membership, some of them by very large percentage. The increase of the Regular Baptist, North, for instance, is over twenty-six and one-half per cent.; yet, because of the still larger relative gains of the Disciples and the Presbyterian, North, it has dropped back two places in relative standing. The bodies that retain the standing they had in 1890 are as follows: 1—Roman Catholic; 2—Methodist Episcopal; 5—Methodist Episcopal, South; 7—Presbyterian, North; 9—Protestant Episcopal; 12—Lutheran Synodical Conference; 13—African Methodist Episcopal, Zion; 14—Lutheran General Council; 18—Presbyterian, South; 20—German Evangelical Synod; 26—United Presbyterian; 27—Reformed, Dutch.

❀

Chinese Students in America

Readers of The Outlook who were stirred by Miss Miner's article in the number for December 27, on the inhospitality of America suffered by two Chinese students, Kung-Hsiang-Hsi and Fei-Chi-Ho, will be glad to hear the report that they have succeeded in their attempt, which has lasted for a year and a half, and have at last been admitted to the United States at the port of Buffalo. They are now at Oberlin College. Their admission after the presentation of passports free from technical defects does not, however, change

the vicious principle which caused their detention, with all its concomitant wretchedness. That these two students are now in position to pursue their studies is no reason whatever for relaxing the effort to change the law that now gives justification to the reproach expressed in the title of Miss Miner's article, "American Barbarism and Chinese Hospitality." We therefore repeat what we said editorially in the issue for January 3. There is reason for questioning the advisability of admitting to this country Chinese laborers who come here only for their own benefit, with the possible resulting detriment to the citizens of the Republic, but there is no vestige of reason in the law that allows, on mere technical grounds, the practical imprisonment of students whose purpose in coming to America is to fit themselves to be leaders in China's progress. The United States cannot hope to have China's good will without doing all that is possible to make easy a cordial understanding between the two countries.

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Adulteration of Drugs

The Health Department of the City of New York has discovered that there is widespread adulteration of phenacetin. The discovery was the result of an examination of samples purchased in the regular way over the counters of drug-stores. To most people phenacetin is well known and commonly used. It may usually be bought without a physician's prescription. The adulterants found were sugar, starch, acetanilid, antipyrin, and quinine sulphate, in differing quantities. None of these are positively harmful; though the cheaper acetanilid and antipyrin are more active heart depressants than phenacetin, they are not so much so as to prevent their common use by careful physicians. Nevertheless, the fact that the purchaser of drugs cannot know whether he obtains what he asks for is itself a menace to health. The responsibility for the adulteration has not yet been fixed. It is not certain whether it should be placed upon the German manufacturer, the American agent, or the retailer. This very uncertainty, though it should lead to suspension of judgment in placing the blame, at the same time suggests that this conscienceless business may extend to many other places besides New York. There can be conceivably nothing more contemptible than such bartering of human safety for money, especially when human safety is absolutely dependent upon the good faith of those who have it in their keeping. Those who have thus violated their trust should, when they are discovered and convicted, be made to feel the full power of the law. In the meantime this occurrence emphatically calls public attention to the great value of a well-administered health department.

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American Training for Philippine Priests

Last week the Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers of New York City, began the task of raising a quarter of a million dollars for the building of an Apostolic Mission House in Washington. The building is to stand on a portion of land already given for this purpose by the American Catholic University. The aim of the founders is to train missionaries and to prepare priests for the American insular possessions. The undertaking is likely to play a very important part especially in Philippine ecclesiastical questions, as it is proposed not only to train Americans to work in the islands, but also to bring theological students and priests from the Philippines to Washington, there to instruct them so thoroughly that on their return they may have an adequate comprehension of what American religious, educational, and political institutions really mean, and thus be fitted to supplant the degenerate Spanish friars with a genuine energy for good. The Mission House at Washington is to be administered almost entirely by Paulists, since their training as missionaries has been found peculiarly successful in the work of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. The project is in the immediate charge of the Catholic Missionary Union. Another and more important event last week as regards the American Catholic University was the appointment of Monsignor O'Connell, long the distinguished rector of the American College at Rome, to the rectorship of the Washington University. This appointment is hailed by Roman Catholic Liberals as an indication of favorable regard by the Pope.

A Great Citizen

No account of the resources of New York at any time during the past three decades would have been complete if it had failed to contain an estimate of the character and influence of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, manufacturer, lawyer, member of Congress, Mayor, philanthropist, and citizen. Public addresses of all kinds, books, and newspapers are full of reports of the wealth of the country, the volume of its products, the range of its manufactures, the extent of its commerce; but no report ever conveys an adequate impression of the moral and spiritual capital of the people. In the nature of things no such report can ever be made; but it would be better if less emphasis were laid on material wealth, and more emphasis on intellectual and spiritual wealth. Mr. Hewitt was prominently identified for many years with great business interests; he was an important factor in the financial life of the metropolis; but he was first and foremost, for many years, one of its representative men in all the higher fields of its activity; he was a great citizen.

Mr. Hewitt was a self-made man who had had the advantages of thorough education. Born in one of the Hudson River towns eighty-one years ago last July, the son of a very capable man of mechanical talent who had acquired a fortune and lost it, Mr. Hewitt's childhood was passed under very simple conditions. His earliest education was partly on the farm and partly in public schools; and he early developed a passion for study, tireless industry, and an indomitable will. In an intensely interesting account of his early life which he gave in conversation with a friend not many months ago, he said that, as a child, he hated poverty, not because it deprived him of luxuries, but because it circumscribed his activities and interests, and he resolved to acquire both an education and a fortune in order that he might live as he chose, and have the range and resources of freedom. When he was ready to enter college, he secured one of the competitive scholarships offered by Columbia to the boys of the public schools of this city, and it was characteristic of him that, later, he paid to the College the amount which he would have paid as a student on the usual basis. He was already self-supporting, and while he was a student at Columbia he was also a tutor. Never very strong, but always tireless, he not only supported himself, but he graduated at the head of the class of 1842. While he was going through the course he took a younger brother with him through the curriculum.

After graduation, Mr. Hewitt became acting Professor of Mathematics at Columbia. Later he studied law, but his health had been impaired, and in 1844 he went to Europe with Mr. Edward Cooper, son of the well-known philanthropist, who had been his classmate, friend, and pupil. A year later, on his return from Europe, Mr. Hewitt was admitted to the bar, but found his impaired eyesight a serious obstacle to his success, abandoned the profession, and embarked in business with his friend Edward Cooper. The new firm showed great energy and foresight. It was the first in the field to make iron beams and girders for fireproof buildings. It had great plants, and produced an immense amount of wire and structural iron. During the Civil War, as the result of Mr. Hewitt's study of the manufacture of gun-barrel iron in England, the firm of Cooper & Hewitt was able to render very important services to the Government by supplying it with material; upon which, however, it refused to accept any profit. The perfect integrity which was characteristic of Mr. Hewitt from the very beginning was united with a deep sense of moral responsibility in all business matters and especially in his relations with his employees. He said to a committee of Congress that from 1873 to 1878 the business of his firm was conducted at a loss of a hundred thousand dollars yearly; this was done partly, of course, to maintain the plant, but chiefly to avoid throwing a great throng of workingmen out of employment.

From an early period in his life Mr. Hewitt took a keen interest in politics, holding the Democratic view of great public questions and joining Tammany Hall at the beginning of its career. When the County Democracy was organized in 1876, he retired from Tammany, and became one of the leaders of the new movement. He was in Congress for

twelve years. He was Chairman of the Democratic National Committee during the Hayes-Tilden controversy; and, although he believed and declared that the Democratic party had carried the country, he was largely instrumental in securing a settlement of the controversy by the organization of the Electoral Commission. After a stirring campaign he was elected Mayor of New York in the autumn of 1886; a position to which he brought his instincts as a man of integrity, a man of affairs, and a man of executive energy. He never truckled to any group of men, and his refusal to raise the Irish flag on the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day, which was eminently sensible and wise, cost him the support of many voters. When the Brooklyn Bridge was opened in 1883, Mr. Hewitt's oration, although delivered in connection with a very impressive address by Dr. Storrs, was masterly in its insight into conditions and its interpretation of the occasion. From the very beginning he foresaw the rapid and great growth of the city, and was a conspicuous and tireless advocate of rapid transit.

To the last Mr. Hewitt's grip of affairs was firm, and his interest in all matters relating to the public intense. In the discussion which went on during the coal strike his letter pointing out the perils of denying freedom to labor was treated as a public document and discussed in every part of the United States. He was greatly interested in all educational matters. He gave his father-in-law, Mr. Peter Cooper, valuable assistance in the early organization of Cooper Union, one of the great centers of educational activity in this city; and it was due to his faith and energy that a large increase of the endowment for the institution was secured not many months ago. He was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Barnard College, and an influential member of many clubs and associations of every kind. His business connections were many and intimate. He was a director in the United States Steel Corporation, in several railroads and coal and iron companies, and he was connected with many smaller enterprises. Whatever he had to do he did with his might, bringing to his work unusual natural sagacity, the experience of a long life, and absolute honesty and candor. For many years he was called upon on all public occasions to represent and interpret the higher life of the metropolis. With a genius for speaking the apt word in an effective and telling manner, his frankness made him some enemies, but secured for him universal confidence and respect. New York came to think of him only incidentally as a man of wealth, but chiefly as a courageous, sincere, and honest man; a citizen who cared only for the public good; a man whose party interests and affiliations were always held in subordination to the public service, and whose whole life was an illustration of the fundamental virtues and a reinforcement of the highest life of the city.

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Judge Taft

There is something both pathetic and inspiring in the latest reports from the Philippines of an event which at once denies to the Supreme Court bench one who would be an eminent addition to it, and secures to the Filipinos the continued service of one whom they rightly regard with gratitude as their friend and benefactor. It is well known that Governor Taft's inclinations, ambitions, and abilities combine in calling him to a judicial position. It was no small self-sacrifice for him to leave the bench when asked by President McKinley to go to the Philippines and there serve as his country's representative in framing for this people free institutions. The invitation extended to him by President Roosevelt to return and take a seat on the Supreme Court bench was an invitation to exercise his abilities in the line of his inclinations, and in a judicial position certainly unsurpassed, probably unequaled, by any other in the world. And he has resolutely said No to his inclinations and his ambitions, that he may continue to serve a people just emerging from barbarism into civilization, from despotism into liberty.

It would seem almost impossible for cynicism itself to attribute this action to any but the noblest motives. He elects to remain in a country the climate of which is enervating and, to the eager American, burdensome and repugnant. He foregoes many of the comforts of twentieth-century life in a twentieth-century Nation, to put up with physical

conditions in important respects hardly superior to those of the eighteenth century —conditions which have been further impaired by the devastations of war, pestilence, and famine. He turns his back on the social and literary attractions of life in Washington to continue in a life the very limited society of which is necessarily almost inseparable from official duties and relations. He declines an opportunity for a pursuit which would call forth the highest exercise of his intellectual powers for one of administrative detail which calls ceaselessly for that patience which is of all virtues the most difficult for an American to exercise. Removed thousands of miles from his native country, his countrymen know little of the work which he is doing, save by its results, and these are often misinterpreted and oftener belittled. That he is misrepresented by members of the party in opposition is perhaps to be expected—this is the common fate of all public men; but he has also to endure the harder trial of being misunderstood in his purposes, and sometimes thwarted in his plans for the benefit of the poor and the lowly, by men eminent in his own party. That his motives should be occasionally maligned by persons who are incapable of comprehending unselfish service, he could bear more easily than the fact that he is looked upon by some honorable and high-minded persons as the representative of a policy which they strangely regard as one of selfish commercial exploitation and overweening political ambition. When it is announced that he is contemplating leaving the Archipelago, where he has represented the Nation, whose spirit and purpose in that Archipelago have been so grossly misrepresented by some of his own American fellow-citizens, the natives whom he is serving so faithfully and unselfishly rise *en masse* to implore him to remain as their guide, their counselor, their protector. If they were a discontented and restless people, eager to throw off a yoke of bondage which had been imposed upon them, they would welcome his going, for in his departure they would see an opportunity for a new revolution; or they would at least witness his going, and the coming of his successor, with the sullen indifference with which a cowed and terrified people always witness changes in the personnel of their conquerors. Their spontaneous uprising entreat him to remain—and the sponta ity of the movement cannot be question since there could be no motive for insp ing it from without—is a sufficient re to those Americans who, with all th intelligence, have not understood t emancipating spirit of the American re resentatives in the Philippines as well it has been understood by the Filipin despite their ignorance. Judge Taft's co sent to forego the opportunity offered him to exercise his abilities in an office unexampled influence and power at hon that he may put them at the service of poor and ignorant people abroad, is splendid an illustration as modern publ life has afforded of the motto, "Whos ever will be chief among you, let him l your servant."

In the work to which with such unse ishness he has renewedly consecrated hi self he ought to have the hearty confiden and the united support of the Americ people. Neither ecclesiastical prejudic nor doctrinal theories, still less the narro and selfish interests of commercial clique ought to be allowed by the Americ people to thwart his beneficent purpose His general policy has been clearly d fined in his own mind and frankly ou lined to his countrymen. He has su cessfully initiated negotiations with th Vatican which, if successfully consum mated, will lead to the settlement of th friar question by the only constitution and honorable method, the purchase their lands for the benefit of the Filipin people. In that purpose he ought to hav the support of all Americans, Protestan and Roman Catholic. Under his admin istration an educational system has bee organized and carried forward whic promises to give the Filipino people i less than a quarter of a century the En lish language, not imposed upon ther but eagerly sought by them. No fals sentimentality should hinder this endeavo to furnish a linguistic unity to a peopl now hopelessly divided by their dialects a unity absolutely indispensable to thei national life. He asks America to reduc the tariff on all Filipino products seventy five per cent., that thus the Filipinos ma realize America's fellowship for them, tha thus they may be bound to us by commer cial interests, and that thus their industry

may be revived by the opening of a market to them. No miserably selfish interests of a few thousand sugar-growers or others should be allowed to prevent this so desirable consummation. He desires to admit Chinese laborers under certain carefully defined limitations, and to allow a larger liberty in the sale or lease of public lands than is now permitted, because he believes both are necessary for the revival of industry in the islands. We do not say that on these points his opinions should be conclusive; but Congress should consider them with prejudice in their favor, since his understanding of the conditions of the islands is necessarily better than that of any Congressman, and his disinterested devotion to the well-being of the islands has been demonstrated beyond peradventure. He remains in the Philippines that he may set the Filipinos free from the burdens and entanglements imposed upon them by their past history; that he may help them to obtain law, education, industrial prosperity, freedom, self-government. His example should give new inspiration to all Americans who believe that National honor requires of America that she should do something better for the Filipinos than leave them to work out their own destiny without assistance, and his leadership should be loyally accepted by all who share in his beneficent purpose.

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The Reality of Sorrow

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Is it wise or helpful to insist that sorrow and suffering are essential in developing character or spirituality? Are there not too many sufferers already who attribute their affliction to a disciplinarian God, when the real cause is their own or some other person's intentional or unintentional wrong-doing? Is not most suffering and sorrow the result of wrong conditions? Can that which is wrong ever be right? In an article under title of "The Heart of Sorrow," in the December 6 issue of The Outlook, you say: "The heart must bear the full shock of its loss if it is to make the spiritual gain which comes only out of deep experiences," and "It is in the pain of separation that the deepest joy of reunion is born; it is in the anguish of loss that the bliss of final recovery is prepared."

Many thoughtful and sincere persons believe that God purposely permits or inflicts suffering in order to develop richness of character. If this is true, all who desire spiritual growth should welcome each new burden or sorrow, and even put themselves in the way of experiencing more suffering.

Sickness, grief, and the effects of sin, then, are good, and no effort should be made to avert them if we wish "the final richness of spirit which comes from great tribulation patiently borne."

To maintain the position taken by the writer of "The Heart of Sorrow" we must, to be in accord with the divine plan, eliminate all deeds of charity, cease efforts to relieve suffering or sickness, and only the medical aid necessary to prevent death should be employed, and possibly even death should be welcomed if "it is in the anguish of loss that the bliss of final recovery is prepared." What can be said in regard to Christ's example and teachings concerning relief to suffering humanity? If sorrow brings rich blessings, did not Christ interfere with a larger and later joy in store for the Widow of Nain when he restored her son? The Saviour's teachings seem perfectly clear that the realization of heaven within us is the elimination of all suffering. If it is true, as The Outlook says, that "the deeper the suffering . . . the purer and truer the faith which issues from it," then we must not give a cup of cold water in Jesus' "name to one of these little ones," nor help a brother in distress; no need of establishing hospitals or orphanages; and much of the research and patient experiments of the medical schools has been unavailing except for material benefit, for all this is a blow at God's spiritual developing process. We believe that too much stress is given to the few hours of agony in Gethsemane and on the Cross, and far too little to the patient achievement of spirituality during the eighteen years—following Christ's twelve-year-old episode in the Temple—when the consciousness that he was about his Father's business inspired and fitted him for the manifestation of a character which could bear patiently suffering which was the outcome of sin and malice.

The point we would like to emphasize is simply this: in spite of great sorrow and in severe trials, there is so much of inherent good in mankind that it conquers all, and causes the sweetness and nobility of God's children to radiate with a beneficent effulgence.

Does not the man who carries the light with him into the darkness appreciate that light as much as the one who only seeks a light because the darkness overtakes him? To the one who carries the light, darkness has no terror, but others must grope till they find an escape. So character developed in the brightness of Infinite Love is surer of its ground and can endure to the end—even as Christ endured—the agony of persecution, loneliness, and the Cross.

Boston, Mass. WALTER L. COLBY.

Our correspondent has misinterpreted the spirit and aim of the editorial to which he takes exception. There was no endeavor in that editorial to emphasize the sorrows of life or to preach the doctrine of suffering as an end; the maste

force is life, not death; the key-word is growth, not decay; the final condition is joy, not sorrow. Christ's death was an incident in his life, not its supreme moment; redemption is the positive force in life, not condemnation. All these great truths, which lie in the heart of the view of life expressed from week to week in the pages of The Outlook, were assumed by the writer of the editorial from which our correspondent dissents. The coming of Christ has set the movement of the world to a new key, and has laid an immovable foundation for faith, peace, strength, and joy.

Nevertheless, there is a vast amount of sorrow in the world, and this sorrow bears its fruit in higher development of character, and this result is secured, not by making light of sorrow, but by bearing its full impact with patience, sweetness, and faith. There is no gain in striving to minimize the facts of life; in striving to escape its realities by denying their existence. This is an old and oft-tried experiment, but it has never been successful and it never will be. It is idle to blind one's self to the dark side of life, and it is intellectually immoral to ignore its somber realities. This method of solving the problem sometimes succeeds for a time, but it is smitten with unreality at the heart, and in the end it breeds the worst kind of skepticism. The religion which is to satisfy men must look the facts of life full in the face, accept them in their deepest significance, and rise above their terrible teaching by interpreting them as part of a larger order of things. It is idle to try to escape the full play of all the forces of life; they must be met squarely, honestly, unflinchingly.

There is, at the moment, a revival of this tendency to escape the deeper perplexities by treating the terrible realities of sin and suffering and death as if they were illusions. It is even said that the sufferings of Christ were dramatic and spectacular—a show of anguish to produce certain moral impressions on the world. The fundamental and corrupting unreality of this treatment of the scene on Calvary does not seem to dawn on many people; they overlook the appalling logic which would sweep away the very grounds of faith if the Divine Sufferer in the hour of his bitterest anguish was acting a lie. No one can read that simple, direct story in the spirit in which it is recorded without feeling the reality of the anguish which made that hour memorable in the history of a suffering race. If Christ did not suffer and die, in the full, simple, normal meaning of those words, then, to modify Paul's phrase, we are of all men most miserable.

It is one of the most convincing evidences of the truth of Christianity that it evades no fact, denies no experience, ignores no conditions. It plants itself resolutely on the facts of life, and faces all forms of experience with a gaze which does not falter but pierces to the heart. Christ was born in a manger, the lowliest of cradles; thus, at the beginning, the Son of God accepted the humblest condition of human life. He grew up as a child obedient to his parents, and set the seal of sanctity on the home; he had his temptation in the desert, but he was never an anchorite or a yogi; he lived with his fellows, shared their fortunes, took part in their occupations, spoke their language, and so, with divinest insight, struck a fatal blow at the purely human and half-atheistic idea that a part of life is sacred and a part secular; he wept at the grave of Lazarus, and made it clear that grief was as real to him as to the sisters of the dead; he sweat great drops of blood, he cried out in anguish of spirit in the loneliness and pain of his last hours, he died as other men die. In the lowliest cradle his presence touched all human life with the beauty of a divine sonship; out of the blackness of the grave, where the mystery of life is most appalling and impenetrable, he came victorious and appareled in heavenly light.

Here at last was a religion which looked sin and sorrow and death in the face, recognized their reality, and yet rose above them; at once the most simple, tender, human, real of all interpretations of life, and at the same time the most glorious, spiritual, and radiantly prophetic of the victory of life over death, of goodness over evil, of God over all the forces of unrighteousness. The message of Christ was a gospel of glad tidings; it proclaimed deliverance from sin, peace in trial, immortality. It was a gospel of joy, but it recognized the sadness of the world; its mighty appeal lay in the fact that it accepted all the

conditions which men felt and knew to be real, and rose victoriously above them. Over the manger the angels sang, over the sepulcher the Easter bells sounded their glorious music.

Christianity is the religion which interprets sorrow in the light of immortal hope; that is one secret of its power. The worship of the Greeks was beautiful and satisfying to the young, the strong, the happy; but the great majority of men are not at ease in life. "One man in many millions, a Heine," wrote Matthew Arnold, "may console himself, and keep himself erect in suffering, by a colossal irony of this sort, by covering himself and the universe with the red fire of this sinister mockery; but the many millions cannot—cannot if they would. That is where the sentiment of a religion of sorrow has such a vast advantage over the sentiment of a religion of pleasure; in its power to be a general, popular, religious sentiment, a stay for the mass of mankind, whose lives are full of hardship. It really succeeds in carrying far more joy, far more of what the mass of mankind are without, than its rival. I do not mean joy in prospect, but joy in possession, actual enjoyment of the world." And he ascribes what he calls the fortune of Christianity to "its drawing from the spiritual world a source of joy so abundant that it ran over upon the material world and transfigured it." Christianity has not made the mistake of underrating the strength of that which it opposes; it recognizes the full force of the sadness and sorrow of life, and pierces, transfigures, and rises victorious above them.

The reality of a victory depends on the reality of the struggle that preceded it, and the divine power of the religion of Christ is measured by the power of those things which it overcomes. Suffering does not exist, in the Christian view of life, as an end, but as an instrument of education. It is not only an individual experience; it is a part of the divine order of the world; it is involved in the great process of development, which is not only the unfolding of the order of nature but of the spirit of man. It is the process by which and through which that spirit comes to clear consciousness of itself, of its divine possibilities, of its spiritual nature and destiny. It is wrought into the very fiber of growth. Harnack, from a purely philosophical point of view, has stated this profound office of suffering with nobility as well as clearness of insight: "Any one who looks into history will find that the sufferings of the pure and the just are its saving element; that is to say, that it is not words but deeds, and not deeds only but self-sacrificing deeds, and not only self-sacrificing deeds, but the surrender of life itself, that forms the turning-point in every great advance in history. In this sense I believe that, however we stand as regards theories about vicarious sacrifice, there are few of us after all who will mistake the truth and inner justice of such a description as we read in Isaiah liii.: 'Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.' 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends'—it is in this light that Jesus' death was regarded from the beginning. Whenever any great deed has been accomplished in history, the finer a man's feelings are, the more sensible will he be of vicarious suffering, the more will he bring that suffering into relation to himself."

The reality of suffering is one of the great facts in the Christian faith; a fact wrought into its very heart. Christianity is the greatest of all forms of idealism because it builds on the solid foundation of reality; because it accepts the world as the world reveals itself in the experience of humanity. It regards the process of life, not as fundamentally intellectual, but as fundamentally moral; it looks upon the world, not as an idea, but as a fact, the fruit and product of the action of the will. Hence the tremendous emphasis it lays on character; the conformity of man's life to God's will. Hence its steady and resolute refusal to dissolve the fact of sin into an unmoral process of growth, and its equally resolute grasp of suffering, not as fiction of the feelings, but as part of the process which gives an idea clearness, reality, moral weight, and meaning, by passing it into character and so making it part and parcel of a man's immortal self. The education of the race is not an end but a means; suffering is not a finality but an incident; but it is wrought into the spirit of man that it may leave there its purification, its tenderness, its clearer and holier vision. The cup of sorrow is held

to all lips, but they that drink are thereby strengthened to press on to that heritage of peace, possession, and bliss which, like the vision of the great white rose in Dante's Paradiso, blooms not only at end of the journey, but shines from a and distills its secret sweetness throu the darkest hour of the pilgrimage.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

VI.

April 9.

AS we sailed past Robert College yesterday afternoon on our way to the Black Sea, the college boys were out in force, and greeted us with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs and flags; prominent among the latter was the American flag. I believe this is their custom whenever an American steamer passes up the Bosphorus, and it indicates the friendly feeling for America which at least the foreign peoples—the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Armenians—are imbibing at the College. This incident led to a rather significant conversation with a fellow-passenger who asked me what the demonstration meant, and, on my telling him that this was Robert College, expressed in perfectly courteous but also in vigorous terms his disapproval of the attempt to proselyte to other faiths a people content with their own. He indicated his understanding that Robert College was founded for the purpose of educating men for the ministry, and could hardly credit my assurance that it had no proselyting purpose. In fact, it has no theological department whatever. It is no more a missionary college than Yale or Harvard, and is a Christian college in the same sense and in no other. Its professors are not all of the same religious faith; its professor of Greek language and literature is a devout member of the Greek Church, its professor of the Turkish language and literature was formerly a Mohammedan—whether now or not I do not know. Why any one should approve of Yale and Harvard, of Oxford and Cambridge, of Leipsic and Berlin Universities, and disapprove of Robert College and the American College for Girls in Constantinople, I cannot understand; for the latter are doing for Turkey exactly the work which the former are doing for Germany, England, and America. It is true that attendance on chapel exercises is compulsory, but most of the students are nominal Christians, and chapel exercises in Robert College con in reading the Psalms together, singi and prayer; and so tactful are the coll authorities that their morning services conducted in that curious sing-song m ner, half intoning, half recitative, to wh the Armenians and the Greeks are acc tomed in their church services. I h difficulty in persuading my fellow-pass ger that the College was not a veil attempt to proselyte; I am quite sure should have failed entirely had I happily had with me a copy of a lett

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[1] For the information of its readers, some of wh otherwise might be difficult to convince, The Outl lays before them a copy of this letter, which will be fo in the Report of the President for the thirty-eighth y of the College (1900-1901), with the paragraph from t report which introduces it and explains its genesis:

The most distinguished and progressive Bishop of Orthodox Eastern Church has just been unanimou chosen Patriarch of Constantinople and received w wild enthusiasm by the people. He has held this of once before, many years ago, but he was then too p gressive for the times and was forced to resign. He s his Grand Vicar to our Commencement, with instr tions to make an address if the opportunity occurr but we had no addresses and the Vicar was ordered send me a letter, which was also published in the Gr papers. This letter cannot fail to interest the Truste and I add this translation of it to my report:

"To the most noble and most learned
Director of Robert College.

"Most noble Sir:—The following is an address wh His Holiness directed me to deliver yesterday on my vi to your College, which I now have the pleasure to tra mit to you.

"'Having come among you, Honorable Gentlem by order of His Holiness, my most venerable Master gives me great pleasure to say that His Holiness h always followed with great interest the work of yo most important and most noble institution. His Ho ness, my most venerable Master, duly appreciates yo labors and care that the education which you give sh make good citizens and moral men, who will act society as worthy and honest members of it, loving th neighbors, not rendering evil for evil, but good for evil.

"'But the appreciation of His Holiness surpasses th limit, for he admires and praises you for working harmony with the teachings of the Apostles, doing go without any afterthought, which might bring forth sca dals. You respect the teachings of our Lord Jes Christ, who said, "Woe unto him through whom scand comes." Your enviable mission, as is proved by facts, the mission of making good men, not of corrupting co sciences; to make good Christians, not perverts from th Church. For these reasons His Holiness gave me th fatherly order to express to you his thanks and prai for your work, inasmuch as our nation, on account unhappy circumstances, has not been able to found suc an institution as Robert College.'

"Transmitting to you, word by word, this father message of His Holiness, I take the opportunity to sig myself, with great respect and brotherly love for you,

"THE GRAND VICAR CHRYSOSTOME."

addressed by the Greek Patriarch—the head of the Greek Church—to President Washburn last year, which should be quite conclusive to any doubter.

Robert College on the Bosphorus, for boys, and the American College for Girls opposite, at Scutari, have sent back to their homes hundreds of boys and girls trained to do their own thinking and certain to carry a new spirit of intellectual and spiritual life into their various communities. There is far more ground for hope for a new Turkey in these men and women than there is in European interference or an American protectorate.

April 10.

This morning we arrived at Trebizond, a Turkish port on the Black Sea, about six hundred miles east of Constantinople. One step has been taken towards that unity of interest between England and America which some of us hope will grow much more rapidly in the future than it has in the past; a custom has grown up according to which, in any port in which there is an English consul but no American consul, the English consul represents American interests, and *vice versa*. The American Consul at Constantinople telegraphed to the English Consul at Trebizond of our expected arrival, and before we had breakfasted his dragoman was on the steamer to meet us. We had in landing the first disagreeable experience we have met from any fellow-passenger. The dragoman had come for us in a private boat; but, in spite of the expostulations of the sailors stationed at the bottom of the landing-ladder to help passengers off, three men, two Germans and one American, insisted on jumping into our boat. Our party of five were put into a carriage and driven through the town to the Consul's house. We were among the first of the passengers to get into a carriage, and the Consul's cavass—a kind of constable or policeman—was on the box with the driver, so that we were in a way identified as the English Consul's guests. It is rarely that an English steamer lands at Trebizond, and still more rarely do Americans land there, and we learned afterwards that great preparations had been made for our coming. We found, therefore, the streets quite full of observers, to whom we were as great curiosities as they could be to us. I think it was the first time that I ever realized that a plain black traveling suit could be a curious costume. We drove up the hill as far as the carriage could take us, and then walked, it seemed to me a quarter of a mile further, up a tortuous, ill-paved lane, practically impassable for a wheeled carriage, to the house; where the Consul received us as his guests, with characteristic, courtly English manners, and conducted us up the considerable flight of steps which led up from the street to the front door. What were our plans? We had none developed. Would we have some tea? No, thank you. He hoped, then, we would all come back to luncheon. We should be delighted. He would suggest that we might like to walk over to the American missionary's house, Dr. Parmlee; the cavass would conduct us, and then would conduct us from there to the Governor's house, where a sword dance was to be given by the Governor's orders for the benefit of the ship's passengers; after that we could return to lunch. This accorded with our ideas, and the plan was carried out accordingly.

My visits to a Methodist minister's in Madeira, to Robert College and to the American College for Girls in Constantinople, and to Dr. Parmlee in Trebizond have clarified and confirmed somewhat hazy ideas on the subject of foreign missions, to which I shall perhaps give editorial expression hereafter. The half-hour spent under Dr. Parmlee's roof has left on my mind a strangely commingled feeling of the pathos and the splendor of missionary service. Dr. and Mrs. Parmlee and their daughter—who has just returned to them for a visit after a brief educational experience in the United States—are quite alone in Trebizond. He is actually a kind of bishop, having oversight of a number of native preachers, who are scattered throughout what may by courtesy be called his diocese, but I doubt if once a year he sees an American or much oftener any other Englishman than the Consul. His wife and daughter are carrying on a kindergarten, which takes in the children of some of the "best families" in town, since it is the only school of the sort, or perhaps of any description, for little children. We went into the school-room, which was quite

bare of ornament, and Miss ——, who is a kindergarten expert, pronounced their songs and games well up to the standard. We afterwards met one of the native preachers of the town at the Governor's house, who told me that he was trying to organize and carry on a kind of young men's club to work against the saloon, which was the greatest enemy he had to contend against—and this in a Turkish port. There seemed to be something at once infinitely pathetic and worthy of all admiration in the heroism of this missionary and his wife and daughter, cutting themselves off from all social companionship and devoting themselves to this isolated life in order to carry the good news of the goodness of God to a people who had never learned from their priests anything but to fear God. The cavass grew impatient, and we finally had to tear ourselves away from the school and follow him to keep the appointment at the house of the Turkish Governor for the sword dance to be given for the benefit of the ship's company. When we reached there, the entertainment had already begun. Fifty men or so in peculiar and picturesque costumes were going through this dance, sword in hand, advancing, retreating, stooping, rising, turning about, and forming strange and even fantastic combinations. The most characteristic feature of the entertainment was the dancing by two men, or at times two or three boys, armed with naked swords which they brandished at each other in the most theatrically alarming manner. I was not surprised to be told that these men, who had been brought down from the mountains for the purpose of giving the entertainment, were not above reproach; some of them I should not care to meet alone on the road in a dark night.

After the sword dance we returned to luncheon at the Consul's house. He has been at Trebizond for many years, and his account of the massacres of the Armenians in that city was extremely dramatic. One incident he told us illustrates the character of the massacre and the motives which impelled it, and at the same time the value of having in the service an experienced Consul with a knowledge of the language of the country. After the worst massacre of the first day was over, he was looking over his garden wall and saw coming up the narrow lane which led by his house a Greek porter, heavily laden. At the upper end of the street was a Turkish soldier, who drew his gun on the porter. The porter called out in terror, "Don't shoot me; I am a Greek." "No, you're not a Greek," responded the soldier; "you're an Armenian, and, anyway, I am going to shoot somebody." Thereupon the Consul called out from his vantage-ground above, "Don't shoot him; I know he is a Greek." The soldier sullenly lowered his gun, and let the porter pass. I think also it was this Consul who told us that the Governor had specially prepared for the coming of the Prinzessin by having the streets cleaned and the dogs and the beggars shut up. As compared with Constantinople, the streets were marvelously clean, and in the city we saw scarcely a dog or a beggar—no street dogs, I think, and only one beggar, and he eating on the steps of a Greek monastery the dinner which had been given him there.

We sailed about four o'clock. Just before sailing I got my first glimpse of a veritable caravan; with our glasses we could watch the camels kneeling on the distant dock—not the one from which we had embarked—to receive their loads, and later the long procession (a fellow-passenger reported a hundred and fifty, but I do not know how he knew) winding up the hill in the beginning of a journey of some hundreds of miles into the interior of Persia. Nothing I have seen has more clearly brought home to me the fact that we are really in the Orient, or at least upon the edge of it.

L. A.

A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN OF AMATEURS

BY ALFRED HODDER

Private Secretary to District Attorney Jerome

II.—The Drag on the Ticket

FEW even of the experts in the management of primaries and in the delivery of votes at the polls estimated rightly the moral effect on the great multitude of Devery's subjects of the hunting of John Doe. It was the Citizens' Union that, through Mr. Fulton Cutting, forced Mr. Jerome's nomination on the managers of the Republican party, who did not in the beginning intend that he should take the platform, or be supported by the party funds, or indeed be elected. He was in their eyes "unsafe:" he could not be counted on to say the right thing; his one recommendation, his doubtful recommendation, was that he could make himself talked about; he had a turn for getting himself written up in the newspapers. When he learned that he was not to be permitted to speak from the platform with the other candidates on the Fusion ticket, he announced his intention of establishing headquarters in the heart of the East Side, and of meeting between the hours of ten and five, Sundays not excepted, any one who wished to visit him and ask him questions about the policy that, if elected, he intended to pursue. "Carrie Nation Jerome" speaking his mind in private was likely to be so impolitic in his utterances that it was decided that he should be permitted to speak from the platform, where he might at least be checked by the presence of his colleagues; at the worst, it was reasoned, he would hang himself if he were given rope enough. "Impolitic" is a politic epithet for truth-telling at a time when lies would be more profitable. Opening headquarters on the East Side was regarded as another proof of sensationalism and eccentricity. Mr. Jerome himself gave in private a different account of the matter. "What is the use," he said, "of opening headquarters in the brownstone district? The voters there are for the Fusion ticket whether we tell the truth or not; the voters there will never be the wiser whether we tell the truth or not. The side to win votes from is the *other* side."

Few even of the experts in party management among either the Democrats or the Republicans believed that Mr. Jerome would "run well"—in other words, would be a vote-winner; on the contrary, they regarded him as the extreme opposite of a vote-winner; by every article in their creed, which is the creed of tentative prudence, he was a vote-loser; and mentally they labeled him "a drag on the ticket," and filed him for reference in the pigeonhole reserved for disastrous necessities. It was not known that before large audiences he was an effective speaker; it was not known that he could command before them an effective personal bearing; it was not known that he had excited among the public a widespread curiosity and enthusiasm. Men of his own social world were keenly alive to the opportunity for ridicule that he had given, and his own friends were keenly alive to the technical indecorum of a judge's presiding at the breaking of doors and holding court in a gambling-hell. It is difficult to overstate the shrinking of the average smug and successful business man in the United States from ridicule; he has so far mastered Chesterfield's ideal of dress—that a gentleman's garb should be expensive and in fashion but never conspicuous—that he has applied the principle of it to the soul, and in a public officer regards a burst of generous indignation, or of unconventional

energy, with the same sense of amused superiority or of uncomfortable surprise with which he notes on an acquaintance an inordinately checked suit of clothes and a scarlet cravat. The personal dignity of a friend and of a magistrate is to him of far more consequence than the exposure of an elaborate system of crime, or the execution of the law. Full-fed gentlemen in clubs made *bons mots* over their wine; personal friends cautioned and expostulated; and prosperous politicians assured themselves that in his first speech the candidate for the District-Attorneyship would meet with what is called in vigorous slang "a frost." He himself felt, keenly and bitterly enough, the defection of men who should have been publicly at his side; he learned what no man forgets—what it means even for a season to stand seemingly alone; or, rather, what it means in fact, and manifestly to the eyes of all except the merest stranger, to be standing alone. A few men much younger than he busied themselves with his canvass; not one of them had known him for more than a year, some of them for but a few months; as friends they were as conspicuously new as an overlustrous silk hat; lifelong and tried associates were obviously absent, and both his visitors and his new acquaintances remarked their absence, and asked themselves, and asked one another, what sort of man on more intimate acquaintance he was wont to show himself, that practically no one of his own age that had been formerly his colleague or companion now was playing an active part in his support.

His first speech—the first he had ever made before a mixed audience—settled a great many questions. Before the speaking began, cheers for Jerome followed hard on cheers for Low. He was fifth on the announced list of speakers, but the audience *en masse* called for him when Mr. Low sat down, and declined to hear any one else until Mr. Cutting, the Chairman, assured them that Mr. Jerome was not in the building, and that he should be introduced the moment he arrived. He arrived in the midst of the discourse of another candidate, and stood in the background, sheltered by one of the pillars of the admirably constructed hall in the basement of Cooper Union, until a number of the audience discovered him, and passed the word, and the speaker's voice became inaudible among the cries of "Jerome! Jerome!" Mr. Cutting's introduction was significant: "I have no need," he said, when he could make himself heard, "to introduce this gentleman." After a moment's jesting, Mr. Jerome, with a cautiousness in which his legal training served him well, set aside all party catchwords, and, with consummate dexterity and earnestness, narrowed the issues of the campaign down to a few simple propositions that all men could lay hold on and remember, and that no "true man," as the old phrase ran, could doubt. Mr. Cantor, his predecessor on the platform, had been elaborating the text "Turn the rascals out," and predicting that the precise day of the rascals' exit would be New Year's Day of nineteen hundred and two.

"'My learned friend, Senator Cantor,' said Mr. Jerome, 'is evidently possessed with the idea that in local politics there will soon be a moving-day. He is of opinion that for Tammany Hall next year moving-day will come, not on the first of May, but on the first of January.'

"'You bet it will!' shouted a deep voice in the center aisle, amid a chorus of cheers.

"'We'll move 'em up to Albany,' shouted some one else.

"'Not quite so far up the river,' the Judge said quickly; 'Sing Sing will do!' The audience went mad with delight. Continuing, he said:

"'I am not in this campaign to discuss issues. I am in this campaign to fight. Issues imply that there is something to be discussed. Issues mean that there is something upon which honest men may honestly differ. I have never known any one take issue on the commandment *Thou shalt not steal;* and I have found reason to believe that one of the basest forms of stealing is blackmail. There is no question of politics in this campaign. There can be no question of politics without political issues and political parties; and in this case there is no political party on the other side. I do not come here to vituperate all those who are opposed to us; I have many good and lifelong friends in Tammany Hall—men whom I respect, men whose hands are as unsoiled by dirty money as my

own. But the days when that organization was a political party, when it had political leaders and was dealing with political issues, have passed away; and to-day the men who are dominant in Tammany Hall, who control its machinery and dictate its policy, who determine its policy and destinies in spite of the opposition of many and many a decent man in the organization, are not politicians; they are grafters; they are working for their own pockets all the time. And as against them and the candidates whom they have nominated, there is no issue in this campaign except the issue of decency against indecency, honesty against theft, law against lawlessness.

"'For six years and a half I have occupied a judicial position. The people of this city, and of every city, have a right to ask that their judges do not enter into politics. But can they go farther and ask that their judges shall not pursue crime? Do they ask—can they ask—their judges, when the very foundation of social life is threatened, to wrap themselves in the judicial ermine and prate of judicial proprieties? I do not believe it. Wrongs, cruel wrongs, bitter wrongs, come to the poor and the weak from the men who rule this city with an iron hand; come to the poor and the weak, not to the rich and the strong; the rich and the strong might fight. These wrongs come to the knowledge of most of the well-to-do among us in isolated instances only; but to me, sitting where I have during the past six and a half years in a minor criminal court, presiding in that time over some eighteen thousand cases, these wrongs have not come in isolated instances only; they have come day by day, they have come until they have burned into my soul, they have come until I have felt that if only there were a vigilance committee in this city of ours we should free ourselves by the strong hand.'"

Mr. Jerome is not what in ordinary parlance is known as an orator; he has not the powerful, dulcet, variously modulated voice that by mere charm of music wins attention; he does not deal in striking metaphors or stately verbiage; he knows almost nothing, or at least practices almost nothing, of the art of graceful and persuasive gesture. His voice is harsh, his speech is blunt to the verge at times of downright rudeness, and his gestures come as God pleases. But during his canvass he knew what he was talking about as he knew his ten fingers, and refused to be drawn into the discussion of party questions, or questions of politics in general, or anything in general, or anything at all except the points at issue in the campaign in hand; he had, by inheritance, wit and fun and the gift of telling a story, and, more than all the rest, when he grew earnest he had the accent of daring and sincerity. It is perhaps doubtful whether all the world loves a lover; it is not at all doubtful that all the world respects a man who can persuade it that he is willing, in the interest of the public, to risk his skin, or his fortune, or anything that is his. Decency against indecency, honesty against theft, law against lawlessness, and the defense of the homes and the pockets of the poor, became, from the time he uttered the words, the lines on which the battle was fought. "I have seen more than one election lost," he said in conversation, "by letting Tammany raise the cry of party loyalty and National issues, and by a set of sea-lawyer fools giving their attention to arguing the record of the Republican against the Democratic party. I have yet to learn that either of the great National parties publicly sanctions blackmail by police captains or by district leaders. The way to win an election is to stick to the point." The crisp comment of the New York "World" the following morning was: "Mr. Jerome, whose probable course as a campaigner has been an enigma, quickly cleared the mystery. Although he was fifth on the list of speakers, he had gained the first hold on the audience before he had been talking five minutes." He had gained the first hold on the audience before he came into the hall, though the shrewdest party managers were little apprised of it. What he did in his first speech was to satisfy and to exceed expectation. An official high in the local management of the Republican party came to Mr. Jerome the next morning and said: "Travers, I owe you an apology, and come to make it. I opposed your nomination, and opposed your being put on to speak; and my apology is that you can have all the money we've got. So far as we can see,

the drag on the ticket is the whole show." As it happened, he did not need and did not take any of the money. As it happened, too, it soon became embarrassing to speak from the same platform with him; out of courtesy, he sat or stood for many and many a half-hour in corridors, waiting his turn to speak; but no courtesy on the part of the man himself could make it pleasant for another man on the ticket to rise and address an audience that was crying, "Jerome! Jerome!" and to risk being cut off in the middle of a sentence if Jerome were discovered in the house.

It is a fair surmise that a clear majority in each of his audiences came to hear him for the first time out of sheer curiosity; any one acquainted with an urban population knows what it means for drawing an audience to have made a hit—to be what the newspapers call, in newspaper English, "the sensation of the hour." They came a second and a third time very simply because they liked him—because they believed in him. The urban population in the United States is as frivolous as you choose in its amusements, but no one is likely to deny that it is in intelligence quick and keen; the man they like is in all probability worthy of liking, and the man they believe is worthy of trust. There is a marked difference in the impression made by the report of Mr. Jerome's words and conduct and the impression made by the man himself. The average voter in the United States is an expert in political campaign promises and campaign rhetoric, and is as cynically wary of them as he is of business projects the prospectuses of which demonstrate mathematically a profit too good to be true. By report in the newspapers the legend about the candidate was too good to be true: according to report he was too disinterested; he was too reckless; he was incredible; he was a superlatively clever demagogue, or a fanatic, or a "fakir," or anything else you please except what he represented himself as being. But the average voter in the United States is quite as expert in men as in promises and rhetoric; and face to face the candidate was unmistakably a hardy, offhand, athletic, pugnacious man of forty, who said from the platform exactly what he would have said, and had said a hundred times, to a group of friends about a table in an uptown club; though he was unmistakably more desperately in earnest than in uptown clubs it is the fashion to appear. "I have lived forty-two years," he once said in conversation, "and a man of that age, who is not willing to stand or fall by his judgments and to speak them out, must have a column of fried mush for a backbone, or else be an absolute fool." He told the "plain people" what he thought, and what he felt, and what he was willing and what he was not willing to do, as simply as if they were intimates and friends; he dealt with them as with intimates and friends; he trusted them, and they returned the compliment—as I believe they always do. In the United States I fancy ninety-nine men fail of their heart's desire from being astutely politic, for one that fails from being reverently faithful to his convictions and reverently bold. "The main satisfaction I have had in this campaign," he said over and over again while the canvass was yet unfinished, in transit between speeches, or at supper when the speeches for the evening were done, "is that I can say in public just what for years I have wanted to say in public, and in private for years have said. By Heaven, it's up to the public! If they want Unger, they can have him, and welcome." Mr. Unger was the rival candidate.

It was a mark of his offhand friendliness for the plain people that in the majority of his short addresses to them he did little more than show himself and make their acquaintance. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have not stopped here to discuss the issues of this campaign, in five minutes. You know, better than I can know, or any man as well-to-do as I (though as rich men are counted I am a poor man, living as I do mainly on my salary), what the government of this city for the past four years has meant to the poor. I have come here simply that you might look me over and size me up, and make up your minds whether you would rather have me in a position of power over you than Tim Sullivan, and Frank Farrell, and Max Hochstim. I have never met a man myself, and heard him talk for two minutes, without being able to make a reasonably sound judgment of his integrity, loyalty, intelligence. I know what politics are, and that it is not so much what a man

says that counts as the estimate you form of him when you listen to his voice and look into his eyes. There is one thing, however, I want you to do; and that is, if you can find any meeting at which Mr. Unger and Mr. Fromme are to speak, you go to those meetings. I do not know of anything that could more justly and more strongly move an honest, intelligent man to vote for the Fusion county ticket than to sit and listen for five minutes to either of those eminent gentlemen."

In the meantime Mr. Jerome had established headquarters as little like the typical and traditional headquarters of an important candidate as can well be imagined. He occupied two uncarpeted rooms on the floor above a saloon; the walls were garnished with caricatures of the candidate. There was not actually a sign over the door, "No admission except on business," but there might well have been. The visitor was met with a courtesy and a promptitude of inquiry as to the occasion of his coming that made him state his business hurriedly, if he had any, and, if he had none, feel that he had entered the wrong door and hasten his farewells. There was no provision for hospitality—for handing out cigars and treating guests to small bottles or brandies and soda—and as little for the accommodation of mere idlers; and the jackals of American politics, the men with vital information or with votes to sell, were not, indeed, kicked down stairs, but were so much discomfited that at times they would have found relief, I fancy, in a bit of violence. They were dismissed in a chorus of irony and a dumb-show of cordial smiles, more ironical in their way than any spoken word. They were advised, with infinite suavity of demeanor and phrase, to go sell their wares to Tammany; they were advised that Tammany had a superabundance of money to spend on the campaign, and that all Jerome men hoped they would spend it, so far as possible, improvidently. The dignity of these headquarters was, in the main, due to John Henneberry, who had been early designated by Colonel Robert Grier Monroe as the one man, if he would undertake the task, to act as Mr. Jerome's private campaign manager. Mr. Henneberry has a talent for making two bare rooms look like the offices of a great commercial house in high prosperity, and for making both the men who work with him in a political campaign and their chance visitors feel it in their bones that the candidate for whom he is working is certain of success. After an interview with Mr. Henneberry, the man who had staked money against Mr. Jerome's election incontinently hurried to the Hoffman House and hedged. Mr. Henneberry was too untroubled and cheerful for it to be imaginable that he was on a losing side. For reasons that had nothing to do with mathematical probabilities, Tammany kept the betting odds against Mr. Jerome at two to one, and the men who had talked with Mr. Henneberry "chased the money." Sometimes they found it, cash in hand; but more often they found a promise, simply, from some chance-met sport, who had been offering and urging the odds, that he would step out and get the bank-notes. He stepped cut, and was not seen again. He vanished.

Mr. Henneberry was a man of middle years, the president of the many-chaptered Catholic Benevolent Society, and an active politician, though even Mr. Henneberry was exercising the functions of campaign manager for but the second time. The rest of Mr. Jerome's staff, as I have said, were amateurs in politics; they were volunteers, and youthful volunteers. Howard Gans, who by request became campaign treasurer, was a rising lawyer, as academic, as ironical, as languid, as the Harvard graduate of tradition, or as the new Premier of Great Britain; in especial if it be remembered that in daily speech the modern academic fashion is for slang. He had in an earlier campaign delivered from the tail of a dray addresses perhaps too closely modeled on the ancient oration to hit the humor of the modern vulgar, and had seen his audience stray away toward neighboring places of refreshment; his own account of the matter is that he was better than a platoon of policemen for dispersing a crowd. As a Deputy Assistant District Attorney under Mr. Philbin, Mr. Jerome's predecessor, he had been of material assistance in the hunting of John Doe. As treasurer his first act was to refuse to accept a penny of his candidate's money, and to undertake to raise a sufficient fund for the campaign without his aid. He was himself

far from being financially in a position to guarantee his undertaking; his income was the income of a Deputy Assistant District Attorney, and little more. Mr. Jerome's estimate of the expense to be incurred was at that time about four thousand dollars; the actual expense of his campaign was close upon thirty thousand, and there still remained a surplus in the treasury. Contributions poured in from all sides, and Mr. Gans spent the last days of the canvass in returning checks. Fred Stein, in Mr. Jerome's behalf, established a newspaper printed in Yiddish, the Hebrew jargon. Mr. Stein, the only son of a senior partner in one of the two foremost firms of woolen merchants in the United States, had passed his five years since leaving college in a journey round the world, in an apprenticeship of his own seeking among the humblest ranks of workmen in a woolen factory, and in achieving, by the dauntless execution of projects of his own device, the place of partner in his father's firm. He was more inexperienced in the details of politics, if possible, than Mr. Gans, and knew even less of Yiddish and of the management of newspapers than he knew of the details of politics. His activity in the campaign was a matter of pure accident; he had climbed the stairway leading to headquarters to pay the treasurer and Mr. Jerome a friendly visit; he was asked to receive the editors of certain Yiddish newspapers with whom Mr. Jerome had been in negotiation, and to find out what they wanted. They wanted money; they wanted to play Mr. Jerome's treasury off against that of Tammany; they stated with an unapologetic candor that they were men of business and that they had been offered so much by the other side. "Take it; take all you can get," Mr. Stein advised them; "we like to see Tammany waste its money. We've not a cent to bribe you with. But we've any amount to fight you with; and we will just establish a paper of our own and put you out of business." From that day until the end of the campaign Mr. Stein continued to receive visitors at headquarters; he became the *enfant terrible* of the establishment. Within a week after his rash promise he had got out, nominally for free distribution, though everywhere on the East Side the news-stands were selling it, an eight-page daily paper, partly in Yiddish, partly in English. The first issue was of fifty thousand, the second of seventy-five thousand, the later ones, eleven issues in all, of over a hundred thousand. For the distribution of these and of pamphlets, handbills, and what not, he organized a service of inspectors, men, and wagons, that at least once a day covered every section of the East Side. He has since established the newspaper, under the name of "The Jewish World," on a permanent basis. George Wilson Morgan had been attorney for the Committee of Fifteen, and in that capacity had followed with attention the career of Mr. Jerome. Mr. Morgan was just twenty-six. Meeting Mr. Gans in the street shortly after Mr. Jerome's nomination, he suggested that there ought, in mere decent precaution, to be organized a service of open-air speakers throughout the East Side, in Mr. Jerome's interest. Mr. Gans drew out a check-book, wrote a check to the order of George Wilson Morgan, Esq., and said: "Capital idea, Georgie. Don't protest; the finger of Providence points to *you*. When you have dropped the amount of that check, let loose the long yell, and more will be a-coming." Mr. Morgan saw the finger of Providence, and obeyed its indication. He opened an office at 91 Delancey Street, organized a staff of open-air speakers, and made a house to-house canvass covering the Fourth, Eighth, Tenth, Twelfth, and Sixteenth Districts, and so much of the Sixth District as lies east of the Bowery; these being the stronghold of Tammany. On election day the men who had been engaged in the house-to-house canvass brought to the polls the men whom they had visited and won over. It was the verdict of experienced politicians that no more telling and vigorous campaign was ever organized in the city of New York.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Best Side of Paris

By Carl S. Vrooman

IN Paris the "usual thing" is a half-day at the Louvre gaping at masterpieces of painting and sculpture; a half-hour at Napoleon's tomb; an hour at the Cathedral of Notre-Dame; a like prodigality of time at the gallery of the Luxembourg and other stock "sights"—then off the women go to the "Bon Marché" and rival establishments to revel in bargains, and the men to the cafés, the theaters, the boulevards, the "Quartier Latin," the "Moulin Rouge," and heaven knows where else, to acquire that polish which is warranted to transform a man into "a man of the world."

What a travesty of travel! What boundless possibilities of culture and enjoyment are thus blindly neglected! If the thousands who yearly go on pilgrimages across the water to their shrines of fashion, art, and indecency would but open their eyes to the myriad other interesting objects to be seen on every side, they would come back with mind and heart full, not of the ignorant, servile idolatry of foreign luxury and manners, but of suggestions for improving our own incomparable land.

The question in Paris is, What not to do? Her theatrical attractions are unrivaled and practically unlimited. While Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Rejane, and Jane Hading can be seen in England, America, and in all the Continental capitals, only in Paris can be seen the incomparable "Théâtre Français" and the "Odéon," the two great national, government-supported theaters of France, where one can revel in the study of French literature, ancient and modern, as interpreted by the world's most finished actors and actresses. At the Français in each play every character, even to that of the meanest servant, is taken by one of the greatest artists of France. At the Odéon once a week, during the winter months, is given a "classical matinée," where the rendering of an old masterpiece is preceded by a critical lecture on the play and its author, by some professor from the Sorbonne or some world-known critic. In no other country in the world is the study of literature thus illumined and made delightful by the combined genius of lecturer and actor. And, finally, as a supplement to all this, one has at one's disposal delightful courses of lectures at the University on every phase and epoch of French literature. To the student of French life and social conditions the most unique and interesting theater in Paris, however, is the "Théâtre Antoine," the theatrical contribution and wonder of the nineteenth century. M. Antoine, the creator, manager, and star, or rather sun, of this theater, began life as an employee of a gas company. Without any previous training or experience, he started the "Free Theater," which he conducted according to his own original and unheard-of ideas. He was strongly realistic, sometimes brutally so. "Truth at whatever cost!" was his motto. He occasionally turned his back to the audience during whole acts. He simplified stage settings, entirely subordinating beauty and scenic effect to force and realism. He taught his own actors and actresses, many of them, like himself, never having had any previous professional training whatever. In addition to this he staged a class of plays never before seen in France—plays taken from Ibsen, Zola, Tolstoï, Tourguéneff, and plays of Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Björnson, and of modern French writers like Brieux, filled with the new sociological spirit of the age. Every one, except a handful of his personal friends, saw failure written all over the enterprise, but by the sheer force of genius he scored the greatest theatrical financial success of the age, absolutely revolutionized the methods and aims of the French theater, and made of it a powerful civilizing force in the community. He has given a vital impulse to modern serious sociological literature, and has brought powerfully before the minds and consciences of the great theater-going public the ideals which are molding the future of France.

The French theater, however, is but one of the manifestations of that all-pervasive æsthetic spirit which makes art the most prominent feature of French life. Her École des Beaux-Arts is certainly the

first among art schools. The Louvre, which gives courses of study specially designed to interpret the collection, public lectures of a more popular nature, and a four years' course for students preparing to fill positions as curators, librarians, and traveling collectors for museums, is the greatest single art gallery in the world. The Luxembourg is a superb museum of contemporary painting and sculpture, while the two Salons each spring give to the world the last year's product of the studios of Paris. Besides all this, there are numerous smaller galleries and public buildings, like the Pantheon, which are filled with some of the most splendid creations of the French artistic imagination. I was reared with a puritanic, Tolstoyan inclination to regard art as of the devil, as something effeminate and enervating. In the course of my political investigations, however, I ran across the fact that while American industries were competing successfully with the English and the German, they were making almost no headway at all in competition with the French. This is because in all French industry the artistic element is such a vital part. We cannot make the rare and beautiful creations they produce. Until we do, we can never compete with them in the markets of the world. When I thus learned that art is power, I began to respect it. I need hardly add that this respect, especially for applied art, is growing. Art should find its home, not only in public museums and galleries and in the drawing rooms of the rich, but in the factory, on the farm, and in the kitchen. Only as art permeates and beautifies all human products and all human life is it performing its true and splendid function. Art seems to be in the French bloo l—every shop-girl is a born milliner, and gets more artistic effect from an expenditure of a few cents than an American does at the cost of as many dollars. This characteristic is partly temperamental and partly the result of a systematic artistic education and development for generations. None of the great provincial towns is without its (to us) surprisingly rich art gallery and its own art school, together with a department or separate school of applied art.

The child in France learns to draw in the kindergarten before he learns to write. This training extends throughout entire school life. For the benefit apprentices and adults evening classe geometric and technical drawing, mach and architectural design, drawing fi flowers, casts, and the nude, and in mo ing and sculpture, are given in every w in Paris. There were eighty-nine of th evening schools in 1895. Higher stuc can be pursued in the Municipal Sch of Decorative Art Applied to Industry the National School of Decorative A The Government factories of Gobe tapestries and of Sèvres ware have sup art schools connected with them.

As a supplement to a personal inv tigation of this and other similar subjec I found the "Musée Social" an inva able institution. It was founded a heavily endowed by the Comte de Cha brun "for the purpose of supplying r able information concerning any insti tion which really succeeds in betteri the material or moral condition of t working classes." It is not a teachi body like the London School of Ec nomics, but students and writers a sent all over the world by it to ma researches on sociological subjects. monthly review is issued, as well as series of booklets embodying the resul of their labors. A series of popular le tures is given each winter in the hall the Musée, and a sociological library 16,000 volumes, with reading-rooms su plied with the leading newspapers an magazines of the world, is open free all. This is by no means an ideal inst tution. It is open to criticism for sin both of omission and of commission, bu it is a splendid effort. A more viril scholarly, and constructive institution o the sort will one day be established i our country, to boil down and popularize supplement and stimulate, the work of ou present Bureau of Labor Statistics. Whe all the other nations have followed sui another great step in the direction of civ ilization will have been taken, for state craft, at last, will be in a position to attai a condition of at least semi-intelligence A real science of politics will then b possible, international in its scope, schol arly in its methods, and noble in its ideals

Several of my most interesting evenings in Paris were passed attending lectures at what are known as the "Popular Uni

versities." Two of these lectures—one by Professor Charles Gide, the world-known economist, the other by Anatole France, the greatest living French man of letters—were the most fascinating I have ever heard. The French "conference" is a species of lecture which is absolutely unique in its artistic beauty, subtile humor, and sparkling wit. To my mind it is a higher form of art than the theater. This "popular university" movement is one of the most remarkable manifestations yet seen of the spirit of the twentieth century. It is at bottom a religious movement. Scientific French agnosticism is becoming constructive, is trying to develop a religion. It has discovered that the cold truth of science is powerless except as warmed into life by the flame of a passionate altruism—that the scientific spirit and the Christ spirit are fundamentally and eternally necessary each to the other. This movement has spread very rapidly, having a center in every ward in Paris and its environs, and not a few springing up on all sides in the provinces. It is a recognition by the "intellectuals," the brains of France, that unless they understand and are understood by the brawn and sinew of a nation, they are abnormal, impractical, and impotent. It is a recognition by the workingmen that intelligence, when not prostituted to plutocratic, aristocratic, or clerical influence, is their best friend and co-worker in the solution of the grinding problems of civilization. A solidarity of interests is seen to extend through all classes of society, except the predatory and parasitic ones. Philosophy, economics, literature, natural science, hygiene, music, art, are all taught to classes of grimy workingmen by the greatest professors, artists, and writers of France.

This movement, like much that is best in French life to-day, is the outcome of the Dreyfus affair. This moral crisis through which France passed, and passed successfully, has been of measureless value. The struggle was so intense, the excitement arose to such a white heat, that French thought and life were reduced to a state of chemical solution. When they recrystallized, new forms, new alignments, appeared, a transformation had been wrought. French politics furnishes one of the most striking examples of this. Before the "Affair" French political parties were a hopeless jumble of Progressivists, Radicals, Radical Socialists, Revolutionary Socialists, plain and uncompromising Socialists, Allemanists, Guesdists, Blanquists, Nationalists, Anti-Semites, Ralliés, Revisionists, Royalists, Bonapartists, Clericalists, and Independents. From this chaos have emerged two confederations of groups. On one side are found those who believe in defending the free institutions their fathers died to found, and who believe in still further progress. This includes most of the Socialists and Radicals as well as what we would call the Conservatives. On the other side are the Bonapartists and Royalists, who are trying to overthrow the Republic, the Clericalists, who are trying to overthrow religious freedom and non-sectarian education, and most of the millionaires, who blindly fight all progress on general principles.

I had the privilege of watching the first desperate battle between these rival hosts. It was the fiercest political contest that France has seen since the birth-throes of the present Republic. The reactionaries had an unlimited slush fund and bought every purchasable vote, prostituted every mercenary newspaper or magazine, enlisted the services of every unprincipled spell-binder, and yet were so thoroughly beaten that friends of progress all over the world lifted up their voices in thanksgiving. It was the most splendid victory for reform that the world has seen for several decades. The best campaign speeches I heard were by M. Labori, the brave defender of Dreyfus and editor of the "Grand Review," and by Jean Jaurès, the leader of the moderate, Parliamentary Socialists, editor of a Socialist daily paper, and the most eloquent man to-day in French political life. Before entering politics, he was a college professor. He is a perfect magnetic battery—rousing to a high pitch of enthusiasm, by sheer force of personality, a friend of mine who didn't understand a word of French, and fairly setting on fire his audience of twenty thousand Frenchmen. He crushes his opponents beneath an avalanche of facts, leads his auditors on to high and ever higher ideals by a series of word-pictures, touches the deepest chords of the human heart by the play of his poetic fancy around the fundamental problems of life and death, and then sounds

the wild charge of battle and fires his hearers with invincible devotion to the Cause by a sublime appeal to the passions of patriotism, self-interest, and family love. How I envied the French their clarified political atmosphere—the simplicity of the situation! It is probably too delightful to last, but it is certainly the commencement of a new and brighter epoch in French politics.

The Settlement Idea in Relation to Small Communities

By Lillian W. Betts

Author of "The Leaven in a Great City"

TO one familiar with the scores of resources for the protection of child life in large cities from suffering, degradation, and ignorance; with the constantly increasing effort to create and develop tastes for pleasures that add to the mental as well as the physical enjoyments of the children, the conditions controlling child life in small communities, especially the life of the poor children, are appalling.

Frequently this condition of neglect and indifference will be found where keen interest and practical help will express the sympathies of residents in the community for the limitations of life in the city tenements; money will be given by these people for city children with evident regret that it is money only that can be given, and quite as evident envy for the city workers' opportunity "for doing good," while the children right at their doors are in a condition of neglect impossible in New York, for instance.

In a town not a hundred miles from New York there is a progressive and progressing manufacturing interest which has evolved and invited a small army of skilled and unskilled workingmen who are positive political factors in the town. Their homes are centered in three sections. Sons, leaving farming, have built on old farms small houses with the most primitive sanitary arrangements; making a nucleus for an aggregation of similar houses until the farm lands in the town limits adjacent to the roads are bordered with these houses. Houses near the river abandoned by former residents have become tenements; thrifty workmen have erected two-story houses and sublet, though the plan of the house is for one family. These are crowded together, with the bit of land at the back monopolized as a vegetable garden, crowding the children on the road for play space. The roads and sidewalks in these sections of the town are uncared for, being mere openings between rows of houses. A third section is crowded; the houses tumbling about the occupants, leaders from the roof broken, stoops falling, gates broken or gone, fences slowly disappearing as firewood. Here, too, the road is the children's only playground. The very trees in these neighborhoods look diseased and unthrifty. On one clear, bright day in August there were counted on one street of this town forty-three dirty, ragged, barefooted, quarrelsome children. Hanging over broken fences, leaning against uncertain gateposts, sauntering along the roadway, hanging out of windows, or nursing babies on stoops, were women of every age, who in appearance matched these children. A pump at the corner seemed to be a general meeting-place for the women, who stood in idle groups, as untidy, unwholesome specimens of American womanhood, the writer firmly believes, as could be found in the whole country. The climax was a girl of between eleven and twelve, clad in one garment, a dress having only one button on the waist and this at the back of the neck. When she remembered, she held the dress together at the waist line by keeping her hand at the back. Her face was hard, old, and repellent. She stood with a tin pail listening to the excited gossip of the women, not one of whom paid any attention to her disgracefully naked condition, or tried by the use of a pin to make the child more respectable. It would have been impossible for

that child to have remained on the streets of New York in that condition for ten minutes. Law or love would have protected her. Three days later this same child, with the accumulation of three days' more dirt on body and clothes, stood at the pump in the same condition of partial nakedness. Yet from any hill-top in the region surrounding this town the spires and towers of Christian churches call attention to their profession.

Glimpses into the houses in this poor section showed as much crowding and as little in the way of conveniences for housekeeping as a tenement-house in New York would show.

The evening reveals half-grown boys and girls lounging about the streets with manners and language that differ in no degree from those of boys and girls given the same freedom in New York, except that their conversation lacks the wit and amusing comment of city boys and girls.

The town has churches of all the orthodox denominations, well attended and fairly well supported. Each has a parsonage. The usual church organizations are in each congregation. The town has at least one women's club; yet the only non-sectarian effort in the interest of civilization is the public school, and even that is the battledore and shuttlecock of the town politicians. There is no library or reading-room; no boys' or girls' clubs; not even a village improvement association.

A man perfectly familiar with the social conditions of the churches and town explained the situation by saying that there were three classes of aristocrats in the town: the city residents who summered there, and neither knew nor cared anything about the poor of the town; the people who descended from Revolutionary ancestors and refused to affiliate with other people; and the class who had made money and now spent all their energy in trying to scale the exclusive walls of the Revolutionary human relics. These would never take the initiative in any movement lest they should strengthen the walls against which they make constant assaults. Further thought and investigation revealed a fourth cause for the neglect, physical and mental, of the town: denominational jealousy, the absolute impossibility of uniting the people of all denominations for a common good. This, it is positive, was the fundamental disuniting cause in this community, is the fundamental disuniting cause in every community where there is no common community interest. When this is admittedly the cause, the people deplore it hopelessly, as though there were no remedy.

The difficult thing for people unused to the conditions of city life to grasp is that every effort for the betterment of physical conditions in the city outside of the church should mean the uniting of men and women of every denomination. Every social settlement is a positive, direct effort to create better inner and outer conditions for every human being entering its doors, while rigidly excluding everything that would approach denominational religion. Nothing, perhaps, better exhibits this care than an incident that occurred in the early days of the College Settlement. A Mother Goose entertainment was to be given by the children; one small person took the character of

> Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
> How does your garden grow?
> Silver bells and cockle shells,
> And pretty maids all in a row.

The child evidently recited this at home. One morning, in a state of excitement bordering on hysteria, the Hebrew mother appeared and protested: the child was being taught to worship the Virgin Mary! No argument was used to change her view. It was not the wise way to use strength. The character was dropped from the entertainment, for that one mother was representative. The day has come when illustrated lectures on the life of Christ can be given in that very room without protest, because care is taken to avoid the presentation of Christ as the founder of a creed.

Every social settlement gathers to it people of all and every creed, as well as no creed; it represents in its work a small community. Slowly but surely it draws to it and holds the most receptive and retentive minds in that community; these become its unconscious missionaries, bearing the light into homes that no one else could reach.

Is it impossible for the churches in small communities, no one of which, even if it were wise, could establish a work on non-sectarian lines, to combine for the betterment of the community life?

Where is charity organization more

needed than in a small community? Each church, regardless of the other, doles out charity, too frequently with only superficial knowledge of the conditions' surrounding the recipient, and with a density often incomprehensible to the observer as to the causes that made the giving of charity necessary.

The child life of the poor may reveal a steady deterioration, deplored and acknowledged—indeed, this seems a favorite topic in the weekly church meetings—yet no unselfish, undenominational effort is made to change the conditions that are bringing the degrading results.

A Connecticut town recently became the residence of an energetic worker among the poor. The members of the several churches stood aloof from one another even in their social life. No effort was made to add anything to the life of the poor, who were segregated as is usual in towns. The new resident called a meeting of the women of all the churches at her own house. Her invitations were generally accepted. She proposed starting a sewing-school for Saturday morning, announcing that she had secured the use of a certain Sunday-school room because it had the best light of any in town. Of course there was a perceptible loss of interest, but two weeks later women representing every denomination in the town were acting as teachers in the sewing-school. This unity of interest revealed charms in each unknown to the others, though many of the workers were born in the town and had never lived anywhere else.

The pastor of one of the churches called on every member of his church working in the sewing-school and protested vigorously against her attendance—*because it took her interest from her own church.* As her own church held one week-day meeting, which only the saintly could endure, and a preaching service which it required more grace to attend than is required to face the dominant domestic problem, to at least one sufferer from his call arose the question as to where her own church justified her interest or activity.

Is it the pulpit and not the pews that is responsible for the conditions that make for evil in small communities?

Where in the city can be found more trading of votes, more sharp practice in elections, less interest in local affairs, than in those communities where denominationalism has displaced the teachings of Christ? One repeats, when passing these churches, the lines of the poet:

> . . . When we faced the church
> With spire and sad slate roof, aloof
> From human fellowship so far,
> Where a few graveyard crosses are,
> And garlands for the swallows' perch.

For the people seem unlearned in human interests, seemingly do not believe that the way of life is the road to eternal salvation. Have they forgotten that the every-day life was Christ's opportunity to impart the power of living righteously?

Centers that bring all the people together, that create common interests, form a bank of knowledge where heads and hearts work together to lessen suffering, to stimulate hope, and to arouse interest in each one who makes a demand on its capital. This capital is sustained by the whole community to raise its civilization, to afford educational opportunities unhindered by denominational thought, and to supplement what is provided by taxation, for all who will accept. These are the opportunities of every church in a community which has social problems due to poverty and overcrowding, and the absence of social life to lighten the burden of labor.

No surer method of reaching the unchurched exists than that of undenominational effort for the community's good. And work for the children, as if to prove the truth of prophecy, "A little child shall lead them," wins the best that the best men and women have to give.

Let the effort begin with work requiring personal service from those who have skill and knowledge. Slowly the barriers between the churches will melt away; needs and opportunities will not be separated by a name. There will come finally a community of interest representing the brotherhood which Christ's life epitomized for man's guidance in his life with his fellow-men.

Labor's Critics

By Annie C. Muirhead

[Last summer (June 21) we reprinted in these columns a clever satire entitled "The Walking Delegate," because it put so effectively the sentiments of the critics of the labor unions. The following lines called forth by the miners' strike testimony and the current discussion express with similar satire the sentiments of the labor world toward its critics.—THE EDITORS.]

"I believe in labor unions," said the College President,
"But I think I could improve upon their rules.
If with what the masters chose to give, the members were content;
If they handed the non-unionist their tools,
And patted him, like brothers, where his backbone ought to be,
And said, 'Pray take our job for what you'll get,
For our rights are non-conflicting in this country of the free—
We're just as free to starve as you to sweat!'
If they strained their every nerve to turn out piece-work by the heap,
Till the masters in alarm cut down the rate;
If they welcomed-in apprentices to do work on the cheap—
Why, then I think trades unions would be *great!*
With these few and slight restrictions, which are well and wisely meant,
I approve of labor unions!" said the College President.

"I believe in labor unions," said the Bishop to his flock,
"Provided that they do not go too far:
For the violence that boycotts and does injury to stock
Is only fair in *military* war.
Let nation threaten nation (if the last's of smaller size)!
Let them righteously maraud and murder too!
But unionists should never let their angry passions rise,
For that is such a naughty thing to do!
They should strike in white kid gloves and patent-leather dancing-shoes,
And take little mincing steps to gain their ends.
If they'll behave like gentlemen, of course I'll not refuse
To be among the stanchest of their friends.
If there's nothing in their actions that our Christian nerves will shock,
I approve of labor unions," said the Bishop to his flock.

"We believe in labor unions," say the Editors of tact,
Provided they are always nice and good:
For the workingman's an angel; like an angel he must act,
And not like ordinary flesh-and-blood.
Although his sick wife freeze, he must be silent as a clam,—
Strong words, of course, would never be polite:
He must bear the worst injustice with the meekness of a lamb,
That so he may be always in the right.
If the widow's mite be grabbed from her, she must not make a fuss,
For that is hardly ladylike, you know!
She must show an equanimity such as you see in us,
As cheerfully we bear our neighbor's woe!
If they *never* make mistakes, and will *always* take a hint,
We approve of labor unions," say the Editors in print.

If the President had logic, and the Bishop had more sense,
And the Editors' remarks were never trite,

They might help to solve the problem as to how, in self-defense,
The workers' labor unions ought to fight.
Still, they are but fellow-mortals, and no doubt they've done their best.
I approve of College Presidents, and Bishops, and the rest!

The Economic Interpretation of History[1]

LIKE everything Professor Seligman writes, this book is profoundly scholarly, but it is not overloaded—as some of his later books have been—with the history of the literature of the subject. The really creative part borne by Karl Marx in the development of the theory Professor Seligman defends is reached in two or three chapters, and the rest of the book is devoted to the elaborations which the Marxian theory has received and the limitations that must be put upon it to make it, in Professor Seligman's view, thoroughly tenable. These limitations are not so destructive of the core of Marx's theory as we anticipated, for Professor Seligman frankly enrolls himself as one of Marx's disciples so far as this feature of his philosophy. Professor Seligman does not make the economic motive the one essential factor in the shaping of human history, but he does maintain that up to the present time the national struggles, the class struggles, and the individual struggles of men have been "in last resort all due to the pressure of life upon the means of subsistence," and that "so long as this conflict endures, the primary explanation of human life must continue to be the economic explanation—the explanation of the adjustment of material resources to human desires." "This adjustment," he continues, "may be modified by æsthetic, religious, and moral, in short, by intellectual and spiritual, forces, but in last resort it still remains an adjustment of life to the wherewithal of life."

That this theory is in its essence materialistic Professor Seligman admits as frankly as he admits his Marxian discipleship. With the limitations which he puts upon it, it is, of course, far less materialistic than as first formulated by Marx, but none the less the distinctive quality of theory remains the same. We agree thoroughly with Professor Seligman when he maintains that Marx's economic interpretation of history is a theory entirely separable from his socialistic philosophy, and we agree entirely with him when he maintains that this interpretation of history has aided powerfully in revivifying historical writing, and is yet to aid in making the conflicts of the past as real to us as the conflicts of the present. But, to our minds, the distinctively materialistic kernel of Marx's philosophy is as untrue as its distinctively socialistic kernel. The latter—the theory of surplus value—the leading Social Democrats of Germany are now consciously rejecting; and the former—the perpetual predominance of the economic motive—they have unconsciously repudiated from the first. Marx's own life was a constant denial of it, for if the economic motive had been the dominant one in shaping it, he would have devoted his superb talents to the service of those who had gold to give, instead of devoting them to the service of those who could only give him their hearts. All of the great revolutionary movements which have carried mankind forward have had a similar motive back of them. In our own history the pivotal events—the sailing of the Pilgrims, the Declaration of Independence, and the emancipation of the slaves—were all in flagrant defiance of the economic motive alleged to be dominant. It is only the forces resisting these great movements which have been primarily economic and materialistic. The true economic interpretation of history is not that which finds a materialistic motive for the upward struggles of mankind, but that which finds in the history of nations as of individuals the perpetual conflict between the moral forces and the material, and which reveals that only through the subordination of material ends to moral ends has humanity advanced.

[1] *The Economic Interpretation of History.* By Edwin R. H. [illegible] fessor of Political Economy and Fin[illegible] iversity, New York. The Mac-[illegible]

Imperialism[1]

THESE three books deal with the policy of expansion from very different points of view. The first regards it as a crime; the second as a historic necessity; the third accepts it and undertakes to show how it can best be carried on.

The title of Mr. Hobson's book is a misnomer: it should be called, not "a study," but "an indictment." That policy of expansion which for Great Britain might be said to date from the bombardment of Alexandria, and for the United States with the war against Spain—for previous expansions of both countries are not dubbed by the critics Imperialism—Mr. Hobson regards as evil and only evil and that continually. There is for it no justification, apology, or excuse. It hardly deserves a hearing. He is a gentleman, and therefore does not berate it as Judge Jeffreys did the Puritans; but his temper toward it is hardly more judicial than that of Judge Jeffreys toward Puritanism. His mental attitude regarding it is pretty much that of the abolitionists regarding slavery, the prohibitionists regarding the saloon, and the Boston anti-imperialists regarding the policy of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. The Anglo-Saxon world appears to him to have gone crazy; to be violating its own principles, its own interests, and the rights of its weaker and poorer neighbors. The inspiration of this policy he thinks is thoroughly bad: "The controlling and directing agent of the whole process, as we have seen, is the pressure of financial and industrial motives, operated for the direct, short-range, material interests of small, able, and well-organized groups in a nation." Denying liberty abroad, it has destroyed liberty at home. "In England it [the Liberal party] now stands convicted of a gross, palpable betrayal of the first conditions of liberty; feebly fumbling after programmes as a substitute for principles. Its leaders, having sold their party to a confederacy of stock-gamblers and sentimentalists, find themselves impotent to defend Free Trade, Free Press, Free Schools, Free Speech, or any of the rudiments of ancient Liberalism." He concedes that there are some well-meaning souls who believe that the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race will make for the material betterment and moral and intellectual development of the more backward races. But these "sentimentalists" deceive both themselves and others by "masked words." This is "not hypocrisy; a consciousness of inconsistency would spoil the play: it is a condition of the success of this conduct that it should be unconscious." Nevertheless, the policy of expansion is nothing more than pulling other people's chestnuts out of the fire; and every one engaged in the operation is either an ape or a cat.

We think it a pity that Mr. Hobson had not written a "study" instead of writing an indictment. For he is an able man; he has studied his subject; he is master of a clear, terse, and vigorous English; and if he had set out to persuade his fellow-citizens, instead of setting out to convict them of criminal folly, he might have rendered a very useful service. America certainly, and we think England also, needs a book which will set forth clearly in rational form, free from passion and heat, the objections to and the difficulties in the way of the course of that public policy on which England and the United States have entered. But this is not the book that Mr. Hobson has written. His introduction warns away from his pages all who have believed or acquiesced in that policy. None of us like to read a denunciation that we are either fools or knaves; the most open-minded men are not open to that conclusion. Mr. Hobson's book will be read with delight by the anti-imperialists; but they do not need it; and we fear it will be read by few others. It will hardly be persuasive even to those who are as yet doubtful whether to give their influence in favor of the extension of the flag of their country over new lands or to urge its withdrawal over some where it has recently been planted; because the very vehemence of Mr. Hobson's assurance,

[1] *Imperialism: A Study.* By J. A. Hobson. James Pott & Co., New York.
The New Empire. By Brooks Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York.
The Administration of Dependencies. By Alpheus H. Snow. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

and the entire inadequacy of his attempted explanation of this new phase in the life of civilized nations, especially of Great Britain and America, will awaken in their mind the shrewd suspicion that there are some other grounds for that movement, more worthy of serious consideration, than any which Mr. Hobson has discovered and refuted in the two chapters on "The Scientific Defense of Imperialism" and "Moral and Sentimental Factors," and some other alternative than that which Mr. Hobson apparently alone recognizes, "the elimination or subjugation of the inefficient" by the more civilized races, or leaving them alone in the conditions of their present hopeless barbarism. That there is such an alternative, that both England and America are on the track of it, The Outlook thoroughly believes; Mr. Hobson even seems in one or two places dimly to recognize this alternative in his suggestion of a world-federation. What this is both President McKinley and President Roosevelt have in their Messages indicated; The Outlook has in past issues suggested; and to it we shall doubtless recur in future issues of The Outlook when discussing the expansion policy of the United States.

"The New Empire" is in its tone a radically different book. It is purely scientific, a critic might say academic. The author is passionless. He treats the new phase of development in American life as an electrician might treat a new development in electricity. His conclusion illustrates this spirit: "If the new Empire should develop, it must be an enormous complex mass, to be administered only by means of a cheap, elastic, and simple machinery; an old and clumsy mechanism must sooner or later collapse, and in sinking may involve a civilization." That Americans have anything to say on the question whether this new Empire shall develop or not Mr. Adams hardly concedes; he treats it as the inevitable result of resistless forces. The theme of his book it is not easy to state in a sentence; essaying this difficult task, we should define it thus: The progress of empire is determined by economic considerations; these are determined by geographical conditions; as the market center of the world has changed, empire has changed; it has thus traveled westward from Babylon to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to Western Europe, to England, and now at last to America. The Empire is ours whether we like it or not. We have not created it; we cannot prevent it; we can only choose whether we shall maintain and administer it wisely or bungle and destroy it. From Mr. Brooks's point of view, the alternative on which Mr. Hobson dwells with such passionate earnestness has no existence. We *must* accept the charge; we may administer it either well or ill: that is our only alternative.

We think that Mr. Brooks's point of view is more accurate than Mr. Hobson's, and yet we are not able wholly to accept it. We think that human choice enters more into the making of human destiny than Mr. Brooks apparently thinks it does, and we think that many motives enter into the determination of human destiny besides the commercial motives. Men fight for the right to live; they fight for commercial supremacy; they fight for greed, pure and simple; but they also fight inspired by other motives: by the love of power; by the passion for more territory apart from what it brings with it of real or fancied advantage; by the love of glory; by the pleasure of subduing other men, as they hunt for the pleasure of subduing wild animals; by the mere half-human, half-brutal love of fighting. All these elements have entered into the making of empires in the past, and probably still enter into the making of them. We think, too, he makes too little of German energy and English persistence. To say that "inertia pervades all English society" is to generalize too broadly. The historical survey which occupies the first five chapters of his book lacks architectural proportions. It is too elaborated at points readily to carry the reader forward to his conclusion. On the other hand, the last chapter, in which he reaches the conclusion that the scepter of industrial empire has passed from England to the United States, is too scantily wrought out to carry conviction except to one altogether predisposed to accept it. Nevertheless, the book appears to us a real and valuable contribution to the student's knowledge of the general subject, and well worthy his careful reading and consideration. If it presents but one and that a purely economic view, it presents it with

ibility, and the view is of the first importance to any correct understanding of the subject.

In characterizing Mr. Snow's volume on "The Administration of Dependencies" we cannot do better than quote his subtitle: "A study of the evolution of the Federal Empire, with special reference to American colonial problems." The book is by a student and for students. It is judicial and scientific in tone, and is devoted exclusively to stating what has been and is; only in the last chapter does the author consider what ought to be. Only by implication can the reader draw any conclusion from the preceding chapters as to the author's judgment on the latter question. He traces the growth of what its opponents call "imperialism"—and so little does Mr. Snow object to the use of this word that he speaks throughout his work of the Federal Empire, declares that "the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the American Empire are not and cannot be one and the same thing," and devotes an entire chapter to a consideration of the "Imperial Obligations" of the American people. He shows that the distinction between States and Territories of which the United States are composed, and territory *belonging* to the United States but not a component part of it, is not a new distinction invented in the last decade, but has grown up from the earliest colonial days. We can here give but a few quotations as samples of the way in which this doctrine has been asserted continuously and from a very early time. It was recognized by the founders of the Constitution and prior to its adoption. Thus: In 1781 Maryland, by its Legislature, presenting a protest against the conditional cession of territory by Virginia, said, "The United States have succeeded to the Sovereignty over the Western territory, and are thereby vested, as one undivided and independent nation, with all and every power and right exercised by the King of Great Britain over the said territory." In 1803 Gouverneur Morris wrote, "I always thought that when we should acquire Canada and Louisiana it would be proper to govern them as provinces and allow them no voice in our councils," and that in the wording of the Constitution he had this principle in mind. This distinction between territories *of* the United States and territory *subject* to the United States has often been explicitly recognized by Federal law. Two illustrations may suffice: Thus in 1804 a Federal statute respecting the National Bank provided that "the President and Directors of the Bank of the United States shall be and they are hereby authorized to establish offices of discount in any part of the territories or *dependencies* of the United States; and again, in the same year, in another law embodied the phrase, "The public acts . . . of the respective territories of the United States and *countries subject to the jurisdiction of the United States.*" The same doctrine has been very explicitly and repeatedly affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Thus in 1828 Chief Justice Marshall, speaking for the Supreme Court, declared of Florida that it is "a Territory of the United States, governed by virtue of that clause in the Constitution which empowers Congress 'to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States;'" in 1879 the Supreme Court, by Chief Justice Waite, declared of the Territories that "their relation to the General Government is much the same as that which counties bear to the respective States, and Congress may legislate for them as a State does for its municipal organizations;" in 1884, by Mr. Justice Matthews, the Supreme Court declared that "the people of the United States, as sovereign owners of the National Territories, have *supreme power over them* and their inhabitants," so that "it rests with Congress to say whether, in a particular case, any of the people resident in the Territory shall participate in the election of its officers or the making of its laws; and it may therefore take from them any right of suffrage it may previously have conferred, or at any time modify or abridge it, as it may deem expedient;" and, finally, in 1889 the Supreme Court, speaking by Mr. Justice Bradley, and subsequently by Mr. Justice Harlan, respecting the limitations imposed on this supreme power of Congress, declared that "doubtless Congress, in legislating for the Territories, would be subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of personal rights which are

formulated in the Constitution and its amendments; but these limitations would exist rather by inference and the general spirit of the Constitution from which Congress derives all its powers than by any express and due application of its provisions." This is only saying in a less terse fashion what John Dickinson had said in 1774: "That States without freedom should by principle grow out of a free State, is as impossible as that sparrows should be produced from the eggs of an eagle."

We have not space here to trace out the historical process by which Mr. Snow reaches his secondary but equally important conclusion, "that the President should be the representative of the American Union in the habitual and constant performance of its Imperial obligations, and that the Congress should represent the Union in the performance of these same obligations as the superintendent of the President." It must suffice to say that Mr. Snow makes it clear that such a method of administration, by executive order rather than by Congressional enactment, is in accordance not only with modern tendency but with historic precedent, and that the attempt to transfer the fulfillment of National obligations toward dependencies from the executive to the legislative department of the Government has not worked well. This is not to impair the powers or functions of Congress. "The placing of the immediate and daily charge of the administration of the affairs of the dependencies in the hands of the President advised by a Council of experts would still leave a most important field of operation for the Congress. It would not only superintend and control the action of the President, bu would determine for the Union and th Empire all the great questions of Nationa and Imperial policy, and would give th final ratification to those great Imperia dispositions or settlements, by which th forms of government in the dependencie are established or amended, and by whicl the dependencies are federated or unite as their local interests may dictate."

Thus Mr. Snow, as the result of a care ful historical survey, reaches the conclu sion that the development of the Republi from its earliest colonial days has resulte in establishing, by two centuries of ex perience, two doctrines: first, that th United States may own territory, and ove such territory as it does own it is unde obligation to exercise all the functions o sovereignty, responsible only to its own National conscience and to the public judgment of mankind; second, that in the exercise of this sovereignty it is for the interest alike of the Republic and of the dependencies that all details of administration should be left to the executive department, and that the legislative department should confine itself to general superintendence and the determination of the broad general principles by which the administration of the dependencies should be governed. These two principles constitute what their critics call "Imperialism." Mr. Snow has shown conclusively that they are not a modern invention, created by a commercial spirit, in order to exploit helpless peoples, but are the product of at least two centuries of the development of free institutions, and are supported by whatever presumptions there are in favor of the natural and unconscious growth of the Republic.

The Founder of Mormonism[1]

THERE are two views of the origin of Mormonism. One, commonly held by the opponents of the cult, is that Sidney Rigdon, a follower of Alexander Campbell and a minister of the "Disciples," was the real writer of the Book of Mormon and the chief personal force behind the extraordinary sect. This is the view accepted by Mr. Linn in his impartial work, "The Story of the Mormons." The other view is that Rigdon had little to do with the origin of the movement, but that Mormonism is chiefly a product of the mind of Joseph Smith. This is the view of Mr. Riley in the volume on "The Founder of Mormonism." The former view, in spite of its difficulties, has been more widely accepted than

[1] *The Founder of Mormonism: a Psychological Study of Joseph Smith, Jr.* By J. W. Riley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

the latter, because Rigdon was a man of far higher attainments than Smith and far more capable, therefore, of the literary work involved, crude as it was. Mr. Riley, while acknowledging practically all that has been said as to Smith's ignorance, affirms that there are psychological forces which can account for the production of Mormonism by a mind which, though uneducated, was highly imaginative and abnormally active. His book is really an essay in support of this thesis. He makes out a very interesting case, and in some particulars presents a very strong argument. This is especially true in his description of the early life of "Joe" Smith and his environment. Upon a religious dreamer, whose visions and hallucinations were an exhibition of a family trait, the effect of warring and disputatious doctrinal sects must have been exciting, and the effect is capitally and graphically traced in this book. Psychological explanations are also given of Smith's "translations" and "revelations," his exorcisms and his faith-healing. Though this account of morbid self-deception mingled with uncontrolled though largely genuine religious emotion is depressing, it also has that element of grotesqueness that makes it fascinating. Moreover, it shows in a vivid way how powerful the religious impulse is—none the less powerful when directed by ignorance and literalism. In comparison with Linn's "Story of the Mormons," this book is less broadly historical, more pictorial, and more successful in giving an intimate, personal view of Mormonism. It serves, therefore, as an admirable supplement to the larger work, besides having independent value. Together these two books are instructive with regard not only to Mormonism, but also to the many religious movements in America which, based on some form of Scriptural interpretation, are characterized by visions, faith-healing, and other alleged occult phenomena.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

A B C of Banks and Banking (The). Vol. IV. (Nelson's Wall Street Library.) By S. A. Nelson, New York. Published by the Author, 16 Park Place, New York. 5×7 in. 232 pages. $1.50.

Advanced Algebra for Colleges and Schools. By William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 608 pages. $1.50.

Air Voyager (The). By W. E. Ingersoll. The Gorham Press, Boston. 4×5¼ in.

Ancient Athens. By Ernest Arthur Gardner. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 579 pages. $5, net.

There are two Professors Gardner, brothers, who have attained deserved fame as Greek scholars—Professor Percy Gardner, of Oxford, and the author of the present volume, who occupies the Chair of Archæology in the London University College. In his admirable "Handbook of Greek Sculpture" Professor Ernest Gardner taught us what to expect in succeeding books from him; and "Ancient Athens" abundantly bears out such expectation. Clearly and directly the author gives to us in this volume the impressions on a scholar produced by the sites and buildings of Athens, as viewed in the light of the references made to them by classical writers. As Professor Ernest Gardner was for some time the Director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, he writes of the late excavations and discoveries with first-hand, personal knowledge. The well-printed volume is lavishly illustrated with photogravures and half-tones, and is provided with a number of plans. In every way it is to be commended to the student of archæology, to the lover of Greek literature, to the ordinary tourist, and to the general reader.

Bears of Blue River (The). By Charles Major. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 277 pages. $1.50.

A new edition of a series of bear stories by the author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," in which there is an almost illimitable supply of boys and bears.

Boston Days: I. The City of Beautiful Ideals. II. Concord, and Its Famous Authors. III. The Golden Age of Genius. IV. The Dawn of the Twentieth Century. By Lillian Whiting. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 485 pages.

Miss Whiting's latest volume is an enthusiastic but not wholly unfounded glorification of Boston, its ideals, history, type of character, men of letters, traditions, women, atmosphere. She describes it as the city of beautiful ideals; and her chapters, taken by themselves, would justify that characterization of Boston. They are full of luminous examples of high character, high thinking, and fine acting. She has made a kind of golden rosary of the great men and women of Boston. The country, which owes much to them, not only for what they said and the way in which they said it,

but for what they were and the way in which they lived, will not be disposed to subtract from the sum total of their merits and their achievements. The record would have been more convincing to persons of a worldly mind if it had been less enthusiastic. But Miss Whiting is a lover of beautiful things, a believer in them and a recorder of them; and in this book, as in "The World Beautiful," her emphasis rests on the things which are honest and pure and of good report. She has collected a great deal of information; and while her book is not an original contribution to the history of Boston, it is an interpretation of that story on its highest levels of achievement.

Camp Fires in the Wilderness: Valuable Information for Campers and Sportsmen. Illustrated. By E. W. Burt. National Sportsman Press, Boston. 5½×7½ in. 164 pages.

Christian Science: A Comedy in Four Acts. By M. M. Mangasarian. Published by the Author, Chicago. 4½×7½ in. 78 pages.

Dancers and Other Legends and Lyrics (The). By Edith M. Thomas. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 93 pages. $1.50.

Daniel Webster. By John Bach McMaster. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 343 pages. $2, net. (Postage, 16c.)

A beautifully illustrated life of Webster, popular in style as the name of its author assured, and reaching in its final pathetic chapter on the Seventh of March speech an unwontedly high level of historical writing. Indeed, this chapter has genuine dramatic power. The whole narrative is interesting, and the illustrations which accompany it have been chosen with judgment and reproduced with rare skill and effectiveness.

Discords. By Anna Alice Chapin. The Pelham Press, 9 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. $1.50.

Death of Christ, The: Its Place and Interpretation in the New Testament. By James Denney, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×8 in. 334 pages.

The chief and fundamental defect in this book, it seems to us, is the assumption that there was in the minds of the New Testament writers, and in the mind of Jesus himself, a common system of belief, and that this system was the source of their power. "The doctrine of the death of Christ and its significance," says the author, "was not St. Paul's theology. It was his gospel. It was all he had to preach." Religion is accordingly an interpretation, not primarily an experience. The logical conclusion is that a person can be a Christian only as he understands this interpretation and accepts it as his own. As a matter of fact, this has been disproved myriads of times by the lives of those who would be utterly perplexed if asked to give their system of belief. Although this book uses the results of modern research, it represents a type of book that the historical spirit has made antiquated; it uses modern apparatus to construct an obsolete machine. And yet it would be very unjust to give the impression that the theology of the book is itself mechanical. The reader receives the impression of a mind that is marked by wholesome Scotch sturdiness, and, thou never acrid, is sometimes sharp.

Essentials in Ancient History (From the E est Records to Charlemagne). By Arthur M. Wolfson, Ph.D., and Albert Bushnell Hart, LL Illustrated. The American Book Co., New Y 5¼×8 in. 528 pages. $1.50.

Fifty Mastersongs. By Twenty Compos Edited by Henry T. Finck. Oliver Ditson Boston. 9×12½ in. 186 pages. Paper bound. $

This collection, or more accurately selecti of songs is unquestionably the most adequ that has ever been prepared. Schubert course, is represented by the largest num of songs—eight. To some it will be surp ing that Grieg shares with Franz the pl of second importance, each contributing songs. This, we think, is an indication Mr. Finck's personal taste rather than editorial judgment; but if any man's ta has authority, Mr. Finck's ought to have this department of music. This fact, howev hardly makes it necessary for him to insist his introduction quite so strongly upon own expertness. Chopin is conspicuous his presence among the Twenty with two his songs! Mendelssohn and the Italian so writers are conspicuous by their absen MacDowell contributes the one Americ song; the editor, however, says that m would have appeared except for copyright d ficulties. The editor's brief comments each composer and song are readable a generally judicial. Altogether, "Fifty Mast songs" succeeds in its purpose to provid touchstone by which the genuine in song m be distinguished from the worthless.

Forty Piano Compositions by Frédé Chopin. Edited by James Huneker. (The M cians' Library.) Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×1 in. 184 pages. In cloth, $2.50.

Mr. Huneker's selection of Chopin's pia compositions has been made with admiral skill. It is designed especially for amateu Especial mention should be made of M Huneker's exceedingly able and clever intr duction. His reputation for clear, vivid, a readable style is well sustained in these co ments upon Chopin and the works included this volume. The publishers' work in t series to which this volume belongs deserv commendation. The Musicians' Libra should attain high rank among what may termed, if the phrase is allowable, music anthologies.

Introduction to Botany. By William Cha Stevens. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Bost 5×7½ in. 127 pages.

Jim and Joe. By Edward S. Ellis. Hen T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 450 pag 80c., net.

Life and Career of James William Hott, D.D LL.D. By Marion R. Drury, D.D. The Unit Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio. 5¼ in. 214 pages. $1, net.

Life and Correspondence of Henry Inger Bowditch. By his Son Vincent Y. Bowditch. 2 vols. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., B ton. 6×9 in. Per set, $5, net.

The memorials of the dead which are mo inspiring for the living include those of th path-breakers, the leaders of progress, and those who volunteer for the forlorn hope

the beginning of reform. In this class is the present work. Dr. Bowditch's father, Nathaniel, gained National fame as a mathematician; he himself, as a physician, by his promotion of "preventive medicine," particularly in combating consumption. For this he was made chairman of the State Board of Health in Massachusetts when instituted in 1869, and a member of the National Board of Health when instituted in 1879. He deserves remembrance for his early advocacy of the unpopular proposition to open the medical profession to women. It was in the early time of the anti-slavery movement that his chivalrous character was most conspicuously exhibited from the day when the mob of respectable Bostonians endeavored to lynch Garrison, in 1835. Thenceforth he staked his social standing, his professional prospects, in courageous struggle for the right of free protest against slavery and for the emancipation of the enslaved. The story of the part he bore in the days when Federal troops were employed in Boston to enforce an unpopular Federal statute, as they have never been employed in time of peace in any other American city, still stirs the blood of the survivors of those evil times. It has often been told, but it cannot be told, as in these pages, too often as a tonic to the true American spirit. Dr. Bowditch was a man of religious spirit, sensitive conscience, positive character, and genial disposition, a faithful exponent of "applied Christianity." His son has in this memorial of his life performed a patriotic service as well as a filial duty.

Life of the Ancient Greeks (The). By Charles Burton Gulick, Ph.D. Illustrated. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5⅛×8 in. 373 pages. $1.40, net.

Rationally conducted study of ancient languages, of which there has been too little, is study not only of the language but of the life of the people speaking it, with which their language is a means of opening acquaintance. Of Greek life in the golden age of Greece—the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.—Dr. Gulick gives a detailed description of interest to the general reader as well as to the student of Greek preparing for college examinations. The accompanying illustrations, numbering several hundred, are provided with all desirable interpretation in a descriptive list.

Little Boom No. 1. By Mrs. Frank Lee. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 255 pages.

Memoirs of François René, Viscomte de Chateaubriand, Sometime Ambassador to England. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated. Vols. V. and VI. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. $3.75 per vol.

The appearance of the final volumes in the English translation of Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe" calls for added emphasis of The Outlook's criticism on the preceding volumes, in which the ordinary reader and the student of history alike find entertainment and enlightenment. The translator (whose work has been admirably done) even goes so far as to say that the Memoirs constitute the greatest prose work of the greatest prose writer of the nineteenth century. Not all readers will agree in this criticism; but it is safe to say that all who are interested in French history, politics, and society, all who love to signalize the quality of the romantic school in literature, as distinguished from the writing of the eighteenth century which preceded it and from the aridity which succeeded it, finally, all who glory in the work of the Spirit of God, will find in these volumes a rich store of knowledge and inspiration. Chateaubriand was a notable traveler; he and Marco Polo or Sir Richard Burton could have compared notes with interest and profit. He was a notable figure as a man of letters—some think as notable in his way in France as was Byron in England or Schiller in Germany. He was a statesman whose service to the monarchy is only now recognized at its full value. Above all, Chateaubriand was the man who dared to write the "Génie du Christianisme," and thereby to put into the world a spiritual force which had not before existed in such a form. The last two volumes of the Memoirs are distinguished from the others by reason of the author's description of his European travels, especially of his round trip from Prague to Prague (an itinerary to be commended to present travelers), by way of Eger, Baireuth, Würzburg, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Metz, Verdun, Châlons, Paris, Pontarlier, Lausanne, Bex, Brigue, Domo d'Ossola, Milan, Verona, Venice, Udine, Villach, Gmünd, St. Michael, Salzburg, Linz, Thabor, and then back to Prague. As in the previous volumes, great and picturesque figures flit across the stage, especially those of Talleyrand, Lafayette, Béranger, Guizot, Madame Récamier, Charles X., Thiers, Louis Philippe, but more interesting and perhaps more significant than any of these is the figure of Chateaubriand himself.

Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinque. By Angelo Heilprin. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6×9½ in. 335 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Negro (The): Revelation in History and in Citizenship. By Rev. J. J. Pipkin. Illustrated. The N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., St. Louis. 6⅛×9⅛ in. 491 pages.

This volume is far from being literature, but none the less it deserves the attention of the book-reading public. Through condensed biographies of negroes who have been successful in various lines of work, it presents a record of negro achievement which will convince skeptical white people of the possibilities of negro advancement, and will inspire colored people with new faith in striving for their own advancement and that of their children. Best of all, the book is not written by a negro or by a Northern white man, but by a Southern minister, who, despite both sectional and political prejudices, has labored sympathetically to show what the negro race is capable of. The volume contains an introduction by General Gordon, formerly United States Senator from Georgia, which is written in the same spirit as the volume itself, and calls attention to the fact that there are a great number of negroes who are not "problems" but "useful citizens."

Old South Leaflets (The). Twentieth Series, 1902. Published by the Directors of the Old South Work, Old South Meeting-House, Boston. 5×7¼ in. 48 pages.

Old Testament Word Studies. By the Rev. C. E. Butler. Edited by Principal J. T. L. Maggs, B.A., D.D. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 266 pages.

Organ and Its Masters (The): A Short Account of the most Celebrated Organists of Former Days, as Well as Some of the More Prominent Organ Virtuosi of the Present Time, Together with a Brief Sketch of the Development of Organ Construction, Organ Music, and Organ Playing. By Henry C. Lahee. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 345 pages. $1.60, net.

The somewhat limited interest in the organ ought to be increased by this volume. So far as we know, there is no other book that covers quite the same field. The work of the author has been done with evidently painstaking care. The growth of the organ is traced from its primitive form to the modern electric mechanism; but throughout the instrument is considered, not from the point of view of the builder, but from that of the performer and composer. The book is, therefore, to a very large extent biographical. A chronological table and an index make it valuable for reference.

Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales. By Birdsall Jackson. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 257 pages. $1.25.

Poetical Works of John Keats (The). Edited by Walter S. Scott. Revised by George Sampson. (The "Hampstead" Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 632 pages. $1.75.

An admirable one-volume edition of Keats's poems, strongly bound, handsome of page, and well printed.

Primer of Right and Wrong (A): For Young People in Schools and Families. By J. N. Larned. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 176 pages. 70c., net.

Problems of Modern Industry. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (New Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 286 pages.

A new edition of an interesting and valuable collection of essays by the historians of the English labor and co-operative movements. In their preface to this edition Mr. and Mrs. Webb comment upon the growing monopolization of industry in the United States, and urge that the movement is not to be resisted, but to be kept from injuring workmen by legislation, securing the latter a minimum of pay, a minimum of recreation, a minimum of sanitation, and a minimum of education.

Proofs of Life After Death (The): A Twentieth Century Symposium. Arranged under the several heads of Science, Psychical Research, Philosophy, Spiritualism. Compiled and Edited by Robert J. Thompson. Robert J. Thompson, 1604 Wellington Avenue, Chicago. 5½×8 in. 365 pages, $2, net.

Moved by the decease of a dear friend, and by desire to obtain all possible confirmation of his belief in immortality, the editor of this compilation addressed a circular-letter to a large number of persons of reputation, desiring their strongest reasons for this belief. The list of those whose judgment is here recorded fills four pages. The number of influential names in the list is noticeable, some of whom reply at considerable length. Another noteworthy thing is the general absence of references to Biblical evidence, and the grounding of belief on considerations supplied by science, psychical research, philosophy, and personal experience. While not all the contributions to the volume will equally commend themselves to all, it may be strongly commended as a whole to all who desire more light upon the great problem.

Reason, Faith, and Authority in Christianity: Being the Paddock Lectures for 1901-02. By Alfred Magill Randolph, D.D., LL.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5½×8 in. 272 pages. $1.10, net.

These lectures by the Bishop of Southern Virginia were delivered before the students and professors of the General Theological Seminary in New York. They are the expression of the views of a conservative thinker with a progressive spirit. In the course of the lectures here embodied in book form the point of view seems to change frequently and unexpectedly. It is therefore almost impossible to indicate the course of thought or the conclusions reached. Perhaps some indication of the temper of the lectures may be given by saying that, in view of other positions maintained, it is significant to find the author declaring, for instance, that the distinction between natural and revealed religion rests upon an illusion.

Reformer (The). By Charles M. Sheldon. The Advance Publishing Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 299 pages. $1.50.

"The Reformer," like Mr. Sheldon's former and more original book, "In His Steps," is strong as a sermon but weak as a novel. Like its predecessor, it preaches the Brotherhood of Man, the duty of the rich and well born toward the "humanity that works with its hands for a living, the humanity that toils at the furnace and the loom and the machine." Although the scene might be laid in any great city where the boulevards are in direct juxtaposition to the slums, New York seems to be the modern Gomorrah portrayed. In one of its heroes, the vigorous young attorney, Judge Julius Chambers, with his quiet voice and scholarly face, one recognizes at every turn Mr. Jerome. The most striking figure, and, unfortunately, the most true to life, is the City Boss, Tommy Randall. He seems flesh and blood; the reformer, John Gordon, and his friends at the Hope House Settlement do not.

Russell Ryder. By David Bruce Conklin. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

Schillers Wallenstein Tod. Edited by Charles A. Eggert, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 189 pages.

School Composition for Use in Higher Grammar Classes. By William H. Maxwell, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., and Emma L. Johnston, A.B. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 224 pages. 50c.

Sea of Circumstance (The). By Jeanne G. Pennington. The Abbey Press, New York. 4¼×7 in. 142 pages. 50c.

Shroud of Christ (The). By Paul Vignon, D.Sc. Translated from the French. With Photogravure and Collotype Plates and Illustrations in the Text. E.P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8½×11 in. 170 pages. $4, net.

An attempt to prove by scientific testimony

that the holy shroud of Turin is the veritable shroud that enwrapped the body of Christ. The argument is based on the statement that the impression upon the relic was made by a chemical process, resulting from a combination of ammoniacal vapors from the body and the spices smeared upon the cloth. Notwithstanding the flaws in the argument, the reasoning is ingenious. The accounts given of elaborate investigations and the examination of minute details lend an air of plausibility to the discussion. The volume is sumptuously printed and illustrated. Altogether it leaves a strange impression of mingled mediævalism and modern science.

Stories of Humble Friends. By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 197 pages. 50c.

Stories of Old France. By Leila Webster Pitman. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 312 pages. 60c.

An interesting attempt to present French history in a semi-fictional form, and as an introduction to more thorough study. There are many well-selected pictures.

Studies in the Apostolic Church. By Charles Herbert Morgan, Thomas Eddy Taylor, and S. Earl Taylor. Jennings & Pye, New York. 6×9 in. 226 pages. 75c.

Successful Advertising: How to Accomplish It. By J. Angus MacDonald. The Lincoln Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 6⅛×9⅛ in. 400 pages. $2.

Sur les Bords du Rhin: Selections from Victor Hugo. Edited by Thomas Bertrand Bronson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 148 pages.

Sunday. By Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, M.A. (The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 307 pages.

This book is an attempt in untechnical form to account for the origin of the Lord's Day, show its relation to the Jewish Sabbath, trace its history until the present time, and state its proper function. According as Christianity is conceived of as primarily a new Law or primarily a new Life, Sunday is correspondingly a Sabbath or the Lord's Day. Both historically and philosophically the author finds that the observance of Sunday is not obedience to an external command, but is "the utterance and expression of Christian joy." Its sanction is not to be found in the Fourth Commandment, but in the Resurrection. Nevertheless, the author has the breadth of mind to recognize the service that the Sabbatarian view of Sunday has temporarily rendered to the race and is likely to render for generations to come. After a chapter on Principles of Sunday Observance, the author considers in three successive chapters the subjects of Worship, Rest, and Service. The first is treated from the point of view of the clergyman of the Church of England. It is a pity that some of the very impressive truths which need wider acknowledgment than they receive generally by Protestants should be put in language which can appeal to but few except those of the Anglican Communion. The emphasis which is laid upon service—that is, philanthropic and religious activity—is significant of the awakened social consciousness of the Christian Church. There are a number of interesting appendices.

Tale of a Tub (A). By Jonathan Swift. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 4⅛×6⅛ in. 284 pages. $1.25.

Territorial Growth of the United States (The). By William A. Mowry, M.A., Ph.D. Illustrated. Silver, Burdette & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 237 pages. $1.50.

Treatise on Atonement (A). By Hosea Ballou. (Fourteenth Edition.) The Universalist Publishing House, Boston. 5×8 in. 272 pages. $1, net.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Hiram Albert Vance, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5⅝ in. 229 pages. 25c.

Twelve Types. By G. K. Chesterton. Arthur L. Humphreys, London. 5⅛×7 in. 203 pages.

Usury: A Scriptural, Ethical, and Economic View. By Calvin Elliott. The Anti-Usury League, Millersburg, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 299 pages.

An arraignment of the taking of interest written in the spirit of the prophets of the early Christian and mediæval Church. The author does not, however, condemn rent as well as interest, nor recognize, as did the Genevan theologian after whom he is named, that interest on money in ordinary commercial transactions is merely rent for the land, houses, or other capital which the money enables the borrower to use. Despite its inadequacy on the side of economics, however, the book has intellectual strength as well as moral fervor, and is profitable reading to morally sensitive minds.

Vale of Cedars and Other Tales (The). By Grace Aguilar. Illustrated. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 428 pages.

These tales were favorite reading in households of a generation ago, and their fine moral spirit and honest wholesomeness has caused their reappearance.

Where American Independence Began. By Daniel Munro Wilson. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8¼ in. 289 pages. $2, net.

Though a panegyric upon the town of Quincy and all her children and stepchildren, this finely illustrated volume has more than a local and family interest, for the children include the Adamses, the Quincys, the Hoars, and the Hancocks, and the stepchildren include Sir Henry Vane and Anne Hutchinson.

Who's Who, 1903: An Annual Biographical Dictionary. Fifty-fifth Year of Issue. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 1,532 pages. $1.50, net.

Indispensable as a book of reference to those who have occasion to verify names, find residences, and otherwise search for biographical data about living Englishmen. With its American companion of the same name, "Who's Who" is perhaps more frequently looked into than any reference-book except the dictionary. That it is closely condensed and (happily) has no critical estimates makes it possible for its scope to be really large. There are some non-Englishmen included; we judge that the number of Americans has been increased considerably since the last edition.

Correspondence

A Defense of New Mexico

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of December 13, page 862, you make some comments on New Mexico which are unworthy of The Outlook. I credit you with a desire to be just and fair. The man who has always lived in Timbuctoo does not usually write intelligently about New York. You are equally uninformed about New Mexico. In referring to the population of the Territory, the statement that the "56,000, or less, classed as Americans, though in reality they are largely foreigners of various nationalities," is not correct. More than ninety per cent. of them are natives of the other States, although we have a fair representation of English and Germans.

The statement that "*all* proceedings in the courts require the co-operation of an interpreter," etc., is untrue. The writer has been familiar with the courts of New Mexico for thirteen years, and while the interpreter is a court official, there have been many terms of court at which his services were not needed. During the years above mentioned I have never seen a Mexican juror who did not understand English. The fact that "ballots are printed in Spanish as well as English" means that those who do not read English vote intelligently in New Mexico, while the foreigners in New York City, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and other States having a large non-English-speaking population cast ballots that they cannot read and do not understand. The "voting in herds" is not nearly so common in this sparsely settled country as it is in the cities of the East. The independent voter, both American and Mexican, is much more in evidence here than in New York.

You say that "the occupations of the people are agriculture, stock-raising, and mining. The two former are dependent absolutely on irrigation." The latter part of this statement is flagantly untrue. Not one hundredth part of one per cent. of the stock-raising interests of the Territory depend on irrigation. A few cattle are *fattened* on alfalfa and corn raised by irrigation, but the great stock interests—cattle, sheep, and horses—depend entirely on natural grasses. These grasses "cure" on the ground, and furnish nutritious food for stock during the winter and early spring. Granting that our people are agriculturists, stock-raisers, and miners are those occupations a bar to good citizenship? Are the citizens of rural New York less worthy of the right of suffrage than the denizens of the East Side? You probably do not know that the mining population of New Mexico and Arizona are nearly all Americans, and have nothing in common with the ignorant foreigners who work the coal-mines of the East.

Your statement of insufficient water supply for irrigation is not based on a knowledge of the facts. In ten years' time you will treat us more fairly on that topic, as you will be better informed.

Again, you say that "the people both in New Mexico and Arizona care very little about Statehood." I speak only for New Mexico, as my knowledge of Arizona is limited to car-window investigations, and hence is not by authority. The people of New Mexico want Statehood. They do not spend all their time lobbying in Washington, because they have duties at home to perform. They do not base their claim for Statehood on the ground that it would "be for the advantage of the people of the United States to admit" us. We do not pretend to be looking out for your good. We are neither philanthropists nor hypocrites. We want Statehood because it would be for our own material and social advantage, and because it is our right. More than fifty years ago the United States Government by solemn treaty promised it to us, and a refusal to carry out this promise is a flagrant injustice.

You say, "It is the undeveloped mining claims that furnish the demand on Congress" for Statehood, and that "this demand comes, not from the people of those Territories, but from capitalists outside of them." This statement is not only untrue but libelous. No portion of the Territory is more enthusiastic for Statehood than the fertile valley of the Pecos, in the southeastern part, and there is not a mine or a mining claim in the whole region. If it an argument against Statehood that

outside capitalists want to build railroads, develop mines, establish manufacturing plants, and convert into the current coin of the realm the vast natural resources of this region, and that they prefer to have their investments protected by the more stable form of a State government? The position of Senators Quay and Penrose is born of the fact that they are better informed than their colleagues. They may have "axes to grind," but they are on the right side at any rate, and impugning the motives of a man does not prove him wrong.

Your statement that "it will be supported by the Democratic votes, because it is morally certain that the Senators from both States will be Democrats" is without excuse. The native of Ceylon does not believe that water ever becomes congealed, and you are not supposed to know the material resources or social conditions of New Mexico; but there is no excuse for your not knowing that Arizona is Democratic and that New Mexico is Republican—both beyond the probability of a change.

Senator Quay's letter and his defense of the same does not refer to New Mexico but to Arizona. Delegate Rody's statement quoted by you is one of the arguments for Statehood, and is a worthy and pertinent one.

You say, "Should they [New Mexico and Arizona] be given in the Senate equal votes with such States as New York, Pennsylvania," etc.? This question was settled more than one hundred years ago in the Constitutional Convention. To say the least, the argument is a little late. Why didn't you mention Delaware and Rhode Island, and why don't you start a crusade to put out the last-mentioned commonwealths? In this last objection you inadvertently lay bare the real cause of Eastern opposition to Statehood. It is not political. It is not social or financial. It is not even racial or linguistic. It is purely sectional. You of the East do not want the West to have any more power or any greater vote in the Senate.

Now just a word on the other side of the question. There are three classes of people in New Mexico. First, the so-called Americans, being English-speaking people "from the States." Second, the educated Mexicans, being descendants from the Spanish cavaliers. Third, the common Mexicans, mostly agricultural laborers, sheep-herders, etc., being descendants from the native Pueblo Indians. The first class are energetic, active, intelligent business men, stock-raisers, and farmers. They belong to the same class of men who peopled the Western Reserve and who extended our domain from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. Their character needs no defenders. The second class are educated, refined, high-toned gentlemen, the majority of them wealthy, whose sons are educated in the universities of the East and of Europe, and whose daughters are sent to Eastern convent schools. They speak English and Spanish with equal fluency, and compare favorably in intelligence, morality, and refinement with the wealthy and not over-energetic citizens of New York. I refer to New York because it is my native State and I am familiar with its social and political conditions. The third class contains many uneducated persons, although a large portion of them read and write the Spanish language, and many of the younger ones speak and read English. They are of a lower order of intelligence, but are not vicious or criminal. Their chief characteristic is never to do anything to-day if it can be put off until to-morrow. The first two classes control the business and politics of the country, and taken together are numerically greater than the third class. The Mexicans of the latter class who do not speak English are very anxious that their children should learn the language, and to this end demand that the Mexican schools be taught by American teachers. Several Mexicans of this latter class requested the writer to lay a protest before the Board of Education of this town against the teacher of the Mexican school—who, by the way, is a native of Indiana—for giving his instruction in Spanish. They wanted their children taught English. Their protest was well taken. The present teacher of the Mexican school speaks little or no Spanish. I repeat, the lower-class Mexicans are not vicious. Their worst characteristic is that they do not lead a "strenuous life."

The proportion of violations of the law is not as great in New Mexico per capita as in New York; while many of the crimes committed in the East are unknown here. Since the organization of the two counties

comprising the rich valley of the Pecos, there has never been a case of homicide the object of which was money or robbery. There has not been a single case of burglary of a dwelling-house. In short, crimes caused by greed for money or crimes against the sacredness of the home are unknown. The petty thief is conspicuous by his absence. The writer has been a householder for the past twelve years, and has never pretended to keep doors and windows locked. I'll wager that your doors are double locked and your door-mat chained down. Violations of the law are confined largely to homicides arising from disagreements and the larceny (illegal branding) of cattle.

Now, one final word in reference to the Senate Committee and its remarkable report. All New Mexico is divided into three parts: First, the Rio Grande Valley, where, with the exception of a few towns like Albuquerque and Las Vegas, the Mexican population predominates; second, the White Oaks country along the Rock Island road northeast of El Paso, where Americans are largely in the majority; and, third, the Pecos Valley in the southeastern portion, where the population is from ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent. American. The Senate Committee came to the Territory and spent a week or ten days in the Rio Grande Valley interviewing school-children on the street and asking them if they could speak English, photographing dockets of Mexican Justices of the Peace, gathering information for the purpose of confirming an opinion already formed and to secure evidence in support of a report already formulated. The Committee refused to visit the growing American towns along the Rock Island road, where evidences of wonderful industrial activity and development are to be seen on every hand. It entered the Pecos Valley—a region richer in natural resources than either of the States represented by Senators Dillingham and Burnham—after dark and left it before daylight. A committee of citizens at Carlsbad boarded the car and invited the Senate Committee to remain over and get some reliable information as to the material resources and social conditions of the country. We were curtly informed that the Committee had no time for this.

Of the two portions of New Mexico where the English-speaking populatio has increased two hundred per cent. sinc the last census, and where material wealt has quadrupled in the same time, one wa ignored entirely and the other was inve tigated in the night and the investigator were asleep. These men, instead of ac ing as public officials on their solem oath, were seeking *ex parte* evidence i support of a conclusion already formed They were wide awake in our India pueblos, but slept soundly in our America communities. They used the money o the Government, not for honest investig tion, but as sectional partisans. In bus ness this would be criminal, but in politic it is Senatorial courtesy.

Do you think for a moment that a repor made in this manner is entitled to cre dence?

C. H. McLENATHEN.

Carlsbad, N. M.

[This is the strongest statement w have seen in support of the admission o New Mexico as a State. It suffices here t say, however, that although the people o New Mexico are justified in seeking ad vantage for their Territory, the Federa Government must decide the questio according to the best interests, not o that Territory alone, but of all the Unite States.—THE EDITORS.]

The Working-Girls' Vacation Society

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Working-Girls' Vacation Society wishes to express its gratitude to th readers of The Outlook who so generously responded to the appeal made in August Three hundred and ninety-five dollar was received by the treasurer, and thi amount made it possible to open the plac at Cornwall that had been put at th disposal of the Society for the rest of th season. When the offer of this beautiful old country seat was made, the manager were on the point of refusing it, when the idea occurred to one of them to ask the aid of The Outlook. Twenty-five girls were given a vacation of from two to four weeks. All the girls who are sent away by the Society have been pronounced by the examining physician as needing the vacation. So to most of these girls the vacation has meant not only a pleasant rest in the country, but also the gain of sufficient health and strength to carry them through the winter's work.

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The Outlook

Saturday, January 31, 1903

A Fight for the City. III. Puritan and Grafter. By Alfred Hodder

The German Immigrant in America. By Edward A. Steiner

Senatorial Contests. Trust Legislation. The Franchise Tax. The War in Venezuela

A Scientific Study of Pelée. Three Books of Criticism. Books of the Week

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Illustrations: Lot on corner 146th Street and Third Avenue, New York City, worth in 1881 $1,500, sold in spring of 1 $70,000 to Henry Lewis Morris. His grandfather sold it for $155 in 1853.
Lot on 80th Street, opposite Central Park, sold in 1850 for $500, in 1901 brought a price that showed an increase of $500 60 days from 1850 to 1901. (Authority, Real Estate Editor, New York Sun.)



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The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 73 January 31, 1903 No. 5

The War in Venezuela It is certainly difficult to apply any other term than war to the events of last week—the bombardment day after day of Fort San Carlos by three German war-ships, with its active and desperately continued defense, the destruction of a fishing village, and the enforcement of the blockade so closely that twelve fishermen on a little island were, it is reported, cut off from supplies and starved to death. The prestige of Germany, so the German Chancellor declared, required these things, as well as the recalcitrancy of the Venezuelans; but public opinion both in England and America, if one may judge by the comments of the press, does not consider that prestige greatly enhanced by acts of force toward a weak nation, acts certainly not absolutely necessary, even if technically justified, and especially to be regretted because they occurred precisely when the prospects of amicable arbitration were most satisfactory. Even at the beginning of this week it is not certain exactly what took place at Fort San Carlos. This fort guards the entrance to Lake Maracaibo, where one Venezuelan gunboat remained uncaptured. Either with a view to seizing this gunboat or to prevent violations of the blockade, the German small war-ship Panther approached the entrance. German accounts say that she was fired on by the fort; Venezuelan accounts say that the Panther fired the first shot; other reports, which seem inherently rather more probable, say that the fort fired a blank shot as a notification that the Panther should communicate her intentions to the fort before passing; at all events, the Panther opened fire in earnest, was vigorously shelled by the fort, was repulsed, and later returned with two larger ships, the Vineta and Falke, and began a terrible bombardment. The fort was soon battered and nearly destroyed, but only after a very brave defense and a considerable number of fatalities; even as we write it does not appear positively either that the fort is in the hands of the Germans or that the Panther has crossed the bar into the Lake—the other vessels are of too great draught to do so.

The Effect of Hostilities It was only after some days that Germany made the statement that the attack on the fort was caused by a prior act of hostility on the part of its Venezuelan commander, General Bello, while the Venezuelan Foreign Minister as late as January 25 declared positively that the Panther attacked first and without provocation. Meanwhile Mr. Bowen, our Minister to Venezuela, now acting as Venezuela's agent to procure a settlement with Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, arrived in Washington and at once undertook negotiations looking to a cessation of the blockade, a guarantee of some sort that Venezuela would obey the decision of the Hague Tribunal—possibly through banks or by putting the Venezuelan customs under charge of a commission—and the early reference of the dispute to that international court. The renewal of hostilities had an adverse influence, but the opinion is now expressed at Washington that a settlement of some kind will soon be reached. The English people and press have shown uneasiness at what they do not hesitate to call Germany's unwise, wanton, and brutal conduct, and, in the words of the "St. James's Gazette," express the hope that "the Americans will understand that the German proceedings are as little approved by the British nation as by themselves." It is evident that in such a state of tension as exists in and about Venezuela it is perfectly easy to find an excuse for

using force; it is said with reason that the opposite course, the avoidance of arbitrary measures except under extreme provocation, should be taken by a great Power trying to deal firmly but not roughly with a weak debtor for what seems to be after all a comparatively small money demand. Especially is violence regrettable at a time when the United States has used its good offices to bring about a peaceful settlement, and acts of force, unless absolutely needed, may be interpreted as in a way a slight to this Nation. It does not appear that President Roosevelt has made any remonstrance with Germany; it is certain that he would not do so without an absolutely complete knowledge of the facts; it is equally certain that his influence will be used to its utmost for peace, forbearance, and arbitration.

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Cuban and Philippine Legislation

The week in Congress was full of interesting events. To begin with, the Cuban treaty was modified as the Beet-Sugar Association demanded, by incorporating the provision that the duty on sugar imported from any foreign country should not be lowered during the term of the treaty. This was virtually a pledge that no other reciprocity treaties should be made with sugar-producing countries during the next five years, and that Germany, for example, should not be accorded the commercial privileges of "the most favored nation" if she offered us concessions similar to those offered by Cuba. Our reciprocity treaty with Hawaii was never regarded as in violation of our treaties with the European Powers guaranteeing them the commercial treatment of the "most favored nation," because no one of them cared to make corresponding reciprocal concessions to us; but the Cuban treaty in its new form makes possible protests from other Powers. This feature of the Cuban treaty, coupled with the fact that it changes tariff schedules without the concurrence of the House of Representatives, has been made the occasion of Democratic hostility to the treaty, and only the refusal of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and one or two others to act with their party in this matter has prevented the blocking of the treaty by partisan opposition. In the Senate's modifications of the Philippine Bill the influence of the beet-sugar interests is also apparent. These interests, united with those of the tobacco-growers, have changed the text of the act so that Philippine sugar and tobacco sent to this country must be subjected to fifty per cent. instead of twenty-five per cent. of the rates imposed on foreign sugar and tobacco. When the House of Representatives acted on the Philippine Currency Bill last week, all of the Democrats united with twenty-odd anti-silver Republicans to extend our currency system to the Philippines, instead of following the Insular Committee's plan to give the islands a silver currency to be kept at par with gold by the Philippine Government. The vote in favor of the substitute was 146 to 128. The extraordinary support given by the free-silver party to an apparently anti-silver measure was avowedly based upon the Democratic objection to a colonial system and all attempts to treat the people of the Territories differently from those of the States.

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The Anti-Trust Bills

Last week the more aggressive friends of anti-trust legislation were somewhat alarmed to find that they were likely to secure an uncontested victory at the present short session of Congress. Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, the Chairman of the Committee on Inter-State Commerce, has introduced a modified form of Attorney-General Knox's anti trust proposals as an amendment to the bill creating a new Department of Commerce. As the Department of Commerce Bill has already passed both houses (though not in the same form in each house) and is in the hands of a conference committee, any amendments now made to the bill can secure immediate consideration in both houses—for conference reports on bills which have already passed take precedence of all new legislation. The introduction of anti-trust legislation in this manner, therefore, insures prompt action. The feature of the situation which causes alarm to the anti-trust radicals is the fact that Senator Elkins has been regarded as a pro-trust radical, and the modified form of Attorney-General Knox's programme which he has accepted is understood to represent the

views of that faction of the Senate with which he has been identified. Upon this point we must defer judgment until the full text of the compromise measure is before us. According to Mr. William E. Curtis, the well-informed correspondent of the Chicago "Record-Herald," the new bill is entirely satisfactory not only to the great railroad interests but also to the trusts which aspire to hold permanently the confidence of the investing public. Says Mr. Curtis:

> The managers of the small trusts and the weak trusts, those that are waterlogged by the issue of excessive stock, and those which for any other reason shrink from public exposure of their assets or transactions, are opposed to all legislation, . . . but the managers of the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Great Northern, Santa Fé, Southern Pacific system, the Southern Railway, the Gould system, the coal roads, and all the great combinations controlled by Pierpont Morgan, not only favor it, but are desirous that it should be placed upon the statute-books before the adjournment of the present Congress. I have seen representatives of the interests I have named, and they comprise all the great trusts except the American Sugar Refining Company, or sugar trust.

Of course this attitude on the part of the trust magnates has prejudiced the compromise bill in the eyes of the radicals, who assert that their constituents will not be satisfied with any measure which merely keeps railroads from cutting rates and secures only enough publicity to protect stockholders against fraud. They admit that both these ends are good in themselves, but insist that the consuming public as well as the investing public needs to be protected against the abuses of private monopoly.

The Statehood Bill In the Senate the Omnibus Statehood Bill held the right of way, despite the attempt of Senator Cullom, of Illinois, to set it aside in order to take up the consideration of the Cuban treaty. The vote against Senator Cullom's proposal was 37 to 27, or, including pairs, 48 to 38. All the Democrats and sixteen Republicans voted to keep the Statehood Bill the unfinished business of the Senate. Senator Burnham, of New Hampshire, made a two days' speech against the bill, and other opponents of the measure are ready to postpone a vote by long speeches, but the friends of the bill claim to be able to force a vote before the session ends. The debate of the bill on the Republican side still turns largely upon the extent to which Republican Senators are bound by the Statehood plank in the Republican National platform. Senator Hanna, of Ohio, contended that the plank was not binding at all, because the Democratic platform contained a similar plank and the issue did not enter into the contest. Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, took the much more tenable position that the issue did not enter into the minds of the voters in any considerable part of the country, and that the constituencies could not therefore be supposed to have instructed their representatives thereon. Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who supported the Statehood Bill, admitted that the Statehood plank did not command any consideration in the East, but declared that it was adopted to strengthen the Republican party in the West, and was binding upon those who cared to discharge party obligations deliberately assumed. The other point most discussed was the fitness of the "native" or Spanish-speaking population, strong in Arizona and predominant in New Mexico, to assume the duties of citizens of American States. Upon this point the debate was singularly non-partisan, for the criticism of the Mexican elements in the citizenship of the two Territories came exclusively from the Republican party, to which most of these Mexican voters belong. In the Congressional election last fall the "American" counties in the two Territories were generally close or Democratic, while the Spanish counties of the Rio Grande valley went Republican by overwhelming majorities. The opposition to Statehood for these two Territories is not based upon partisan considerations. New Mexico is more strongly Republican than Arizona is Democratic.

The Panama Canal Treaty Last week Secretary Hay recorded another triumph of American enterprise and tact in the signing of the Panama Canal treaty. Fears have been entertained that the Colombian Government would not be willing to accede to the

wishes of the United States in the matter of annuity, and hence that it might force on our own Government a recourse to the Nicaragua project, the less desirable route for an interoceanic canal. As all the subjects for a treaty had been agreed upon except the annuity, it was hoped that a reasonable compromise might be effected between the sum of $100,000 a year which our Government had offered, and the sum of $650,000 demanded by Colombia. Mr. Hay finally arranged this compromise, and an agreement was made upon the sum of $250,000 a year, on which the Colombian Government transmitted instructions and authority to Dr. Tomas Herran, its representative in the United States, which made possible the signing of a treaty, thus concluding the complicated and long-pending negotiations for an Isthmian Canal. The treaty provides for the canal on terms which should prove satisfactory both to the United States Senate and to the Colombian Government. The titular sovereignty of that Government over the leased strip of land, six miles wide, through which the canal will run is recognized, and the free transit of Colombian troops in this territory permitted. The cash payment to be made is $10,000,000, as already agreed upon, and the annual rental of $250,000 is to begin in nine years. By the terms of the treaty the Panama Railway reverts to the United States at the end of sixty years. Ample recognition is made of the delicate matter of Colombian sovereignty, which formed a particularly vexatious and serious obstacle to the completion of the treaty, by an arrangement for policing and for the establishment of justice through a Joint High Commission, although no American citi en may be tried except by his own courts. The United States Government will be permitted to police the strip of land, but it will not be allowed to land troops there except in case of a great emergency, or at the request of the Colombian Government or that of the State of Panama. While the cities of Colon and Panama are not included in the leased strip, the control of the waters of the two ports, as well as the collection of port and tonnage dues and all other matters necessary to the construction and administration of the canal, is by the terms of the treaty vested in the United States.

The Treaty's Ratification

As Secretary Hay has been in close touch with the leading Senators throughout the negotiations leading up to the signing of the treaty, the prospect of its ratification by Congress is considerably increased. Most Senators, we believe, now realize that the Panama route is better than the Nicaraguan, not only because it is shorter, cheaper, and more feasible as regards quick canal construction, but also because, for these very reasons, the menace is removed to the possible construction by another Power of any other canal, which would have existed with regard to the uncompleted ditch at Panama had the Nicaragua route been chosen. There may be more difficulty with the Colombian Congress than with our own as to ratification; but, since finances in that country are in a bad state owing to the inflation of the currency and an unpaid army, the Colombian Congress at its spring session may feel that this treaty, which by its law must pass both houses, should pass with as little delay as possible. While the payment of $40,000,000 to the French company for its canal rights and of $10,000,000 to Colombia for concessions will constitute one of the largest financial transactions ever made by the Treasury Department, no payments will, of course, be made until after the treaty has been ratified by the Senate and the Colombian Congress. Elections for members of the Colombian Congress are now being held, and are not uninfluenced by the prospect, first, of the assurance of a substantial increase of State income; secondly, of a gigantic and ever-increasing trade; and, thirdlv, of the renewal of guarantees of protection from this country. For while the treaty pledges Colombia not to cede any territory, mainland or insular, in the neighborhood of the canal, among all the twenty-eight articles none will attract more attention throughout the world than the following:

Article IV.—The rights and privileges granted to the United States by the terms of this convention shall not affect the sovereignty of the republic of Colombia over the territory within whose boundaries such rights and privileges are to be exercised. The United States freely acknowledges and recognizes this sovereignty and disavows any intention to impair it in any way whatever, or to increase its territory at the expense of Colombia or of any of the sister republics of Central or South America, but, on the contrary, it desires to

strengthen the power of the republics on this continent and to promote, develop, and maintain their prosperity and independence.

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The Alaskan Treaty

The Panama Canal treaty was not the only one secured last week by the American Department of State. Within two days of the signing of that treaty, Mr. Hay and Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador at Washington, signed a treaty for the adjudication (*not* the arbitration) of the Alaskan boundary question. By the terms of the agreement, the matter is to be referred to a Commission consisting of six eminent jurists, three to be appointed by each of the two Governments concerned. This is precisely the plan proposed by Colonel Hay three years ago. It was rejected then by the Canadian members of the Joint High Commission which was sitting in Washington to settle twelve points of difference between Canada and the United States—the Atlantic and Great Lakes fisheries disputes, the transportation of goods in bond, the delimitation of the Minnesota boundary, and other questions, of which by far the most important was that of the Alaskan boundary. It is believed that all of these questions save the last would have been speedily disposed of if it had not been for the rejection of Mr. Hay's proposal. The Canadians did this because they were contending for arbitration, a suggestion emphatically declined by our Government in view of the fact that it held a complete title to Alaska. This title had been not only unchallenged but repeatedly acknowledged by Great Britain until the discovery of Klondike gold. Then Canada succeeded in persuading England to take up the contention that the eastern Russian boundary of Alaska was originally measured from the outer rim of islands skirting the coast, and not from the edge of the mainland. This admitted, Canada would gain several seaports. The Commission adjourned without having decided a single one of the points of difference for the settlement of which it had originally met. Influenced strongly by the Canadian Government at a time when the British army needed colonial strengthening, Lord Salisbury's Government actually refused for a time to proceed with the revision of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, until Canadian claims in Alaska were settled. However, Mr. Hay did secure the signing of a *modus vivendi*, on the understanding that the claims of both nations should not be affected by the agreement, which did not give to Canada a free port or access to the Lynn Canal through Canadian territory.

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Anglo-American Friendship

If credit was due to the American Secretary for the *modus vivendi* established, greater credit should be accorded to him for finally inducing the British and Canadians to abandon their demand for arbitration purely on a question of legal title. Sir Michael Herbert's signature thus finally disposes of the insistence from our Northern neighbors that to the Commission of six men there should be added a seventh member, from a third and neutral nation, to act as umpire. The result of all is not only a personal victory for Secretary Hay, but is a welcome manifestation of British friendliness. Satisfaction is evident both in Washington and in London. In the first capital the treaty has created enthusiasm in Congress; and rightly, for, like the Panama treaty, it was drawn up only after thorough consultation with the leading Senators, both Republican and Democratic, the Administration being earnestly desirous of doing all possible in advance to secure the prompt ratification of both treaties. In London the Alaskan treaty is hailed with satisfaction by the English press in general, on the ground that, at a critical moment in the Venezuela trouble, it gives to America undoubted proof of the uninterrupted friendliness existing between Great Britain and the United States; and in particular the words of the London "Times," long the leader of English newspapers, deserve repetition. The "Times" rejoices at the constitution of the proposed Commission, which, it says, "implies a high degree of confidence on each side in the equity and the friendship of the other side. The same Commission with an odd man added would become virtually an arbitration court. Though arbitration is a very good thing in its way, it is not nearly as good as direct negotiation, if only because it

imply so much mutual confidence and good will."

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Legislatures Deadlocked and Disgraced

This winter, as every winter for many years, several of the Legislatures with a United States Senator to elect have enacted scenes of political scandal. Last week the Republican legislators of Utah on the first ballot elected the Mormon missionary and Apostle Smoot to the Senate, and those of the New York Legislature on the first ballot re-elected Senator Platt. The selection of Apostle Smoot may be defended as representing the choice of a majority of the voters of Utah; but the selection of Senator Platt has not even this defense. Senator Platt was distinctively the candidate of the Republican machine, and had a control over the majority in the Legislature, largely composed of men dependent on the machine, which he could not exercise over the voters of the State or even the thick-and-thin supporters of his own party. Even in the Legislature three Republicans, voicing, as they said, the almost unanimous sentiment of their constituents, defied the political machine and voted for Mr. Root. In Delaware the deadlock of years remains unbroken, the corruptionist Addicks controlling twenty-one votes, the Democratic candidate twenty-one, and the anti-Addicks Republicans ten. The Democrats have proposed to the anti-Addicks Republicans to unite with them in electing a Republican for the long term in the Senate and a Democrat for the short term, and this offer is under serious consideration in Delaware. Unfortunately, Senator Hanna has interfered in the contest by protesting against any fusion with Democrats which would rob the Republicans of any of the fruits of Mr. Addicks's bribery. If Republican union upon Mr. Addicks is brought about by outside pressure upon the Legislature, the voters of Delaware will be wronged, for neither a majority nor a plurality of voters ever gave their support to the great corruptionist. The position taken by Senator Hanna seems to be that Mr. Addicks is entitled to the fruits of a victory for which he has paid a large sum in cash; that common honesty is not among the necessary qualifications of a Senator; and that a Republican who buys votes, bribes legislators, and corrupts half the adult male population of the State is better qualified than any Democrat could possibly be to make laws for a nation of honest men and women. This may be "good politics," in the narrow, partisan sense of the words; but it strikes us as very bad morality.

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The Colorado Conflict

In the Colorado Legislature the scenes of last week were even more sensational than in Delaware. The Colorado Senate, by reason of the hold-over Senators, was, on the face of the returns, Democratic by a vote of 23 to 13; the House, whose members were all newly elected last fall, was Republican by a vote of 31 to 28. Democratic frauds were charged in the county containing the city of Denver, and on the basis of these charges the Republican House unseated just enough Democratic members to give their party the control of the Legislature on joint ballot. The Democrats do not seem to deny the seriousness of the frauds charged, but claim that they were quite insufficient to offset their heavy majority in the county. On the strength of this claim they proceeded to unseat enough Republican Senators to give them again a bare majority on the joint ballot. The Republican Lieutenant-Governor, as President of the Senate, refused to grant the motion proposed by members of the Democratic majority, and attempted to recognize the thirteen Republican Senators as the Senate. He appealed to the Republican Governor for troops to support him in his position, but that official very properly refused to take any such action. The Democratic Senators had at their back the police of Denver, and a clash at arms was at first feared. The deadlock continued for several days, but the advantage from the first was on the side of the Democrats, who were united upon Senator Teller, the nominee of their State Convention, while the Republicans were bitterly at odds among themselves as to whether ex-Senator Wolcott should again represent them. Finally the official recognition of the Democratic Senate as the regular body, and the assembling of all the Democrats of both Houses within the Senate, made possible a joint ballot in which a bare majority of the Legislature

took part. Senator Teller received every vote, and ex-Senator Wolcott has recommended that this election be not contested by the Republicans. Nevertheless, the violence of the struggle and the near approach of anarchy have deepened the conviction that United States Senators, like Governors and Presidents, should be elected by the people instead of by the Legislatures.

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The New York Franchise Tax Unconstitutional

The decision of the Court of Appeals of New York that the franchise tax law of that State is unconstitutional because it delegates the assessment of the tax to State appointees instead of local tax officers gives current interest to the history of the enactment of the measure four years ago. As the bill first passed the Legislature at the close of the regular session, it provided for just such method of assessment as the Court now declares would have been constitutional. The manner in which it was changed to its present unconstitutional form was described as follows in The Outlook of May 27, 1899:

Governor Roosevelt has summoned an extra session of the New York Legislature under peculiar circumstances. The Ford Franchise Tax Bill, it will be recalled, subjected the property of gas companies, street railways, and the like to taxation in the same manner and the same amount as real estate. To this act not only the corporations interested, but the Republican machine, represented by Senator Platt, made strenuous objection. They demanded that the present method of taxing these corporations upon their gross receipts should be continued, and that in any event the proposed tax upon franchises should not be in addition to present taxes, and should be assessed by a State Board instead of local boards, as the Ford Bill proposed. These last changes Governor Roosevelt asks the Legislature to make. . . . The point made by the corporations, that the proposed tax on the value of their franchises should not be additional to present taxes, is fair; for, while these companies enjoy special privileges, the general demand of the public is merely that they shall pay the same taxes as other property-owners. Governor Roosevelt, therefore, will have public sentiment behind him in favoring the amendment demanded. When, however, he yields to the demand that a State Board instead of local boards shall assess this property, he makes a concession whose justification from the public standpoint is by no means clear. The street railways and gas companies of one city are less in competition with those of another than are manufacturers or even merchants. If the latter should be taxed by local boards at the general rate on local property, the former should be also. To give over the assessment of these corporations to a State Board prevents the treatment of this form of property as other property is treated, and removes the matter from the direct oversight of the people in the cities concerned.

The corporate influences which induced the Legislature to change the method of assessing the tax proceeded to attack the constitutionality of the act on the ground that it contained the provision they had recommended. The fact that the present decision seems to sustain the constitutionality of the act in every point except the method of assessment (two of the five judges sustaining it in every point) has led some of the supporters of the law, including its author, Senator Ford, and Comptroller Grout, to insist that the remainder of the act stands, and that local boards can proceed to assess the franchises covered by the act. This contention, however, is more than debatable, as the method of assessing the franchises was an integral part of the act as finally signed by the Governor. Instead of awaiting new court decisions upon points so difficult to sustain, it is best that all friends of equal taxation should concentrate their efforts upon securing a new law in line with the Court's decision.

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The Western Union vs. The Pennsylvania

Two conflicting decisions have been handed down by United States Circuit Courts in the suit brought by the Western Union Telegraph Company to prevent the removal of its poles and wires from the right of way owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The United States Circuit Court of the District of New Jersey has decided in favor of the telegraph company; the United States Circuit Court of the District of Western Pennsylvania has decided in favor of the railroad company. The former has enjoined the railroad from removing the telegraph company's wires and poles, while the latter has refused to grant such an injunction. The text of both decisions is before us, and the points of agreement and divergence are both interesting. It is agreed that the telegraph company has been renting the right of way of the railroad company since 1881, under a

twenty-year contract which contained this provision:

If no new agreement be made by the parties hereto, the telegraph company shall, at the termination of this contract or at any time thereafter upon receiving written notice from the railroad, remove within six months of the receipt of said notice all its poles and wires, and leave the property of the railroad in good condition and free from encumbrance, to the satisfaction of the General Manager or other proper officer of the railroad company, and if not so removed the railroad company may remove them at the expense of the telegraph company.

The Pennsylvania Railroad stands upon its contract rights, has made an agreement with the Postal Telegraph Company to place other lines along its right of way, and has ordered the Western Union to vacate the premises. The Western Union has declined to do so, and has obtained an injunction against the removal of its lines under the jurisdiction of the New Jersey court, upon the ground that Congress, in the statute of July 24, 1866, enacted that—

Any telegraph company now organized, or which may hereafter be organized, under the laws of any State, shall have the right to construct, maintain, and operate telegraph lines . . . over and along any of the military or post roads of the United States which have been or may hereafter be declared such by law . . . but such lines shall be so constructed and maintained as not to interfere with the ordinary travel on such military or post roads.

Inasmuch as all railroads are by Federal statute declared to be post roads, the New Jersey court holds that the Western Union Company, which accepted the restrictions and obligations of this statute, is thereby given a right of eminent domain to construct lines along the right of way of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and since the removal of its present lines prior to the construction of new ones would work irremediable damage to the telegraph company, the court intervenes to prevent such removal. The Pennsylvania court denies that the act of Congress confers upon telegraph companies any such sweeping rights of eminent domain to use the right of way of railroads, and points out that in the contract of 1881 between the Western Union and the Pennsylvania Railroad, the telegraph company expressly "relinquished and abandoned any easement or right of way heretofore acquired . . . upon any of the roads comprised in this agreement," and expressly agreed that its right of way should cease with the expiration of the contract. The Pennsylvania court holds that the telegraph company cannot now claim a right which it thus formally abandoned, and grants the railroad the right to proceed with the removal of the telegraph company's lines. The case will, of course, be appealed to the higher courts, and a decision reached as to the extent to which the public interest in the maintenance of unhampered telegraph communication gives telegraph companies the right of eminent domain in the use of the property of a railroad.

Public Rights in the Telegraph

It is interesting to note that the Federal legislation under which the Western Union Company claims to have been delegated the right of eminent domain includes the following provision:

The United States may, for postal, military, or other purposes, purchase all the telegraph lines, property, and effects of any or all companies acting under the provision of the Act of July 24, 1866, . . . at an appraised value to be ascertained by five competent disinterested persons, two of whom shall be selected by the Postmaster-General of the United States, two by the company interested, and one by the four so previously selected. [U. S. Revised Statutes, 5267.]

It is not generally known that the right of the Government to purchase the telegraph lines has for a generation been so explicitly established. The special interest to the public of this litigation lies in two points: first, that it brings out very distinctly the public function of the Western Union Company; and, second, that it makes manifest the right of the public to take over by purchase and manage the telegraph as it manages the post-office. In the opinion of The Outlook, if the business of any private corporation or trust is to be taken and operated by the Federal Government, it might well be that of the telegraph trust.

The Coal Famine Investigations

The coal famine was unrelieved last week, though despatches from England announced the sailing of several vessels loaded with coal for America, and in this country miners, operators, and railroads

professed to be bending every energy to increase the supply of coal in the needy markets. In the testimony before the Coal Commission responsibility for the present limited output was the point of keenest interest; the operators arraigned the miners for unwillingness to work overtime, and the miners arraigned the operators for unwillingness to employ two shifts of workmen, and the railroads for failure to furnish sufficient cars. The fact that the miners get no advance in wages by reason of the great advance in prices is held by their friends to absolve them from the charge of desiring to maintain the scarcity, but the accusation of President Mitchell that the operators are still keeping three thousand miners unemployed is vehemently denied by the operators and not credited by the public. The most extraordinary feature of the present panic for coal is that it has its greatest intensity in the soft-coal States. In the soft-coal-producing State of Ohio the Governor was last week compelled to issue a proclamation to repress the coal riots at Xenia; in the soft-coal-producing State of Kansas a resolution was introduced into the Legislature calling for an investigation of the famine there; and in the soft-coal-producing State of Illinois—which ranks next to Pennsylvania as a coal State—the Attorney-General announced that a legislative investigation of the famine would be recommended after the special Grand Jury in Chicago had reported on the famine in that city. The report of the Chicago Grand Jury was given to the public last week, and is eminently moderate in its tone. The Grand Jury finds that Chicago has not suffered more than other places, that the coal shortage is mainly due to the falling off of 25,000,000 tons in the year's production of anthracite, and that the railroads have been unable suddenly to increase the number of coal cars so as to transport fuel as rapidly as the present situation requires. Nevertheless, the Grand Jury also finds that the "Northern Illinois Soft Coal Association," the "Retail Coal-Dealers' Association of Illinois and Wisconsin," and "a certain combination of Indiana coal operators" have violated the laws against conspiracies in restraint of competition, and it has presented indictments against them. The indictment against the Retail Dealers' Association is the most formidable. Among the eight counts in this indictment are the charges that the Association "fixed a minimum price on their wares and forced that price upon the consumers of this State and of Wisconsin; that they agreed to prevent wholesalers from selling direct to consumers in furtherance of the upholding of their own price agreements, and declared against those of the wholesalers who failed to recognize this pledge." If dealers thus acted together, while consumers acted separately, each bidding against the other, the abnormal prices do not require further explanation. It is, however, a striking example of the failure of consumers to act together that the American people are this year paying a great deal more for a short supply of coal than they usually do for a full supply. There would, indeed, have been no occasion for a panic if the supply had been evenly distributed. In 1901 this country produced 261,000,000 tons of coal. Even when we reckon that one ton of hard coal goes as far as two tons of soft, the falling off in the supply this year was not more than one-eighth. The coal stored in yards and bins at the beginning of the strike was nearly enough to have offset the deficiency. It was only the feverish anxiety of everybody not to be left in the lurch that made the present panic and extortion possible.

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The Trial of Colonel Lynch

Last week at London occurred the trial of Colonel Arthur Lynch, member of Parliament for Galway, on the charge of high treason. As may be imagined, the occasion was one of deep impressiveness. It is sixty-odd years since an Englishman has been on trial for high treason. The defendant at that time was the lunatic who tried to shoot Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on Constitution Hill. Colonel Lynch was born in Australia, is a British subject, but in 1900 took the oath of allegiance to the Transvaal and issued his appeal to Irishmen to fight for the Boers. He himself fought against the British at the head of an Irish brigade, and prosecuted spies with all the rigor of martial law. When the war was over, he again professed to be a British citizen, and

was elected to Parliament by the pro-Boer Irish. The trial began last week before Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice, and two other Justices. The prisoner pleaded "Not guilty." After Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General, had recited the alleged treasonable acts, counsel for the defense submitted that the prisoner was protected by the naturalization laws, that a man was entitled to become an alien at any time, even after the outbreak of war, that Colonel Lynch took up arms in behalf of the Transvaal without secrecy and under the belief that the Naturalization Act permitted it. Sir Robert Finlay, on the other hand, argued that Colonel Lynch procured naturalization for the purpose of fighting against his own country, and added that, even could naturalization cover the prisoner's subsequent action, it could not cover his anterior treason—the adherence to England's enemies, and the statement of his willingness to fight against Engla d's army. The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, said that the case involved no difficulty either of law or fact. It was treason to join the enemies of the Sovereign for any purpose. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the sentence of death was passed on each of the four counts in the indictments. It is believed that the sentence will be commuted; but the King's clemency will in no way change the conviction of most Englishmen that the prisoner was proved to have been a traitor in both letter and spirit, particularly since, as is reported, there is no record of any formal renunciation of British citizenship or of any formal naturalization in the Transvaal. The charge would probably not have been brought if Colonel Lynch had not had the effrontery to stand for Parliament.

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Education in China Not even the repeated rumor that General Tung, with the Mohammedan province of Kansu behind him, had taken up arms against the Chinese Government was so interesting last week as was a confirmation of the report that Yuan-Shi-Kai, Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chili, had offered to pay the expenses of about sixty Chinese students in the Military School at Tokio, Japan, realizing, as he says, that compulsory education in foreign learning for the officials is one of the two great needs of China at present, the other (and, to our mind, more important) being elementary education for the masses. This opinion is also reflected in a recent address by Mr. C. S. Addis before the Educational Association at Shanghai. "The China pony," he remarked, "is endowed by nature with a courage and endurance second to none. It has required, however, a long course of foreign training to develop the added powers of intelligence and swiftness which make him a formidable competitor on any racing field." The same training is necessary with the Chinaman. The native good qualities are there—sobriety, frugality, patience, industry, adaptability; but, despite these, there is both inefficiency and waste of Chinese labor; "as compared with European it is as one to three." The Chinese lack the capacity to combine their good qualities and apply them to modern industrial conditions; as Mr. Addis says, "the power of mental concentration is wanting." The conviction which has taken hold of enlightened native officials and foreigners alike has borne fruit, not only in the sending of young Chinamen abroad, but also in the opening of primary and intermediate schools at home. Prefectural schools are to follow; but a higher grade, namely, the university, has already been established, not only at the Peking Imperial University, but also in the provinces of Shantung and Shansi. The great problem of the universities, of course, is to obtain competent foreign professors to teach in Chinese, or to obtain Chinese professors who have mastered the leading branches of foreign learning. In preparing China for all this educational renaissance a principal agency has been the "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese," of which Sir Robert Hart, Imperial Director of Maritime Customs, is President, and Mr. Addis, whom we have already quoted, is one of the Vice-Presidents. Whatever harmony of progress there now exists between China on the one hand and Europe and America on the other is largely due to the wise and persistent endeavors of this Society. Its members realize that foreign diplomats and merchants alone cannot succeed in bringing China into line with more civil-

ized ideals. The Society justly claims that nine-tenths of the increased knowledge which the Chinese have recently obtained, and no less than ninety-nine per cent. of all the modern schools there, up to the last few years, are due to the missionary. But even the missionary cannot solve the present question; it must be done by the Chinese themselves as educated by the leaders of the world's educational systems.

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The American Institute of Social Service

In a very interesting article called "The Best of Paris," published in last week's issue of The Outlook, the author, Mr. Carl S. Vrooman, after praising the Musée Social as an invaluable institution, expressed the belief that "a virile, scholarly, and constructive institution of the sort will one day be established in our country to boil down and popularize, supplement and stimulate, the work of our present Bureau of Labor Statistics." Such an institution now exists, has already done excellent work in this direction, and has of late largely increased its scope and plan of usefulness. The American Institute of Social Service, in a charter granted it last month by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, defines its object as "the collection and interpretation of facts bearing on social and industrial betterment and the dissemination of the resulting knowledge for the education of public opinion." The Institute is an expansion of the League for Social Service, which was founded some four years ago. Since that time it has been accumulating material, and, as we have heretofore told our readers, has put itself in touch with social needs on many sides. The aims of the Institute are identical with those of the League, but it will have additional departments and a more ample equipment throughout. Its organizing committee was headed by the late Abram S. Hewitt, and includes many men and women of influence, of whom we may name a few only. Among the men are Carroll D. Wright, Spencer Trask, Robert C. Ogden, Albert Shaw, Jacob A. Riis, R. Fulton Cutting, Josiah Strong, and W. H. Tolman; among the women, Miss Helen Gould, Grace Dodge, Miss Caroline Hazard, Mrs. Mary L. Dickinson, are representative names. The Institute is in close touch with the Paris Musée Social, and has established other international relations of great value. The Director, Dr. William H. Tolman, will spend part of the coming summer in the principal cities of Europe gathering material relating to such subjects as improved housing, settlements, playgrounds, public baths, and other developments of social economy of European cities and countries. The Institute will issue Social Service handbooks describing societies and institutions occupied with charity, recreation, art, education, improved houses, and the like; will send out a bi-weekly letter service to hundreds of newspapers describing and interpreting new movements; will provide for illustrated lectures; will continue to carry on its commercial membership section in which are interested many of the most important and foremost establishments of the country; and in many other ways will act as a center and clearing-house of social economy. The public service which may be rendered by such an institution can hardly be overestimated; and its opportunity for increasing this service is limited only by the support it receives from the public.

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The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

The Outlook has already called attention to the annual exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts as constituting a genuine American Salon. Through the remarkable energy and tact of the managing director, Mr. Harrison Morris, these exhibitions have come to be representative of all that is best in the various departments of painting, pen-drawing, illustration, and sculpture among American artists, whether at home or abroad. The Pennsylvania Academy, as the oldest institution in America devoted to the fine arts, seems thus to have resumed its original leadership, and this not only because of the compelling excellence of its exhibitions and of its training-school, but also because it has gained in a peculiar degree the confidence of the entire American artist body. It certainly is a relief from the divided and subdivided exhibitions of Paris and New York to find one showing of pictures which is at once comprehensive, representative, and really National in its char-

acter. The present exhibition at Philadelphia, which will continue until the end of February, should be distinguished from its predecessors and from others because it seems to mark the declining interest taken by the public in that department of painting which we know as *genre*. The examples of this department are notably few in number as compared with those which have crowded the walls of picture shows for the past generation. The public has finally tired of whatever has been meretricious in the genre school of overemphasized millinery and upholstery, and there has been a correspondingly increasing interest taken in landscape painting—not in the hard, metallic, photographic reproduction of actual scenes, but in the evanescent, atmospheric aspects of nature, those which give greatest play to the imagination. Finally, the noble art of portraiture has gained steadily in influence and in vogue, so that not only are American artists overwhelmingly occupied with orders, but every year witnesses the coming to our shores of a notable group of foreigners who find here their most profitable employment. In the present exhibition the works of such men as Messrs. Alexander Harrison, Winslow Homer, Gedney Bunce, and Charles Morris Young, for instance, indicate the fineness and variety of perception of painters of nature, whether on sea or land, and in portraiture the canvases of Messrs. Whistler, Sargent, Alexander, Chase, Tarbell, Benson, Abbott Thayer, Irving Wiles, Miss Cassatt and Miss Beaux. As indicating the wealth of output behind each name represented at the Philadelphia Academy, we may add that there are there no less than six pictures apiece by Mr. Whistler, Mr. MacEwen, and Mr. Harrison, four by Mr. Sargent, five each by Mr. Chase and Mr. Tarbell, seven by Mr. Alexander, and twelve each by Mr. Palmer and Mr. Winslow Homer.

Julian Ralph

Julian Ralph, who died in this city on Tuesday of last week, belonged to the group of men who have been developed by the exigencies and opportunities of modern journalism. Mr. Ralph was what is known as a Special Correspondent; a trained man of great quickness of resource, courage, and capacity, who could be sent at any moment, to any part of the globe, to report a war, a plague, a revolution. The intrepidity of the Special Correspondent in the wars of the last thirty years has been quite as great as that of the bravest soldiers. Their exploits of this kind have rarely been recorded; but the story of their heroism, energy, and triumphs over obstacles forms one of the most romantic chapters in recent history. Mr. Ralph was the son of a physician, born in New York, educated in the public schools; he entered a printing-house at the age of thirteen, and two years later had attracted attention by reason of the excellence of his descriptive work. After acting as editor of several short-lived or out-of-town newspapers, Mr. Ralph came to New York in 1870 to join the staff of the "Daily Graphic." His work had so much individuality and vividness that its quality was at once recognized, and Mr. Ralph was invited to join the staff of the New York "Sun," a position which he held for about eighteen years, representing the newspaper in different localities, and intrusted with important and difficult commissions. During the last eight years he had various newspaper connections. He represented the London "Mail" in the Turko-Grecian war, and two New York newspapers in London during the Jubilee of Queen Victoria; he was the representative of various London journals during the Boer War in South Africa, and he participated in the campaigns of Lord Roberts and General Methuen. He had traveled widely in China and the Black Sea region, and was the author of a number of books of travel and observation and of two novels. Personally Mr. Ralph was a very interesting talker; fresh, frank, original, full of special knowledge of remote localities and peoples, with an immense interest in life. His enthusiasm was the joy of his friends. He was always "discovering" commonplace things or familiar localities again. It used to be said that he found Tompkins Square at least once a year, and that he more than once discovered City Hall in this way. "Discovery" meant to him a new look at a building or a locality, a new feeling for its human interest or its charm, and an immense zest in his enjoyment of beauty, of novelty, or of significant types.

Wireless Telegraphy The first actual message by the wireless system between the United States and England was sent last week in the form of a complimentary and congratulatory despatch from President Roosevelt to King Edward. The distance from the Cape Cod station to that at Poldhu in Cornwall is about 3,000 miles—600 miles further than that between the stations at Poldhu and Glacé Bay. Oddly enough, the actual sending of the message was inadvertent: Mr. Marconi was practicing with it on the apparatus at this end, not supposing that the apparatus at the other end was in readiness, when he received a report via Glacé Bay that President Roosevelt's message had been received in England. Mr. Marconi is confident that the system will be ready for commercial use within three months. The Poldhu plant's power is to be increased to equal or exceed that at Cape Cod, and then a regular service will begin. The inventor thinks that reduced rates for transoceanic messages will follow. Great as is the triumph of sending a message 3,000 miles, it bids fair to be surpassed before long by wireless "connection" between England and South Africa, and even between Italy and Argentina (6,000 miles). For the last the King of Italy has been building a power station to have five or six hundred horsepower—more than ten times that of the Cape Cod station—and Mr. Marconi hopes for positive results within a month or two.

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Episcopal Elections Last week, in the Protestant Episcopal dioceses of Mississippi and Newark, N. J., events occurred of an interesting nature to the whole country. In the first diocese, to succeed the lamented Hugh Miller Thompson, the Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd, General Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, was elected on a first ballot. If Dr. Lloyd accepts the office to which he has been called, the Missionary Society will lose an officer whose consecration, enthusiasm, and notable tact have gained for him a high place among missionary organizers, but the bench of Bishops may be proportionately congratulated by the addition of one who in every way would add honor and worth to it. Dr. Lloyd is forty-five years old. He is a Virginian, and received his education at the University of Virginia. He devoted himself immediately to missionary work in the sparsely settled northern districts of his own State, where he labored with signal success. In 1885 he was called to St. Luke's Church, Norfolk, to take up the work begun by the late Bishop Newton. Three years ago Dr. Lloyd accepted his present post. To any position to which he may be called Dr. Lloyd will carry the influence of a peculiarly genial and forceful personality, together with a breadth of view which has already made his influence felt outside the bounds of his own communion, particularly in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association.—— In the diocese of Newark last week a convention was held to elect a Bishop-Coadjutor to the venerable Bishop Starkey. The candidate of a majority of the clergy was the Rev. Dr. Fiske, of Providence, R. I.; that of the majority of the laity, the Rev. Dr. Mann, of Orange, N. J. After a lengthy session, as there seemed little prospect of agreement, adjournment was had until next May. The occasion is of interest to all Christians as indicating a possible change in the proportionate influence both between clergy and laity and between the High and Broad Church parties.

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Methodist Reunion A recent meeting of more than usual significance was that of the Joint Hymnal Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Nashville, Tenn. While for several years there has been a movement on foot to bring the two Churches nearer together, this would seem to be a definite step, particularly as a common hymn-book has been authorized and a Commission appointed to prepare it. Among the Commissioners are Bishops Goodsell and Hoss, the Rev. Drs. Stuart and Winton, Professors Winchester and Mims. The meetings of the Commission were characterized by great cordiality, and the progress made was entirely satisfactory. About four hundred hymns have already been agreed upon, most of them the standard hymns of the two Churches, along with a goodly number of the best modern productions. The Commission expects to complete its work in

July; and the resultant good may far transcend the immediate purpose in view, perhaps leading to a federation of the two great branches of American Methodism, and thus undoing the work of half a century ago. At all events, the Nashville meeting is only another evidence of the disappearance of sectionalism from American life.

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Dr. Hall as Haskell Lecturer in India

Following the late Dr. John Henry Barrows and Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary of New York City, has been delivering the University of Chicago Haskell Lectures in India. He has delivered the full course in Calcutta and in Lahore, besides giving part in Colombo, Benares, and Allahabad. According to the conditions of the lectureship, the remaining Presidency cities, Bombay and Madras, will also be included in his itinerary. He has drawn large audiences of students and of educated Hindus, who are more eager than ever before to listen to the presentation of Christianity by leading preachers and theologians of the West. In some of the places which Dr. Hall has already visited he has drawn the largest local audiences that have ever been gathered there, and, quite significantly, in steadily increasing numbers for the six successive evenings. The general subject of the lectures is "Christian Belief as Interpreted by Christian Experience," set forth under the topics, The Nature of Religion, The Christian Conception of God, The Lord Jesus Christ the Supreme Manifestation of God, The Sin of Man and the Sacrifice of Christ, The Ideas of Holiness and Immortality Interpreted by Christian Experience, and Reasons for Regarding Christianity as the Absolute Religion. The sympathetic appreciation of all that is good in their religion and the eloquent personal declaration of the facts and significance of Christian experience have been appealing forcibly to the earnest seekers after God in India. In Calcutta Dr. Hall had the privilege of baptizing a young man of high standing who had been led to decide to become a Christian by the hearing of the lectures, and the sentiment of not a few of the Hindus probably was voiced by one who said in words of thanks, "Up to this time I supposed I could be overcome only by mind. Now I know that love conquers. You have won us by love." In Lahore, where at the close of the course the published lectures were first offered for sale, the entire temporary supply of 150 copies was taken at the door before all the audience had left the town hall. Leading representatives of college students, of Hindus, of Mohammedans, and of each of the reform movements in Hinduism, have sought and obtained separate private interviews. Everywhere, Dr. Hall has received cordial welcome, not only on his own mission, but also as a representative from America, whose substantially sympathetic aid to India during the recent famine and through missionary education was frequently recalled with deep gratitude in the addresses of welcome and of thanks. In many ways Christianity is being attractively and efficiently presented to India, and the admirable general work of the missionaries is being admirably supplemented by the special work of such men as Dr. Hall, who are being sent out from time to time.

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District Attorney Jerome

There are some thoroughly honest and well-meaning people who have been disturbed, if not shocked, by the methods employed by District Attorney Jerome in his fight with political corruption during the first year of his term of office. We think most of these well-meaning critics of the District Attorney understand neither the platform upon which he so courageously stood during his memorable campaign of 1901, nor the motives which are directing him in the conduct of his office, nor the results which he is seeking to accomplish. The Outlook approved of the candidacy of Mr. Jerome, and rejoiced in his election, because it believed that he was introducing into practical politics an element which is too rarely found in that field of human activity.

Every reader of the story of his campaign—which is now appearing serially in The Outlook—must have recognized what this element is. To find out the

actual facts for himself, and to tell the public the naked truth about them, has been Mr. Jerome's animating purpose from the day he was nominated until now. He counts neither personal nor political expediency. Now that the smoke and fury of the political battle in which he fought so important and victorious a part have passed away, we think it is well to set down calmly and quietly the record of that contest, and to ask our readers to consider it and what it means. This is the reason why The Outlook is publishing "A Fight for the City." In our opinion, what Mr. Jerome did during his campaign he is still faithfully and courageously doing as a public official. He is not attempting to exterminate gambling or prostitution. He *is* attempting, and with a remarkable degree of success, to crush out the corrupt and debasing alliance between city officials and vice and crime. The power of the law can never make vicious men virtuous, but the power of public opinion, supporting public officials, can prevent the Police Department, the Health Department, the Building Department, the Tax Department, and the other executive branches of the municipal government, from sharing with the vicious the profits of their vice. When the District Attorney raids a gambling-house like that popularly known as "Canfield's," he does it, not primarily to punish Canfield, but to show the public that the officers they employ and pay to prevent confidential clerks from squandering their employers' property and rich men's sons from losing their patrimony over the roulette-wheel, not only wink at such proceedings but encourage them. Any public man who does his duty courageously in attacking a public evil will be misunderstood, misrepresented, and even maligned by those from whom he ought to receive encouragement and support. Mr. Jerome knows this, and bears the burden without complaining. Nevertheless, the real work which he is doing ought not to be obscured by the specious argument of his enemies—who are enemies of the public welfare—that he is simply driving criminals from one block to another, and that the law must wink at vice because it cannot suppress it. We have the right to believe that we are speaking for Mr. Jerome when we assert that he is not fighting the gambler, the liquor-seller, or the prostitute. When they obstruct the real work which he is doing, they will inevitably get hurt, as in the case of Canfield. His chief, we may almost say his sole, purpose is to put a stop to official blackmail.

To what gigantic and horrible proportions this system of official blackmail has grown in this city the story of his campaign clearly indicates. Let those honest critics to whom Mr. Jerome's methods seem so radical as to be undignified, carefully read his mind and purpose as indicated in the graphic story told by Mr. Hodder, and we think they will agree with us that the District Attorney should have from every good citizen constant and cordial support, as one who has done more than any other single individual to make the public appreciate the need in New York of a fearless and incorruptible administration of the law.

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Selling and Giving

The character of the great congregation which filled Calvary Church, in this city, on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Hewitt, on Wednesday of last week, bore impressive testimony to the range and variety of his interests. The church was crowded with men, and not often in any assembly are to be found so many men of advanced age. Universities, colleges, schools, the arts, religious organizations, all the leading clubs, and innumerable financial organizations, were represented by their leaders. There were faces familiar to the public in almost every pew in the church. Foremost men of the city were among those who stood with the family of Mr. Hewitt about his coffin. It was an assemblage which evidenced something more than prominence in social and civic affairs; it bore striking testimony to the energy and generosity of Mr. Hewitt's nature, to the multitude of things for which he cared.

Science determines the rank of a living creature by the number and complexity of its relations to its environment. If these relations are few and rudimentary, the living thing is rudimentary; if they are many, complicated, and intricate, the organization which sustains them moves up in the scale of life. Man is at the head

of all created things because he has the greatest number of relationships with his environment; and among men, rank is to be determined by the same test. The rich, highly organized, fully developed nature stands in manifold relations to its environment. Such a nature has a great variety of interests—physical, social, political, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. It touches life on every side, its energy flows out through a thousand channels; and when such a man is withdrawn from the sphere of mortal action, there is a widespread feeling that life has been impoverished. There are thousands of people to whom life has never been as rich since Phillips Brooks went out of it; and some one has said with truth that New York seems lonely without Mr. Hewitt.

No man can call together the representatives of so many forms of human activity, of so many organizations, representing such widely different interests, unless he has been a generous spender. The man of niggardly nature, of parsimonious spirit, who husbands his resources and saves rather than gives, is always solitary, and his departure means little either to his friends or to the world; but the going of a great giver is like the drying up of a river. A man is great because he has capacity for assimilation, for taking to himself the force of his own time, for appropriating the accumulations of the past; and because he has the capacity for immense bestowal. The man of energy is a great giver. He may not always be lavish with his means, but he is always lavish of himself. To whatever he touches in the manifold relationships of life he gives something of his own spirit, the impulse of his own power, the inspiration of his leadership.

A man's place among his fellows is determined by the relation between the things that he gives and the things that he sells. Every man has a right to sell, at the best price he can secure, his time, strength, knowledge, and talent; but every high-minded man gives more than he sells. Every great leader carries to his work his temperament, his power of devotion, his character, and his genius, and these no man can sell. The country can pay Abraham Lincoln a certain salary; but, whether that salary be large or small, no country can pay for the services which such a man renders, and such a man cannot sell those services; he must give them. What makes his service priceless is the fact that it could not be bought or sold. It was a free gift. A great painter like Michael Angelo may receive large sums for his work; but he cannot sell, and the world cannot pay, for that view of life, that force and distinction of nature, which reinforce the technical skill and give the work as a whole its splendid significance. Mr. Gladstone had a right to sell his time, his talent, and his strength; but England did not and could not pay for such a service as Mr. Gladstone rendered. The people who listen to a preacher like Phillips Brooks ought to make ample provision for his comfort and ease, because freedom from care of material things provides the conditions for the highest efficiency of such a spirit; but no congregation could pay for the service which a Phillips Brooks renders to the people who hear him and to the community at large.

Great natures are always generous; they are fountains, not only of vitality, but of bestowal. However great the rewards they receive may be, these rewards are but a fraction of the worth of the service rendered; and no man ought to be satisfied, whatever his position or work, unless he can feel that he is giving far more than he is receiving; that a very large part of what he does is not returned in money; that, however successful he may be on the practical side, he must still be counted one of the benefactors of his kind because of the generosity of his bestowal.

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The Certitude of Immortality

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Several months ago one of your reviewers, in commenting upon some religious book, by Farrar, I think, took occasion sharply to criticise the writer for maintaining that Christ's resurrection is our only proof of the "universal certainty of immortality" (or some similar expression). I now write to ask you on what grounds you *speak so certainly of immortality independently of revealed religion.* I must admit that I am sometimes horribly depressed by a lack of conviction on this matter, when I feel the weight of scoffing skepticism without—with its assertion that life is merely a chemical process soon to be discovered—and when

doubt begins to gnaw within. As a matter of fact, many men seem to doubt immortality, and if there is some unanswerable argument in support of this "universal certainty," those who possess it should advertise it far and wide. X. Y. Z.

Reserving to the last the most important consideration, one may clear the way to a reasonable conclusion by observing where the burden of proof rests. Two views compete. One holds that mind is a function of the body. The other holds the body to be the organ of mind. Which of these is the more reasonable must be judged in view of the achievements of mind—organizing out of nervous sensations the conception of an orderly universe, weighing and analyzing the stars, yoking to work the titanic forces of the world, creating art, literature, and religion. If, as all this indicates, the body be the organ of mind, the burden of proof rests on those who say that the end of the organ is the end of the organist.

One should allow for the important distinction between the assurance based on mathematical demonstration and the assurance based on rationally discerned probabilities. To the former belongs our knowledge of the cosmic law of gravitation; to the latter our practical judgment in the conduct of life even in its greatest exigencies. In these the utmost that we require is a reasonable rather than an incontrovertible assurance. We are also to bear in mind that even the exact sciences, as well as the reasonable conduct of life, are both at bottom based on faith, faith in the truthfulness of nature, faith in the perceptive and rational faculties of mind.

Those who seek for philosophic "proof" of immortality are not content with historic facts, however strong they may be as witnesses. They desire to find ground for believing that life survives beyond the grave in phenomena which life exhibits here and now. Such ground is discoverable. A species, a type, of life exists in the present world which reason cannot without stultifying itself pronounce destructible by the death of the body.

This world exhibits two types, two grades, of life, whose distinctness is demonstrated by the opposite modes of their development. To recognize this is of pivotal importance in the discussion of the subject. The first is the animal life, developing itself by its struggle to appropriate and possess this world in the survival of the fittest. The second is the moral life, developing itself through sacrifice of this world in order to fit itself to survive this world. History exhibits through the ages a multitude turning their backs on allurements of a transitory nature in preference for a good which they deem eternal. The entire record of moral and religious progress is the record of this victorious struggle of moral nature against the most imperious demands of animal nature.

The question at issue is, Does this victorious energy proceed from a fond illusion, and rest on no more substantial basis than a dream?

Frederick the Great is said to have asked his chaplain for clear evidence of the truth of Christianity, and, to save time, in the fewest words. To which the chaplain replied: "The Jews, your Majesty." To a demand for evidence of immortality both convincing and brief, one may simply answer: *The martyrs.*

When one of that glorious company prefers to lose life rather than virtue, some raise the question: Does he keep his virtue any longer than he keeps his breath?

The affirmative answer rests on the axiom, respected alike by Science and Philosophy, that Nature never lies. Unless we can trust Nature, there is nothing in the universe to trust.

The primary instinct of life is self-preservation. We trust it amid floods that threaten to drown the body. It is equally trustworthy amid perils that threaten to pollute the conscience. In each case it points to reality, to a possible good as conditioned on the struggle it prompts to. Its conditional promise of that good cannot reasonably be regarded as more illusive in the one case than in the other. The self-preserving instinct of the moral life, that bids parting with the body for the keeping of conscience, is at least equally veracious with the similar instinct of the animal life, that bids the shipwrecked swimmer throw away his bag of gold in his struggle for the shore.

We must believe, then, that though the steadfast martyr loses his body, he keeps his virtue. But he cannot keep it unless he keeps the life from which his virtue is inseparable, without which *his* virtue would be but a name, a memory of something

vanished from existence. Were this not so, the noblest type of life would be the most deceptive. If the defeated animal instinct to save his body from the flame pointed to a more substantial good *for him* than did the victorious moral instinct to save his virtue from stain, no rational account could be given of the action of what is most heroic and divine in human nature.

One who is not prepared at once to admit the full force of this argument must at least recognize its preponderance of rational probability. Outside of mathematics there is no problem in which judgment is not determined by the balance of probability.

On precisely similar grounds of pure reason science holds the otherwise indemonstrable cosmic ether to be a reality, affirming, with Professor Tyndall, that it is a postulate of reason for a rational explanation of the action of light.

We have found thus exhibited in the present world a type or grade of life whose demonstrated independence of this world assures our reason of its exemption from the evanescence of this world. Those who are skeptical of the fact are so in part, at least, through neglect to study the phenomena that attest it.

This remark suggests what, after all, yields the supreme assurance of immortality, to which the foregoing considerations are merely subsidiary. Cicero observed in heathen Rome a fact which also should count for much with those whose judgment is determined by the rational probabilities of the problem. This is, as he said, that the presage of a future life roots itself deepest in the most exalted souls. The highest certitude of it depends on one's cultivation of the moral and religious life which is the sole and sufficient witness of it. He whose reason cannot penetrate the cloud of doubt cannot borrow this certitude from another; the inward conviction is incommunicable. He must create within himself the soil of the Christly life to which it is indigenous. As in Jesus, so in those who follow him in cultivating life of the divine type, that life bears convincing testimony of itself. It can say with Jesus, "*I know* whence I came, and whither I go." On such a life only a blind materialism can write at the grave,

> "The forces that were Christ
> Have taken new forms and fled."

The world it has overcome can bring it to no end, but only to that world to which its struggle attests that it belongs.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

VII.

April 15.

WE came back last night tired of a four days' land trip to Tiflis. The illustrated circular describing the tour of the Prinzessin, which was forwarded to us before we started, thus locates and describes this city:

"Batoum is one hundred and ten miles northeast of Trebizond, its harbor being the safest on the east coast of the Black Sea. . . . Opportunity is given to visit by rail from this point Tiflis, the capital and largest city of Caucasia, a half-European, half-Asiatic town, aptly described as a city of contrasts, Cairo alone presenting a similar mixture of Oriental poetry and decay, with some of the humble types of European society. It consists of a Russian quarter, with ambitious buildings of the modern style, a clean and picturesque German suburb, and a Persian district with a decidedly Eastern aspect. Tiflis was first made a capital in 455 by Wakhtang, a Georgian chieftain, who erected a fort and several churches. It was subsequently occupied and plundered, devastated and rebuilt, by Persians, Greeks, Saracens, Turks, etc., till 1795, when Russia, in order to protect it from the Shah of Persia, took it and has kept possession ever since. Tiflis has a population of over 100,000, among whom are 8,000 artisans renowned as silversmiths, gunsmiths, and sword-makers. Of its fifty-four churches, the Cathedral of Sion traces its origin to the fifth century."

At Batoum we entered Russia. Here we had our first experience of the Russian Government. Prior to Constantinople our passports were not asked for. At Con-

stantinople we were directed on landing to go to an office at the Custom-House, where they were viséed—*i.e.*, stamped—by an official, without charge to us. This was so much a pure formality that I passed by the office, had my hand luggage examined, and could have passed on had not a friend suggested that I might have difficulty in embarking if I did not have my passport viséed. In fact, however, it was not looked at again. In Batoum it was quite different. All our passports were gathered up by the steward. Russian officers came on board to examine them. We had to go in person to the library to get them. Two of our fellow-passengers, seeing theirs on the library table, and jumping to the conclusion that all was done, took them up and went off, and after we all got on shore the train was delayed ten or fifteen minutes until the proper officer could be hunted up and the passports viséed. This incident emphasizes my impression of the difference between the Russian and the Turkish Government; it is matter of feeling largely, but as I find it shared by others of our passengers, I think there must be some basis of fact for it. In Turkey there is no real government. Official position gives prerogatives and powers, but involves no duties. There are despotic powers, but no organized power. Foreigners are protected by their flag and have their own consular courts of justice; but a native is at the mercy of any man who is stronger, more cunning, and more unscrupulous than himself. Neither person nor property is really safe in Turkey. In Russia there is a strong bureaucratic government. It is thoroughly organized. It protects person and property. I am inclined to think that both are quite as safe in Russia as in America, so long as one is not *suspected* of being hostile to either Church or State, which are practically one. If he is under suspicion of hostility to either, he has no assurance that he will have any trial, or even know of what he is accused. I would much rather live in Russia than in Turkey, but I should want to be both "orthodox" and imperialist, and as I am neither, I should never be quite easy in Russia.

Batoum is the port from which most of the oil from the Russian oil-fields is shipped to European ports, and enough of it escapes in the shipping to furnish a very evident covering to the water of the harbor. Perhaps this is what makes it the safest harbor on the east coast of the Black Sea. We met here on landing the American Consul, who was an old acquaintance of one of our passengers. Report has it that his consul fees amount to $300 a year, and his salary from the Standard Oil Company to $25,000 a year. It does not seem to me felicitous to employ as our ill-paid representative so well-paid a representative of a great corporation, whose interests might very easily, in certain conditions, be quite different from those of the United States or one of its private citizens. [But later the Consul at Odessa told me that Mr. Chambers's reports were noteworthy, and had been translated into Russian, and I think he said also German.] We saw Batoum only from the car windows. For on landing we went direct to our train, and, after the delays which appear to be indispensable in all Eastern countries, we started on our thirteen-hour railroad ride to Tiflis.

The special train arranged for by Cook, under whose guidance all the passengers placed themselves in the Black Sea excursions, was a corridor train—that is, it was composed of cars each of which was divided into compartments running across the car, and a hallway running the full length of the car along one side of it, on which these compartments opened. We four, with two fellow-passengers very congenial to us, secured one of these compartments, and made ourselves very comfortable. Each of the two long seats, facing each other, had an upholstered back which could be turned up over the seat so as to make a bed, thus converting the compartment into a sleeper with four beds, each of which was long enough to make it possible for two short people to sleep in it, by either curling up a trifle or by overlapping a trifle. As evening came on, we turned up one of these beds, and two of our number climbed up into it, while the rest, in various attitudes, composed ourselves to rest, and perhaps to sleep, on the seats or couches below. There were two dining-cars on the train, quite different from ours, however. A long table ran the whole length of the car, and on it a table d'hôte lunch and dinner

were served, to each of which the passengers were summoned in three relays, by means of a dinner-bell rung through the train. The engine burned coal-oil—consequently no smoke, no cinders, but some smell. The train, though a special express, did not move very rapidly—I think from ten or fifteen miles an hour when climbing the mountains to thirty miles an hour when descending. We made stops all along, for no very apparent reason, and never, I think, for less than four or five minutes. The starting was quite a ceremony. First a station-bell rang; in perhaps two minutes it rang again; then the engine blew a whistle; the conductor responded with a pocket whistle; the engine replied, and then we moved off. As soon as the passengers understood this to be the rule of the road, they jumped off at each station, to walk the platform, pick flowers, get snap-shots with their cameras, or get some fruit or a glass of tea or coffee—both are served in glasses, not in cups, in Russia—at the station restaurant.

For the first two hours our route lay over a perfectly level plain, like an American prairie, though with generally a thin soil; on the whole, a poor country. At first the sea lay on one side of us; later the mountains began to appear upon the other side. At about noon we entered the hill country and began to climb up through a ravine, along the edge of a mountain torrent. The valley grew gradually narrower, the hills more precipitous. They were generally barren, always treeless, sometimes cultivated in patches. The roads were too steep and rough for carriages. The carts were a combination of two wheels and two poles; the latter, sticking out behind and taking the place of back wheels, answered also the purpose of brakes down the steep hills; the motive power always small oxen. Steeper and more barren grew the hills, narrower and still narrower the valley, until at last, a little before sunset, we entered a long tunnel on the top of the range we had been climbing all the afternoon. We were, I believe, about three thousand feet above the sea. I am sure we all shared the surprise to find ourselves, when we emerged, in a garden; the fields green with verdure, the trees radiant with blossoms, the villages alive with apparent prosperity. In ten minutes we had passed from a desert into an Eden. Ten or fifteen minutes beyond the tunnel we stopped at a large station, in what appeared to be a town of considerable size, and there remained—five minutes, ten minutes, quarter of an hour, half an hour—and then rumors of an accident began to spread through the train. One of our fellow-passengers, passing through the train while it was in the tunnel, had in the darkness become confused, and either, mistaking the doors, had opened the wrong one and stepped off the train, or had somehow managed to fall between the cars and yet miraculously to one side. Two minutes later the patrol coming through the tunnel found this passenger there, got him on his feet, and succeeded in getting him to a telegraph station at the mouth of the tunnel, telegraphing to our train and getting a hand-car which brought our fellow-passenger on, considerably shaken up and with a broken arm, but apparently not otherwise seriously injured. The tunnel is broad enough for two tracks, but has as yet but one; he fell on the vacant side; had he fallen on the other he would inevitably have been crushed between the train and the wall of rock. We waited nearly or quite two hours for him. Bandages meanwhile were procured and a local surgeon obtained; the arm was set; and we started on our journey. We incidentally learned through this accident that at all Russian stations appliances are kept in readiness for first aid to the injured.

It was thus nearly midnight when our train stopped at the station at Tiflis. Here Cook's arrangements appeared to me to be worthy of all praise. To embark a hundred and fifty passengers from a train, most of them sleepy, none of them knowing the language of the country, nor even each other's language, and get them promptly and comfortably housed in their respective hotels, is no small undertaking, and this was accomplished with much skill. Each passenger had been given a ticket on which was the name of his hotel, and in some cases the number of his room. The passengers allotted to hotel No. 1 were first called in the waiting-room, then those for hotel No. 2, and so on. We were allotted to the last hotel, but got off very quickly, with little confusion or dis-

order, and, handing in our card, were taken to our rooms at once, so that in an incredibly short time we were placed in condition to go to bed and to sleep if we were so inclined. Our hotel was half a mile or more from the center of the city, which deprived us of some of the sights and sounds we might have otherwise had without leaving the hotel; but, *per contra*, we had a quiet hotel, excellent rooms, a good table, and street life that was not without interest. It was essentially German, and but for the fact that we did not speak German and scarcely any one in the hotel understood either French or English, we were very comfortable. Indeed, Tiflis was in two ways disappointing: agreeably, in that I had expected to find primitive and perhaps uncleanly accommodations, whereas I had no fault to find with those furnished to us; disagreeably, in that I had expected to find a city unlike anything I had ever seen before, whereas I saw more of strange sights, faces, costumes, and customs in Constantinople. I should have done well on the first day to have found, if I could, an English-speaking guide and engaged him for ourselves. Whether I could or not, I do not know; they were rare; for English visitors to Tiflis are rare. Some of our fellow-passengers did get English-speaking guides in Tiflis; they were, I believe, Armenians who had lived in England or in America, and who came to the hotels for the purpose of renewing their acquaintance with English-speaking people. I wonder, by the way, how it is that Mr. —— gets his guides and his carriages. He is never flustered or hurried or anxious or even concerned. While his fellow-passengers are running hither and thither, pushing, struggling, bargaining, perspiring, I see him generally looking calmly on, cane in hand, cigar in mouth, placidly amused at the turmoil. When all is over, he has a good carriage, good horses, an intelligent driver, and one of the best guides in the city. It dawns upon me that the guides are as anxious to find a customer as the customers are to find a guide, and he lets the guide find him.

Asia Minor is roughly divided into two districts or sections, in one of which, the northeast, Russia has, through concessions from Turkey, commercial control; in the other of which, the southeast, Germany has, in the same way, commercial control. The monopoly granted to Germany is the price paid by Turkey for aid furnished by Germany to Turkey in the Cretan war, and for her interposition of a quiet but effective obstacle to any European interference with the Armenian massacres. There is no instance in America *yet* of commercialism quite as bad as this. What it may become in the United States if the moral sentiment of the country is not alert, this indicates. As a result of this commercial control, the only languages used in that part of Asia Minor where we were are the Turkish, German, and Russian. English and French are of no use. As none of our party knew more than a few words of German, and we could only guess at the *letters* of the Russian language, we were necessarily dependent on Cook, and as neither of his two representatives had any knowledge of the Russian language, and they had to look after a hundred and fifty passengers divided between three or four different hotels, the situation was one of considerable interest, not to say of some difficulty at times.

Saturday morning we were taken in a series of processions—funeral processions we called them—about the city. Wisely, the company was broken up into small parties—our special one had not over six or eight carriages. One of Cook's agents went with us. From time to time the procession halted and the agent went from carriage to carriage with the information: "The City Hall," "Place ——," "The Opera-House," "The Museum," etc.—information which was not very valuable, nor to me very interesting. The city itself was more so, and of the city we got a fairly good idea. It is divided into two sections by a madly rushing torrent of chocolate water, crossed by at least three bridges, and in one place by a rope ferry. It is surrounded by high hills whose shoulders protrude into the valley and are partially occupied by dwellings. Neither in Tiflis, Trebizond, nor Constantinople has any grading apparently been done. Consequently the streets are often steep climbs or serpentine ascents or sometimes flights of steps, and the garden of one house is on a level with the roof of its next neighbor. Most interesting of all was the life; but that we could have seen almost as well by sitting in our carriage

and letting the life go by us—though we should have needed to move our carriage to different points of view. Here is a funeral procession, the hearse laden with flowers, the coffin borne on the shoulders of the pall-bearers—empty, we are told it is, the body having been quietly buried the day before; here is a company of soldiers, the martial music sounding much like such music on Broadway in New York; here is a Greek church, and we go in to see the Ikon and the veil over the Holy Place; here are wine or water skins of all sizes from that of a small dog to that of a large ox—I have often seen pictures of them, but never the real skins before; here are the Armenian and Persian shops, of which more hereafter; here are Georgian men, their breasts ornamented with a row of silver-tipped cartridge-boxes, and here Georgian women, their heads ornamented with enormous winged head-dresses; here is a fire company going to a fire and carting the water in barrels with which they intend to put it out; here we see men watering the streets with a short hose carried like a garden hose on two wheels, and attached first to one hydrant and then to another; here is a wedding party, whether going to the wedding or returning we do not know, the bride sitting in an open cab, dressed all in white with a gorgeous bouquet in her lap, and with, I suppose, the groom at her side; and everywhere we are tormented by signs printed in letters sometimes like and sometimes unlike the English, with now and then a resemblance to the Greek, to which we in vain endeavor to attach some meaning.

But our most interesting experience in Tiflis was that of Saturday afternoon at the Armenian and Persian shops. These line both sides of several narrow and crooked streets in the old town, and here both manufacturing and trading are carried on, as I suppose they have been for many centuries. These shops, like the smaller bazaars in Constantinople, are little rooms ten feet broad by perhaps fifteen deep, their only light and ventilation being from the front, which is entirely open to the street. The customer stands in the street in making his purchase; the dealer, in what has all the aspects of a cave. Some of the more sumptuous shops are large enough to allow half a dozen customers or so inside the cave, but these are few. The weaving and silver work are done in the interior of the cave; all the goods are contained in one rather small show-case on the quasi-counter which serves as the partition between the cave and the street. There are absolutely no prices. These people are children, and bargain as boys do at school. "What will you take for your top?" "Ten marbles and two agates." "What do you take me for? I will give you five marbles." And so it goes on until an exchange is made for six marbles and one agate. I do not believe that these "merchants" have any idea what their raw materials cost, or what their labor is worth, or what profit they must get to make a living. All they know is that they have something which they do not want and which they wish to exchange for something they do want. A hundred and fifty customers, of all grades of worldly wisdom and worldly inexperience, some with plenty of money, some with little, some by nature spendthrifts, some by nature calculating every penny of expenditure, some hating bargaining, some thinking this chaffering is a great lark, none of them knowing the language of the town, only two or three interpreters in the entire crowd, all bargains substantially made by signs or by writing the figures offered and demanded on a scrap of paper; the entire principal street, barely wide enough for one carriage, crowded with interested traffickers and equally interested spectators, native and foreign—such was the scene that Saturday afternoon. Our railroad ride from Tiflis back to Batoum gave us fine views of the wild and romantic scenery which in coming up we had passed through after dark. The day was exceptionally clear; one view, especially, I am not likely ever to forget. The clouds covered the top of what seemed like mountains, ten miles from the base of which our train was running. Above these clouds a snow-capped peak towered, seeming as if it were hanging in the air above our heads by some marvelous suspension of the law of gravitation. I wanted to believe that this was Ararat, which was situated in that direction; but, after some discussion with a fellow-passenger over a map on which the mountains were indicated, I had to abandon that idea as untenable.

L. A.

A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN OF AMATEURS

BY ALFRED HODDER

Private Secretary to District Attorney Jerome

III.—The Alliance Between Puritan and Grafter

FOR all practical purposes the puritan idealist and the "practical politician" are confederates in a game to defraud the public. The puritan plays for the credit of striving on all occasions, in public, in season and out of season, for the recognition of his code; the practical politician plays frankly for money. The two play into each other's hands, with never a wink to betray them, and the public pays. The puritan is rarely so unskilled in the ways of men as to believe for an instant that the laws he insists on having passed will be or can be enforced. He says brutally and simply, "I cannot and will not, in public, compromise with vice." He is not usually, in other matters, destitute of common patience or of common sense; and it is not to be presumed that he is so in this isolated instance. By his uniform protestation of hostility to vice, he gains or preserves the reputation of being a man of principle, and risks nothing. He maintains his peace with the women of his household, and, if he be a clergyman of doubtful dignity and ascendency, with his congregation (clergymen of indubitable dignity and ascendency have been among the steadiest of Mr. Jerome's supporters). He sacrifices the public interest to his personal welfare; excusing himself sometimes, no doubt, on the ground that the effect upon his personal welfare is obvious and immediate, while the effect upon the public welfare is incalculable and remote; but oftenest on the ground that the public interest is best served by the administrative lie. The lies of the Jesuit are by his enemies declared to be elusive, swift, subtle, shifting, manifold; the lies of the puritan are instead emphatic, monotonous, colossal, few. They are for the most part lies concerning the community or human nature as a whole: good, round, mouth-filling, chest-expanding falsities as to what for humankind or the community is possible or true. The corrupt politician welcomes the puritan as an ally. He sees in laws that cannot and will not be permanently enforced a yearly revenue in money and in power. He sees that, if there were not a great many puritans in fact and in profession, venality in political life would cease to pay. The occasions would be too few on which a corrupt politician had anything of worth to sell. The maintenance of a corrupt organization costs money, day by day; and, without the wealth of the liquor interest and the prostitution interest and the gambling interest to draw upon, individuals indeed from time to time might pocket considerable sums of money for the sale of franchises and similar commodities, but such an organization as Tammany would lack the bare necessities of life. The refusal of the puritan "to compromise with vice" is Tammany's opportunity; and Tammany has never been slow to make the most of it. The puritan arouses public sentiment; Tammany, holding office, sees to it that the law demanded by that public sentiment is inserted upon the statute-book, and looks to the inevitable violation to supply the mainspring of its power. "Who were the advocates of the amendment of the gambling law in the Constitutional Convention?" Mr. Jerome asked, pertinently. "The foremost among them was Delancey Nicoll, the representative of Tammany Hall. And who reaped the benefit of it? Johnny Carroll, Frank Farrell, Johnny Sexton, and the gentleman who works his

private gold-mine from his home in Wantage, England."

It sounds like a paradox to say that the average saloon-keeper would prefer to close on Sunday, but the fact is undeniable. Since he cannot close for the whole day, he would prefer to close on Sunday morning under a law rigidly enforced. The Liquor-Dealers' Association were loyal supporters of Mr. Jerome. After all, the saloon-keeper is a man like another, and is not anxious to work more than six days in a week, unless he finds work on the seventh day indispensable to keeping step at the pace set by competition. The saloon-keeper dares not close on Sunday, because his neighbors dare not and do not close. Which of two saloons on opposite corners at a street-crossing a man shall enter first is commonly a matter of pure accident; he happens at the time to be on one side of the street and not on the other; he enters the saloon that is the nearer. A prompt or a courteous or a facetious bartender takes his fancy, and for years together he and his friends, when they want a drink in that neighborhood, walk a block to go to that saloon. They pass other saloons on the way, as they might so many clubs of which they are not members; they never dream of entering the saloon on the opposite corner. But let their favorite saloon close on Sunday, and when they have tried the side door and found it locked, they stray across the street, and there, too, they find a prompt or a courteous or a facetious bartender; they become domesticated; they have been made free of another club, to which thenceforth they go on week-days as well as Sundays. A saloon-keeper whose neighbors keep open on Sundays must himself keep open on Sunday or lose in great part his week-day trade. He, like his neighbors, must pay blackmail for the privilege; and in the majority of cases the blackmail more than covers his profits, and he closes the day at a loss. Sunday opening is demanded by the public; but violation of the Sunday-closing law is not on that account a source of profit to the saloon-keeper; it is a source of profit only to the grafter. The very keepers of gambling-houses would prefer to ply their trade under restrictions rigorously enforced. "If anybody ought to understand the working among gamblers of our present system of corruption," said Mr. Jerome, "it ought to be 'The.' Allen. I have had the pleasure of a number of conversations with 'The.' 'The.' tells me gambling is by no means what it used to be. He tells me that in the old days, on a police captain's birthday, the gamblers would all get together and buy him a gold shield or a repeater, or give his wife a silver service, and then the thing was at an end. But by and by the captain had two or three birthdays in a year. A little before the Lexow days the practice of the monthly payment came into fashion; and then one of the shining ornaments of the Department down in the old Eleventh Precinct inaugurated the system of the initiation fee. That worked nicely; and then another formed the bold conception of $500 a year for a gambling-house and $50 a month. And then they found that $50 a month was not enough, and demanded an occasional extra. Then it was one extra and another extra—and since you have done me the honor to place me in nomination there has been another extra.

"At present the police force and the politicians are no longer content with levying blackmail upon gamblers. They insist upon appointing all the employees of the establishment, except the doorkeeper, who is a confidential employee and not subject to civil service rules; and, further, they insist on nominating a partner in the business, who takes from twenty to thirty-five per cent. Vice is growing almost unprofitable in this community; it is in need of a protective tariff."

The alliance between the puritan and the dishonest politician scarcely could be set forth in stronger terms.

The belief of the puritan that the administrative lie redounds to the advantage of the public is best to be defended on the ground of the hypnotic force of the administrative lie. The traditions that an Englishman never knows when he is beaten, and that one Englishman is equal to four Frenchmen, have no doubt won games played with cannon and sword and musket, as clearly as the tradition that no eleven from Yale is beaten before the last second of the time-limit has won games played with a pigskin ball. People of English blood have a robust talent for administration, and a

sturdy faith in the administrative lie. They believe in the power of good words; they have an innate gift for words, and are subject to their charm. They are a fighting race and a commercial race, yet they cannot go to battle on an openly avowed ground of public or commercial expediency; they must first have for battle-cry a decorative and thrilling phrase, not meant to bear the light of sober scrutiny. "All men are created equal;" "A house divided against itself cannot stand;" such decorative and thrilling phrases lift their lives in their own minds into the realm of the ideal, dignify the conflict, let their deepest passions loose in the service of their will. In the long warfare to be waged by each and all against the devil and his works, it well may seem expedient to invoke the aid of all such decorative and thrilling phrases as may serve to form and fortify the will. It well may seem a tenable hypothesis that, by sheer reiteration of audacious but inspiring falsities concerning what men are or may be, they may be transmuted into some sort of likeness to the nature asserted to be theirs. But the hypothesis has, in the case in question, been tested by experience; for generation after generation there have been maintained upon the statute-book the formulas of the hypnotic lie. And some twenty thousand gamblers, young and old, according to the report made by Mr. Nixon, nightly crowd the gambling-houses of the city, and the saloons stand open Sunday, with at most closed shutters and a change of entrance, and prostitutes by scores of thousands ply their trade where he may know who will.

It is characteristic of Mr. Jerome that his most explicit speeches on the subject of prostitution were addressed to the richer classes of women; to the auditors, that is to say, whose enmity it was believed he was most certain to incur. It is in the woman's world that the administrative lie bears most exclusive sway. The average Anglo-Saxon man, as has been said, is at once idealist and realist; an idealist in aspirations and in words, a realist in practice and in sense for fact. By his sense for fact, by his increasing acquaintance with fact, he is debarred from a living faith in his own words; his is a soul at variance with itself. Among wage-workers the woman's world and the man's world are, on the whole, the same; it is among the well-to-do that there exists a separate woman's world. What constitutes the main distinction of this separate world is its entire severance from fact; contact with fact and even veridical report of fact have been excluded with a prodigality of pains. The Anglo-Saxon woman of the richer classes walks abroad with greater freedom than her sister of the Latin race, because, by tacit compact of the men about her and her own consent, move where she will, she moves within the walls of an invisible harem. She has been revered by men precisely for the sake of her ignorance of fact, and has herself till very lately found a ground for pride in the confession of her ignorance.

Mr. Jerome unhesitatingly invoked her aid against the grafter and the puritan; and in so doing advanced into the very citadel of the administrative lie. It is with regard to the relations of the sexes that she has been kept in strictest ignorance and is believed most passionately to resist and to resent enlightenment; and it is with regard to them that she exerts upon men's public speech most influence, deliberately and unawares. On that topic men's administrative lies are framed rather for her ears than for their own. That on that topic there ought really to prevail a perfect ignorance in the woman's world and the child's world is a contention that no doubt may be maintained with a certain plausibility, while the child's world and the woman's world remain apart from the man's world. The case is altered when the woman's ignorance of fact becomes a force in the world of men and of affairs; that the conduct of the State should be determined, not by ignorance of fact, but by consummate knowledge, is in the long run of supreme importance also for the woman and the child. Already on the third night of his campaign he had admonished the women of the richer classes of the harm their ignorance of fact might do in politics if they attempted to take an active part, and of the need, if they desired to be of service, that they first should be at pains to know and understand. The next evening, when he found himself addressing at St. Nicholas Rink an audience of men and

women of the richer classes, he took for his main theme the laws that deal with prostitution. And here again he asked the women in his audience to be at pains to understand. With his accustomed precision and energy, he defined the moral issue in the case in question as concerned, like other moral issues, solely with such matters as lie in our own power; not with the morality or immorality of modes of life that no vote of ours can alter, but with the morality or immorality of laws which our votes have passed and may repeal. "I am going to speak of the question of sexual morality here to-night," he said, "though there are ladies present, because I never knew a good woman yet that you could not talk straight goods to, and because no good woman should be ignorant of the state of this question in the city of New York. It is a false and prudish modesty that seeks to veil in silence the conditions that exist in this great city, instead of disclosing them and seeking for a remedy.

"My own notions of morality are in their way as strict and as severe as any Puritan's; they are as strict as yours can be. But it is a question now of the conditions upon which our notions of morality are to be brought to bear. There are in the city of New York to-day, in the greater city of New York, in all likelihood almost a hundred thousand women who make their living by prostitution." (This figure was challenged afterwards. "I do not know the exact number," said Mr. Jerome in answer, from another platform. "No man knows it. It may be eighty thousand, it may be sixty thousand. God help us! it is too many if it were but one.") "The history of mankind shows us that for thousands of years such conditions have existed; human judgment tells us that they will continue to exist long after we and our grandchildren have passed away. The righteous man is not the man who seeks by the severity of the criminal law to seem to be preventing that which the law is powerless to prevent. The righteous man is he who seeks to minimize the evil the law cannot prevent. The righteous man is he who scans closely and weighs long the consequences of his laws. The existing law in the city of New York is of as little effect to prevent or to restrain as if it were chalked up on a billboard in Chicago; but it is of infinite effect for harm. Do you think it makes for the decency and honesty of the police force, do you think it makes for such decency and honesty as may be maintained even among fallen women, that there should be a sort of league established between fallen women and police officials, and that police officials should grow rich upon wages of their shame? I am far enough from meaning to speak ill of our entire police force, whom by our laws we have done all we could to turn into perjurers, panders, and blackmailers. Not all, not many, of the men that walk the beats touch a penny of that money; few if any of the roundsmen touch a penny of that money; few of the sergeants touch that money. Many of the captains, very many of them, take that money. When you find a captain of police retiring on a competency, you may divine the nature of his gains. When I was a practicing lawyer, I was able to earn more than a captain of police; since I have been in public office my salary has been greater than that of a captain of police; but my most sanguine dream of financial success is to retire in my old age with a competency such as many a captain of police retires with. If am extraordinarily successful in my profession, I too may be able to invest in lots in Japan.

"Do you think it is endurable that through the connivance resulting from the league established between police officials and the keepers of houses of prostitution, young girls should again and again be taken from their homes and kept in those houses against their wills? that those houses should be the only houses in the city from which cries for help are by policemen never heard? I mean literally that screams issuing from the upper windows of such a house, and heard by men in the street, are by policemen in the street not heard or not investigated. They do not dare hear; they do not dare investigate; the keeper of the house pays protection. You hear talk about the evils of prostitution, you hear talk about the horrors of white slavery in the houses of white prostitution, and it is to you like hearing evil fairy tales or tales of wrong done in far-off lands. It is not a fairy tale, it is not a tale about some foreign city; case after case comes under my own

observation—case after case of just that kind. If any single one among these cases happened to be brought to your personal attention, you would be horror-stricken; but you feel no responsibility. You feel yourself under no obligation to declare that these things shall not be so. You say of the man who tells you of them, that he is a railer, and is talking about he knows not what. And I, who know about these things, not simply from direct personal observation in the district in which they happen, but because I have time and time again sent good and loyal men into these houses, and taken these girls out of them and restored them to their families, am called a Carrie Nation for my pains.

"And therefore I care little enough what you think of me or what you call me. I was at a meeting at Progress Hall, on the East Side, last night. I would give more for the good opinion of those people, for the good will of those people, than for all the solemn pledges of support that could be given by the women—and the men—that live above Fourteenth Street on the West Side. To them the situation is no abstract problem; to them it is no new and curious story about a far-off land. To them and me the situation is a great reality which we are face to face with morning, noon, and night.

"Have you ever known, have you ever taken pains to know, how, under our existing law and administration of the law, vice overflows our tenements? The man who earns his living as a motorman on a cable-car, the man who goes to one of the sweat-shops to sew garments, and too often has to take his wife with him in order to earn the little pittance necessary to support his family—he and his wife know. That man has to leave his daughter at home, that man has to leave his children at home; economic conditions require it, they necessitate it; and when he goes, in the next apartment to him, or on the floor above, or on the floor beneath, the harlot is plying her trade.

"It is not so easy a matter to oust the harlot as some of you imagine. She cannot be killed, she cannot be electrocuted, she must perforce be somewhere; but in the tenement-house she need not be. And the law could be made different and its administration could be made different, and the lot of the wives and children that poor men daily leave behind them could be made different, if we had an honest, rational, and decent administration of our city government; and we have not had it; and the responsibility rests mainly with you, who have had leisure and intelligence and education, and have neither known nor cared."

"The first thing every man and every woman must do to deal effectively with such a subject as the social evil," he said four nights later, in his second speech before the Women's Municipal Club, "is to forget all theories and dreams and hearsay, and set his heart to know the truth. We have before us, not a theory nor a dream, nor yet a story told by a romancer or a traveler, but the hard, bald fact that there are at this moment prostitutes by scores of thousands within the limits of the city of New York. There is in this fact nothing new—new even to you; we all of us from time to time have read in the newspapers about this state of things. In the world this state of things is very old. It is something that existed a thousand years ago; something that existed a thousand years before that; something that will in all human likelihood exist, despite the efforts of good people to the contrary, a thousand years from now.

"If you want to aid us, if you women want to put forth all your great influence in dealing with this evil, and to make your influence all-powerful, acquaint yourselves with the history of the evil; read, for instance, Sanger's 'History of Prostitution.' Read there the meaning of this state of things which is as widespread at the beginning of the twentieth century of the Christian era as it was before the coming of the Light. Then, when you have read, make up your mind that even though you wish to save the souls of the scores of thousands of unfortunates in this city, you cannot save them—because they do not want to be saved.

"There are conditions which it is impossible to counteract. One of them is to be found in the social circumstances of the women who, speaking generally, make up that class. It is made up, not out of members of the richer classes, though unfortunately those who have had the opportunity to lead prosperous lives within the strictest bounds of virtue come in to

swell the list. It is made up for the most part of poor girls taken from the walks of life where life means drudgery, where there is little cheer to refresh and invigorate the tired hearts of the overworked, and where amusements come seldom, if they come at all.

"What we need in this great community are opportunities for cheap and innocent amusement, and we need them more than we do libraries! What we need next to amusements to bring about a bettering of the existing state of things are wiser laws. And we need wiser laws, not imposed from the outside by legislation at Albany, but proceeding from the wisdom and the conscience of our citizens, and in especial from the wisdom and the conscience of the citizens who constitute perhaps the soundest and the strongest part of our American Republic—the American women with minds and eyes to study and to see, and, when they have seen and studied, to advise.

"Believe me, when I say wiser laws, I do not mean a system of segregation, I do not mean a system of licensing. I honestly believe that never in the world will an English-speaking race consent to the legalizing and organizing of a traffic in women's sin and shame. But among the arguments that weigh most heavily with English-speaking nations against what is called State regulation, is the slavery imposed upon these women—imposed by men who are in great part partakers in their shame. As rigorous a slavery exists under our laws to-day. Mr. Philbin has told you of the unspeakable cadet system. The cadet system is possible only because the women in the houses of prostitution are the slaves of the women and the men who keep those houses; their slavery is possible only because of the alliance that our laws promote between the keepers of the houses of prostitution and the police. Are you concerned to know how far this slavery has gone and goes? The other day a man who wished to open a place of this kind was told: 'All you have to do is to open up, and after that see to it that the girls never have any money.' Never have any money! Without money they cannot leave the house, they cannot even have clothes to leave the house; it has come to this, that the one secret of success in this abominable traffic is to cheat these women of the earnings of their shame!

"If we are to have laws more tolerable to our moral sense than any of the systems of State regulation, bear in mind that the legislation must be wise. At present you who would aid in bettering the condition of affairs know nothing of the tremendous subject you have chosen for the field of your good work. It will not help you to quote Scripture. It will not help you to consult your clergyman. You yourselves can learn all that you need to know by reading works dedicated to the subject that deal with it scientifically and coldly. There is not a man can rise on the floor of the Legislature to advocate laws dealing with this problem in sane and sober fashion, without knowing that he will meet political death as he finishes his speech. There is not a man in the Legislature who dares brave the public censure sure to be evoked by such a stand. And yet to deal with the problem in a sober, scientific way is the one chance of success.

"And who is to talk in that way? You wives and mothers and sisters and daughters! You, after coming to close quarters with the subject to save those whom you are trying now to save at an ineffective long range. Study the evil historically, and you will find that even though we cannot hope to exterminate it, we may still, by wise or unwise measures, increase or minimize its harm. Hope and plan still, if you will, to exterminate it in the future, when in the present you have minimized its harm. But in the present it is you women who must do the work. I have talked with many clergymen upon the subject, and many of them have said to me, 'While we agree with you perfectly, you will agree that for us it is too hot stuff.'

"You will find that it needs courage to come to the front and speak your meaning plainly on a subject which custom has so long forbidden to your lips. But you need not come to the front. Work in quiet. Guide your men. Aid your men by showing that you have taken thought and understand. At heart they understand. But they are cowards in this matter. They dare not speak or legislate according to their knowledge, for fear of public

opinion, which is in great part your opinion; very many of them dare not because they know that their own lives have not been beyond reproach. It is for you to be the first to speak, whose lives are known to have been pure; it is for you, when you have come to realize that although the law which in this matter is to govern each man's conduct is to be found in Scripture, the law which is to govern lawmaking is to be found there in so far only as it is included in the laws of beneficence and truth."

With the women he was addressing the main danger to him lay in the reproach of laxity, of over-readiness to believe that sheer determination on the part of the virtuous members of the community could not there and then end the whole vast evil; though indeed women everywhere, to the bewilderment of his advisers, justified by their response the hardihood of his appeal to them, and were among his most enthusiastic auditors. "We have considered," wrote the President of the Women's Municipal League the day after the speech just quoted, "what you said about the evil of prostitution and the need of women's taking the problem up to solve it, and we trust that after election you will draw a bill and statute embodying the ideas that you expressed to us, and give, not the men, but the women of New York a chance to have it passed." To women he had found himself compelled, by way of prelude to his own plain scheme of legislation, to insist on the impracticability of projects of sweeping and absolute reform. "Look steadily," he said, "at the vast multitude of prostitutes. What shall we do with them? Reform them? You cannot. They do not want to be reformed. Unless you exterminate them, to stop their traffic is as impossible as to stop the rising and setting of the sun. The conditions that impel them to the choice of their profession are what they are. The impulses in men and women that everywhere in the world have made for the maintenance of that profession are what they are, and will remain unchanged until the human race is physically so degenerate that men and women cannot stand upon their feet. They are a perfectly natural phenomenon. They are intimately connected with the sources of our bodily and mental strength. The one thing that now serves anywhere to keep them within the bounds prescribed by Christianity or decency is the effort of will-power on the part of strong men and women whose moral sense is unimpaired.

"But, they tell us, why not come to the aid of the will-power and the moral sense by force? Why not enact prohibitory laws? We have the laws. Is it not these very laws, these anti-prostitution, anti-gambling, anti-liquor laws, that have corrupted our police force and have added to the evils that ostensibly they counteracted the further evils of perjury and blackmail and arbitrary power? The men in our police force, men by nature exceptionally brave, intelligent, deserving, men who have the welfare of vast masses of our population committed to their charge, by these laws are placed in circumstances that seem as if deliberately plotted for their downfall. Why, then, ask for more laws of this kind? Make these laws more drastic? If we have a cylinder filled with water, which is a non-compressible body, and we try to compress it, the moment we bring force enough to bear, the vessel bursts. The only successful way of diminishing the body of water in the vessel is to open a valve in it, and then the water is not diminished, it escapes. Just so with these women. They are an incompressible body. The laws by which we try to exercise a compressing force upon them for the most part are powerless; they escape. They escape into the crowded tenement-houses. They escape where they can do most harm.

"But give them a chance to escape where they can do least harm. Govern them by one only of the laws by which at present we seek to govern them. There are two laws at present in the Penal Code with reference to this subject—one which makes it a crime for any person to maintain a house for people to resort to for purposes of unlawful sexual intercourse, one which provides that any act by which public decency is outraged shall be regarded as a public nuisance. Govern them henceforth only by the law of nuisances; rescind the other law. If there is a house that by sight or sound gives

token that such traffic is carried on within, make the proprietor amenable to the law of nuisance. If such traffic is practiced in a tenement-house, make those who practice it amenable to the law of nuisances; let it be practiced, since it must be practiced, out of sight of the innocent and young. The law of nuisances can be enforced. Let there be no other interference by the criminal law; let there be not even so much as public recognition. And in taking from the statute-book the law which cannot be enforced, which is not meant to be enforced, you will at the same time be dissolving the alliance between the prostitute and the police."

On men he urged the same arguments, but with a difference of accent. Among men there was small reason to lay stress on the impossibility of a more radical reform. It is characteristic of the dual working of the administrative lie that whereas among women the charge he had most ground to dread was that of laxity, among men the charge that he had oftenest to meet was that of overstrictness—of fanatical and intermeddling puritanic zeal. His raids had been repeatedly and publicly construed as a crusade against personal liberty—the personal liberty of the keeper of the saloon and of the gambling-house, the personal liberty of the "madam" of the house of prostitution, the personal liberty of their patrons in the community at large. It is significant of the temper of the public with regard to the enforcement of the sweeping prohibitions on the statute-book that one of the main topics of his adversaries was a sentence of three months' imprisonment imposed by him upon a female barkeeper found selling liquor Sunday, though in this instance the offense was known to have been aggravated by perjury and by the instigation of perjury in a child; and that another topic of invective was the penalty imposed upon the "madam" of one of the raided houses of ill fame. "You have probably heard that I am making a crusade against personal liberty," he said on more than one occasion. "Tammany and I do not mean the same thing by personal liberty. I do not think that there is personal liberty under a régime of blackmail. I do not think that there is personal liberty in houses of ill fame.

"I want it understood that I do not expect New York to become a Garden of Eden; possibly a good many of us would not think that a very merry place to live in. But there are matters in which every decent man is in duty bound to interfere. I know what human nature is as well as you; I was not born yesterday. I know that the social evil is as old as the world itself; I know that I cannot change, I know you cannot change, the ways of the world. But I want to see an end of blackmail in this city; I want to see an end of perjury in this city; and I want to see a reasonable degree of decency observed. I want to know that the people who live in tenement-houses may feel that the daughters whom they leave behind them when they go to their day's work are not exposed to peril from a prostitute who plies her trade on the same floor. I want to know that their daughters are not made prisoners in houses of ill fame by force or fraud."

"I have little enough interest in those gilded youths," he said in one of his earlier Brooklyn speeches, "who are pulled in by the bedizened women of the street in the vicinity of Tammany Hall. That doesn't concern anybody very much. The bedizened woman is not of very much account in that part of the town, and the gilded youth is of no account whatever. But what is of vital import to the Bronx and Manhattan is that the poor man's home should be kept clean, that the poor man should have a chance to bring up his daughters out of sight of the traffic of the prostitute, that the poor man's daughters should not be entrapped and held in houses of ill fame by force or fraud. It may seem almost incredible, the system of supply for houses of ill fame that under the protection of the police has grown up on the East Side, but it exists, and it is widely spread. Men put women into houses of prostitution; if necessary, they marry the women and then put them there. These men are the so-called cadets. They are no nightmare, no mere monsters of the imagination; they are a horrible reality. They live there on the spot, and there are very many of them. Occasionally one is caught and convicted. Everybody in that district knows them well.

"The women in those houses of pros-

titution are not paid. The keeper of the house receives the wages of the woman's shame, and gives her a brass check—like that." (Mr. Jerome drew from his pocket a brass check.) "This check is one of those taken from a house we raided in New York, and it is in checks like these that the girls on the East Side receive the wages of their sin. Once or twice a week, in theory at least, they cash their checks; a check like this represents twenty-five cents.

"But if the girl is put into that house by a man, often and even usually it is not she herself that takes and gets the cash for even these checks: the man who put her in there takes the checks and has them cashed and keeps the money. In a week, in a month, in a year, the amount of money is considerable. [Mr. Jerome stated here that sworn testimony shows that on an average in the most brutal houses of ill fame a girl receives eighteen brass checks, like those he exhibited, each night. These facts, horrible as they are, were amply substantiated by Mr. Jerome.] The girl in there has no means by which she can escape. Her clothes have been taken from her: she has perhaps a wrapper, a pair of stockings, and slippers. Many of them come from foreign lands where arrest for debt is customary. They are told that they are indebted to the woman of the house in this amount or that amount, and that they cannot leave her without paying. I have in my possession account-books of these places, showing how these women are charged for the ordinary necessities of life and are kept there in that condition. There is not simply one of these houses on the East Side; there are several hundred houses in which substantially the same method is pursued.

"In collaboration with the Committee of Fifteen, only about a week ago, we tried by way of experiment to buy the good will of a house of prostitution from a wholesale dealer in such houses; and he said to our agents, 'Yes, I will sell you a house of prostitution,' as though he had been speaking of the sale of so many yards of cotton goods. 'What is the price?' 'Well, this is a fine house; it has thirty-four beds; I will sell it to you for ten thousand dollars.' 'All right,' said our agents, 'we will take it.' And he proposed a little celebration at the Dry Dock Hotel in honor of the transaction; and our agents went there with him, and he received from them a little money, and accepted promissory notes for the remainder. And while they were all sitting round a table at their little celebration, in walked a policeman, accompanied by two or three agents of the Committee of Fifteen, with my warrant for the man's arrest. He had been taken in the act of selling the house. And the man was Jake Hertz, a prominent leader on the East Side, one of the right-hand men of Martin Engel. Before our agents consented to buy the house they took the pains to ask about its running, and were told, 'There is only one thing that you need see to. Run your house so that the girls never have a cent of money, and they can never get away.' Is there personal liberty when in a civilized community we have women kept in that condition? Is that your conception of democratic liberty? Is it violating personal liberty to try to stop it? Is it enforcement of the blue laws, is it Puritanism, to try to put a stop to a state of things like that?

"That is the sort of civilization that has sprung into existence and that flourishes under the rule of Tammany Hall. It exists and flourishes, no doubt, without your knowledge, but there are many men who know. I was talking only yesterday with Mr. Barondess, a Socialist leader among the Jews on the East Side. Probably no formal proposition could be framed concerning politics on which he and I would not differ, but we talked three hours together, and I never spent three hours to greater profit, because I felt myself in contact with a real man and a man who told the truth. More even than has come to my knowledge as a Magistrate he knows, and those around him know. If I could tell you from this platform all he told me, if I could tell any audience from any platform all he told me or even all I know without his telling, the end of the long rule of Tammany Hall would be beyond all question near at hand. I think it is already near at hand. I think these things have endured so long and are so widely known and have come close to the hearts of so many men already,

that our victory is certain; I think that we shall carry both the county and the city ticket; but it is far too grave a moment to take chances: it may be we cannot win without your help. Remember against what it is we fight; remember for what it is we fight. We do not hope to make New York a Garden of Eden, but we hope to keep the poor man's home reasonably clean and sweet and safe. We do not hope to drive all prostitutes from the city, but we hope to exclude them from the tenement-houses, and to drive into the deep sea all the wretches, cadets or police officers or politicians, who live on women's shame."

The German Immigrant in America

By Edward A. Steiner

TO the Reformation was due in a large measure the formation of America, and the stamp of Protestantism which this country still bears was put upon it by the early colonists whose consciences came in conflict with the Church and with the throne, men who needed a newer and a larger world for the development of their ideals. Upon the path made by English Quakers came in 1682 the first German settlers; they were Mennonites, a Protestant sect which combined in its tenets many of the faults and virtues of both Quakers and Puritans. They sailed up the peaceful and shallow Delaware Bay, settling in what is now called Germantown, and soon their little cottages were surrounded by gardens where the rosemary wafted its fragrance on the air, and where no doubt the cabbage lifted its astonished head above the ground, little dreaming that some day it would be "monarch of all it surveyed." In some points these Germans out-Puritaned the Puritans, for while it is said that the Puritans did not kiss their wives on the Sabbath, these German Puritans did not kiss their wives at all. That they brought with them noble ideals is proved by the fact that they were the first people on this continent to oppose slavery, and sent to the Quakers a petition to that effect which contains the following quaint paragraph: "If once these slaves (wch they say are so wicked and stubborn men) should joint themselves, fight for their freedom and handel their masters & mastrisses, as they did handel them before; will these masters & mastrisses tacke the sword at hand & warr against these poor slaves, licke we are able to believe, some will not refuse to doe? Or have these negers not as much right to fight for their freedom, as you have to keep them slaves?"

The Germans were also the first among us to legislate against the vice of intemperance, and may be said to be the first Prohibitionists, a fame which the modern German immigrant does not care to share with them. One of the most ideal men of this time was Francis Daniel Pastorius, a man who combined in himself all the graces and virtues of his noble race; he was a lover of science and the finer pleasures, and was a mystic who yearned for the closer communion with God. Pietists, Tunkers, and others followed the Mennonites in the eighteenth century, and Pennsylvania was soon dotted by communities in which these strangely garbed people lived their peculiar and simple lives. To name them all would require much space, and to describe their peculiarities would fill a book. The Schwenkfelders, the Moravians, and the Amish were the most important among the later arrivals, and Germany seemed to have exhausted her ability to produce sects after their departure. Encouraged by good Queen Anne, Lutherans and Roman Catholics came later, and these were neither as pious nor as intelligent as their predecessors, but were the advance guard of that vast horde of peasantry which ceased not its coming for nearly two centuries, which moved from Pennsylvania to Ohio, from there southward along the Mississippi to Louisiana, and northward to Wisconsin and Minnesota, and which was a great factor in redeeming the wilderness and making it to "blossom as the rose."

Thousands of these peasants were sold

into a semi-slavery as Redemptionists, and thousands more laid down their lives in the attempt to blaze paths through the forest and make the fever-stricken plains habitable. Wherever they went they created wealth by their unremitting industry, by their skill in cattle-raising and farming, so that where an English-speaking farmer starved and was forced to move westward, they stayed and dug riches out of the neglected soil. To-day, in traveling through this country, one can almost invariably detect the German farm, and the German farmer is everywhere the standard of excellence.

None of these immigrants were idealists like their forefathers, but were content to worship God as did their fathers, and by the honest sweat of their brows eat the fruit from their own "vine and fig tree." In 1848, when the breath of freedom grew into a wind-storm, there came involuntary immigrants, political exiles of whom Carl Schurz is the best known, if not the best example. They were all educated men, many of them real scholars, and whatever culture there is among the Germans to-day in our cities is in a large measure due to their influence and example. They and their descendants are our real German aristocracy, and in the German centers of Cincinnati and Milwaukee they form the select society.

While these men were idealists politically, they were in a large degree materialists religiously, and planted the seed of Marxian Socialism and of infidelity among their countrymen. One whole colony in Minnesota made it one of its tenets not to have a church or even to mention the name of God, and the little city of New Ulm bore that distinction for a great many years; but in spite of the most diligent efforts to keep God and the churches out of their town, several houses of worship have been built in late years, and while much skepticism still prevails, the younger generation almost as a whole has turned to its God.

The modern German immigrant comes pressed neither by hunger nor by his conscience, but most often to escape irksome military service, or drawn by the German "Wunderlust" which carries him beyond the mountains of his Fatherland into all corners of the earth. On board ship he is the jolliest of passengers, and you will find him at the bar in the morning for his beer and late at night in the smoking-room with a crowd of jovial men and women, singing the songs of the Fatherland, which grow sadder as he grows jollier. He carries with him an exalted opinion of his own country, and has fully made up his mind not to let anything crowd out his love for it, so that when New York Harbor with its vastness and beauty rises before him he insists that it is not half as big or as beautiful as the harbor at Hamburg, and only at the sight of the sky-scrapers does he acknowledge our superiority. I once stood before mighty Niagara with one of these subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm, and, with a deprecating shrug of his shoulders, he said, "Ve gots dem in Shermany too." This attitude towards our country lasts a long time, and is lost only when success comes.

The German immigrant invariably has a good common-school education, although not always possessed of culture, and, if he has it, he does not find much of it among those with whom his lot is cast. A young chemist whom I met grew so despondent at the sight of his German boarding-house and at the lack of manners among the boarders that he returned to Germany two weeks after he landed. Not many such young men come, and few of such who come succeed, for the hustle and bustle, the common tasks to be performed, and the common people whom they must meet as equals, repel them; the weaning from aristocratic notions, the being thrown into the hopper without being asked, "Who are you, and who are your parents?" are painful processes, and only the fit survive. Although the process is slow, it is sure. A young man who has come to this country to study our way of doing business is employed in a large department store in Chicago as a bundle-boy. At first he politely addressed the elevator man thus, "Vill you blease let me off on de second floor?" but within two months he said imperatively, "Second," and he was on the road toward complete Americanization.

The city of Milwaukee is probably the most German city in the United States, although nothing in its business or residence portion suggests the Germany across the sea, and, with sixty per cent. of its population German, it has not impressed upon the city the best things which we

usually associate with that nationality. The intellectual life of its people does not receive that stumulus which one might expect, and whatever German culture there is outside of the ever-diminishing circle of the "forty-eighters" has been transplanted by Americans who have traveled and studied in the Fatherland. The few Germans who try to bring the Germany of Am rica in touch with its glorious heritage across the sea give it up after trying, only to fail most miserably. The cry I most often heard from them was, "The idealists are dead, and the dollar reigns supreme." With a few exceptions, neither the German stage nor the German newspaper has been able to keep alive that intellectual spirit, and, as a rule, the German population falls below the American in its desire to keep in touch with the intellectual life of Germany. "We have two kinds of Germans in Milwaukee: soul Germans and stomach Germans, and the latter are in the vast majority," said a keen observer; and it does seem that the national spirit rallies around social usages rather than around the things which make Germany a world power in the noblest sense. The editors upon whom I called were all intent upon telling me how great their papers were and how many subscribers they had, and I could not go beyond the business point with any of them, although I wasted two hours upon one of them trying to get a glimpse of his German soul; but if I saw it at all, it had the American dollar-mark written all over it. Upon the social side the German is abnormally developed, and to be a "good fellow" is to him a high ideal. He usually belongs to numberless lodges and societies, in few of which he receives any intellectual stimulus. He retains his convivial habits and frequents the saloon, but is seldom intemperate, although the American treating habit often works havoc with his frugality. Another thing which this vast German population has failed to impress upon our cities is the love of law and order which characterizes it in its native home, and almost without exception it stands arrayed against any attempt to curtail the privileges of the saloon and lawmakers, and officials are usually kept from enforcing existing laws by their fear of the German vote. One of the Milwaukee beer-brewers whom I interviewed in regard to his influence upon local politics naïvely said: "No, we have no influence upon politics at all, but if a sheriff or a judge should try to enforce laws against our saloons, he would simply lose his head." The fact is that a certain phase of municipal life is completely controlled by the brewing interest in nearly every city where the German element plays a political part, and that element always rallies to the support and defense of the brewers. It is a strange but general experience that the German immigrant is immediately arrayed against the temperance element; this is due in no small measure to the facts that his first lodging-place is usually connected with a saloon, that the German newspaper almost always ridicules temperance effort and misinterprets the motives of its leaders, and, lastly, that designing politicians make their slogan, "personal liberty," synonymous with a certain kind of lawlessness. The average German comes willing enough to obey all the laws, and, if he has proper environment, develops quickly into the best kind of citizen.

Neither in Milwaukee nor elsewhere did I find that the Church, whether Lutheran or Roman Catholic, had kept pace with the intellectual development of the home Church, nor has it come to feel its social responsibility to the community. The German Lutheran pastors are often more exclusive than the Catholic priests in their unwillingness to co-operate with other churches for the public good; and while the churches in Germany are the most progressive on the Continent, here they are the most conservative, and correspondingly inactive in the affairs which move society. Certain synods of the Lutheran Church, and those the most prosperous, hold to the Augsburg Confession more tenaciously than Luther ever did, and believe that beside that Church there is no Church, and outside of that creed no salvation. I attended a Lutheran church one Sunday evening when it was crowded largely by young people, all of them wage-earners in the lower walks of life, and the whole burden of the sermon of nearly forty-five minutes' length was the thought that salvation is not in morality or merit or good deeds, but that the only thing necessary to it is a proper definition of the nature of Jesus Christ. There was not one ethical

note in the whole sermon, and if it is a fair sample of that man's discourses, his flock of over fifteen hundred souls is feeding upon barren pasture. When I called upon a Lutheran pastor who was pointed out to me as a liberal, I found, upon asking him to define his liberality, that it turned entirely upon social habits and had nothing to do with theology. "I want to drink my beer whenever I want to," was the article in his creed that had driven him into the arms of a more liberal synod. Among the Germans of the Northwest there is a good deal of infidelity, fostered by the Turner societies, but they are languishing and dying, and with them dies the unbelief. I was told in Milwaukee by a business man that the disappearance of those societies is due to the fact that men of affairs discovered that it was poor business policy to belong to them, because it arrayed against them the conservative church element, and that the cessation of infidel agitation is not a sign of more faith, but simply a sign of more common sense. One free-thinking paper is still published in Milwaukee, but its constituency is gradually growing smaller, and the lecturers on infidelity, of whom there used to be many, have dwindled to one or two, and they find it hard to make a living out of a thing that has no life. Yet the German immigrant contributes positive good to this Nation's life; he brings usually a sound body, and while seldom intellectual, he is nearly always intelligent; he is scrupulously honest in business affairs, and has raised the business morals of his community. By his love of music he has robbed the social life in America of some of its sternness, and the German singing societies are known not only for the artistic quality of their performance, but also because they are keeping alive the spirit of good fellowship.

Unfortunately, the German falls an easy prey to the prevailing materialistic spirit, and when he worships mammon he becomes the most ardent of devotees. Then he has no time for his "Gesangverein," nor for anything else which is not utilitarian, and "Geldmachen," the making of money, is his great ideal. In his home life he still emphasizes those virtues which have given inspiration to the German poets' best songs. His wife is, even in America, the model "Hausfrau," for "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." The Woman's Club has touched her but little, and the "Kaffeeklatsch," with its innocent neighborhood gossip, has not given way to the formal reception and kindred social delusions. The German has been the prime factor in dispelling the Puritan idea of the Sabbath, which to many is a positive evil, but may at least be considered a mixed good. Still, he ought not to bear the blame alone, if blame there is; for the disintegrating process which has taken place has been helped along not a little by the thousands of Americans who annually cross the ocean, and who, during their visits in Continental Europe, leave much of the Puritan spirit behind them—too much for their own good and the good of their country.

The German has not largely contributed to the deepening of the religious life of the Nation, although wherever he enters the life of the church he makes its expression more honest. The one thing which he hates desperately is hypocrisy, and because of that he guards himself very jealously and seldom speaks of his religious experiences. The German Methodist and Evangelical Churches, which are of the emotional type, are not only failing to grow, but are perceptibly becoming smaller. This is to be deplored, because they developed a somewhat deep if rather narrow Christian character, and strove to counteract the cold and more formal spirit of the majority of their brethren in other communions. The German in America has not produced many great men, but he has filled this country with good men, which is infinitely better. The cause of the dearth of prominent German-Americans is due to the fact (in some measure at least) that they blend more quickly than any other foreigner (except the Scandinavian) with the Nation's life, especially if the German reaches any kind of eminence, and the effect which he has upon the life of the Nation is difficult to trace just because of that. The coarse, the crude, and the low retain their national stamp, while the finer and better soon become part of us. Some of us seem to know the German best and judge him most from the standpoint of the saloon and all it means; but I have

almost always found him industrious, intelligent, honest, frugal, patriotic, and God-fearing—noble qualities for American citizenship. If he has not risen to the highest which he is capable of reaching, and if he does not exert his influence for the best in all directions, it is not due to the fact that he is not willing to do it, but because he could not rise much higher than the highest marked out for him by the native citizens, or because he could not quite comprehend that this money-making, materialistic Yankee had ideals which he was trying honestly to realize.

If we misjudge the German, he misjudges the American and rates him much lower than he deserves; and this has robbed him of a higher standard for himself and made him exaggerate our National weaknesses, and in imitating them has created a peculiar combination of character which does scant justice to himself or to his American neighbor. When he revisits his Fatherland, these weaknesses manifest themselves most, and then his adopted Fatherland comes in for a good share of the blame for his lack of manners. The following incident illustrates this point. In the lobby of a fashionable hotel in Berlin a German-American of this type was expectorating tobacco-juice with the exactness and frequency of an adept. To a German who called his attention to this nuisance, he replied, "Everybody does that in America." He needs to know the American and value him as he deserves, and he ought to know that which he does not seem to, that the making of money is to the true American, after all, not the greatest of achievements; that the hypocrisy with which he charges him in his citizen's life is less frequent than he thinks it is, and that the National ideal is slowly but surely gaining ascendency. He ought also to know that, more than any other foreigner, he has impressed upon us both his strength and his weakness. It is for us to find out what this strength is and to appropriate it more and it is for him to grow conscious of his weakness and eliminate it from his social life, that he may become indeed one of the strongest pillars of this Republic, which already, like the coming Kingdom, is made up of every nation and kindred and tribe and people under heaven.

The Passing of the County Court

By Katharine P. Woods

AN interesting result of the adoption of the new Virginia Constitution will be the passing of the monthly meeting of the County Court. From the time when the first four counties were set aside, in 1634, until now, the affairs of each of Virginia's counties have been administered by the county officials; but the new Constitution groups two or three counties into a single district, under the jurisdiction of one court, with one judge to each district, thus reducing to something like one-third the old list of courts and officials, numbering a good round hundred.

But the very restriction of the area over which each of the former courts held sway made it a center of social and political life to the community in which it was held; and not only to the immediate neighborhood, for its influence spread far beyond the circle of its legal jurisdiction.

On Court Day the debtor sought his creditor, and the collector looked carefully after his bills; the aspirant for political honors found his readiest audience; and every news item, every jest, and the poorest fragment of gossip found a quick market and a steady rise in value. It was the great monthly event in the life of every man, from the day when, as a small boy, he first made one of the under-foot world upon the green, until he became "one of our most prominent citizens, sir," whose word on whatever topic "carried weight," like John Gilpin. It was by that time a new generation that hung about the groups of men, listened eagerly to the news of the day, drank in and remembered their terms of barter, or turned aside to hearken, awed and agape, to the stentorian and occult cry, "Oyez, oyez, Tom Brown, come into court!" Tom Brown might go, and those immediately interested in his case might follow; the rest of the world stayed outside—kaleidoscopically

shifting and changing; seeking far corners for confidences, friendly or hostile; examining the points of rival horseflesh; selling, bartering, laughing, threatening, and slapping on the back. Here agricultural affairs were best understood, because most thoroughly canvassed—the condition of the crops, the merits of favorite fertilizers, the state of the market, the cost of transportation, and the practical value of the new weather maps and bulletins.

With a curious analogy to the old Indian method of naming the months, though with no traceable connection, some of these court sessions received names that carry with them a vivid touch of local color. Thus, the March court day in a certain eastern county, at which time seed potatoes are a staple of sale, is known as Sweet-potato Court; others are Hog Court and Horse Court; and greatest of all is the midsummer festival, Watermelon Court.

This is a view of things that are passing away. Two years in some localities, six months in others, will see the end. What will take its place? The people, hopeful as the majority are over the new order of things, are already beginning to ask themselves this question. The District Courts, alternating from county to county, are held too infrequently in any one locality to become in any wise social centers. Can farmers' institutes, or farmers' clubs, which have proved so helpful in other places, be made to flourish in Virginia?

A Scientific Study of Mont Pelée[1]

By George Kennan

IN a large octavo volume of 335 pages, illustrated with photographs and maps, Professor Angelo Heilprin, President of the Geological Society of Philadelphia, has given to the public the results of a long and careful study of the Martinique volcano, and a discussion, from a scientific point of view, of the phenomena that it has exhibited since it became active in April, 1902. Although a number of scientists, including Russell, Hill, Jaggar, and Hovey, have written brief reports or magazine articles upon Mont Pelée, Mr. Heilprin is the first professional geologist who has published a book upon the subject; and inasmuch as he has made two separate trips to Martinique, and has had more time for observation, reflection, and study than any of his predecessors in this field, we may fairly look to him for a fuller statement of the facts and a more careful consideration of the problems involved than we have yet had from competent scientific authority.

A glance at the chapter headings of the book shows that its subject matter may be divided into two parts. The first two hundred pages describe the author's visit to Martinique in May, 1902, and give a detailed account of the geography and topography of Mont Pelée; of the destruction of St. Pierre; and of the volcanic phenomena observed by himself or others between April 25 and June 6. The second part contains a record of personal experience in a later visit to the island; brings the history of the volcano up to last September; and discusses the eruptions, their causes, and their effects, in the light of all the observations hitherto made and all the information thus far obtainable. In the first half of the volume there is little that is new, or that imperatively demands notice. The story of the catastrophe of May 8 is retold, with a few additional details; new translations are given of Vicar-General Parel's letter and the last articles on the volcano that appeared in the St. Pierre newspaper "Les Colonies;" and the author's account of his first two ascents of Mont Pelée, originally published in "McClure's Magazine," is reproduced with some amplification and amendment suggested by later experience; but, with the exception of Chapter X., in which the destruction of St. Pierre is compared with that of Pompeii, the first two hundred pages contain little of importance that is wholly new.

In the second part of the book, however, Professor Heilprin has given us an extremely interesting account of the dis-

[1] *Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique.* By Angelo Heilprin. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

astrous eruption of August 30, which he witnessed from Habitation von Leyritz on the northeastern flank of the mountain, and a graphic description of a climb to the summit, in a storm of flying projectiles, while the volcano was in a state of violent and destructive activity. The coolness and intrepidity of Professor Heilprin under volcanic fire excited my admiration when we studied Mont Pelée together last May; but he did not then attempt anything so hazardous as an ascent of the mountain while it was in full eruption. On the 30th of August, however, he climbed to the edge of Lake Palmiste through a shower of falling bombs and rock-fragments, and watched, from a distance of only a few hundred yards, a series of explosions that threw dust-charged vapor to a height of five or six miles, with an initial velocity of from 130 to 180 feet per second. That night he saw, at close range, the eruption which destroyed the villages of Morne Rouge, Morne Balai, and Ajoupa Bouillon on the southern and eastern slopes of the mountain, and witnessed another extraordinary display of the stellar or scintillant volcanic lightning which so terrified us at Vivé on the night of May 26. Early the next morning he visited, with Mr. Joseph Clerc, the wrecked village of Ajoupa Bouillon, and there had an opportunity to observe the effects produced by a hot lateral blast from the main crater, which killed more than twelve hundred persons, and which reproduced, on a somewhat diminished scale, the great catastrophe of May 8.

As a result of later experience and fuller knowledge, Professor Heilprin has changed or greatly modified the opinions that he first expressed with regard to the nature of the force by which St. Pierre was destroyed. His first series of observations led him to believe that the horizontal discharge of May 8 consisted mainly of inflammable gas, that St. Pierre was wrecked and its inhabitants killed by an explosion of this gas after it had left the volcano, and that, if superheated steam was present, it played a wholly subordinate if not an absolutely insignificant part in the catastrophe. He now admits, with scientific frankness and candor, that he was probably mistaken, abandons the gas-explosion theory as wholly unsupported by the evidence, adopts the explanation of the phenomena that I suggested in The Outlook soon after my return from Martinique, and says: "It is now clear that the acting force . . . was superheated steam, or superheated steam charged with hot ashes and lapilli." This is also the judgment of the French scientist Professor Lacroix, who says, with reference to the blast that destroyed Morne Rouge, "It is not doubtful that the destruction was due to the action of a cloud of aqueous vapor, highly charged with hot ashes. There is no reason to seek for a combustible gas." (Comptes Rendus, October 27, 1902, p. 672.)

Among other conclusions reached by Professor Heilprin in his survey of "The Phenomena of the Eruptions" (Chapter XIX.) are: (1) that Mont Pelée, in its present period of activity, has not discharged lava in liquid form; (2) that its eruptions, prior to August 24, were not accompanied by earthquake tremors; (3) that none of the eruptions was heralded or preceded by barometric fluctuation; (4) that the main crater of the volcano now occupies nearly, if not precisely, the position of the ancient basin known as the Étang Sec; (5) that the amount of solid matter discharged by Mont Pelée daily, when in a state of moderate eruption, is greater than the amount of sediment carried to the sea in the same interval of time by all the combined rivers of the world, and amounts, probably, to more than eleven billion cubic feet; and (6) that "in the intensity and swiftness of its death-dealing blast, the vast disturbance caused by it in the magnetic field, and the extraordinary brilliancy and remarkable character of the electric phenomena, the eruptions of May 8 and of later date stand unique in the records of volcanic manifestations."

Professor Heilprin's style is generally clear and intelligible, but his language, at times, seems to be that of a cultivated foreigner who has not fully mastered the peculiarities of idiomatic English. Such expressions as "fermenting volcano," "dazzling velocity," "tornadic ferment," "phenomena that construct this extraordinary cataclysm," "human scavengers, prowling about for observation and study," and Martinique "writhing in the coils of the dragon that wrought its earlier

fabric," are not in accordance with the rules of English composition. The proof-reading, too, is open to criticism. Krakatoa, or Krakatao, is variously spelled; "Arabian Knights" (p. 6) is apparently intended for "Arabian Nights;" and "one or two miles an hour," which is given as the velocity of the volcanic blast that destroyed St. Pierre (p. 272), is clearly intended for "one or two hundred miles an hour." These, however, are nothing more than superficial blemishes in a work of great interest and permanent value.

Three Volumes of Criticism[1]

THERE is a Gallic aphorism which runs that "all that is not clear is not French." While it is always difficult to establish a universal proposition, it is certainly true that lucidity is a signal quality of French style; and this virtue accounts, in a measure, for the fact that the French language has been the chief medium in the interchange of the cosmopolitan ideas of civilization. Though admitting the merit of lucidity, detractors of the French have been fain to couple it with the counter-charge of superficiality. But, in our judgment, he is a superficial critic who brings such a charge against French style. The truth is that the French writers, with their exquisite sense of form, are content to present their pearls of thought only in an artistic setting. To get them, however, they have to dive just as deep into the muddle of the profound as the other thinkers, who, regardless of form, leave their ideas in the obscure without a literary setting. The effort to clear up the obscurity often makes the reader believe that he is in the depths of profundity; but the reader often fools himself. If the French save us the trouble of the clearing up, it is ungrateful to call them superficial. As Matthew Arnold said, they have supreme tact in the application of ideas.

These reflections were induced upon our mind as we read Mr. Bliss Perry's study of prose fiction. For he is one of the few American essayists who have complete mastery of the handmaidens of style; and, like the French, with the service of these he can take a large and complicated subject and make it easily and charmingly intelligible. One half of the genius for good writing consists in knowing what not to say, and in this book Mr. Perry vindicates his title to its possession. The knowing reader is constantly aware of the inapt detail which he has put into the basket of reserve. As a consequence, he has written a book in which the essentials stand out like the columns and alto-reliefs of a Greek temple. The ordinary German would have filled a tome and been far less effective.

The author, in the course of his treatment, discusses the relations of prose fiction to the kindred arts, the essential elements of construction, the plot, the setting, the characters, the personality of creative artists, and the short story as the popularly prevailing form. The volume is designed to be a text-book for college classes, and it comes at a time when there is a great need for such a thing, and no adequate work in the field. It is a manual at all times suggestive and inspiring.

Some points which Mr. Perry develops are worthy of emphasis. In the last generation there has been an increasing demand for historical accuracy. Mr. Maurice Hewlett is more true to fact than Scott. People know their history nowadays, and their knowledge is a concern on the author's conscience. It makes him cautious. This in some respects is unfortunate; for as accuracy increases in influence, creative imagination declines, and artistic possibility is limited.

If modern fiction has lost in this regard, it has gained in another. "Art is a bit of nature seen through a temperament. . . . The personality of the artist is a crucible in which the bit of nature is transformed into art." And this transfusing power of personal temperament is stronger and freer to-day than ever. As we revert to mediæval times we find an

[1] *A Study of Prose Fiction.* By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
The Poetry of Robert Browning. By Stopford Brooke. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.
The Lost Art of Reading. By Gerald Stanley Lee. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

increasing diminution of the narrator's individuality, hence the flatness of the old metrical romances.

In discussing the short-story, the writer considers it as different from the story that is short. It is a distinctly modern type of art. He compares it to a lyric poem, and applies the principles of Poe's theory. It should be read at a single sitting, and should cast an unbroken spell to make its valid artistic impression. The contemporary taste demands visual imagination of a high order, unique characters, and forces of development that act quickly.

In the review and outlook of American tendencies he finds that in fiction we have not attempted anything parallel to the enterprises of gigantic bigness in the mercantile world. In the main, American fiction has been done on small canvases of real excellence; it has come direct from the soil, and has that optimism and freedom from the morbid which are signs of national health and promise.

There are still many intelligent people who would rather take Browning's greatness on faith than read his works. The poet, indeed, is recognized; but the ribald have not yet ceased to jeer, nor even some of the judicious to grieve. Browning's verse can always pass the primary test—that great poetry should be a profound interpretation of life; but when it comes to the second—that poetry must be phrased in terms of artistic beauty—very many of his poems must be disqualified from the ranks of the elect. His lapses so often quench our enthusiasm and rapture. There are many moments when he is under the influence of supremely creative impulses, when reason, emotion, and intuition are in artistic equilibrium; yet there are just as many others when, like Balzac, his imagination lags in the traces, and his mere intellect runs fast and loose. If Browning is to endure for the ages, he will live, as in Wordsworth's case, in a body of selections. We trust there never will be a generation of men reluctant to cherish such things as Abt Vogler, Saul, Prospice; nevertheless, we feel sure there are generations to come who will shelve Sordello, the Epistle to Karshish, Caliban, as we to-day shelve that English writer—so distinguished in his own day—the metaphysical Abraham Cowley.

A reading of Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Poetry of Robert Browning" confirms the reviewer's opinion that while much of the poet's work will be saved by the instinct of self-preservation in the race, a large part will inevitably perish in the struggle for the survival of the fittest. "It is all very well," remarks Mr. Brooke, "for his students to say he is not obscure; he is. . . . Nor is it by any exceptional depth of thought or profound analysis of soul that Browning is obscure. It is his style. He is negligent to a fault, almost to impertinence." He lacked regard for his public; he lacked reverence for his art; and where he has offended most, art and the public will visit upon him the subtle revenge of neglect.

Mr. Brooke's volume brings forth a great many points, some old, some new, about the poet's divinely endowed yet, in many respects, fantastic personality. "The Jew lay deep in Browning." He was Jewish in taste and in his sense of the ever-enduring righteousness at the heart of the universe. His intellect was English in its optimism, its steadfast fighting quality, its unyielding energy; his imagination, on the other hand, was an expatriate. It wooed that "woman's country," for its earthly delight, forgetful of home. And this predilection for foreign settings and alien atmosphere accounts in some degree for the absence of popular appreciation among English readers.

The inspiring element in Browning's poetry is his militant faith. He was certain of his hope amid all the hurly-burly of a skeptical age. This makes him a better poet to live by than Tennyson. "For Tennyson, though he had hope, was often uncertain about it, and bewailed his uncertainty." Browning's theory of life conceives that man is a fledgeling whose business on this earth is to grow wings. He saw clearly the limitations which retard that growth; he saw also that the spirit in its plight was helped by nature, by humanity, by God. His impulse is ever upward; to dwell on the ground and brood aimlessly was submission, and submission was damnation. Nevertheless, while romantic as an artist, while, like Shelley the "sun-treader," his first inspirer, he was restless and unsatisfied, Browning always maintained the sane poise of a man of this world. Though he saw life's

limits, he made up his mind to work unceasingly within them, knowing that suddenly "the worst turns the best, to the brave." He was no anchorite, crucifying the flesh. He was rather a spiritual epicurean. "It is one of the root ideas in Browning that peace is not won by a repression of the noble passions, but by letting them loose, in full freedom, to pursue after their own highest aims."

The content of Mr. Brooke's volume shows that he has been a careful and loyal student of the poet. When, however, one comes to consider his critical method and his form, one cannot feel that his work attains the standard of the highest criticism. His style is wordy and tinctured with cheap rhetorical conventions. In his endeavor to be comprehensive he fails in that bold relief which gives distinction to the essential. Much of the material is transcribed rather than assimilated, and much, too, is more like a mere guide-book with running comments. Arnold, in his literary hunts, had the rare virtue of capturing a single quarry. Mr. Brooke, like an unskilled sportsman, sometimes beats around the bush and simply starts up the game. In spite of this defect, however, his volume is one of the first which we should desire as an aid in the study of Browning.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, in his "Lost Art of Reading," evidently believes that critics, like the heathen, will be heard for their much speaking. His volume is bulky; the intrinsic value is slight. The author seems to feel that the time is out of joint and that it is his business to rail; and he does so in some four hundred and fifty pages. The objects of his attack are modern civilization, educational methods, the misuse of books, the conduct of librarians, and incidentally anything else that comes into his mind. In some ways he is a follower of Ruskin; he thinks that men are willfully blind to the beauty of life and neglectful of their earthly heritage. The hustle and feverish restlessness of the latter-day world prevent real living. "The typical civilized man," he writes, "is an exhausted, spiritually hysterical man because he has no idea of what it means to face calmly with his whole life a great book a few minutes a day, to rest back on his ideals in it, to keep office hours with his own soul." Mr. Lee appears to have Rousseau's idea that, since society corrupts man, he should take to the woods. There is something in the thought, although it is to be discredited, on the whole, as impracticable. Voltaire remarked that Rousseau talked so eloquently on the subject that he was tempted "to get down and go on all fours." Mr. Lee indulges in a great deal of Emersonian aphorism which is often brilliant; the total impression of his book, however, is that of diffuseness and eccentric egoism. There is enough good material to make a small volume of excellent essays. His manuscript should have been boiled down relentlessly, and the author's whims and caprices should have been expunged.

Correspondence

The Gifts of Millionaires

I.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I find that your issue of January 10 contains a criticism of the views which I expressed in a recent Western trip. The facts are not correctly given, but the question is fairly put and squarely met. It is this: Is the president of a college—usually the chief figure in such a transaction—at liberty to solicit or to receive the gifts of a millionaire whose money is known to have been wrongfully secured? Such an act seems to me to be censurable and mischievous. My critic thinks, with equal decision, the reverse. The question is one of immediate moment.

The first affirmation by which the criticism is made good is that such gifts cannot be rejected without first establishing a standard of business morality, and that there is much variety in these standards. This state of things, instead of being a reason why the head of an educational institution may be without a standard of business morality to guide his own action and influence the action of others, is the chief reason why he should carefully frame and constantly defend such a standard. It is not our calling to give guid-

ance where no guidance is needed, but where it is needed. We frame principles for the very purpose of correction.

The second supporting consideration is that, if such a standard is set up, it is impossible to apply it in specific cases. It is impossible for boards of trustees to determine whether wealth offered for public use has been righteously earned. But the question is, whether money that is known to be unrighteously acquired is to be solicited and accepted. The way in which the wealth of the Standard Oil Company has been gained is notorious. Articles, books, the reports of Congressional committees for thirty years, have made it so. No intelligent man can plead ignorance. If I should say to my class, "Monopoly is in itself a great wrong and can only be established in connection with many other wrongs," and one of the students should ask, "How about the Standard Oil Company?" and I should respond, "I know nothing about the Standard Oil Company," I should escape the suspicion of being a fool only by the suspicion of being a rascal. The answer is the same as that given before. It is the duty of the man who guides instruction to frame standards and to give them correct, concrete application. This is his function. It is a novel principle in morals that, as one does not know all things, he need give himself no trouble to know anything; that because one does not see distinctly the obstacle on the horizon, he may stumble over the stone under his feet.

The critic proceeds to affirm that his rule does not hold in the rare cases in which a redress is possible of the wrong done. How is one to know whether redress is possible if he is at liberty to take money in complete ignorance? If the claims of the hundreds who think themselves to have been wronged in business relations by the Standard Oil Company were entertained, its gifts would be swallowed up in an instant.

But the critic urges that there is every degree in wrong-doing. Certainly; but a large share of the questions of life are questions of degree. How dishonest may my partner be and I still do business with him? How corrupt may a political party become and I still support it?

But, it is said, the instruction is not affected, and ought not to be affected, by the want of integrity in those who sustain it. Neither of these propositions is true. I shall mention no names, for these would introduce confusing considerations. Two professors of sociology, men of marked ability, original investigation, and sober opinions, have lost their positions some time since and have never been restored to college work. One of these was mentioned to a college president as a suitable person to fill a vacancy. The response was, "I cannot appoint him. I shall retire shortly, and I do not know from whom my successor will wish to obtain money." There is worldly wisdom for you, heaped up and running over. To suppose that the same man will accept Rockefeller's money and condemn Rockefeller is to imagine that a president in the same act will fall below the claims of honor and rise up to those of duty. The critic plays his men as if there were not a particle of human nature in them, and as though they would turn up black or turn up white, precisely as he might wish.

The question is easily settled. The proper time to express an opinion is before the gift is completed, while there is still freedom of action on both sides. Say to Mr. Rockefeller—and to the public, as the transaction is a public one—"I utterly repudiate your methods," and then see how large a gift will be received. If a president should say at an annual meeting of alumni, "The college has secured another large sum from Mr. Rockefeller, but as there is a general feeling against his methods of business, I must improve the occasion to remark that the Standard Oil Company is a heartless monopoly and that its officers have done more to debauch business morality than all the thieves behind prison bars." The alumni would look in all directions for an exit from the cruel dilemma put upon them, searching for it with as much eagerness and jostling as men manifest in escaping from a burning theater. Mum is the word, the best word, and the only proper word, in such transactions.

Let us cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. Certainly these precepts should meet with

some recognition in a divinity school and in a Christian college, so called.

JOHN BASCOM.
Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The editorial in The Outlook of January 10, entitled "The Gifts of Millionaires," does not seem to me to meet the question raised by Mr. Hobson and Dr. Bascom. I have not seen either Mr. Hobson's or Dr. Bascom's full statement, but the moral principle to which they refer seems evident in the quotations which you make. Their contention, as I understand it, is not that a charitable institution, such as a college, must trace back to its origin each gift to find whether it was honestly come by or not, but rather that there are conditions attached to certain gifts which make their reception impossible to an institution which aims at leadership in moral and intellectual matters.

Let me illustrate. Suppose a citizen of New York should come to the authorities of Columbia College and say: "Here is a million dollars to be used in the work of the College. I have made it dishonestly, but in such wise that it is impossible to return it to those from whom it came. I ask no recognition for myself, but am satisfied to know that the money is put into useful channels." Without doubt Columbia College would be entirely right in accepting this gift.

On the other hand, suppose that William M. Tweed, in the heyday of his career, had come to the authorities of Columbia, and said: "Here is a million dollars to found a school of political science which is to bear my name." Columbia could not have accepted that gift and maintained its moral leadership.

In other words, there is a line of demarcation, not always hard to distinguish, which separates the gift which may be accepted from that which may not; but this line, as you rightly say, cannot be drawn by inquiry into the origin of these gifts, but is rather revealed by the conditions which are attached to them. When the acceptance of a gift carries with it a tacit excuse for past misdeeds, when it involves the placing of a name which stands for violated law and disregard of the rights of men side by side with the names of the great and of the unselfish, when it implies the recognition of a false measure of success—a thing most common in our American life—then the college which accepts such a gift suffers in its moral leadership; its action goes far to confuse in the minds of men the distinction between right and wrong, and between unselfish and selfish public policy; or, as George Eliot so aptly expressed it, such action tends to "debase the moral currency."

As I understand Mr. Hobson and Dr. Bascom, it was this distinction which they made, and not that which The Outlook discusses. Would you have advised Columbia to accept a bequest from Mr. Tweed? If not, do you hold that an institution of learning must await the civil trial and conviction of a well-known man before its officers can decide whether that man's career stands for a sound public policy or a harmful one?

HENRY S. PRITCHETT.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

[The foregoing letter of Dr. Pritchett, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in our opinion satisfactorily answers Dr. Bascom's letter. Dr. Pritchett implies, though he does not explicitly state, the principle that, it appears to us, should govern university trustees in all cases of debatable gifts of money. This is that it is not the business of trustees to trace back the money to its source and decide whether the money offered to them has been honestly or dishonestly made, except in the rare cases in which they have reason to believe that the money does not belong to the donor because it could be given back to the original owner. But, on the other hand, it is their duty to consider all that is expressed or implied in the deed of gift. We should not think that Columbia University could have accepted a gift from William M. Tweed "to found a school of political science which is to bear my name," because the condition "to bear my name" would necessarily involve the honoring of Mr. Tweed. What Mr. Hobson, as reported, explicitly claimed, and what Dr. Bascom claims in his letter printed above, that it is the duty of trustees to trace money to its source and refuse to accept it if in their judgment the money has been acquired by the donor by immoral methods, The Outlook thinks is untenable.—THE EDITORS.]

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Art of Disappearing (The). By John Talbot Smith. William H. Young & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 367 pages. $1.50.

Art of Speaking (The). By Ernest Pertwee. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 122 pages. $1.

Beacon Lights of History: The World's Heroes and Master Minds. By John Lord, L.L.D. In 15 vols. Illustrated. James Clarke & Co., New York. 6×8¼ in. $50 per set.

It has become a generally accepted belief that books published by subscription lack taste in their outward form. Here is a notable exception. These fifteen volumes could hardly be excelled in paper, binding, print, and form generally. They make up a new library edition which can be cordially and highly praised. The illustration also is adequate and extensive. As to Dr. Lord's lectures themselves, their painstaking accuracy and popular methods of presentation have long been recognized. The scope and extent of ground covered are really remarkable. For forty years the various series have been delivered before literary institutions and special classes in many cities, and they have proved eminently acceptable. Dr. Lord has in his own way contributed substantially to the education of the people, and we have here in permanent form the results of a very extended treatment of the history of civilization from the earliest times to recent days.

Biographic Clinics: The Origin of the Ill-Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning. By George M. Gould, M.D. P. Blakiston's Sons & Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 223 pages. $1, net.

Birth of Berea College: A Story of Providence. By John A. R. Rogers. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 4¼×7 in. 174 pages.

A little book dealing with a great subject; a chapter in the higher life of the country, of great interest to all who care for education in America, and of still greater interest for all who care for American character. It is the record of a typical American enterprise, begun with the fewest materials but with the highest aims, and established on the strongest foundations by a rare combination of idealism and practical good sense. If this little book could get into the right hands, it would render service to many persons of means who are looking for the right places in which to invest a part of their capital.

Boy's Iliad (The). By Walter Copland Perry. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 411 pages. $1.25.

Boys who have read Mr. Perry's "Boy's Odyssey," and grateful parents who have read [illegible] boys' version (not only for their children [illegible] themselves), will gladly welcome Mr. "Boy's Iliad." It is true that Achilles [illegible] the engaging character of Ulysses, and it is certainly true that the adventures of Achilles were not half as interesting or as picturesque as were the adventures of Ulysses. But Mr. Perry has succeeded in making a book of signal worth to every lover of boys, of good stories, and of sound literature.

Civil War Times, 1861-1865. By Daniel Wait Howe. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5½×8 in. 421 pages.

Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy. By Joseph Lee. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 242 pages $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Cuentos Castellanos. Selected and Edited by Mary D. Carter and Catharine Malloy. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 200 pages.

Egregious English (The). By Angus McNeill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 210 pages.

An answer to "The Unspeakable Scot." There is something essentially childish in these attempts to attract attention and sell books by holding up to ridicule a nation's failures and weaknesses and ignoring its greatness and fine traits. Irony and caviling continued for two or three hundred pages becomes wearisome, even though, as here, many clever hits are made.

Deeper Teachings of Plant Life (The). By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 386 pages. $1.20, net.

This book is not as formidable as its title might lead one to imagine. It consists of a "collection of popular studies" on the commoner flowers and trees, and the suggestions that they make to one who is looking for explanations, sees God in nature, and delights in beauty. The glaze on the flower of the buttercup, for instance, which serves as the subject of one study, suggests to the author, on the one hand, the long process by which this flower has become adapted to its environment, and, on the other hand, its apparent liking for human companionship. Those who enjoy meditations on the "Poetry of Plants," to use the running title of the book, will find these studies pleasant and helpful.

Egypt. Painted and Described by R. Talbot Kelly. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×9 in. 240 pages. $6.

Very delicately and charmingly painted are the pictures of Egypt here skillfully reproduced in color-printing. The pen descriptions of the land of the Nile are written easily, and will recall to all travelers the atmosphere and indescribable delight of Egyptian journeys.

England and the Holy See: An Essay Towards Reunion. By Spencer Jones, M.A. (Second Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 264 pages. $1.50.

French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIIIth Century. By Lady Dilke. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 7½×11 in. 227 pages. $10.

Reserved for later notice.

Gardens Old and New: The Country House and Its Garden Environments. Vol. II. Edited by John Leland. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 9½×14 in. 284 pages. $12, net.

This second volume of "Gardens Old and New" is a welcome addition to the rapidly increasing library of garden literature. It is first of all a book of large and beautiful pictures, from photographs by Charles Latham. These illustrations, which set forth the striking features of seventy-six formal gardens in England, are accompanied by brief descriptions of the gardens and discussions relative to the growth of the garden idea. In view of the wide interest in this subject, it is gratifying to have a book that tells us how the wonderful garden development of the English country seats has been accomplished. The volume is rich in suggestions for those who have gardens of their own, and it will be cherished by all who love the beautiful.

German Revolution of 1849 (The). By Charles W. Dahlinger. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 287 pages. $1.35.

The publication of General Franz Sigel's account of the German Revolution in 1848–49 calls attention to another work by a less well-known author, but also of singular merit. It portrays a period which, however disappointing in its ultimate outcome, was of considerable significance as indicating the breadth of the general democratic wave which swept over Europe in those years. Great things were accomplished by that noble impulse, especially in France, Austria, and Italy. If in Germany the permanent results seem slight, we may remember that the Fatherland had already begun its Prussianizing. A Government of arrogant absolutism triumphed and remained in power until 1870, when it was replaced by the present more liberal (although not sufficiently liberal) imperial representative government. Mr. Dahlinger's description of the death-struggle of democracy in Germany is both clear and spirited. On every page also it bears the marks of intimate knowledge; the author has enjoyed a manifest advantage in being able to derive most of his facts from his father, and from other friends who were participants in the struggle. Some of the most notable participants came to this country—Brentano, for instance, the civil leader of the Revolution, later editor of the Illinois "Staats-Zeitung;" Franz Sigel, the military commander of the Revolution, who, at Carthage, Mo., was to gain the earliest victory for the North in our Civil War; finally, Carl Schurz, coming from his early army life in Baden to fight in America under Sigel, his old commander, and himself to become an American Major-General, a diplomat, United States Senator, Secretary of the Interior, a notable publicist and writer. Mr. Dahlinger throws new and interesting light on just why the Revolution was so strong in the southwestern corner of Germany.

Highways and Byways in London. By Mrs. E. T. Cook. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 480 pages. $2.

This is neither a guide-book nor a history, but it may be cordially commended to travelers as well as to the general reader. It is a pleasant, discursive, anecdote-relating sort of a book, which makes the most of all the picturesque literary, biographical, and historical associations of London. It is an excellent supplement to Baedeker because it is as unlike that work as possible. The pictures are by Hugh Thomson and others. Much as we admire Mr. Thomson's work, speaking generally, we do not think he is at his best here.

History of Siena (A). By Langton Douglas. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 500 pages. $6. net.

In Mr. Douglas's recent admirable monograph on Fra Angelico we saw how mistaken conceptions of the Dominican artist had become prevalent because historians and critics of painting in the first place had neglected the study of the history of Renaissance architecture, and, secondly, had failed to comprehend the true character of that religious movement in the Roman Catholic Church of which the friar was the chief artistic representative. In the present volume Mr. Douglas seeks to show—and has succeeded in showing—that no one can understand either the political history or the artistic history of Italy, or of any part of Italy, if one neglect either politics or art. We are glad that, instead of following up a subject already begun—Fra Angelico—and giving us a history of Florence, Mr. Douglas has devoted his attention instead to Siena. Of Florence we already have histories a-plenty, but of Siena there is, so far as we know, no complete history in any language. In the Italy of the Middle Ages and of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Siena played an important part, and in this volume we grasp that part as never before, while some great figures in Sienese history also stand out as never before—San Bernardino, St. Catharine, Pius II., Petrucci, Quercia. The volume is adorned with many pictures especially illustrating the latter half of the work, which is devoted to a description of Sienese architecture, sculpture, painting, and other arts. The illustrations by no means interfere with the thin paper on which the text is clearly printed, and do not make the volume of five hundred pages heavy to the hand. Finally, the cover is practical, may be handled without spoiling, and is also æsthetic, as befits the subject of the text.

Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Brontë. (New Century Library.) Thomas Nelson & Son, New York. 4×6¼ in. 517 pages.

A very attractive edition of this striking story, in flexible leather covers, printed on thin paper from large type, small enough to put into the pocket, but meeting every requirement of the fastidious reader.

John Inglesant: A Romance. By J. Henry Shorthouse. In 3 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9¼ in.

A dignified and almost sumptuous edition in three large volumes, beautiful in type and

paper, and gratefully light in hand. A portrait of Mr. Shorthouse reveals a singularly interesting and unusual type of face, as might be expected with the author of a book which is truly unique in English literature.

New International Encyclopædia. Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. V. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 842 pages.

Nova Solyma, the Ideal City; or, Jerusalem Regained: An Anonymous Romance Written in the Time of Charles I., Now First Drawn from Obscurity, and Attributed to the Illustrious John Milton. By Rev. Walter Begley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. In 2 vols. 5×9½ in. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Quest of the Holy Grail (The): An Interpretation and a Paraphrase of the Holy Legends. By Ferris Greenslet, Ph.D. With Illustrations from the Frieze Decoration in the Boston Public Library by Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A. Curtis & Cameron, Boston. 8×10½ in.

A very attractively printed quarto, which contains stories taken from Sir Thomas Malory and from other authors, and illustrated with reproductions, not wholly successful in several instances, of Mr. Abbey's striking mural paintings in the Boston Public Library.

Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylonia (The): The Gifford Lectures on the Ancient Egyptian and Babylonian Conception of the Divine, Delivered in Aberdeen. By A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 509 pages. $3.50, net.

Those who are interested in comparative religion will find this latest work of a distinguished Orientalist most valuable. It is, of course, as related to our religion that the religions of those to whom we trace back our civilization are chiefly interesting. The points of resemblance between the religions of Babylon and Jerusalem, between the Egyptian and the Christian religion, have by no means escaped notice till now. Now, however, Professor Sayce, by the light of the most recent researches, has exhibited the parallels and the contrasts as fully as they are now perceptible. The religion of Egypt, though better understood than the Babylonian, can even now be outlined only in general principles and fragmentary details. To reconstruct it from its relics in our possession would be like reconstructing the religion of Englishmen "from a few tattered pages of Hume or Burns, of Dugald Stewart or Sir Walter Scott." And yet it is discovered that, whatever the grossness of the popular superstitions, the cultured few in Egypt attained to religious conceptions both pure and sublime. We are in some things their heirs, and their theories, variously transformed, enter into modern religious thought. The continuity that links Christian thought to that of early Egypt links that also through Judaism to the thought of primitive Babylonia. Fresh discoveries only augment the known resemblances between the ritual of Israel and that of Babylon. "The Mosaic law," says Professor Sayce, "must have drawn its first inspiration from the Abrahamic age." Of this positive proof appears in the recently ·ered code of King Hammurabi of n, about 2250 B.C. To study these ancient religions is to study the background of Christianity, and the germinant thoughts and aspirations which find in Christianity their explanation and fulfillment. In such a study sympathetic appreciation and discriminating criticism are in these lectures felicitously joined.

Round the Horn Before the Mast. By A. Basil Lubbock. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8 in. 375 pages. $2, net.

The author, a young Englishman fond of adventure, sailed in a four-master from San Francisco to England as a sailor before the mast. His experiences bring out the life on a sailing vessel as have hardly any other books of the sea except Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." He is a cheerful young man, took ill fortune, accident, and hardship as all in the day's work, and seems really to have enjoyed bad food, hard work, plenty of abuse, and frequent danger. There is not much of the imaginative quality that is to be found in Joseph Conrad's stories, nor of the vivid narrative of Mr. Bullen, yet the book is essentially readable. It is not pleasant to find often repeated as a matter of general knowledge the assertion that American ships have a much worse reputation for brutality than British vessels, but it may be said at least that the particular British ship here described was far from being a nautical paradise. There are a few good pictures.

Some Features of the Faith: A Popular Discussion of Certain Cardinal Points of Christian Doctrine. By John Arthur Shaw, M.A. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1.25, net.

Social Unrest (The): Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 394 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

United States Catalog (The): Provisional Edition. Edited by Marion E. Potter, B.L. Second Edition. H. W. Wilson, Minneapolis, Minn. 6½×10 in. 1,130 pages.

Week in a French Country-House (A). By Adelaide Sartoris. Illustrated by Lord Leighton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 221 pages. $1.50, net.

The author of this book, Adelaide Sartoris, belonged to a gifted English family, and the book shows on almost every page the power of observation, the dramatic instinct, and the sensibility of a family which has given the English stage several of its best actors. Written in a most familiar way, and pretending to be the simple record of a visit in a French country house, the book reminds one in its quality of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." It is full of the same out-of-door atmosphere; it has the same charm of style; it is not, however, filled by the same humor; it is much more serious, and the story element in it is much more pronounced. In a way, it is a complete story, but the story is beautifully set against a background of French domestic life and of French landscape, charmingly sketched, rich in passages of rarely felicitous description. It is a book which will appeal to a very large constituency of readers at a time when the love of nature is so widely shared.

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THE TRUE STORY OF ADDICKS AND DELAWARE

BY GEORGE KENNAN



"This only is the witchcraft
I have us'd"

The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Week in Congress

In the Senate, as Senator Dietrich, of Nebraska, observed last week, everything has remained "in statu Quay." The Pennsylvania Senator's Statehood Bill holds the right of way, and practically nothing else can get a hearing. A majority of the Senate will plainly vote for the bill if it is brought to a vote, but those who are filibustering against it have in their favor the fact that many members of the majority are not strenuously enough in favor of the bill to hold a continuous session until it is passed. A continuous session is a much more trying ordeal for the supporters of a bill than for its opponents—if the latter are at all numerous—for the opponents merely need to keep enough members in the Senate to prolong the debate, while the supporters must obtain a quorum to prevent adjournment. Last week Senator Quay indicated doubt about his ability to keep his measure before the Senate when the appropriation bills demand attention, by getting his bill introduced as an amendment to the agricultural appropriation bill. This policy of grafting general legislation upon appropriation bills in the form of "riders" has long and justly been condemned, and the Senate has a rule against the introduction of such "riders" if they be not germane to the bill on which they are saddled, but it has never been strict in its definition of the word "germane." The friends of an amendment seem usually to vote that it is "germane" to the bill amended, but the relations of Statehood to agriculture are admittedly remote. The Cuban treaty and the Philippine relief bills are the measures held back by the Statehood debate. The Panama Canal treaty is allowed consideration, and is likely to pass. Senator Morgan seems to be its only determined opponent, and he declares that he has no intention of filibustering against it. The Militia Bill, in the form in which it has become a law, merely provides for the uniform arming and disciplining of State troops, chiefly through appropriations from the National Treasury to pay for the arms furnished and the detailing of National officers to exercise a certain supervision over the drill. The original proposal that an army reserve of 100,000 trained men should be enrolled in the various States under the command of the President, with obligation to serve wherever ordered, was eliminated by the Republican leaders in the Senate after it had been accepted by the House. The opposition to the creation of a regular army reserve of 100,000 men was led by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and supported with unexpected vigor by nearly all the Democrats. Under the bill as passed there is no new army reserve, and the State militia systems remain under State control, though equipped and drilled so as to fit them for effective co-operation in case of National need.



The New Silver Complications

President Roosevelt sent to Congress last week a report of Secretary Hay inclosing and indorsing a proposal from the Mexican and Chinese Governments that the nations having Oriental dependencies should join with the independent silver-using countries in "establishing a definite relationship between their gold and silver moneys," so as to prevent further fluctuations in the rate of exchange. These fluctuations are a serious embarrassment to commerce between the gold and silver using countries, as the merchants on neither side can tell just how much they are paying or getting for the

goods they buy and sell. There are no figures showing that these uncertainties have prevented foreign commerce, but the Chinese memorandum holds out to us the possibility that with a stable rate of exchange our exports to China might increase from $200,000,000 a year to $1,200,000,000! This latter total, it points out—after the manner of Colonel Sellers—would only require Americans to sell $3 worth of goods a year to every man, woman, and child in the Celestial Empire. The Mexican and Chinese memoranda both make it clear that the gold-using nations are not asked to change their own monetary systems by restoring the free coinage of silver, but merely to legislate in such a way for their Oriental dependencies that gold and silver money may be interchangeable at a definite ratio. Just how this end may be secured is not made entirely clear. It is suggested that the Philippine currency bill recently defeated in the House offers the kind of a plan desired; but this bill merely provided that Philippine silver money should be kept at a definite ratio (32 to 1) with gold money, by limiting the amount of silver coined and establishing a gold reserve to insure exchangeability. Any nation can take this action to keep its own silver money at par with gold, but no nation can guarantee that the silver money of any other nation shall be kept at par with gold, for it cannot limit the amount coined or use its reserve to keep the excessive coinage of another country from going to a discount. Such a plan could have no effect to steady the value of silver bullion, for the nations joining in it must each close their mints to the free coinage of silver and thus send the commercial value of that metal down to a still lower level. The plan of a union does not seem to us at this writing feasible, but we recognize the desirability of a fixed ratio of exchange for international commerce, and the Mexican and Chinese proposals should receive all the consideration that the importance of the end in view demands. The mere fact that these countries desire a better commercial understanding with the other nations is of great significance, and, whatever final result may come from the negotiations, their request for a mutual conference by means of a joint commission should receive a hearty welcome from the American people.

The Doblin-Lessler-Quigg Story

The tale of attempted bribery which has been recounted before a committee in Congress for about two weeks has aroused a popular suspicion of legislative methods which cannot easily be allayed. The story is briefly as follows: Among the plans for the enlargement of the navy has been a proposal that the Government should purchase a number of Holland submarine torpedo-boats. Representative Lessler, of New York, who has been an opponent of this proposal, announced to the House Committee on Naval Affairs that he had been approached by a man named Doblin with an offer of $5,000 on condition that he should support the proposed measure. This offer purported to come from Lemuel E. Quigg. When brought before the Committee Mr. Doblin confirmed this statement, and added that he had been told that there was possibly "$1,000 in it" for himself. Mr. Quigg, being thereupon called upon to testify, denied unequivocally that he had made any offer of money, but admitted that he had spoken to Mr. Lessler "on behalf of a friend" whom he wished to oblige. Mr. Doblin, summoned again before the Committee, retracted his former story, and declared that he had told it as a favor to Representative Lessler in order to substantiate the charges. In addition to this offer of money, Mr. Lessler had declared that political pressure had been brought to bear upon him by means of threats from John McCullagh, Chief of the Bureau of Elections in New York, that men who had made and could unmake Representative Lessler politically, willed that he should vote in favor of purchasing the boats. Mr. McCullagh in turn disclaims making these threats. So the matter stands, with but two points clear: that Mr. Doblin, on intimate terms with Representative Lessler, apparently considered by Mr. Quigg as fit to be recommended for political office, and a deputy under Mr. McCullagh, is clearly, no matter which statement of his may be accepted, a perjurer, and that some one else is clearly guilty either of subornation of perjury or of bribery. This is the sort of occurrence that has created in the minds of many good citizens the idea that political affairs are corrupt, political practices underhand, and politicians conscienceless.

This idea, already too prevalent, will be made only more widespread by any effort at concealment out of regard for the feelings even of men who are unjustly involved. A searching investigation is the only means by which the House of Representatives can convince honest men that it discountenances such dishonesty. The first step in this investigation should be the indictment of Mr. Doblin for perjury. Perhaps a prospect of the State's prison before him, from which he could not be delivered by political influence, might result in getting some substantiation of the true story. If not, still the country would have satisfaction in knowing that perjury does not remain unpunished even if bribery does.

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The Venezuelan Question It is to be hoped that the delay and disagreement as to the terms of a settlement between Venezuela and the allied Powers (Great Britain, Germany, and Italy) will not prevent the adoption of some plan fair and acceptable to all concerned. The new German Minister, Baron von Sternburg, has but just arrived in Washington, and is energetically striving to familiarize himself with the situation. He has already sent to his Government a full statement of his understanding of the situation. The diplomatic discussion last week turned around the point involved in President Castro's unwillingness to give Germany and Great Britain a position as preferred creditors in any arrangement reached for pledging Venezuela's customs for her debts. Not unnaturally, the allies who have by a display of force brought about the crisis think that their claims should first be satisfied, and have refused to raise the blockade until they are assured on this point. Of the other creditor nations, France has notified Venezuela that, by a convention between the two countries in 1867, France was authorized to collect customs directly in Venezuela, and renounced this right in 1885 with the express condition that interest should be paid regularly. This has not been done, and France intimates her intention to enforce her rights. The other claimant countries have shown no uneasiness. A compromise plan was suggested providing that the allies should have preference for their claims, but only for a short time. The representatives of the allies at Washington have submitted this plan to their Governments, but it has been positively rejected by those Governments.

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Present Duties in the Philippines At a mass-meeting held in Cooper Union in New York City last week to consider "Present Duties in the Philippines," Mr. Edwin M. Shepard, the intellectual leader of the Democratic party in that city, speaking upon the "Immediate Needs" of the islands, gave his cordial support to the three measures urged upon the present Congress by the President and Secretary Root. Congress, he declared, should at once reduce the taxes imposed on Philippine products sent to our markets, should at once give the islands a stable currency, and should at once appropriate the three million dollars asked for to relieve the appalling distress among the people. He said that he had not changed his attitude toward the policy which had imposed upon us our present responsibilities in the Philippines—indeed, he was strengthened in it by the results which were reported by Secretary Root—but division upon past issues or future issues should not cause division among the American people upon recommendations which offered an opportunity to awaken among the Filipinos the respect and affection which all Americans desired. Dr. Felix Adler, who followed Mr. Shepard, had for his subject "Coolie Labor," and urged with great power the close kinship between coolie labor and the slave labor which was its immediate predecessor in the West Indies, and for which it is being urged as a substitute in the East Indies. In the West Indies, he said, the coolies, deprived of freedom by their contracts, were often treated with greater cruelty than the slaves whose exhaustion meant loss to their owners, and in one little island the entire four thousand coolies imported perished in a few years from the revolting hardships to which they were subjected or from suicide, to which a large part of their number were driven. When laborers are held to service by fear of arrest and punishment, they are not free men, and the American people, who a generation ago at fearful cost suppressed

slavery in this country, should not re-create it in any form in the Philippines.

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Future Issues in the Philippines

President Schurman, of Cornell, the last speaker, took for his subject "American Ideals," and in his speech dealt rather with the issues of the future than the needs of the present. He said:

There is not, I believe, a single man of them who will consent that his country should be permanently a dependency or colony of the United States. Thousands have died and hundreds of thousands are still ready to die in the cause of Philippine independence. Our war with the Filipinos has made a nation of them; they are no longer Tagalogs or Visayans or Ilocanos, but one people with a single national consciousness and a single national heart. By force the Filipinos may be worried and harassed; but force will not mitigate or destroy their unconquerable love of independence. But men ask, in incredulity, Shall we give up the Philippines? The Philippines belong to the Filipinos; we hold the islands as guardians and trustees pending the political pupilage of the Filipinos; when they set up for themselves, they will resume title to their property; and it is our duty at the earliest possible moment to grant them their independence. And shall the flag, once raised, come down again? Two years ago I saw it wave all over Cuba. But it has come down in that island—to the joy of the Cubans and the everlasting honor and glory of the United States. The American flag has always stood for liberty and national independence, and to aid the Filipinos in achieving liberty and national independence is its thrice-glorious mission in the archipelago.

President Schurman declared that the question of Philippine independence, when orderly government is established, had never yet been passed upon by the American people. Three weeks ago he had put the question to a great audience of workingmen in New York, and only four had stood for the creed that the flag must not be hauled down. A fortnight before he had put the same question to more than two thousand school-teachers in Nebraska, and only eight had stood for the doctrine that the people of the Philippines should be denied the government of their choice. He concluded his address by urging that government by force was only to be justified as a temporary measure, and that a government resting upon loyalty was the only government which could or should endure. In our judgment, it will be time enough to meet the future issues when they arise, and it is a mistake to turn public attention away from pressing and immediate obligations to future and theoretical problems. The duty of to-day is to give the Filipinos industrial relief along the lines indicated by Mr. Shepard, and to guard sedulously against any danger of slave labor or any approximation to it. When this relief has been afforded, starvation has been warded off, the Filipinos have been put upon their feet, the census has been taken, the national consciousness which Dr. Schurman rather foresees than sees has been perfected, and a legislature has been elected to give expression to it, the Filipinos will be in condition to know what they want and we shall be in better condition both to understand them and to meet their wants. We do not now think that they will then wish for absolute and formal independence; but we are very certain that the American people will not wish to hold them in unwilling subjection.

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A New Method of Defrauding the City

District Attorney Jerome last week exposed an entirely new method by which the Tax Department of New York City has been defrauded. He put under arrest the Librarian of the City Library and three associates who are charged with supplying "dummies" to impersonate wealthy business men and swear off their personal taxes. The conspirators were entrapped by getting them to engage as one of their dummies a county detective, whose age and size fitted him to impersonate for them one M. B. Bryant, in order to, in his name, swear off the latter's personal assessment from $80,000 to $10,000. The detective was carefully coached by the conspirators as to the answers he should make to the questions asked him in the Tax Department. According to the charges, the system employed by the gang under arrest included a card catalogue of all New Yorkers assessed for personal taxes and several classes of dummies, who could be sent to impersonate tall and stout men, tall and thin men, short men, stout and thin, men with whiskers and men without —actors out of work being often employed to fill the rôles assigned. The wealthy taxpayers or tax-dodgers were not, as a rule, it is thought, told that some one

else would swear off their taxes for them for a consideration, but merely assured that a reduction in their assessments would be secured if they paid the price asked for the service—perhaps a percentage of the amount saved them by the reduction. Nevertheless, the business men who were duped into believing that these assessments were reduced by legitimate means were probably not unwilling to be duped, and the incident brings home once more the laxity of the current commercial conscience regarding the defrauding of the public. The tax-dodgers in question were unwilling to commit perjury, for by perjury most of the personal assessments in New York may be evaded. Yet they were willing to employ shady characters to aid them by hidden means in withholding from the city a part of their legal dues. The two remedies for this state of affairs are, first, a change in the law so that property shall be taxed only where it is invested; and, second, a change in public sentiment by which attempts to reduce just assessments, whether of personalty or realty, shall be branded as attempts to cheat the whole community. It is one of the anomalies of our time that the robbing of individuals should be regarded as so much more disgraceful than the robbing of the city, the State, and the Nation to which the allegiance of every citizen is due.

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Chicago's City Ownership Bill

Upon the surface of things Chicago's City Council is now as unanimous in support of city ownership of street railway lines as it was in opposition to this measure a decade ago. By a vote of 51 to 16 it has asked the Legislature to pass a bill allowing any city of the State to purchase street-car lines at any time by condemnation proceedings, and the opposition to the bill recommended seemed to come chiefly from the supporters of a measure making the popular control of the whole situation still more complete. The bill sent to the Legislature with the Council's support—the Jackson Bill—provides that the bonds issued for the purchase of the street railways must be "made payable solely out of the revenue of such street railways," and "shall in no event be or become general obligations or liabilities of the city." It is only, therefore, when, in the eyes of the investing public, city ownership of street railways bids fair to be as profitable as city ownership of waterworks that the undertaking can be entered upon. It is further required that the ordinance providing for city purchase shall specify the price to be paid and receive the assent of sixty per cent. of the voters when submitted to the citizens for their approval. Neither of these stipulations is obnoxious to the trusted leaders of the municipal ownership movement, for these men do not wish their cities—any more than they would wish their firms—to engage in a business undertaking unless there is the prospect of business success and pretty general agreement among their associates that the undertaking should be begun. The popular fear that the Council's action does not mean as great a victory for municipal ownership as it would seem to upon its surface is based upon the opposition of a majority of the Council to the supplementary measures urged by Mayor Harrison—particularly the stipulation that no franchise should be leased to a private company for more than five years without the approval of a majority of the voters, if ten per cent. of their number petition for the submission of the lease to popular vote within sixty days after it is sanctioned by the Council. Inasmuch as city ownership of street railways in Chicago is almost necessarily postponed by the fact that not all of the present franchises expire at the same time, the possibility of further aldermanic extensions of particular franchises for long periods without popular approval involves a real peril to the principle of city ownership. Alderman Jackson's claim that no Alderman "would dare to vote contrary to the wish of the people" does not carry conviction among those familiar with franchise grabs. In the judgment of The Outlook, the amendment providing for a referendum of all considerable extensions of a railway franchise should be urged on the Legislature by the citizens of Chicago.

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Primary Reform in Baltimore

After years of agitation, Baltimore, Md., has at last a thoroughly good primary election system. It will receive its first practical trial at the city el

this spring, and some defects may be developed by the trial; but the general plan of the law, as outlined for us by Mr. George Stewart Brown, of the Baltimore bar, is so admirable that we do not fear any general dissatisfaction with the result. The principal features of the law are as follows:

First, the primaries of both parties are held on the same day and in the same voting booths.

Second, the ballot used is prepared by public officials, contains the names of all candidates alphabetically arranged, and is voted in secret.

Third, every citizen has a right to vote in the primaries of the party with which he prefers to be affiliated, the law expressly providing "that the statement of such party affiliation does not bind him to vote for the candidates of such party at any given election."

These provisions do away with the abuses by which conscientious citizens are kept from voting in the primaries of either party and corrupt ones are permitted to vote in the primaries of both. The "floaters," as they are called, upon whom the machines of both parties count to do them service in the primary elections, have still one vote, but they have no longer two or more, as the primaries of both parties are held together under the same safeguards as a regular election; and the citizen who is unwilling to do the machine's bidding can no longer be kept away from the primaries by a requirement that he must pledge himself to vote for all its nominees, however obnoxious to his moral sense. Besides these provisions, the new Baltimore law has another introducing the principle of direct primaries for the most important officer to be chosen at any election. If delegates to conventions are chosen, the name of the candidate they are pledged to support is printed above each list of delegates. Thus in a general city election the voter can be sure what man he is voting for as Mayor, and only need intrust to the delegates the selection of the minor officials on the general ticket. The councilmanic candidates will be voted for directly in the various wards. The new law gives to the party machines the right to adopt in full the principle of direct primaries; and Western experience indicates that voters are likely in time to demand that they shall have the privilege of saying who their party's nominees shall be for all offices.

English Political Reaction

The passage of the Education Bill in its modified form has settled the matter for the moment, but it is very evident that, while advancing the interests of education on the one hand by securing unity of control, and probably greater uniformity of teaching, it has introduced a principle which so offends the English sense of justice that the bill contains in itself the germ of vigorous reaction. Liberal feeling about the measure is well expressed by an English Liberal correspondent of The Outlook of unusual intelligence in these words: "Lord Rosebery used unusually strong language in describing the political reaction in England when he received the deputation from the Free Churches which waited on him on the eve of the second reading of the Education Act in the House of Lords. 'If the country is prepared to submit to the principle enunciated in this bill,' he then said, 'you may give yourselves up to an interminable reign of the principles associated with Lords Eldon and Sidmouth. You may hope for an era of great military and naval and diplomatic supremacy abroad, but you have very little to hope for in the development of free institutions at home. You cannot limit the effect of a bill so far-reaching in its principle, or want of principle, as this. If it is to be established as a maxim that the Church of England is to have the education in the schools entirely maintained by public funds and entirely controlled by a close corporation constituted under the trust deeds of these schools—if that is to be established, and established without demur and protest, we may look forward to a great political deterioration throughout the nation at large.' Strong as this language is, it must be conceded that it is no overstatement of the case. It is necessary to go back to the dark days in nineteenth-century history, when Great Britain was so long at war with France, to find a precedent for a Parliamentary enactment which embodies more of the Bourbon Toryism of Eldon and Sidmouth than the Education Act which has just become law. Any time between 1832 and 1886 such a measure would have brought England to the verge of revolution. To-day it is acquiesced in, for really little can be hoped from the

movement among Free Churchmen to make the bill unworkable by refusing to pay the taxes levied by the local bodies intrusted with the administration of the new Act. As a matter of fact, the Education Act is only one of many signs of the extraordinary reaction which has been at work since 1886. More is being made of the Crown to-day than at any period since the era of personal government; and the Tory landed aristocracy, including the House of Lords, now count for more in political life than at any time since the reign of George III. They monopolize more of the Cabinet and Ministerial offices than they have done for half a century past; and they seem able to assert their right to all these prizes as easily as they did when nearly half the members of the House of Commons were nominated by peers and larger landowners. As yet there is only one indication that a change is even in sight. The trade-unionists all over the country are quietly but very systematically preparing to return more labor members at the next general election. It is from the working classes that a turn in the tide is to be expected. The United States, however, is not unlikely to have an indirect part in checking the reaction. American industrial supremacy will in the next ten years bring new and serious problems for England; and as these will be bread-and-butter problems, the middle and working classes will at no distant day be compelled to join forces again, and assert themselves against the aristocracy as they did between the end of the French wars and the Reform Act of 1867."

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The Political Position in Japan

The session of the Japanese Parliament now in progress promises to be one of the most interesting since the opening of the diet twelve years ago. The "two burning questions" to be discussed are the Government's plan for the expansion of the navy and the continuation of the land tax at its present rate for that purpose. The scheme for naval expansion contemplates the annual expenditure of about eleven and a half million yen—the approximate amount of revenue realized from the increase in the rate of the land tax—during the next ten years. The rate of the land tax was raised in 1898 for a period of five years only, from 2.5 per cent. on a low valuation to 3.3 per cent. for the purpose of carrying out the Government's undertakings following the China-Japan War. Unless further legislation is passed, therefore, the former rate will be restored at the end of next year, with a consequent diminution of the national income of the amount above mentioned. The *Seiyukwai*, or Constitutionalists, presided over by the veteran statesman Marquis Ito, control an overwhelming majority in the lower house of the Parliament. The members of the General Committee and the local branches of the party throughout the country, representing largely the agrarian interests, have announced themselves as opposed to the Government's policy of naval expansion based upon the continuance of the present rate of the land tax. A similar position is taken by the political rivals of the Constitutionalists, the *Shimpoto*, or Progressives, headed by Count Okuma. The upper house, on the other hand, is thoroughly conservative and inclined to oppose any policy that is dictated by party interests. They may thus, as a whole, be expected to oppose the Constitutionalists as a party, and Marquis Ito because of his relation to that party; and to support the Government in case the latter is assailed in the lower house on party lines. The present Cabinet, which has shown itself to be a very able working Cabinet, avowedly holds a neutral position in respect to political parties, being neither openly allied nor opposed to any of them. At the same time its leanings, if any can be discerned, are in the direction of the conservative peers rather than of the liberal commoners.

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Questions at Issue

As to the questions at issue, there is a pretty general consensus of opinion that the navy must be augmented if Japan is to hold her own in Far Eastern affairs. Even with the proposed increase, the country will at the end of the period have dropped to a relatively lower place among the naval powers of the world than she now occupies. The crucial question, therefore, is whether or not the cost of the necessary expansion shall be met by the continuation

of the present rate of the land tax—no other adequate source of revenue being easily discernible. The underlying question as to the ability of the people to bear longer the burden of the increased land rate is a complex one, with much to be said on both sides. At the same time it appears to be true that while the national wealth has during the last twenty years increased three or four fold, and while the farmer gets twice as much for his rice as previously, the amount of taxes has increased during the same period only about one-half. The center of interest in the situation at last reports was Marquis Ito. Although the President of the Constitutional party, he has not as yet declared his position as to the Government's policy, and there is reason to think that his party constituents may have publicly recorded their opposition to the Government's programme without his formal sanction. It is believed that his broad statesmanship must lead him to see the vital necessity of the proposed naval increase, and it is remembered that only four years ago he faced the Parliament in support of this same issue of an increased land rate. His whole public career has been that of a peacemaker. Will he be able now to find any middle ground on which the Cabinet and the upper and lower houses can unite? If so, it must be a policy stamped with patriotic devotion to the national welfare rather than to personal or party interests. It may well be, however, that the veteran statesman will feel convinced that, at the present stage of constitutional government in Japan, the road to true national welfare lies along the path of fidelity to party interests; in which case a dissolution of the Parliament may follow and an appeal to the country; or the reins of government may be voluntarily surrendered by the present Cabinet to the Marquis and his followers.

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A Japanese Leader in the Arts of Peace

Count T. Sano, father of the Red Cross Society in Japan, who died in Tokio on the 7th of December, in his eighty-first year, was one of those extraordinary products of new Japan that brighten the hopes of the world. With the usual education of the feudal gentry plus a knowledge of Dutch medicine, he saw grand opportunities when Perry made treaties in Yedo Bay and Verbeck taught in Nagasaki. Sent in 1862 by the Shogun to Holland to learn ship-building, he visited also the Paris Exposition, and there was as much impressed by the apparatus for saving life as he was with the machines for maiming and killing. At home again, he was active in "giving light and saving life" by helping to perfect the new lighthouse system. When, in 1873, the Vienna Exposition opened, Sano was the man of the hour; for in him love of art was a passion, while experience in the Occident showed him just what to collect and send. At the Austrian capital artistic Japan gave a revelation to Europe that made an epoch. While in Austria he learned thoroughly the workings of the Red Cross Society. When the bloody Satsuma rebellion of 1877 broke out, which cost Japan twenty thousand lives, Sano, with the Emperor's permission, organized the Society of Mercy. This was the beginning of the Red Cross, which now numbers over a half million members, and has resources and equipment on land and water that might shame some Western nations. Sano loved bronze images of Buddha and Quannon (goddess of mercy) as works of art; but for actual exhibition of mercy he preferred surgeons, nurses, and clean hospitals. He was the founder and chief patron of the Fine Arts Society, and the recent notable revival of outdoor statuary and natural decoration in Japan owes much of its force and value to him. He was president of both societies during many years. Foreign Envoy, Minister of Finance, Privy Counselor, decorated by many sovereigns, Sano led in the victories of peace and humanity.

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Tenement Reform in Peril

The tenement-house reform victory in the New York Legislature two years ago is in danger of being succeeded by a humiliating defeat. Governor Odell in his message called for an amendment of the present law, and, emboldened by this message, the builders of tenements, with whom a high rate of profit is the only consideration, have introduced a bill embodying a long series of most brazen demands. In the first place, they would change the definition of the term "tene-

ment-house" so that it shall include only buildings containing more than four families, instead of buildings containing more than two families. There are now a vast number of four-family tenement-houses and the possibility of vast numbers more, and all of these buildings the proposed law would relieve from the requirements of the tenement-house act as to fireproofing and sanitary requirements of every sort. Even the new law making it perilous to conduct houses of prostitution in tenements would no longer be applicable to buildings of less than five stories. Besides the wholesale changes made by this new definition, the proposed act allows 75 per cent. instead of 70 per cent. of the lot to be built upon, allows water-closets to be erected in the "free" space, permits rooms with no windows into courts or light rooms, simply stipulates that men must be able to "see" in the inside rooms, instead of being able to "read" there, allows the public halls in the tenements to be entirely unlighted after ten o'clock, permits the renting of cellars for homes without the authorization of the Tenement Department, and in general permits in tenement-houses the lowest standard of living which sordidness on the part of either landlords or tenants would suggest. In the name of the civilization of the State as well as the health and morality of the immigrant poor, who must accept the conditions offered them, these proposed amendments should be voted down. Tenement-house construction was not blocked by the present law. On the contrary, as Commissioner De Forest reported the other day, hundreds of old tenement-houses were remodeled to conform with it, and five hundred new tenement-houses built with not a single dark room in any of them. The tenement-house owners who have obeyed the law should be protected against the competition of those who would evade its provisions. Only the worst classes of landlords or tenants demand the proposed amendments.

Church Federation and Practical Co-operation

Conditions of life in the tenement districts of the city and means for the improvement of them formed the subject of the meetings held last week by the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in New York City. That the churches of the city are not indifferent to the attack on tenement-house reform, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, was shown by the interest in Commissioner De Forest's address from which we have quoted. Plans for relief from congestion in these districts by means of removal to suburban regions, the establishment of substitutes for the saloon, effort for improvement in treatment of criminals in city courts, and the regulation of immigration, were some of the projects which were presented as offering opportunities of co-operative action by the churches. These meetings, interesting as they were for the very human and real character of the addresses made, have their chief significance in their indication of the direction from which church unity is coming. No creed, no ritual, no polity, was common to all the churches represented, but simply a desire to make the Christian ideal a reality in individual and social life. Effort to emphasize agreements in forms of belief, in forms of worship, and in forms of organization, rather than disagreements, is certainly discernible among churches of to-day; but effort to unite in practical measures of making the life of humanity Christian is even more pronounced, is certainly more inclusive, and is most likely to promote that real unity without which there is little advantage in a unity that is formal.

Railway Disasters

The absolute dependence of the safety and lives of railway passengers upon sureness of eye and brain in railway employees was strikingly illustrated by two terrible disasters last week—one on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, just beyond Westfield, the other on the Southern Pacific, not far from Tucson, Arizona. In each collision a score of lives were lost, and in each case the direct cause was the criminal carelessness of a railway employee; in Arizona a station agent neglected to deliver orders to an engineer, with the result that two trains met going at speed in opposite directions; in New Jersey the engineer of a fast express passed several cautionary signals and one peremptory signal, and paid the penalty of his mistake with his life when his engine crashed

into the rear of another train which had been stopped by a hot box. It is not enough, however, when we read the pitiful and heartrending accounts of the suffering that followed the collision, to say that human error is inevitable; we may properly ask whether this very element of fallibility has been guarded against up to the possible limit. In the Westfield collision, for instance, the railroad has an excellent block system, the signals were properly set, an extra precaution had been taken by telegraphing a special stop order, which either was not signaled or was not noticed by the engineer—probably the latter; in short, the engineer, Davis, was plainly and flagrantly to blame. Yet the circumstances show that, with all the rules observed, the margin of safety for fast expresses on that road is a very slender one. The engineer was alone in the cab, the fireman ten feet away from the cab, and not where he could communicate with the engineer; the latter suddenly found the injector out of order, turned to fix it, and in two minutes the engine, rushing on at a speed of perhaps seventy miles an hour, had covered more than two miles, passed several signals, and was close upon the preceding train. Ought not there to be a law to require more than one man to be in the cab of an express train? An attack of illness, an accident, any one of a dozen causes, may at any moment incapacitate an engineer; and in the new type of locomotive in use on the Central of New Jersey the fireman is most of the time where he can be of no assistance. Again, it is asserted that Davis declared before his death that it was the general custom of engineers to run past the green cautionary signal and up to the red stop signal without slacking speed, in the belief that the stop signal would change by the time it was reached; that he relied on the track being kept clear for the express, as was usually done; and that no fast express could make time if the engineer obeyed the rules strictly. All these things may be false, but the public has a right to know how closely railway companies are enforcing their own rules; to know if it is true that an engineer is impelled to risk his own life and those of his passengers in order to make time, and that he can take such a risk without being punished (to pass a red block-signal light knowingly is a penal offense), whereas a failure to make time injures him. If these things are so, then any block system that can be devised is worthless, and the wonder is, not that calamities take place, but that so few are recorded. There should be a constant inspection of the actual working of railroads by State officials acting for the public safety and with power to prosecute individual offenders.

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The International Institute for Girls in Spain

The Outlook wishes to call attention to the notable work which has been accomplished for Spanish girls and women by Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, whose thirty years' residence in Spain has gained for them the confidence of all classes. The American corporation controlling the work, having as President Dr. S. B. Capen, of Boston, and as Treasurer Mr. E. H. Baker, of Greenwich, Conn., has now bought an acre and a half of land in the finest part of Madrid, upon which buildings are to be erected. An appeal is being made for funds, and the cause should receive a support in this country rivaling that given by England in supporting Lord Kitchener's project for Gordon College in the Sudan. The late Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who had intimate knowledge of the American Institute, declared that it should be moved to Madrid as soon as possible, for only there could its influence be most widely felt throughout Spain. It has been located at San Sebastian. The Institute first prepared students to be teachers in primary and secondary schools; and more than forty of its graduates have been employed as teachers in the principal cities of Spain. While Spanish law allows both girls and boys to enter all national institutions, few girls had made use of this privilege up to 1890. In that year Mr. and Mrs. Gulick decided to present students for the examinations of the State Institute, thus bringing them into line with the State system of education. Fourteen girls presented themselves and successfully passed the examinations, some even receiving the mark of "Sobre Saliente," the highest mark given. The next year forty-one girls were examined, and thirty-three came up to the same high standard. In 1893, at the Chicago Fair,

the exhibit of the International Institute gained a diploma and medal. In 1894, for the first time in the history of Spain, girls taught by women received the degree of Bachelor of Arts—a class of four from the International Institute. The B.A. degree entitles a student in Spain to enter a university without further examination; and in 1895 two of the students matriculated in the University of Madrid, and in 1897 were graduated with the highest rank. Only the most favorable reports come from the graduates scattered over Spain. Three thousand children are now under their instruction, and the Institute is recognized everywhere as filling a need in the educational world; indeed, each year more teachers are asked for than can be supplied and more pupils apply for entrance than can be accommodated. It would seem that the time has come to establish a Protestant college along American lines in Spain. This ideal should appeal to those of our countrymen—and there are many—who believe that America's duty to Spain did not end with the Spanish-American war.

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The Fight for Honesty

The "Fight for a City," of which Mr. Hodder tells our readers, and "Holding Up a State," of which George Kennan tells them, are both parts of that great battle between righteousness and wrong, truth and falsehood, purity and corruption, justice and tyranny, which constitute the true history of the world from the earliest ages, and will continue to constitute history until what Dr. Mulford has well called "The Republic of God" is established on the earth.

Mr. Jerome, in his first public speech before a mixed audience, as reported by Mr. Hodder in The Outlook for January 24, 1903 (page 204), well said: "Issues mean that there is something upon which honest men may honestly differ. I have never known any one to take issue on the Commandment, Thou shalt not steal." That is true; and yet it is also true that there was no other issue in Minneapolis when the Grand Jury of Minneapolis presented to the people of that city the question whether their Mayor should be allowed to remain in the Mayor's chair; no other issue in St. Louis when Mr. Folk began his proceedings against the St. Louis boodlers; no other in New York when Mr. Jerome began the indictment proceedings before the public of the Tammany blackmailers; and there is no other issue now pending in the State of Delaware. The question, Shall we have common honesty in public officials? takes precedence of all other questions. It is to-day the most important question before the American people, and will continue to be until it is so decided by the people that no corruptionist will venture again to raise it.

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Mr. Hobson's Position

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In two recent issues of The Outlook reference has been made to a singularly erroneous report of a lecture given by me under the title "The Charity of Millionaires," which procured too wide a publication for me to be able to correct it.

In that report an offensive paragraph relating to Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller was given, not one word of which I uttered in my lecture. Nor did I argue anywhere that trustees ought to trace money offered to its sources, and refuse it if those sources were found to be tainted. I am disposed to regard such action as impracticable. The real point of my argument, entirely missed by commentators, lay in my insistence that the growing reliance upon private charity tends to sap the energy of public self-help, "pauperizing" cities and States, and preventing them from putting forth the wholesome effort of providing and supporting essentially public services out of the public funds. JOHN A. HOBSON.

January 31, 1903.

We give as prominent a place to this correction as we gave to the original report. It apparently leaves Professor Bascom alone in his contention that trustees of benevolent institutions are to sit in judgment on the moral character of the transactions by which the money has been made which is offered to them for public uses. Mr. Hobson's contention is of a very different character, and deserves certainly careful and candid consideration. Our own response to the question which he raises follows. It may, we think, be said generally that democracy is slow to initiate great enterprises of any description, educational, philanthropic, or commercial; but it is often able to carry them on energetically after they have been initiated. Congress would not appropriate fifty millions of dollars to get an entrance into New York City for an inter-

State railway, as the Pennsylvania Railroad is ready to do; but it is quite possible that a National Commission might operate it after it was built. Neither Nation, State, county, nor town would have started the libraries to which Mr. Carnegie has given life; but now that he has given them life, States, counties, and towns will be very apt to follow the example which he has set. It is doubtful whether up to this time the State, the city, or the school district would have engrafted the kindergarten on the public school system if private enterprise had not started free kindergartens and so demonstrated their value. Privately endowed universities had to exist for many years before democracy was ready to tax itself to establish them. Now they are numerous, efficient, increasing, and well sustained. The great mass of mankind walk by sight, not by faith; therefore some one more prophetic than the mass must give them the vision of a profitable investment in actual operation before they will invest in it. It is doubtful whether it is ever wise for private wealth to do for a community what it is willing to do for itself; but in so far as private wealth devotes its energies to initiating new forms of public service which democracy has not thought of, or would not believe in until their value had been demonstrated, it will not pauperize the community; rather it will stimulate the public to larger enterprises by showing their practicability and their value.

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Arrogance in the Senate

Last week, in commenting on the scandalous Senatorial elections in Delaware and Colorado and the highly unsatisfactory election of Mr. Platt in New York State, we said that these things were developing and strengthening the tendency of public opinion in favor of popular elections of United States Senators. An article in the "Century Magazine" for February, by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, in a very readable and graphic way points out the growth in the Senate of a belief in its own superiority to the President, the House, and the people—a belief which would be amusing if it were not pernicious. Mr. Nelson enforces his conclusions by anecdotes and stories, some of which recall one that used to be told of James Russell Lowell when he was Minister to the Court of St. James's. It is reported that great pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. Lowell to present at Court the wife of a certain United States Senator, who had every qualification of personality and character to exclude her from Court, and whose only ground for her demand was that she was a "Senatorial lady." Mr. Lowell resisted as long as he could, but finally such political pressure was brought to bear upon him that he was about to yield, when one day, in the anteroom of the embassy, he overheard this "Senatorial lady" exclaim in a high-pitched voice, "When I seen that dressmaker's bill, I just laid back and yelled." Unconsciously in this way the "Senatorial lady" strengthened Mr. Lowell's determination, and she was never presented.

This incident has no important political significance, but it does illustrate the arrogance with which some Senators, with nothing but the power of a political machine and of newly acquired wealth behind them, attempt to dictate what shall be the standards of law, morality, intelligence, and good taste throughout the country. Unfortunately, this spirit of arrogant assumption is not confined to such Senators. Even so highly cultivated a man as Senator Hoar has recently given expression to the autocratic views which the Senate sometimes seems to entertain respecting its own dignity and authority. He has assumed on the floor of the Senate to rebuke the President for venturing to intimate to certain Senators opinions which the President entertains on questions of public policy, and the hopes which he shares with the great body of the Republican party respecting certain policies, which for their adoption and execution require the co-operation of the Senate. Nor is it alone the President whom Senator Hoar would forbid from expressing opinions on public questions to members of the Senate for the purpose of influencing their action. A few years ago he administered on the floor of the Senate a similar rebuke to the people of the United States for venturing to address letters to Senators expressing judgment on public issues and urging upon them certain specified Senatorial action. Why

should the senior Senator from Massachusetts endeavor thus to draw, Wotan-like, a cordon of divine fire around the sleeping Senate, to keep its slumbers undisturbed by profane hands, now of the people, now of the President? The President is not a mere high-salaried page to run the errands to which the Senators call him, to fetch and carry when they clap their hands; nor are the people of the United States subjects of an empire ruled over by a council of Doges. In the Senate are many men of great ability and of fine personal fiber, men who have rendered eminent service to the Nation by their counsels, and among them history will award a distinguished place to Senator Hoar. But they are the servants, not the masters, of the people, and the wisest and best of them are, at least they always ought to be, glad to welcome expressions of opinion respecting the National judgment and the National will from every source.

The arrogating to itself of unquestioned authority, the resentment of counsel and criticism, which are sometimes witnessed in the Senate, grow partly out of the frailty of human nature, but more especially out of the unregulated and irresponsible power which our present method of electing Senators by legislative action tends to confer upon them. Popular elections, and the sense of personal responsibility to the people which they would involve, would act as a very healthful check upon this tendency in the Senate to become arrogant—a tendency which is not peculiarly characteristic of the United States Senator, but is apparently natural in the average man who reaches a position of great power. Modifications of our system of government must be made with caution and deliberation. They must be brought about by a process of evolution, not of revolution. But sufficient time has elapsed since the establishment of our system of Federal Government, and sufficient practical knowledge has been secured of the good effects of popular elections, to warrant a persistent demand on the part of the people for popular Senatorial elections. The demand will have to be enforced by a vigorous and intelligent public opinion, since the Senate, for membership in which so many wealthy individuals have paid such large initiation fees, will not abandon the very comfortable and superpopular position which it has so painstakingly won, without an earnest struggle to retain it.

Mr. Hay's Diplomacy

The signing of two treaties within a week at the American Department of State calls renewed attention to the activity and efficiency which has distinguished the Department under its present head.

In 1898 the American Ambassador to England relinquished his duties there, having, in the words of one of the greatest English statesmen of our day, accomplished twice as much during two years as had any other American envoy during a longer tenure of office. Colonel John Hay left London to accept promotion to the Secretaryship of State. The American-Spanish War had just come to an end. Our relations with England were scarcely closer than they are now with Germany. Despite Manila, our title to position as a world power was not yet conceded in Europe. In China, for instance, we played a part far below England's. The settlement of various and complicated issues after the war constituted a difficult task for our State Department; but the settlement was made with credit.

In 1899 occurred the outbreak of the Boer War. To the world one principal result of that war was secured by the American State Department in persuading England to accept a general declaration that foodstuffs, though in transit to an enemy's ports, were not contraband of war unless there were evidence that the food was intended for the enemy's military use. Up to this time, as it had suited her convenience, England had ranged herself on both sides of the question. Not only were American rights upheld by this decision, but in the future the weakest country, though at war with England herself, the greatest sea power, may invoke justice by this guarantee of good faith.

In the beginning of 1900 our State Department won for the world that which England had long been trying to obtain from Russia, France, and Germany—the open door in China. Henceforth, whether territorial integrity be preserved or not, it

is agreed among the Powers trading with China that Chinese ports shall remain open on equal terms to the commerce of all nations. The joint agreement of the Powers, obtained at our instance, is justly regarded by the American Government as having all the solemnity of a treaty.

Later in 1900 occurred the Boxer Rebellion in China. If it had not been for American intervention, the chief result to the world of that rebellion would have been the partitioning of the Flowery Kingdom among the Powers. As an American Secretary of State had insured Chinese commercial integrity, so now he sought to preserve territorial integrity, despite sneers from every chancellery in Europe; the Chinese Government was treated by us, during the entire period of Boxer atrocities and the following siege of Peking, as a real government. The encouraging result, not only to China, but to all civilization, was apparent as soon as the smoke of battle had cleared away. Our task was by no means accomplished, however. During the international discussion which followed, it was necessary for us to protest against and to put an end to the secret agreements which Russia was trying to impose upon a prostrate people. Following this, in disapproval of the Allies' outrageous punitive expeditions, the State Department advised the Administration to withdraw from China all United States troops, with the exception of the Legation guard. So little did supposedly intelligent European authorities understand this that the London "Spectator" actually described our course as "timid and vacillating," and the "Journal de Genève" mourned "the loss to America of her influence in the concert of the Powers." Next, though opposed by all the Allies who were urging a policy of unwarranted delay, the American Department of State secured the evacuation of China on the terms of the original protocol. Finally, there remains to the Department the hard task of inducing tolerant treatment in the matter of the Chinese indemnity.

The Department's other notable recent efforts have been in the advancement of the cause of international arbitration, first at the Hague Congress and then before the Hague Tribunal; the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, supplanting the outworn and outgrown Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; the representation to the Rumanian Government concerning its treatment of the Jews; the negotiation of reciprocity treaties with Cuba and Newfoundland and the Panama Canal treaty with Colombia; finally, the Hay-Herbert Treaty looking towards the settlement of the Alaskan question, the last of the great points of divergence between America and England.

At the dinner of the Ohio Society in New York City the other evening, one of the speakers declared that Mr. Hay's name would stand in history alongside Webster's and Clay's, in view of services rendered to the legitimate enhancement of American power by an American Secretary of State. The steadiness with which our present Secretary has adhered to an unselfish policy, the candor, frankness, straightforwardness, above all, the scrupulous "squareness," of his methods, are in welcome contrast to the selfishness, secrecy, indirection, delay, and, wherever possible, the harshness of other methods. If America has become a world power, it is largely because of the success of the new American diplomacy, representing not so much material as ideal aims and ends. Humanity in general is freer and finer because such diplomacy exists.

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The President and the South

It seems to be the nature of all moral movements to create a current in the opposite direction, and it ought not, therefore, to appear surprising that the strong movement in the South toward the education and elevation of the African race should be accompanied by a passionate protest against anything which looks toward either a recognition of the gains the negroes have already made or toward a still further enlargement of their opportunities. Nor is it out of the common that this race prejudice should disregard the plain facts of current history, for none are so blind as those who do not wish to see. Certain it is that the notion that President Roosevelt has been forcing the race issue upon the South is in curious contradiction to the actual facts. Probably no man ever went into the Presidential chair with a more sincere desire to promote harmony between the North and the South

as well as between the races, and at the same time to do something really to help the blacks through rewarding those who by their lives had won the confidence of the whites, and who possessed high individual character. At the beginning of his administration the President disregarded in a measure the claims of his own party in Alabama, and appointed Judge Thomas G. Jones, a Gold Democrat of the very highest standing, to a Federal judgeship. Later he overthrew a political faction in Mississippi and appointed men of good record to office—in two cases white Democrats. Still later he recognized what was known as the sugar-planter element of Southern white Republicans in Louisiana, and thereby indirectly destroyed a disreputable faction. These are but examples of what has been done in several States, largely with the view of putting good men in office, who could command the confidence of the Southern whites. The President has refused to take the wholly untenable position that no man, however excellent his character and whatever his fitness may be, can hold Federal office if he has any African blood in his veins; but then no President since the Civil War has taken such a position. He has, however, in fact, actually nominated but one negro to office in a place or State where no negro was holding office before. On the other hand, he has probably placed more negroes in office in the Northern States than any former Republican President. In some cases in the South he has reappointed negro men of high character whom he found in office; in some cases he has displaced colored men in order to fill the place with men of better character; in some cases he has made a shift of offices—has appointed a negro to an office formerly held by a white man, and *vice versa*, as in appointing Mr. A. B. Kennedy Receiver of Public Moneys at New Orleans, and making a white man Naval Officer of the Port, a place held by negroes under every former Republican administration since General Grant's time; in another case he relieved a negro of a Southern position and took him out of the South altogether, giving him an office in the District of Columbia—reference is made to Mr. John C. Dancy, who was Collector of Customs of the Port of Wilmington, N. C., under the McKinley administration. In still another instance a negro postmaster was not reappointed, but a white man was placed in his stead—this was at Athens, Georgia.

In most of these cases the changes were made with the purpose of placing a negro of higher capabilities in office, or, when no principle was at stake, to meet, if possible, the wishes of Southern whites. The net result is that at the present time there are fewer negroes, by two, holding Presidential offices in the South than there were under President McKinley. Mr. Roosevelt has nominated for office but one negro in the South where no negro was holding office before—namely, Dr. Crum, recently appointed Collector of Customs at Charleston, S. C. The President has been most careful to seek information from Booker T. Washington and many others as to the individual character of negro candidates, and as to their standing in the Southern communities where they live. Early in his administration, before there was any thought of a vacancy in the Charleston Collectorship, the name of Dr. Crum was brought to his attention as that of a man who had the respect and confidence of both races in the South, and especially in Charleston. When the vacancy in the Charleston Collectorship occurred, the President naturally thought of Dr. Crum in connection with it, since he had placed no negro in office in South Carolina. He had no reason to suppose that there would be more opposition to Dr. Crum than was shown against Mr. Deveaux, the negro Collector at Savannah appointed by Mr. McKinley to a position paying four times the salary of the Charleston place. In refusing to recognize the "lily-white" movement in the South, which sought to keep out of party councils the few colored men who had been declared fit to exercise the franchise even by Democratic election boards, the President could not have acted otherwise than as he did, without disregarding the principles upon which the Republican party was founded and going further in disregarding the rights of the negroes than the Democrats had done.

We think ourselves warranted in saying that the President believes that the negro should give himself to the work of securing education, property, and the cultivation of high character, and that it has

been and is far from the President's intention to do anything that would unduly excite the political ambition of the black man; but he also believes that the recognition of some of the worthy colored men of the country is wise and proper, and tends to encourage others to make themselves worthy and deserving of recognition. We believe that the best men in the South agree with the President in this conviction now, and more of them will agree with him as time goes on.

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Professor Ritschl on Religious Teaching

Under the title "What Service do academic Teachers of Theology render to the Church?" Professor Otto Ritschl, of the University of Bonn, utters himself in the "Christliche Welt" for December 11, 1902, concerning a certain resolution passed by the Brandenburg Synod of the Lutheran Church. The resolution expresses regret that so great a chasm exists between the scientific point of view to-day and the "sound doctrine of Holy Scripture and of the Reformation." This lack of adjustment is declared to be a source of great harm to students. The supreme authorities in the Church are urgently requested "in the selection of instructors to seek especially for such men as will, by a correct and sane use of the evangelical freedom of science, do justice to the demands of the Church." Members of theological faculties are urged to give attention "not merely to the scientific equipment of students, but also to the formation of their Christian character."

Professor Ritschl agrees that character-building should be a prime end of theological instruction. But he asks: "What, pray, shall we do to attain this end? Shall we preach to our students for their spiritual edification? It is true that religious inspiration does result from the hours spent in the lecture-room. But such inspiration is not the immediate end sought by the instructor. The professor's desk is not a pulpit. The lecture-room is not a church. The professor is not a preacher. His audience is not assembled for worship. What he offers is rather a sober, clear, unprejudiced scientific criticism. As he himself in his own free investigation has learned to see things, so he desires to teach his students to see clearly what is sacred, noble, exalted, potent, to discriminate between the kernel of truth and the husk which has gathered around it in the course of centuries."

"But what has this to do with the formation of character? I ask in reply: Is the ability to apprehend the truth a slight thing? Nay, do not ministers above all need to have their sensitiveness to truth developed, educated, strengthened? And how can this sensitiveness to truth be better secured than through unhampered scientific research, which aims to teach men to use their own eyes, to form their own convictions, and then, in the majesty of self-reliant character, to act the part of men in their later practical life?"

In conclusion, Professor Ritschl turns the tables of criticism against those who feel themselves to be guardians of the faith against scientific misuse. "Why is it," he asks, "that a constantly diminishing minority of educated men go to church? What is the cause of this breach between the thinking and feelings of the mass of people and the conventional ecclesiastical view of things? Why so widespread a depreciation of what the church offers? May we not demand of you clergymen—especially of you who boast orthodox piety—that you shall honestly ask yourselves what vital relation there is between the outward message which you proclaim with rhetorical fervor in sermon and ritual, and the capacity of your heart to create genuine religious enthusiasm? Beware how you try to reproduce the great words and emotions of spiritual heroes, and to be lavish with borrowed riches, unless you have the inward right to stand on the heights of religious experience which they reached. Stand on your own spiritual level, not on that of another. A knave always gives out more than he possesses. Beware of even the suspicion of desiring to give out more than is rightfully yours to give. Then will cease all this flippant talk about priests and priestcraft which rightly distresses you, but at which you have no right to be indignant. And, above all, beware of pietistic pathos, of clerical unction, of priestly phrase. For these are the symptoms by which men know that your inner life does not reinforce the

impression which you fain would make with outward speech."

We have given large space to these extracts from Professor Ritschl's article because he appears to us to indicate two very important principles: one the secret of religious power in the teacher, the other the secret of religious power in the preacher.

I. It is often said that our public schools are godless schools because religion is not taught in them. But this is to confound religion and theology. Theology is not taught in them, but it does not follow that the spirit of religion cannot be imparted in them. The recent hot debate in England concerning the new educational bill, which puts the school system largely in the control of the Church of England, had its support in a general impression that schools could not be religious unless catechetical instruction in theology was imparted in them, and, as the Church of England is the Established Church, it was natural that the catechetical instruction in theology should be turned over to the rectors and the curates, and therefore the general charge of the schools should be committed to them. But this again is to confound religion and theology, and to suppose that religion can be imparted only by instructing pupils in theology. But, in fact, in this country the distinction between the secular and the religious, of which so much was made half a century ago, is already passing into deserved oblivion; the notion that the schools are purely secular institutions like a bank or a factory is already antiquated, though, like other antiquated notions, it lingers late in certain quarters; and we are, by a measurably unconscious process, learning to make our public schools religious without making them theological. And this we are doing, not by studying religion as though it were a department by itself, but by conducting all our studies in a religious spirit. Doubtless there is room for further improvement; but doubtless progress will be found by pursuing the direction in which improvement has already been made.

Thus, Herbert Spencer's oft-quoted saying, "Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," indicates the spirit in which scientific studies are increasingly pursued. It is only the superficial scholar who imagines that he is studying phenomena if he is simply gathering them together and putting them in appropriate pigeonholes. True scientific study includes an investigation into the relation of phenomena and their ultimate cause, and so into their intellectual and moral significance. True scientific study presupposes nothing, but, without presupposition, it ever seeks the cause behind the effects, the Infinite and Eternal Energy behind all its various manifestations. It is not only the undevout astronomer who is mad; every undevout scientist is, if not mad, certainly shallow. There is doubtless an irreverent and flippant agnosticism which not only affirms its ignorance of all that lies back of phenomena, but rejoices in its ignorance; but this is rarely found coupled with scientific attainment. It is the agnosticism of Robert Ingersoll, not of Spencer or Tyndall or Huxley. The teaching of science by the truly scientific teacher, the teacher who is a profound thinker as well as a keen observer, does not need to supplement his scientific teaching with a theological catechism. His teaching will itself promote the spirit of awe and reverence.

So, again, Matthew Arnold's oft-quoted saying, "There is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," is a necessary deduction from the study of history. For history is not a mere meaningless collocation of events and dates, which happen to succeed each other in one order but might as well have succeeded each other in some different order; so that, so far as the teacher can see, the Puritan revolution in England might have preceded the Norman conquest, or in America the abolition of slavery might have antedated the American Revolution. There is a moral order in history; each cycle prepares for the following cycle, each series of events for the series which follows. There is a development of the race as of the individual, and history is a study of this development. It is possible to learn dates and events and know nothing of history when all are learned, for this is not studying history. Studying history is tracing the orderly development of humanity toward an ever higher and

better life; it is the recognition in the successive stages of what the scientists call evolution and the theologians call redemption. The teacher of history, whatever his creed, if he has any vision, any insight, any power to perceive the movement of the river as well as the bubbles and the sticks upon the surface, if he is anything more than a mere dry-as-dust encyclopædia of nearly useless information, cannot teach history without doing something to inspire in the pupils a forward look, a hopeful anticipation, and a purpose more or less clearly defined to have a share in that onward progress of the race which history makes clear to him. It is not necessary to supplement the study of history with a catechism to make it religious.

Still again, Literature is the expression of human life. Taine says that as behind the forest the student sees an animal, so behind the document he sees a man. It is this seeing of the man behind the document, this seeing of life expressed in the writing, that constitutes the study of literature. The student of the great world literatures learns not only the different dialects in which human life has expressed itself, he also discerns the unity of humanity beneath all these dialects, in all these literatures. By his study of Homer and Job and Dante and Victor Hugo and Shakespeare and Hawthorne, he learns that in Greek and Hebrew and Italian and Frenchman and Englishman and American, in ancient life and mediæval life and modern life, there is a real unity; that ambition and revenge and remorse and skepticism, that heroism and faith, and hope and love, are common to men of all races and all ages. He cannot really study literature without imbibing in the process a broader and more catholic spirit of humanity. Such a study will do much more to promote in him a recognition of human brotherhood than learning and reciting an answer to a catechetical question about the first man, as the progenitor of the whole human race.

It is not by adding a catechism to our curriculum, it is by pursuing all studies in a profoundly thoughtful spirit, the spirit that looks beneath the mere surface to the truth and life beneath, that education is to be made truly religious. This principle American educators slowly, and the American people still more slowly, are learning; and as they learn it our public-school education, as well as that of our higher institutions of learning, is becoming more religious without becoming more theological.

II. To what Professor Ritschl has said in the quotation given above respecting the secret of power in the preacher we need add but little. We repeat it only to indorse it. The preacher ought to speak with authority, as Christ spake with authority. But Christ's authority was not ecclesiastical. He had no Church behind him as his sponsor. He was not a Rabbi; he had received no theological education; the Rabbis would have none of him; "How knoweth this fellow letters," they scornfully cried, "having never learned?" They turned him out of the synagogue. The fields, the private house, the seashore, became his meeting-house. But wherever he met his congregations he spake with authority, because he had in himself the consciousness of the divine life and truth, and power to awaken the consciousness of divine life and truth in his auditors. This was the secret of his power. This was the secret of Paul's power: "We know, therefore have we spoken." If a minister has this power, the more natural, simple, genuine, human he is, the greater will be his power. The holy tone, the ministerial manner, the dogmatic assumption, not only will not in our day serve as a substitute for this spiritual authority, they will impair what little spiritual authority he may possess. The scientific spirit, of which the dogmatists and traditionalists are afraid, is this very spirit which puts truth as supreme and is ready and glad to welcome it whatever it may be, whatever it may supplant, and whithersoever it may lead. So far from threatening religion, this is the only spirit which will conserve it, because it is the very essence of true religion itself.

We sum all up in a single sentence. Religion is a spirit of life: catechisms are not the only conduit through which it can be imparted; if the teacher possesses it, he will impart it through his instruction; if a minister does not possess it, he cannot impart it; if he does possess it, the more simple and unaffected his expression of it the greater his effectiveness.

HOLDING UP A STATE

THE TRUE STORY OF ADDICKS AND DELAWARE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

I.

LAST fall, just before the biennial election of members of the Delaware Legislature, the wife of a locally well-known farmer in the southern part of Sussex County said to her husband at the breakfast-table, "Jim, how much are you going to get for your vote?"

"I don't know that I'm going to sell my vote," replied the husband.

"I can't see," she said, "why you talk like that; why shouldn't you sell it? We need the money bad enough. Other people sell theirs, and I don't see that they're thought any the worse of. You're not the first man that's done it. Look at the men who have taken Addicks's money, and see where some of them are now!"

About a week later, on election day, a German citizen of Camden, Kent County, went into the cashier's office of the Addicks Republican party in that village, presented to the cashier a small button of a peculiar form, and shortly afterward came out, bringing in his hand seventy-five dollars in crisp, new bills of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston, which he had just received for his own vote and the votes of his two sons. Holding up the money as he passed an acquaintance on the street, he said, significantly, "It would take a good many drops of sweat to make that seventy-five dollars!"

On the same day, in Milford, Kent County, a young man who had always before voted the straight Democratic ticket went into the voter's assistant booth of the Addicks Republicans. When one of his friends, William T. Morris, who happened to be the Democratic voter's assistant, looked at him reproachfully, as if to say, "I didn't think you'd go back on your party in this way," the young man replied, with a shamefaced smile, "I know you don't like to see me going in here, Will, but they've got the most money."

Six weeks later, while engaged in an investigation of the political situation in Delaware, I happened to be driving one afternoon along the sandy country road that leads from Millsboro, Sussex County, to Dagsboro. My driver, an uneducated but fairly intelligent young fellow of eighteen or twenty, seemed to be quite ready to talk to a man whom he supposed to be a commercial traveler, and I had no difficulty in getting at his views with regard to the political situation and the election.

"How did it go in your town?" I inquired; "the Union Republicans won, didn't they?"

"Oh, yes!" he replied; "the Addicks men bought up pretty much everything there was in sight. I've heard that they paid some fellows as high as thirty dollars."

"Is the selling of votes a regular thing down here?" I asked.

"Pretty regular," he said, nonchalantly; "they 'most all do it; and it ain't such a bad thing for the county, neither. There's a lot of money come in here since Addicks took a hand, and it's been a great help to the farmers."

"What do the people generally think of Addicks?"

"Well, I dunno; I guess they think he's all right—anyhow the Unions do; but from the talk I hear 'round the hotel I judge they don't really want to have him elected Senator. They'd rather keep him along on the ragged edge, because, they say, 'When he's elected, where's our money comin' from? He won't give down any more.' *I* think, though, he ought to have it. I'm a Democrat myself, but when a man spends his money like he does, I'm damned if I don't think he's entitled to it."

Such are the views and the practice of the people of southern Delaware with reference to one of the most important duties of American citizenship. The cases that I have cited are few in num-

ber, and may seem inadequate as a basis for a sweeping charge of political corruption; but they are typical as well as characteristic, and fairly illustrate the state of demoralization to which thousands of the Delaware people have come. Women urge their husbands to sell their votes because they need the money and because the act is no longer regarded as disgraceful; eight-year-old boys wish that they were grown up, so that they might get twenty dollars from Addicks; fathers sell not only their own votes but the votes of their sons who have just come of age; Democrats go into the camp of the Addicks Republicans simply because the latter have "got the most money;" and intelligent young men frankly express the opinion that the bringing in and distribution of a huge corruption fund is a good thing for the poor farmers, and that a man who buys votes enough to elect him to the Senate of the United States is fully entitled to go there, and is unjustly treated, if not actually defrauded, when kept out of the position for which he has liberally paid.

What influences have brought about the moral deterioration shown in such opinions and practices as these, and what party or person is chiefly responsible for the corruption of a population that was once honest and of good repute? It is my purpose, in this and the following articles, to answer these questions by giving the results of a study that I have recently made of Delaware politics and the working methods of certain Delaware politicians. I have no prepossession for or against any political party as such, and it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether the Senators from Delaware be Republicans or Democrats. I have looked at the situation, therefore, in its political aspect, with absolute impartiality, and I shall try to present accurately and fairly the facts that have come to my knowledge. The only personal bias of which I am conscious is a strong inherited prejudice in favor of common honesty.

The history of political corruption in Delaware is, for the most part, the history of a single man and a single party. Other men have bought votes now and then upon a small scale, and other parties have resorted, occasionally, to tricky or dishonorable methods; but no systematic attempt was ever made to corrupt the whole population and buy up the whole State until J. Edward Addicks and the Union Republican party took the field. With a lone star for their device, and "Addicks or nobody" for their war-cry, they began a campaign of corruption which has had no parallel, I think, in the political history of the United States.

When, after the most lavish use of money, they failed to attain their ends, they proceeded to hold up the State, as a highwayman would hold up a stage; and declared that it should go unrepresented in the United States Senate until it would agree to elect Mr. Addicks to one of the vacant seats. This hold-up still continues, and seems likely to continue until the winter of 1904–5, when Mr. Addicks's lieutenants promise to end the long struggle by "wiping up the earth" with all the honest Regulars and incorruptible Democrats who may then be left. In view of the wide and general attention that the legislative deadlock in Delaware is now attracting, I shall postpone, for the present, a review of Mr. Addicks's earlier career, and devote this article (1) to a characteristic illustration of his latest working methods, and (2) to a description of the means by which he brought about, last November, the election of the Union Republican legislators who are now supporting him at Dover.

First, the attempt to make a "deal."

In the early part of last September, Dr. L. H. Ball, the present Congressman from Delaware, who happened then to be in Wilmington, was called to the telephone by an acquaintance named Lawton, who asked him if he would not go to New York that night and meet a few gentlemen who were desirous of settling the factional fight in Delaware by means of an amicable arrangement. Dr. Ball got the impression, from Lawton's telephone talk, that the New York gentlemen referred to were members of the National Republican Committee. He consented to go, met Mr. Lawton at the station, and they started. On the train Lawton virtually admitted that he had secured Dr. Ball's consent to go to New York by means of an innocent stratagem; and that the person whom they were really to meet was J. Edward Addicks. When they reached their destination, they drove to the New York Yacht Club, where Addicks had his



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PAUL BROWN, WILMINGTON

J. EDWARD ADDICKS

headquarters, and were there received by Addicks himself, Caleb R. Layton, his Secretary of State, and J. Frank Allee, President of the Bay State Gas Company. After the exchange of conventional greetings, Mr. Layton opened the conference by making a speech, in which he referred to the great service that Mr. Addicks had rendered to the Republican party in Delaware; denounced the injustice with which he had been treated by the Regulars; and declared that even if, for the sake of harmony, Addicks should withdraw from the contest, the people of Kent and Sussex Counties would continue to support him, and would vote for him indefinitely, as a matter of honor and principle.

Dr. Ball, who was irritated by Layton's speech, as well as by the means adopted to secure his own presence at the meeting, rose to his feet and said that he had come to New York upon the representation that a conference was to be held for the purpose of putting an end to the Delaware contest. As it was perfectly evident, from Mr. Layton's remarks, that nothing could be accomplished in that direction, he did not care to waste time in further talk, and would therefore bid them good-day. As he was about to leave the room, Addicks threw one arm around him, in a half-familiar, half-affectionate way, and said, "Oh, Ball, sit down, and let's talk this thing over." Mr. Addicks then proceeded to discuss, in the most amicable manner, the political situation in Delaware, and finally said: "The fact is, Ball, you ought to go to the Senate. We haven't got a thing against you

except that you have persisted in fighting us, and if you would only join us, and use your influence with the Regulars who are opposing us, it would make your political future secure. I think you ought to go to the United States Senate with me."

Dr. Ball replied that he did not care, at that time, to discuss the question of his political future, and that so far as the Regular Republican legislators were concerned, he could not influence them in favor of Mr. Addicks, even if he felt disposed to do so; because they were voting against him on principle.

Mr. Addicks then said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Ball; there are three men in your party that I want to get. If you'll use your influence with Chandler, Pilling, and Flinn,[1] and get them, I'll have the Governor call a special session of the Legislature, and I pledge you my word that you shall go to the United States Senate with me. If you use your influence with those men in good faith, and, for any reason, fail to get them, I will still promise that you shall be renominated for Congress, as Representative, on both Republican tickets, and sent back to Washington for another term."

Dr. Ball replied that he could not control the three men named; that he would not if he could; and that he must decline to enter into any deal or agreement with Mr. Addicks that would involve the political future of either.

Addicks then became irritated in turn, and said, with emphasis: "You won't? All right! I'm going to reiterate now what I said years ago: I'm either going to be Senator, or I'll sink the Republican party in Delaware ten thousand fathoms deep!"[2]

"A man who talks in that way," rejoined Ball, hotly, "is no Republican! Such speeches, and action in accordance with such speeches, have kept you out of the United States Senate thus far, and will keep you out always." He then took his hat, left the room, and returned that night to Wilmington.

By the terms of the compromise agreement between the Union Republicans and the Regulars, made in 1900, Dr. Ball was equitably entitled to re-election as the Congressional representative from the Delaware district; but when he refused to make the deal suggested by Addicks, the latter determined to punish him for his obstinacy, and therefore put up United States District Attorney Byrne to defeat him. The result of Byrne's nomination on the Union Republican ticket was the election of a Democratic Congressman; but, as one of Mr. Addicks's lieutenants afterward said to me, "We intended to beat Ball, whatever happened; we preferred a Democrat to him." Byrne resigned the office of United States District Attorney and thus became the instrument of Addicks's vengeance, and when he had been defeated by the Democratic candidate, he was reappointed to his old place. It is not improbable that Byrne really expected to be elected; but whether he did or not, Addicks seems to have used him as a means of punishing a man against whom, as he admitted, he had nothing personally, but with whom he had failed to make a corrupt deal.

I have cited this case as a characteristic illustration of one of the many and varied methods by which Mr. Addicks endeavors to secure the help or support of men to whom he dares not offer cash. He knew that he could not buy Dr. Ball, but he thought he might tempt him with the United States Senatorship. He held the temptation in one hand and a club in the other, and when he failed to entrap he smote.

Among all the varied inducements held out by Addicks and his lieutenants to men whom they wish to "get," spot cash takes the first place; and in the election, last fall, of the legislators who are now voting for Mr. Addicks in Dover, it played a more important part, perhaps, than all other inducements combined. Before attempting to describe, however, the ways in which money was made to take the place of argument and persuasion in that campaign, I must give the Addicks workers the benefit of the explanations that they make for publication with regard to this charge of vote-buying and corruption. Such explanations may be summed up, briefly but fairly, in the reply to a question that I asked the President of an Addicks Republican club in Sussex County. He had just called my attention to the overwhelming majorities rolled up by the

[1] Representatives William Chandler, of White Clay Creek hundred, Richard T. Pilling, of Mill Creek hundred, and William R. Flinn, of Christiana hundred.

[2] Mr. Addicks first made this declaration in a telegram to Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, shortly after the adjournment of the Delaware Legislature in May, 1895.

Union Republican candidates in the southern part of the State, and had referred to this apparent unanimity of public sentiment as a proof of Mr. Addicks's great and growing popularity. "Yes," I replied, "it does seem to show that Mr. Addicks gets hold of the people in some way; but the general understanding is that he obtains these big majorities by means of wholesale vote-buying. What about that?"

The Addicks man laid his hand on my knee; bent forward a little; looked at me for a moment with a grieved and shocked expression, and then said, with slow enunciation and impressive gravity, "Now, Mr. Kennan, this is confidential—that's what it is—confidential—between me and you and God!——It ain't so!"

The reply made by Mr. Layton, the present Secretary of State, to a similar inquiry was not so brief, and was not "confidential between me and you and God;" but it was to the same effect—"it ain't so!"

"The rural population of Kent and Sussex Counties," said Dr. Layton to me, "comes from the sturdy, self-reliant Anglo-Saxon stock. They are not ignorant, low-born foreigners—in fact, the foreign element is very small—and I doubt whether anywhere in the United States there is a population of better ancestry. They are generally industrious farmers, who do their own thinking and live by their own efforts, and the idea that such a population, with such an ancestry, is purchasable—that it can be bought up wholesale by anybody—is incredible—it is inconceivable! If the Republicans of Kent and Sussex Counties are corrupt and purchasable, there is no Republican party in the State, and no material out of which a Republican party can be made. It's true we don't play Sunday-school politics in Delaware, because we have to fight the combined corruption fund of the Democrats and the so-called Regular Republicans; and we're in the position of a man who is up against a Texan desperado armed with a six-shooter. We did put up Byrne to beat Dr. Ball, because Ball refused to recognize us and didn't secure a single appointment of any consequence from the ranks of the Union Republican party. There are less than two hundred Regulars in this county, and yet they hold all the Federal offices. The Regular Republicans have been trying to browbeat us and tyrannize over us ever since 1896; but they can't beat us. As for the Legislature, not a single member of it from these lower counties has ever been pledged to Addicks. We don't have to get pledges from our legislators—they vote for Addicks without any pledge, simply because such is the wish of ninety-nine out of every hundred of their constituents."

It is not necessary at present to comment upon Dr. Layton's assertions further than to say, first, that more than fifty per cent. of the Republican voters in Kent and Sussex Counties are "Anglo-Saxons" from the coast of Africa, whose incorruptibility is not wholly beyond question; and, second, that the statements with regard to vote-buying which he furnishes to newspaper men seem to differ widely from the admissions made by him to personal friends and associates in private conversation. In 1894 the Sussex County Republican Committee was authorized to expend $2,000 of Mr. Addicks's money in an election precinct that contained only 280 voters; and two years ago Dr. Layton told a prominent lawyer in Georgetown that up to that time Mr. Addicks, to his certain knowledge, had spent $400,000 in Delaware in campaign years alone.

Second, setting aside, for the present, the questions raised by Dr. Layton's conflicting statements, I shall try to describe what happened in the legislative campaign of 1902—that is, last fall; and I will begin with the notes of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston.

Two or three days before the November election, Mr. Addicks, or somebody acting in his interest, brought into the State of Delaware two whole series (fives and tens) of crisp, new, consecutively numbered notes of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston, and distributed them among the Union Republican workers in all the election districts of Kent and Sussex Counties. Prior to the first of November there was not a single new, unworn bill of that bank in all southern Delaware; but five days later the two lower counties were flooded with them. On the day after election, Mr. C. W. Lord, a well-known hardware merchant of Dover, took in over the counter, in the ordinary course of business, twenty-eight of these

bills, all of the denomination of five dollars, and before the end of the week the First National Bank of Dover was holding nearly five thousand dollars in this particular kind of currency, all crisp, new five or ten dollar notes that had never been creased, or that had been folded only once. Although the numbers of these notes were scattering, they were so distributed as to show that two whole series had been used, and that the notes whose numbers were missing in one shop or one bank had merely been spent or deposited in another. More than a month after the election, I myself obtained in Dover a lot of ten-dollar notes of this bank, whose numbers ran from 33,414 to 34,691, showing the use of $12,770; and through the hands of a single business man in Milford there passed notes whose highest and lowest numbers indicated the distribution, on election day, of more than $20,000. A gentleman in whose sources of information I have perfect confidence informed me that not less than $30,000 in crisp, new bills of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston went into the banks of Kent County alone, immediately after the November election. An equal if not a greater amount was undoubtedly distributed in Sussex County, and thousands of dollars passed from hand to hand without getting into banks of deposit at all. If the cashier of the Merchants' National could be compelled to disclose the name signed to the check or checks upon which these new, consecutively numbered notes were issued, the Attorney-General of Delaware would be fully justified, I think, in filing an information under Section 8, Article V., of the Delaware Constitution, and bringing somebody before the Superior Court of Newcastle County for trial on the charge of vote-buying and bribery. Such a course of procedure would purify the political atmosphere of the State, and it might result in the enforced retirement of Mr. Addicks from the field of Delaware politics. I will not undertake to say where he would go, but he certainly would not go to the United States Senate.

That these notes of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston were paid into the stores and banks of Kent County by Union Republican voters there is not the shadow of a doubt. In Dover, in Camden, in Georgetown, in Dagsboro, in Bridgeville, and in many other towns and villages of southern Delaware, the pay offices of the Addicks cashiers were perfectly well known, and scores of men were seen going to them from the polls and coming out of them with the new, crisp bills in their hands. In Camden, Kent County, for example, the cashier's office was a small empty building familiar to everybody in the community. One hundred and thirty negroes, who had voted the Union Republican ticket, went from the polls to that building on election day, and some of them as they returned dropped into stores, with the money in their hands, and, holding it out for inspection, said to the clerks, "Say, boss, is dis yere counterfeit?" The crispness and newness of the unworn and uncreased notes excited their suspicion, and led them to fear that the bills had been manufactured for election purposes only.

In Georgetown, Sussex County, the office of the Addicks cashier was in a well-known general store on the main street of the town. The business of paying for Union Republican votes was carried on there so openly as to become a public scandal. Justice Boyce, of the Delaware Supreme Court, happened to pass the place on election day; saw negroes coming out with money in their hands; and was so filled with indignation that he went to the office of ex-Attorney-General Richards and asked whether the thing could not be stopped. Mr. Richards said that he thought Judge Boyce would be fully justified in raiding the place personally. The Judge thereupon went back to this store, burst in on the Addicks men, and said indignantly, "Gentlemen, this is disgraceful! It's scandalous! You'd better stop it!" The cashier's office was then moved to the house of a negro in a comparatively remote part of the town.

The buying of votes throughout southern Delaware, in last fall's election, was so open and so notorious that the local Addicks men did not think it worth while to make a secret of it, and the figures that I am about to quote were, in most cases, given by them to personal friends or intimate associates among the Democrats and Regulars. In the Camden precinct of the Seventh Representative District of Kent County, the chief Addicks

worker, whose name I have, bought more than 200 voters, including 130 negroes out of the 134 who were registered. The market price of votes in the morning was $15, but it advanced to $25 later in the day. Five thousand dollars were sent there hurriedly in the afternoon, as a special emergency fund with which to buy votes for J. Frank Allee, the Addicks candidate for State Senator in the Third Senatorial District, when it was found that he was running behind in Dover. The emergency fund saved him, but he had only 98 plurality. In the first precinct of the Ninth Representative District of Kent County 175 Union Republican votes were paid for out of 225, and in the Fifth Representative District of the same county the Addicks workers bought 89 votes at $30 apiece, and about 100 votes (of negroes) at $10 apiece.

In the second precinct of the Second Representative District of Sussex County (Northwest Fork hundred) the Addicks men spent between $9,000 and $10,000, and bought 307 of their 401 votes. In the northern part of Nanticoke hundred, Sussex County, they polled 158 votes, of which 140 votes were purchased. In the First Representative District of Sussex County (Cedar Creek hundred) they bought more than half their voters, including 258 negroes out of 260. In the Dagsboro hundred, Sussex County, all of the Union Republican votes were bought except 16. There are said to be less than 50 unpurchasable voters in the whole Dagsboro hundred. In the Fifth Representative District of Sussex County (Little Creek hundred) the Addicks workers spent $5,700 and bought 407 votes. In the Fourth Representative District of the same county they spent $4,500 and bought 240 votes, as shown by their list.

I might continue this enumeration of votes bought in southern Delaware if there were any necessity for so doing; but statistics make monotonous reading, and I have given specific cases enough, I think, to sustain and justify my general charge. A prominent Union Republican leader told a citizen of Wilmington, who is well known in Washington as well as throughout Delaware, that Mr. Addicks spent in Kent and Sussex Counties in the campaign of 1902 no less than $130,000. This included, I presume, the cost of maintaining and running his political "machine." Scores of Addicks workers have to be paid every year for their services; the "influence" of locally prominent men has to be bought—frequently at a high price—and large sums of money given to local managers for the purchase of votes are misappropriated or embezzled. In 1894, for example, Mr. Addicks, or an agent acting in his behalf, put into the hands of two workers in Gumboro, Sussex County, the sum of $2,000 to be used in buying votes. The workers stole most of the money, and the election district went Democratic by 56 majority, although the corruption fund of the Democrats was only $275. It is a common practice, furthermore, among Addicks workers to buy negro votes at the rate of $5 or $10 apiece, turn them in to Addicks at the rate of $15 or $20 apiece, and then pocket the difference between the real price paid and the listed price. Against fraud of this kind Mr. Addicks, of course, has no protection. There may be "honor among thieves;" but honor does not seem to be a characteristic of men who are hired to buy votes in Delaware; and although the employer may know that he is being robbed, he cannot prosecute the robber without admitting that he himself is *particeps criminis*. Dr. Layton told a friend in Dover, two years ago, that among the Addicks workers in Sussex County there was nobody whom he could trust with money. They all stole.

Making due allowance for cash misappropriated or embezzled, and for the expense of running the Delaware "machine," Mr. Addicks probably spent not less than $80,000 in Kent and Sussex Counties last fall in the corruption of the electorate, and bought seven or eight thousand of the thirteen thousand votes polled for his legislative candidates. He now has twenty-one supporters in the Delaware Assembly, and is holding up the State as usual. Senator Hanna, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, telegraphs State Representative Flinn at Dover that the anti-Addicks men ought not to combine with the Democrats to defeat the Union Republicans, because "certainly the party is entitled to the fruits of its" (purchased) "victory."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN OF AMATEURS

BY ALFRED HODDER

Private Secretary to District Attorney Jerome

IV.—The Powers that Rule

IT is not the office of the leader of a great campaign, in his speeches, or even, it may be, in his inmost meditations, to do elaborate justice to the mood and mind of those he comes to overthrow; it is enough for him if in his words and thoughts he does rough justice to their deeds. Not their inward and spiritual state is for the moment of importance to him and to his hearers, but the state of the community beneath their rule; in the nice consideration of degrees of innocence or guilt there would be for him and for his hearers only loss of passion and of power. To the defense the Tammany politicians might have made Mr. Jerome paid, naturally enough, small heed; yet in the long interval for unimpassioned thought that lies between election and election, the nature and the weight of that defense may well be found of moment, not to the defendant only, but to the community itself.

There was nothing new in Mr. Jerome's clear recognition of the alliance between the grafter and the puritan. Every man about town experienced in men and affairs takes that alliance for granted in his daily speech. What has escaped notice, seemingly, is the significance of that alliance for the conscience of Tammany itself.

The practice of levying blackmail on the wicked for the profit of the righteous is at least as old as Robin Hood; the practice of making vice contributory to the public treasury prevails in many foreign lands to-day. It is not a system that in the United States is sanctioned by the public conscience and the public will; but it is a system, not a chaos; it is to the credit of the administrative instinct in the community at large that, in the absence of administrable laws, there should have been evolved so firm and definite a scheme. An inadministrable law is in practice not a law; it commits to the administrator the labor of evolving case by case a practicable scheme. An inadministrable law is in practice infinitely worse than none; it foreordains the illegality of every practicable scheme. Where the law is inadministrable, the administration of the law is necessarily illegal; where the law is inadministrable, the administrator of the law is the legislator's *âme damnée*. The price paid for the specious virtue of the legislator is the administrator's legal guilt. It is not to be wondered at that the administrator should upon occasion turn in wrath upon the eloquent accuser who has been the foreordainer of his crime. The Tammany politician has thus turned upon his accuser more than once; he has declared in good set terms that he has served the public as in fact though not in word the public wishes to be served. The guilt of perjury lies in deceit. The oath he takes and breaks, the public has required that he shall take—and break; and it is toward the public only, he may reasonably claim, that its obligation was incurred. It is a familiar principle of law and ethics that to the performance of impossibilities no man can possibly be bound. The legislating public solemnly propounds to him an oath for the performance of impossibilities which it knows to be impossibilities; he solemnly recites the oath that its propounder knows to be an oath for the performance of impossibilities: *qui est-ce qu'on trompe ici?*

The administrative system thus evolved is far from being the private property of Tammany or even of the Democratic

party as a whole. No political party in the United States has the monopoly of the administrative lie. The system is essentially the same whatever party may chance to have the upper hand. If it is under Tammany that the illegal administrative system is oftenest and most violently denounced, that is by no means because under Tammany the administrative lie and the illegal administrative system it necessitates reach their extremest form. It is rather because the Democratic party as a whole, and Tammany in particular, have less than their opponents' genius for the administrative lie. It is rather because the Tammany politician is administering a system to which he was not born. The administrative lie is Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, and Puritanic; the Tammany politician, as a rule, is none of these three things. His taste in lies, if lie he must, is of a different kind; his taste in men is of a different kind; his very conscience is of a different kind. Confessedly it is not the Anglo-Saxon element that is predominant in Tammany; and no one ever yet has called hypocrisy the Irishman's besetting sin. His temptations to departure from veracity have seemingly an altogether different source. They are temptations seemingly to overpraise his interlocutor rather than his own people or himself, and the praise he gives and seeks is not the praise of being grave and good and great; it is the praise of being loyal, loving, charming, witty, brave, and kind. It is probable, indeed, that he sees neither stimulus to virtue nor evidence of virtue in the overstatement of his own or of his neighbor's moral strength; he has been taught that the remission of men's sins must be preceded by the confession of their sins, and that none have been more ready to claim kinship with the sinner than the holiest of the saints. His forte lies neither in rebuke nor exhortation, nor even in moral indignation. It can scarcely be affirmed of him as yet that he has shown any special aptitude for doing justice; it can scarcely be denied of him that he loves mercy and walks humbly with his God.

Far from overstating his own virtues, he is prone upon occasion to understate them—of all modes of speech the most bewildering and exasperating to the average Anglo-Saxon mind. Only the other day Mr. Croker was guilty of a slip of just this sort; in words which rang from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, he declared himself to have been working for his own pocket all the time. No man in the least experienced in men or in affairs will find it credible that in this instance he was speaking the truth about himself. It is not to be believed that ever any man attained and kept the central place in a vast body of quick-witted and hot-hearted men by working for his own pocket all the time; it is not to be believed that Mr. Croker has not sacrificed a thousand times his personal and present interests, if not indeed to those of the great public, still to those of his colleagues and his clan. The point is that, face to face with enemies who had a gift and passion for good words, he had no impulse to give himself good words; he had an impulse rather of sheer wrathful and disgustful impatience of good words; he utterly declined to drape himself in any decorative phrase. The point is that this impatience of the decorative phrase is found far oftener on the Democratic than on the Republican side. There is nothing in the principles of the two parties to explain their difference on this point; the principles of the Democratic party lend themselves perhaps more readily to the requirements of the ringing phrase: the source of the difference lies rather in a difference of race and of inherited ideals. It is only in the Democratic ranks that there occur such outbursts of impolitic and disconcerting candor as made memorable the administration of the late Chief of Police; it would be an error to suppose that William Devery incurred the indignation of the public in the first instance by his deeds; he incurred it by his words. There had been chiefs of police before his day who exercised quite as capriciously and ruthlessly as great an arbitrary power; what the public would not stand for was a lawless exercise of power that was not even denied. That William Devery did himself injustice by his words there is no reason to believe; but at least it is self-evident that he, too, had no impulse to give himself good words; he has a gift for words, but he has used it for the fabrication of the undecorative phrase. Audacities of utterance like his can never be the rule in any group of politicians; and Mr.

Croker, and for that matter Mr. Sullivan, are more renowned for silence than for speech; but still their very silence obviously is a silence from good words. They may plead plausibly enough that they have done what the great public wishes to have done, but in the meanwhile they have failed to say what it wishes to have said. They have too lightly taken for granted that by keeping on the statute-book the formulas of the administrative lie, the public craving for the decorative phrase is once for all appeased. Among their colleagues few or none have made amends for this oversight of theirs. Even when the Tammany politician is in theory a convert to the charm or to the usefulness of the administrative lie, even when he takes it on his lips deliberately, he, for the most part, fails to recite it with sufficient gravity and unction; because it is a formula, he recites it *du bout des lèvres* and formally; like certain Old World comedians lauded by Charles Lamb, he seems to be confiding to his audience that he is but playing a part. When the administrative lie is called in question, he has not the least appearance of feeling his own veracity to be impugned; it might be almost fancied that he breathed more freely, as now at last at liberty without deceit to speak the lines set down. If we are near waking when we dream, we are still more obviously near truth-telling when we are willing to admit we lie; indeed, fiction owned for fiction has seldom, except among the strictest of the puritans, passed for a lie at all. But lies so told lose half their power to thrill; under the administration of Tammany the great Anglo-Saxon public has been left starving for good words.

In the United States the public is by no means Anglo-Saxon—witness Tammany; and the time may come when even in morals there will be a compromise between the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race and those of races whose blood is blent with ours. To me it seems that in the compromise there is not necessarily involved a moral loss. There is something to be said for the morality of suiting action to word and word to action, and something even for the morality of being a little better than one's word. I cannot for my life detest William Devery—he is too veracious; nor yet Tim Sullivan—he is too kindly; there is in the world no sort of charity that counts for good except Big Tim's. Nor yet Tammany itself; it fosters in too great perfection the spirit without which no great republic ever yet has thriven—the spirit of the clan. The clan differs from the trust, whether of capital or labor, in that it embraces all sorts and conditions of men. There are doubtless various excellent sorts of men that count few representatives in Tammany, but at least it has been rather they that held aloof than Tammany that refused to take them in. Tammany has enabled men in widely different states of life to understand one another's needs and natures. It has accomplished quietly and effectually for its own innumerable members what has been too often fussily and ineffectually attempted for the community at large. It has supplied in time of need material aid without the intervention of a Charity Organization, and legal aid without the intervention of a Legal Aid Society. If its system of administration has been liable to terrible abuses, it has been sedulous in the protection of the individual against the working of the system, at least whenever the individual has been a member of the clan. No doubt it has been often reckless of the interest of individuals not numbered with the clan; no doubt it has often been reckless of the interest of the public as a whole. But it was said long since by a great statesman that the man who in his politics pursues the interest of his friends at least has proved himself disposed to seek some other interest than his own. And it may be doubted whether any man was ever capable of working to good purpose for the public who was not capable of working for a clan. When all is said, there is for individuals and for nations such a thing as an apprenticeship of public spirit; and it might be served in a worse school than Tammany Hall. If there is to be forever in the city of New York a system of inadministrable law and illegal administration, the application of the system might be in worse hands than those of Tammany Hall.

But Tammany is committed to that lying system; there lies the rub with Tammany. However little natural gift or liking it may have for the administrative lie, it has accepted its existence, it

has built upon it; its whole vast edifice is overthrown when that is overthrown. It is too much to ask of human nature that a man or that an organization should deliberately and voluntarily renounce its means of life. I am very far from meaning that Tammany is incapable of finding other means of life; with the same resourcefulness with which it has adapted itself to the conditions of the administrative lie, it would doubtless have adapted, it would doubtless still adapt, itself to conditions different from these. But all its work would be to do again. It is the price men pay too often for their power of dealing with the established fact, that they acquire a sort of vested interest in the fact with which they have contrived to deal successfully; they made the best of it because it was unalterable, they desire it to remain unaltered because they have found how to make the best of it. Something like this has happened in the case of the Tammany politician and the administrative lie; he may well at first have found himself embarrassed by it; he could not have rid himself of it if he would. He has been the victim, he has come to be the champion, of the established fact. He may reasonably be reproached with all the evils of the established fact, not because he is its author, but because he seeks to keep it as it is.

And the evil of the established system scarcely can be by any eloquence exaggerated; explain the cause as we may, there can be no question as to the effect. The system of illegal licensing of violations of laws not meant to be observed tends naturally toward the licensing of violations of any and of every law. The collection of such license fees by the administrators, indirectly or directly, tends to give them an interest rather in the violation than in the observance of the law. The very fact that the administrators of an inadministrable law are themselves inevitably lawbreakers tends to throw them into fellowship with other lawbreakers; the very fact that they themselves inevitably stand within the danger of the law leads them to associate themselves with other lawbreakers for the corruption of the higher and the lower courts. In his capacity of Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, Mr. Jerome had, year by year, ample opportunities to see these tendencies fulfilled. He spoke to his audiences of what he saw. He spoke to them not only of the blackmail levied and the lawless power exerted among prostitutes and gamblers and saloon-keepers, but of the blackmail levied on the law-abiding poor. It is not the least among the offsets to the charity of Tammany that what is given to the poor has been but too frequently wrested from the poor.

"Take one small instance," Mr. Jerome said, with his usual picturesque precision of illustration. "Take what looks like a small matter, yet concerns a great many decent men. The conditions of life are hard in a great city like this: the labor market is overstocked. There are a great many people who seek to make their living in the humble occupation of push-cart peddlers; and what do they find?

"These men pay the city of New York for the privilege of selling; have they not a right to sell without squaring it with the wardman? Have they not a right to sell without buying tickets for Tim Sullivan's chowder-parties?" (Voices in the crowd, it is recorded, cried, "That's good!") "I have been told a story of what happened a short time ago, as this election was approaching, and I believe it because it was told me by a man who I am sure has never yet lied wittingly, and because it tallies with the things that I myself have seen. I have been told that all of a sudden, as this election was approaching, the police force descended upon the peddlers of the East Side. They had been getting on very nicely through the summer, with only an occasional shake-down, perhaps, from the Board of Health—of course they had to pay that; it may be, too, with an occasional shake-down from the plain-clothes man—well, of course they had to pay that. Those who had most money had to take occasionally some tickets for a chowder-party; well, they had to pay that. But I am told that as election time drew near there was a great activity of the police force among the push-cart men, so that at last the association of the push-cart men betook themselves in all humility to Martin Engel and asked what they had got to do. And Martin Engel answered, 'You have got to support Tammany Hall.' Well, it was support Tammany Hall or get arrested. It was support Tammany Hall or be pu

out of business. Thereupon the association answered, 'Yes, great one, we will support Tammany Hall.' But once inside the little box on election day, I find it difficult to believe the push-cart men will still be supporting Tammany Hall. Men will do much for friendship—that is human nature; when a man is kind to me, I, for my part, desire to help him all I can. Uptown men say to me, 'Hang it, Jerome, those fellows somehow get down to the hearts of the people. You know they give the outings.' Mr. Hochstim, Mr. Katz, Mr. Engel, and the rest, they seem to think, have twined themselves about your hearts. Heaven help you, then! I think you must have let your hearts slip down into your pockets. It would be hard enough to know where else they can be found entwined."

The next night, in Brooklyn, he recurred to the same theme. "Whatever you may think about push-carts in the street," he said, "there are a great many men trying to make an honest living in that way. Whatever you may think about fruit-stands at the corners, there are a great many men trying to make an honest living that way. And in the midst of those men we have a district leader. And you go to your clubs in the brownstone district, and the politician in the brownstone district says: 'Now, the trouble about the situation in this city is that we do not get down to the hearts of the common people as the Tammany people do.' And Mr. Shepard said the other night in Tammany Hall that the Tammany leaders have entwined themselves in the hearts of the plain people. As I have had occasion to remark before this evening, it seems to me rather that they have entwined themselves in the pockets of the plain people. But we are told that we must get a hold on their affections as the district leader does. Well, you say, what does the district leader do? Why, he gives these people an outing or a picnic. Let me tell you what happens in some of their outings and picnics. Tim Sullivan gets up an outing and a picnic. Tom Foley gets up an outing and a picnic. Wardman Hahn goes out and sells to the peddlers and the keepers of gin-mills and the push-cart men a thousand tickets at five dollars apiece. Another plain-clothes man comes pretty near doing the same. And when I spoke unflatteringly of Mr. Hahn, Mr. Foley came to me and said: 'You are all wrong about Mr. Hahn. He is a very fine fellow. He does not need to be on the force at all. You know he made a great deal of money in Brooklyn Rapid Transit.' Well, one man that has a fruit-stand finds that he cannot get his license renewed. He asks about it. 'Did you take some of Tim Sullivan's chowder tickets?' 'No, I could not afford to do it.' 'Go and do it.' He goes and does it, and gets his license. And at the end of these chowders you find that never a one of them has a deficit. In the old days the district leader used to put the surplus in his pocket, but now they tell me that it goes into the treasury of the local organization. At least they never fail of getting from some $2,500 to $3,000 cash profit, and the securing of that profit is the work these district leaders do. Then, too, the push-cart men have got to square themselves with the wardmen. Then, too, they have got to square themselves with the health inspector. Then, too, they have got to square themselves with other persons who come around representing certain people whom I do not name. And so it goes all through; not vice alone pays its enormous tribute, but honest industry must pay if it expects to live."

Honest industry of all degrees of humility and dignity: one of the stories Mr. Jerome told oftenest during the campaign, because its repetition was demanded oftenest by his audiences, had been first intended as a sort of parable of the difficulties encountered under a Tammany administration in the conduct of honest trade of every kind. "Yes, if you want it, I will tell you the lemon story; it came about this way. There are a number of very earnest and enthusiastic men, with New England consciences, who live in Litchfield County, Connecticut. They formed the Litchfield County Universal Club, they built a club-house, and last summer they asked me to come up there. It wasn't far from a little place I have in the country. I talked with them after dinner, and the toast—there was nothing but apollinaris at that dinner; it was in New England—and the toast that they gave me to respond to, and that I was presumably to occupy about five minutes in responding to, was 'Municipal Problems

and their Solution.' It reminded me of a reporter calling me up about 11:30 in One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street, and saying that the editor wanted an interview that would occupy about half a column upon 'Strikes and their Solution.' Such a simple, easy thing to give offhand, after you had been pulled out of bed in your pajamas! Well, I was up against it, and I had to speak succinctly upon municipal problems and their solution. And I gave a story by way of illustration. I told them it was purely imaginary and symbolic; and this was the case that I imagined—that there was a scarcity of lemons in the New York market, and that a merchant in the city of New York, seeing the situation, cabled to his agents on the Mediterranean, 'Ship me so many thousand lemons by first steamer.' The scarcity of lemons at once caused other shipments, but this merchant, by his willingness to spend money and by reason of his connections abroad, got his $5,000 worth of lemons on the first steamer, which meant probably a gain of thirty-six hours. There was such a scarcity of lemons when the steamer reached the dock that before the next steamer arrived it would enable him to make a profit of at least a dollar a box, which he was fairly entitled to because of his sagacity in foreseeing the conditions of the market and his readiness in meeting those conditions. When the ship arrived, he rushed up to the Custom-House, feeling perfectly delighted. When he had paid his duties at the Custom-House he went down on the dock and a fellow came up and said: 'Are you the man that brought these lemons over?' 'I am.' The fellow threw back his coat and disclosed the shield of an inspector of the Board of Health. He said, 'I think these lemons will have to be hand-picked.' Hand-picking five thousand boxes of lemons meant simply that the merchant would lose his market, because other steam-shipments of lemons would arrive before the hand-picking could be finished. He said, 'What is it worth?' 'Well, two hundred and fifty will do this time.' He had to pay it. He was simply trying to carry on his honest, legitimate business, and so, rather than lose his profit, he paid. Now, this was the story that I told up in the Litchfield Hills. It was a Friday night, and somebody telegraphed to the New York papers enough of the story to show what I was driving at, but not enough to show that I had stated it as a purely imaginary case. Now comes the point. On Monday morning, in my chambers in the Criminal Court Building, I had a visit from a certain person, who, after beating about the bush and lingering a long time, came out at last with the purpose of his errand. He had been directed, he said, by an official of the Health Department to find out how—well, how—'Say, Judge, who put you next about those lemons?'" When fairy tales like these come true, what must we not conclude concerning the plain facts of every day?

Officials such as these are naturally appointed according to a system suited to the duties they are expected to perform. To men of all classes in the city, but in especial to the members of the poorer classes, there can be few matters more important than the food and drink supply. For the rich a secondary system of inspection is provided by the middleman. The poor must take such viands as dealers are authorized to sell. Another of the stories dear to Mr. Jerome's audiences illustrated the method of appointment of meat inspectors. "The Board of Health," said Mr. Jerome, "used to be under the control of Commissioner Michael Murphy. Because of his eminent respectability they have transferred him since to the control of the Police Department; but I am speaking now of what took place in the Health Department in his day. The Board of Health used to appoint inspectors. These inspectors had to submit to a civil service examination, so they used to appoint emergency men, thirty-day men, and used to shift them from one department to another. And there were fruit inspectors and fish inspectors and meat inspectors, and inspectors of every kind whatsoever; and they finally got down to ice inspectors. One day they held an examination for meat inspectors. Well, you know that the civil service is the bulwark of the Nation; you know it is the sole and certain way to keep the public service absolutely pure, and you know that the questions are never so worded that a man of sense can guess from the question the reply. But this was not one of the highfalutin examinations about the chemical constitution of

cellular tissue; it was a practical examination of meat inspectors, who were to pick out mutton and pork and beef and ham—a variety of pork, I believe, and other articles that were sold in the market as meat. And they asked the question, 'Which is ham? Indicate by number.' And all these articles were spread out on the table and were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and so on. And the numbers had been given out to the persons who were going to apply for examination—before they came there. Now, there is a man who has made his way by competition to the head of the civil service in the way of Chief Examiner. He is a man by the name of Ireland. He knows a thing or two. The place is not political; they didn't put him in and they can't get him out. And he came along and saw these numbers. Well, it came into his head that, just to see what would happen, he would shift the numbers around. There was not a Tammany Hall man appointed meat inspector. They may challenge that story if they want to. I have Mr. Ireland's letter in my pocket."

Men who selected their subordinates and were themselves selected in this fashion were, besides, the purchasers of every sort of municipal supplies. "There is a very honorable and upright man," said Mr. Jerome, "in charge of one of the departments of the city of New York. He is protected by the civil service law or he would no longer be there. He has no right to say what price the city of New York shall pay for the goods that are supplied him; that is altogether too dangerous a privilege to give an upright and honorable man; but he is so conscientious as to look over the lists of goods supplied to his department and see to it that the quality and quantity come pretty near being what they ought to be. The price is fixed by—well, I fancy Mr. Murphy was in office when this occurred. It was not so very long ago. There was a requisition made in this Department for two pounds of sponges. There is a company in New York—oh, a very sincere, warm, personal friend of Mr. Croker is connected with it—by which this Department is supplied with whatever may be needed, from an anchor to a needle. When the requisition was returned with the goods, there was an item on the bill that read, 'Two pounds of sponges, $5.' Well, the gentleman of whom I have spoken took the bill, looked it over, checked off 'One electric stove,' which could have been put in for $150 and which was put in for $350, and finally arrived at the 'Two pounds of sponges, $5.' 'John, where are the sponges?' 'Here, Doctor, two little nub sponges.' 'Put them on the scales, John.' John put them on the scales and they weighed four ounces. The next day round came an agent of the company. 'Well, Doc, have you O. K.'d our bill?' (Of course all the Doctor has to do is to O. K. as to quantity and quality.) 'No,' said he, 'I have not O. K.'d it. You will have to make those sponges right or cut them out.' 'The sponges are all right.' 'No,' said the Doctor, 'there are no two pounds of sponges here; we put them on the balance and they weighed only four ounces.' 'You don't mean to say,' exclaimed the agent, with a profane expletive expressive of the most scornful contempt, 'that you weighed them dry!'"

The city's contracts for building materials were but too likely to be given to contractors of the same traditions as the firm whose agent was startled by the unaccustomed notion of weighing sponges dry.

The unrestricted liberty of the official purchaser was symbolized in still another anecdote told more than once by Mr. Jerome.

"An Irishwoman bustled into a department store and met the floor-walker.

"'Oi want a crrevette,' said she.

"'Oh, you want a cravat, madam," said he.

"'Sure,' said she.

"'Third counter to your right, if you please, where the saleslady stands under the window,' said he. So she bustled to the third counter to the right.

"'Oi want a crrevette,' said she.

"'A cravat?' said the saleslady; 'what kind would you prefer? We have four-in-hands, Oxfords, and a variety.' The Irishwoman reflected.

"'Perhaps the gentleman has some choice?' said the saleslady.

"'Divil a bit of choice has he. He will wear anything I put about his neck. The gintleman is a corpse!'"

[TO BE CONTINUED]



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The New Archbishop of Canterbury

The Right Reverend Thomas Randall Davidson, at present Bishop of Winchester, has been chosen to succeed the late Most Reverend Frederick Temple, D.D., as Archbishop of Canterbury. To this exalted position Dr. Davidson brings peculiar qualifications. In the first place, although popularly supposed to belong to the broad Evangelical party, he really represents every party in the Church; in the second place, his long and careful training for the primacy was derived from his brilliant student days at Trinity College, Oxford, his curacy in Kent, his chaplaincy in the service of Archbishops Tait and Benson, his deanship at Windsor, and finally his accession to the Episcopal Bench—first to the See at Rochester, and next to the great historical See of Winchester; moreover, Dr. Davidson will grace the Archbishopric by reason of his notable urbanity of manner. It may be remembered that when Mr. Spurgeon died, Dr. Davidson followed him to the grave and gave the benediction there.



TOPPING OUT THE GRAIN-STACKS OF J. W. MADREY, A COLORED FARMER OF CALVIN

TWO GENERATIONS UNDER FREEDOM

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

With Photographs by C. W. Chandler

I HAVE often been asked to what extent the Negro race has the ability for self-direction and government, and the power to initiate and to make continuous progress unaided.

I want to try to answer this question, in part at least, not by abstract argument, but by telling the story of a self-governing community of colored people.

The group of negroes whose story I want to tell reside in Cass County, Michigan. Among the early settlers of that part of the State were several Quakers who had left their former homes in the South because they did not approve of slavery. In Michigan, as elsewhere, these Quakers soon let it be known that not only were they opposed to the institution of human slavery, and that runaway slaves would receive a friendly welcome among them, but that they would also receive physical protection if necessary. In addition to becoming an asylum for escaping slaves, this community of Quakers soon became a station on the "Underground Railroad."

The townships in Cass County in which the Quakers for the most part settled were named Calvin and Porter. It was about the year 1840 that a few colored people, mostly from Kentucky, began to find their way into these townships. Every year after that the number of escaped slaves grew larger, until in the year 1847 a determined effort was made on the part of some slaveholders to recapture their runaway negroes. Quite a nnmber of slave-owners or their representatives appeared in Calvin township in that year, coming in one band, mounted and well armed, and made a bold and determined effort to regain possession of their property and return it to Kentucky. The effort at capture was successfully resisted by the Quakers, the colored people, and other residents of the community.

While a few of the colored people, as a result of this raid, became uneasy and fled to Canada, the ultimate result was to advertise Cass County, Michigan, as being a part of the country where negroes could enjoy a reasonable freedom from the constant fear of being snatched up and returned to their former masters. After the "raid" a still larger number of colored people began to go into the two townships named, and they covered a much wider territory than the first settlers. In addition to those who came directly to Michigan, not a few escaped slaves left Ohio, where they had first located themselves, in order to settle in Cass County, where the good Quakers had so effectually proved their courage and loyalty.

It was not, however, until the year 1849 that one of these townships, Calvin, began to assume the character which invests it with special interest at present. In 1847 a large slaveholder by the name of Saunders, who lived in Cabell County, Virginia —now a part of West Virginia—died. When his will was opened, it was found that provision had been made to the effect that all his slaves must be made free. The will further provided a generous amount of money which was to be used in removing all of the testator's slaves into a free State. In addition, the slave-owner made arrangements for the purchase of a tract of land in some free State to be divided among these people, and the building of a house for each of his former slave families, the will also providing the money to do all this.

The Saunders ex-slaves, forty-one in number, at last were started northward. One who was entitled to accompany them refused to go into a land of freedom, even with all the added advantages of this opportunity, because his wife was a slave and could not go with him. After a long journey, which was attended by many hardships, the members of the party finally reached their Michigan home a few days before Christmas. A large tract of land which was a complete wilderness had been purchased by the executors.



SAMUEL HAWKES, THE LARGEST TAXPAYER IN CALVIN
His tax for 1902 was $154.36

This tract was divided into parcels of eighteen acres for each individual—men, women, and even infants—the youngest baby getting as much as the oldest man. A small log house of such style as was common for the settlers in that country at that time was erected for each family.

The Saunders families—for each family took the name of the former master of the slaves—found their first winter in the wilds of Michigan in sharp contrast to the temperate climate they had left behind them in Virginia. They underwent a great deal of suffering. Not only were they unused to the climate, but they had to clear land for the spring planting in soil to which they were not accustomed. Their Quaker friends, as well as the colored people already residing in Calvin township, were most kind to them, but the rigorous climate, as well as the sudden change in methods of living, began to tell

upon these people in rather a discouraging manner before many months in their new home had passed. It soon became evident that there were some things that the mere gift of freedom and the gift of lands and money could not do. Freedom, lands, and money could not give one experience in self-direction and self-dependence. In the words of another, "Freedom is a conquest, not a bequest."

For several years the Saunders families were in a majority in the township, and they prospered in a reasonable degree. But, as time passed, many of them began to let their wants increase faster than their ability to supply these increased wants. In their extravagant ideas and practices they began to demonstrate the truth of the old saying that a man values only what he has had experience in accumulating. Besides this, while these new settlers were in the possession of lands and houses, they were without education. Some of them began to give mortgages on their land, and while their good Quaker neighbors would protect them in their freedom, and help them to get an education, they were not averse at any time to driving a shrewd and safe business bargain. Not many years passed before a good part of the land once owned by the Saunders families began to fall into the hands of the Friends.

I will not recite in more detail the story of the Saunders community, except to say that most of the property owned by these people gradually passed out of their hands in one way and another, some part of it being secured by other shrewd colored men who had settled in Calvin township. I think I make a correct statement in saying that when I visited the township a few weeks ago I found only one of the original Saunders settlers who at the present time owns any of the land bought by the executors of the Saunders estate. The bare mention of "a Saunders family" would quite likely cause a quiet smile to creep over the face of one of the old inhabitants who did not belong to that group. These people not only had not held their own materially, but I found that, a few years after the newcomers began to get planted in their free homes, not a few of the young men began developing habits of idleness, not a few became criminals, while still others made themselves offensive to the whites and sensible blacks by becoming "uppish" and in other ways disagreeable. All these things resulted in giving the community something of a bad name for several years.

From the foregoing some may draw the conclusion at once that the whole effort was a failure. Not by any means. What I have stated simply emphasizes the fact that human nature is very much the same, no matter under what color of skin it is found. What I have related of the history of the Saunders community illustrates what I have often tried to say in relation to my race in general in this country—that the first one or two generations of freed people would naturally in many cases mistake freedom for license and would be overcome, in a large measure, by the first temptations of their new life; but that the second or third generations would begin to settle down to hard, sober business. If any one wants to get direct and specific proof of the truth of this statement, he should spend one or two days, as I have done, in making a first-hand investigation of the present condition of the negroes in Calvin township.

My visit of inspection, however, before I had been in the township two hours, taught me that the weak points exhibited by the people of the earlier generations had wrought a most beneficial work. It is often said that a thing that is bad has to get worse before it gets better. This I found to be true of Calvin township. At about the time when matters had gone down to their lowest ebb, industrially and morally, the more level-headed of the colored people began to realize the situation and to resolve that by strong and earnest effort they would bring about a reform. At about this time there began coming into the township a different class of people. These came mainly from Ohio, North Carolina, and Virginia. As a rule, they or their parents represented a class of people who had been set free—the class which in North Carolina were termed "free niggers," a designation which, strange to say, was used as a term of contempt by negro slaves as well as by their masters. The main point that I want to bring out here, though, is that these later settlers, either in Ohio or in some of the Southern States, had got over the first flush of freedom, and so were ready to



THE BARNYARD OF BILL ALLEN'S FARM

settle down to business when they reached Calvin township. The money and the experience that these people brought with them to Calvin had been dearly earned by themselves. This new element joined itself with the better representatives of the earlier settlers, and very soon Calvin township began to acquire a new atmosphere. The real solid growth of the township began from this time.

My attention was first attracted to this settlement some years ago when I was in South Bend, Indiana, the site of the Studebaker wagon factories. I noticed that the colored people of South Bend seemed to be an unusually prosperous and solid lot of people, far above the average of those generally found in large cities, or anywhere in the North. I asked one of the Studebakers the reason for this difference, and he said that he thought it grew out of the fact that from the first the Studebaker firm had never permitted any color line to be drawn in any department of their works—that a negro was not made to feel that on account of his race he was assigned to a certain minor place in the factory, and could not hope to rise above that place, no matter how well he did his work. Mr. Studebaker said that they had held out to their negro workmen the same hope of reward in the way of promotion or increase of pay that the white workmen had held before them. There is a lesson in this treatment of the negro workmen by the Studebakers that has in it a solution for many of the problems connected with the negro. Take away from any race or individual the hope of reward, and you help destroy the race or individual.

From this discussion of the condition of the colored people in South Bend, Mr. Studebaker called my attention to the large community of colored people in Calvin township, Michigan, which is not very far from South Bend, since Cass County, in which Calvin is situated, is on the southern boundary of Michigan. When I asked Mr. Studebaker about these people he said in substance that for a number of years his firm had sold them wagons and other farm machinery, and had often sold



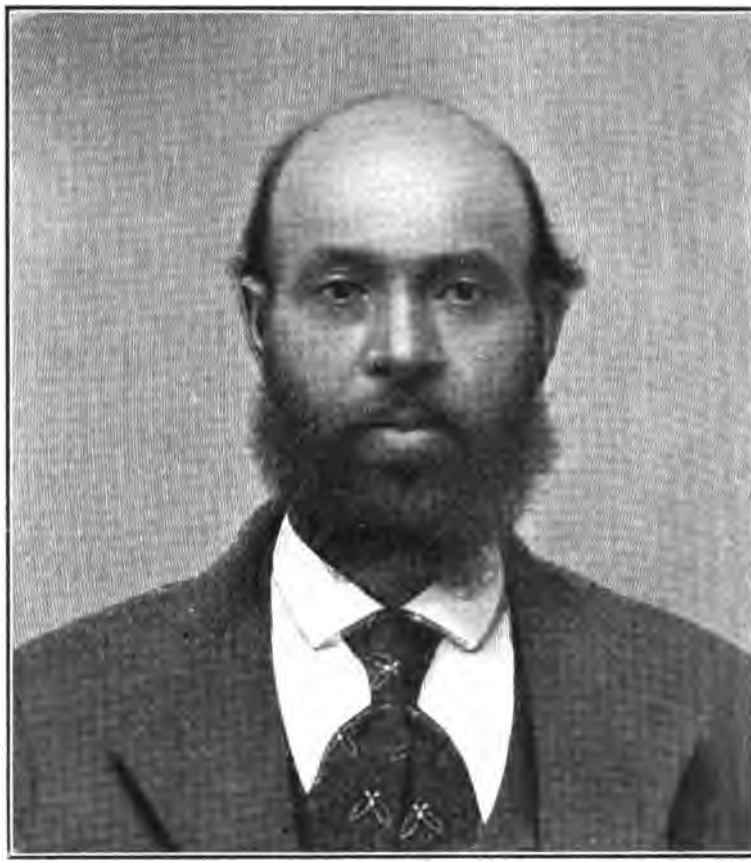
BILL ALLEN AMONG HIS CATTLE

on credit; and that in all their business relations of recent years they had proved themselves just as reliable and prompt as the white people in the same county, or anywhere in the State. This statement so interested me that I resolved to see this community for myself at the very first possible opportunity, because I had always been anxious to see just what progress in self-government any large number of people of my race could make when left absolutely to themselves and given the advantage of the climate and location that the average white man in America possesses.

In connection with what I am going to say it should be kept in mind that the unit of government in Michigan, as in Massachusetts, is the township—that is, each township has practically complete self-government. Besides this it is entitled to at least one representative on the Board of County Commissioners which controls the affairs of the county.

When I visited Calvin township recently I found that it contained a population of 759 negroes and 512 whites. In addition to these, a large negro population had overflowed into the adjoining township of Porter, and to some extent into all but two of the towns in the county. The county seat of Cass County is Cassopolis. The nearest boundary line of Calvin township is about six miles from Cassopolis.

As I drove, in company with the Hon. L. B. Des Voignes, the probate judge of the county, Mr. Max Bennett Thrasher, a newspaper writer, and Mr. Jesse W. Madrey, the latter one of the most prosperous colored farmers in the county, from Cassopolis in the direction of Calvin township, we soon began going through well-cultivated farms and past comfortable-looking farm-houses. The farms, for the most part, in their general appearance compared favorably with the average farms we saw in Michigan. Many of the houses were large, attractive, and well built. The yards were made beautiful with grass, shrubbery, and flowers. The barns, stock, poultry, and other



CORNELIUS LAWSON
Supervisor of the township of Calvin.

farm attachments were in keeping with everything else that we saw. In our drive of nearly ten hours, in which we covered thirty miles of territory, through Calvin township and a part of Porter, the adjoining township, we saw little to indicate that we were in a negro town except the color of the faces of the people.

They were up to the average of their white neighbors. There are perhaps few townships in the South among the agricultural classes that would compare favorably with this one.

In a few cases it was interesting to see standing on the same premises the small cabin in which the people began life years ago, and then to see near it a modern frame cottage containing six or seven rooms. To me it was interesting and encouraging to note to what an extent these people "lived at home," that is, produced what they consumed. My visit took me through the community during the harvesting season, and at that time most of the farmers were engaged in threshing wheat and oats. On one farm we saw a large, modern steam thresher at work. Around it were employed some twenty men. This complicated piece of machinery was being operated wholly by negroes, and, what was more interesting, was owned by a negro by the name of Henry L. Archer. Mr. Archer not only threshed grain for the negro farmers in his township, but for the white farmers as well.

In speaking of the extent to which these people "keep themselves," I want to say that their home-raised and home-cured pork was, without any reservation, the best I ever tasted. I was particularly struck with this when visiting the home of Mr. Allen, of Porter township, the negro stock-raiser and stock-trader. "Bill" Allen has as

high standing for probity and shrewdness among the people in the Chicago stock-yards as the average white man. His many well-filled barns and the large number of valuable horses, cows, pigs, and sheep he owns were among the most interesting sights that I saw.

William Allen was born in Logan County, Ohio, but his parents were free colored people from North Carolina. To speak in more detail about Mr. Allen, I found that he owns seven hundred acres of land, and that the taxes which he paid last year in the two townships of Calvin and Porter amounted to $191. When I visited his farm, he had fifty head of cattle, ten horses, three hundred sheep, and twenty-five hogs. All of his property is paid for. Mr. Allen is one of the few men I have heard of as resigning a political office. He was a Justice of the Peace for eighteen years, and resigned because it took too much of his time away from his farm.

It was rather remarkable to learn that Samuel Hawkes, a fine specimen of the race, pays the largest tax of any one, white or black, in the township of Calvin. His tax this year was $154.36. In addition to this, Mr. Hawkes paid over $50 taxes on property which is in his charge as an administrator. He owns about five hundred acres of land, free of encumbrance. He is highly spoken of by every one whom I saw, of both races, including the county officials and the cashier of the bank at Cassopolis, who said his credit was good at that institution. I was told on good authority that Mr. Hawkes is worth $50,000. He has perhaps learned the lesson that not a few white people have learned—not to give in all of their property for the purpose of taxation.

Samuel Hawkes was born in Nottaway County, Virginia, in 1828. In 1837 he moved to Jackson County, Ohio, and remained there until he came to Calvin in 1853. He is entirely a self-made man, beginning work for himself at the age of sixteen, cutting cordwood. He had saved up enough money so that when he came to Calvin in 1853 he was able to buy the eighty acres of land on which he still lives, paying for it $800 in, as he expresses it, "gold and silver." He then went back to Ohio and worked there six years longer before he came to Calvin to live permanently on his farm. For the last quarter of a century Mr. Hawkes has devoted himself to the general manage



THE TOWN HALL IN CALVIN, WITH THE SUPERVISOR, TOWN CLERK, AND TWO OTHERS

ment of his property, loaning money, and dealing in real estate.

Cornelius Lawson, the Supervisor for Calvin, is a native of North Carolina, whose parents moved to Cass County after an intermediate residence of some years in Indiana. He has lived in Calvin since 1853. He was elected a Justice of the Peace in 1878, and retained the office until the present year. In 1899 he was elected Supervisor, and has been re-elected every year since. Mr. Lawson is a farmer, and lives about a mile from "The Corner"—the official center of Calvin. He is the first colored man to be elected to the County Board of Supervisors.

It would be difficult for me to give a better idea of the industry and prosperity of these people than can be obtained from reading the following extract from a letter which I received not long after my visit to Cass County. The letter is from one of the most reliable colored men in the county, and, I ought to add, was written with no thought that it was to be published:

Cassopolis, Michigan, November 3, 1902.

Mr. Booker T. Washington:

Dear Friend—I will impose upon your precious time only long enough for you to read this, as no answer is necessary.

I wanted to tell you that I thrashed those stacks of grain that you saw when at our place. Mr. Archer did the thrashing in one day—944 bushels of oats and 884 bushels of wheat. I paid him $41.44. On the 29th I shipped a carload of hogs and sheep of my own raising to Chicago. I received $707.30 for the same. I have 167 sheep left and about 80 head of hogs; this includes all sizes. . . .

Your humble servant.

J. W. MADREY.

I found that there was another colored man in the township, Mr. C. W. Bunn, who owns two sawmills and much other real estate. He is said to be worth $50,000.

In several cases I noticed that the carpets on the floors of the homes of the people were of the home-made kind, but they were handsome and substantial. A considerable number of the colored people in Calvin township own their homes, and many of those who are renting are doing so from negro landowners. In a few cases white people in the county are renting property owned by negroes.

There are, I believe, eight schools in Calvin, four of them taught by colored teachers. Not only are the teachers colored, but the schools are controlled by negro school officials for the most part. As we drove through the township I found a copy of the following notice posted:

ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING

State of Michigan

NOTICE is hereby given to the qualified Voters of School District No. 8 of the Township of Calvin that the Annual Meeting of said District will be held at the Schoolhouse on Monday evening, the 1st day of September, A. D. 1902, at 8 o'clock, for the Election of School District Officers, and for the transaction of such other business as shall lawfully come before it.

Dated this 25th day of August, 1902.

C. F. NORTHROP, Director.

Mr. C. F. Northrop is a negro. So far as I could judge by the appearance of the teachers and the school buildings, they compared favorably with others in that part of the State. In addition to the negro teachers and ministers, there are two negro physicians in the township.

One question that is often debated is as to the ability of the negro for self-government from a political point of view, and I was extremely anxious to get information on this. In Calvin township in 1900 there were 759 negroes and 512 whites. I made diligent inquiry to ascertain if there was any friction between the two races, and could find no evidence that there was. Judge Des Voignes and other county officers informed me that there were no reports of cheating at the ballot-boxes, and that the affairs of the township were conducted as well politically as any in the county. For some years, the Judge said, it had been the boast of the negro tax collector of Calvin that he was one of the first collectors to secure and pay into the county treasury all of the township taxes. On one recent occasion it was said that when another town was trying to beat Calvin in this, and the Calvin tax-gatherer's report was delayed, largely through the tardiness of one negro taxpayer, whose tax was only three dollars, rather than have Calvin lose its reputation for promptness a number of the public-spirited negroes "chipped in" and paid the tax of the delinquent.

Each township in the county is entitled to one representative on the County Board of Commissioners which has the control of the affairs of the entire county. The representative of Calvin is a black man, and I was told by several white people of the county that the negro Commissioner



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MATTHEW ARTIS LIVED FORTY YEARS AGO

voted intelligently and conservatively. So far as I could find evidence, there had never been in the township any "scandal" growing out of the misuse of money by public officials, notwithstanding, as I have said, that each township levies and collects its own taxes for schools and other public enterprises.

I was a little curious to see to what extent the colored people took interest in



THE HOUSE OF MATTHEW ARTIS, JR, WHO HAS KEPT WHAT HIS FATHER LEFT HIM AND HAS ADDED TO IT

the large National questions. I asked a good many of them how they stood on the question of reducing the tariff on Cuban sugar. In spite of the fact that Michigan is producing much beet sugar, I found that most of the colored people in this township were in favor of helping Cuba, and they were not slow to give their reasons. Later I found out from the rural free delivery mail-carrier that forty daily papers were taken in the township.



ABNER R. BYRD
Town Clerk of Calvin.

Some years ago a certain Congressman who represented that district in Congress got into the habit of coming to Calvin whenever an election was pending, to speak to his colored constituents, but instead of discussing the broad National questions of the day he would "jolly" the colored people. They stood it for a while, and then they let him know, in no uncertain way, that if he wanted to speak to them he must discuss public questions in the same manner that he did in other portions of his district.

The seat of government for the township is the town hall, which is located near the center of the township. It is here that the town officials have their offices. The principal business of the town is transacted through the town meeting, very much after the manner in New England.

I was informed by several reliable white men of the county that there had never been any trouble worth mentioning growing out of political differences. When the war between the States broke out, as soon as colored soldiers were permitted to enlist, practically every negro man in the township who was eligible enlisted and went to the front. As a result, there is a Grand Army Post in Calvin named Matthew Artis Post, in honor of one of the old settlers and soldiers. The Grand Army Post meets in a hall on the second floor of the town house. The present commander of the Post is Bishop Curtis, who was a member of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. It is said that he was wounded by the same shell that killed Robert Gould Shaw.[1] The post has been established twelve years, and is in a flourishing condition.

There are three churches in the township, two of which I saw—one an African Methodist and the other a Baptist. One of these was established in 1853 and the other in 1854. Both of these congregations have neat and attractive buildings. Although I had caused word to be sent ahead of me that I did not want to make any address to the people, but simply wanted to be permitted to visit them on their farms and in their homes, and thus see them when they were not on dress parade, I found that when our party reached the Methodist church rather late in the evening we were welcomed by a brass band composed of young men living in the community, and it seemed to me that the whole township had assembled. Nothing but a short address would satisfy them. The most general complaint that I heard at this meeting, and from several individual farmers with whom I talked, was to the effect that the young men were too



MATTHEW ARTIS
Treasurer of Calvin Township.

[1] To whose memory the very beautiful and famous monument by the American sculptor St. Gaudens has been erected on Boston Common.

much inclined to leave the township and go to the large cities.

In my inspection of their church houses there were two things that specially pleased me. One was the fine and neat appearing parsonage which stood near the Chain Lake Baptist Church; the other was the appearance of the graveyard near the same building. The church house, the parsonage, and the graveyard gave one a picture which made him feel that he was in a Massachusetts village. The graveyard was laid out in family plots, and most of the graves had marble slabs



HOUSE OF J. C. EARLY IN CALVIN

or headstones. There were evidences that the burial-place received systematic care.

I thought that it would prove of interest and value to get the opinions of some of the prominent white people of Cass County as to what they thought of the members of my race in Calvin. With this end in view several of the leading men in Cassopolis, the county seat—a beautiful, substantial town of several thousand inhabitants—were consulted, and the following questions were at some point in the conversation asked of each one of five men interviewed:

How does the material condition of the colored people of Calvin compare with that of twenty years ago?

How does it compare with that of their white neighbors?

How do the moral conditions compare?

What is the nature of the relations between the two races?

Do many of the colored people move away, and if so, why, and where?

Have they contributed as much towards the prosperity of the county as the other residents?

Do you know of any other colored community so prosperous?

In criminal offenses in the township do the colored people assist the officers willingly? In other words, does civic pride outbalance race sympathy?

Judge L. B. Des Voignes, who has been Judge of Probate of Cass County for six and a half years, and previous to that was Prosecuting Attorney, said:

"The material condition of the people has greatly improved in the last twenty years. They have more wealth, better farms and homes—they live better. Their conditions have kept parallel with the whites. Considering their opportunities, they have advanced. Their moral condition has improved very much. There has been a great decrease in criminal conditions during the last twenty years.

Calvin does not give us—the courts—as much trouble now as some of our white communities. There is increased membership in churches, and increased attendance at schools. There is more desire for education. There are six schools in Calvin in which white and black go together. The relations of the two races are mutually pleasant.

"I do not recall any instance where white residents of the township have objected to colored people buying land there. I do not think there is any depreciation in the price of land. To a stranger buying land the colored residents might be an objection; but I do not think it would be to those who know the colored people of Calvin. A slightly larger proportion of the young people go away to the cities of South Bend, Elkhart, Dowagiac, Niles, etc. They go because they can earn more money.

"The colored residents have helped to contribute to the prosperity of the county, considering the opportunities they have had and the length of time they have had to earn money. There is a prosperous colored community in Volunia which is frugal, etc. This is small, though, not more than one hundred persons, and might, perhaps, be called a part of this. There are colored residents in several of the townships in Cass County. The treasurer of Calvin was one of the first to report the payment of every tax in the town. The better element, the property-owning class, are quick to assist in the conviction of criminals."

Mr. Charles O. Harmon, clerk of the county, was born in Porter township, and grew up among these people. He taught his first term of school in the Mount Zion school-house. Mr. Harmon said:

"There is practically no difference in the material condition of the people of the two races in Calvin. They are more prosperous than twenty years ago, particularly in having better farms and better houses. The moral condition is equal or nearly equal to that of the whites. There is a low and illiterate class, but not large considering the opportunities of the people. They take advantage of their opportunities as much as the whites. They are quick to take advantage of improvements, such as the telephone and improved machinery. There has been great improvement morally in the last twenty years.

"Some of the best people of the county live in Calvin and mingle with these people in a business way with no distinction. I do not think that the fact of the colored settlers being there is considered any detriment to the community, although white people from communities which have no colored settlers might be averse to buying land there. Certainly land does not sell for any less there. The land in Calvin is among the best in the county. The merchants of Cassopolis find these people extra good customers. That may be one criticism to make—that they buy too freely for their own good. As a general thing, though, they are good pay, and take a pride in meeting their obligations.

"They have, probably, helped the county as much as could be expected of any people with their opportunities. I should say that they have helped in this way only during the last ten years. The tendency in this respect is good. The present colored Supervisor is the first colored man to hold this office. He is an able man in official work. He is a member of the county Committee of Equalization, and of the Committee of Public Grounds and Buildings. He was a delegate from the last County Board to the State Board of Equalization of Taxes, at Lansing."

Mr. C. C. Nelson is an undertaker in Cassopolis, who does most of the work in his line in Calvin. He has lived in Cass County for sixty years, and has been postmaster, sheriff, and overseer of the poor. He said in substance:

"There is no township in Cass County that has made so much improvement in the last twenty or twenty-five years as Calvin has. The people were once haphazard and lawless. At one time Calvin furnished two-thirds the court business of the county. That is past now. They have improved more, proportionately, than the whites. As a rule, the whites feel friendly towards them; better than formerly. People who know them make no objection to them. People who live in Calvin would not sell their land there any cheaper because of the colored population. Probably more of the young people go away. They put civic pride before race pride."

The Hon. L. H. Glover is a prominent



STEAM THRESHER OWNED AND OPERATED BY HENRY L. ARCHER, A COLORED MAN, THRESHING A COLORED FARMER'S GRAIN

Democratic lawyer of Cassopolis, and has been a Justice of the Peace there since 1862. He said: "The first generation of settlers were fine men—none better. The second generation was bad. The third shows a very marked improvement. But through it all the best men have supported the law unfailingly. There is a steady improvement morally, and this compares favorably with that of the whites. There is no social mingling, but otherwise the relations of the races are entirely friendly. I do not know of more than a dozen marriages of whites and blacks in the entire county. So far as prejudice towards the colored residents of the county is concerned, the farther away people live, the greater the prejudice. As they approach, it grows less. These people have contributed as much to the prosperity of the county as ought to be expected of them."

Mr. Allison, the proprietor and editor of the Democratic paper in Cassopolis, practically confirmed all of Mr. Glover's opinions. Mr. Allison, like Mr. Glover, has lived in the county for many years, and knows the colored residents well.

As I mingled with the white people and tried to draw them out freely, I got the idea pretty strongly that while they saw the weak points as well as the strong ones in this interesting little African colony, yet, on the whole, the whites were very proud of Calvin township and watched its development with deep interest and not a little satisfaction. In the story of this development there is nothing startling or remarkable. It is simply the story of the growth of a people when given the American chance to grow naturally and gradually. With the negro, whether considered as individuals or in groups, I find that the bearing of responsibility is one of the chief essentials of growth.

An Open Fire

By Frank Dempster Sherman

For ages, dreaming in the coal,
Has slept in earth the shining soul
Which waking brings to Winter's night
Some ancient Summer's warmth and light.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GESSFORD

Major-General Francis V. Greene

New York's new Police Commissioner, General Greene, by his prompt and firm action justified his appointment by Mayor Low within a week of taking office. His vigorous action in sending back to posts as patrolmen the wardmen, who, as every one knows, have always been the personal agents of the captains in collecting blackmail, showed that General Greene was not afraid to take radical steps. This has been followed by other equally vigorous actions. General Greene is a West Point graduate, was an instructor in the Military Academy for a short time, was a military attaché at St. Petersburg for two years, and served with distinction in the war with Spain, both in Cuba and the Philippines. At the close of the war he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. He has written on military subjects. Recently he has been president of the Asphalt Company of America.

"Livin'-Out Girls"

By Alice Ward Bailey

WHEN William Edson came home to supper that night, his wife met him with a troubled face. "What's the matter, Fanny?" he inquired, briskly. Edson and his wife were like the little figures in the thermometer which emerge alternately; her cloudy weather made his fair.

"*Annie's gone*," was the reply. Emphasis took the place of eloquence.

"Gone where?" inquired William, with increasing cheerfulness.

"Gone to Nora. I knew when Nora left and sent Annie that Annie'd go in the same way. These 'livin'-out girls,' as they call themselves, are all just alike. And here it is midwinter, and Aunt Martha coming."

"But," pursued William, trying hard to understand, "what does Nora want of Annie up at Mike Shay's? Is she going to tend the baby?"

"Why, William, I told you weeks ago that Nellie's baby died and Nora went to Hartford."

"So Annie's gone to Hartford with Nora."

"Of all the men! Why, Nora's *dead*."

"Nora *dead!* Why on earth didn't you say so?" exploded William, his amiability finally giving way beneath the strain imposed upon it. "What happened to her? Poor Nora! Who brought the news?"

"Mike Shay," replied Fanny, still speaking in an aggrieved tone. "Mrs. Elkins was here making a call. We thought we heard something, a sort of moan, but I thought it was out on the street. It sounded like an animal that has been hurt. Mrs. Elkins said it came from the kitchen, and after a while when it kept on I went out there. It was Annie. She was rocking back and forth and crying, and Mike was trying to make her keep still; but you know how those people are, so emotional. I told her she had better wait until to-morrow, until the body comes up, but she *would* go *now*. The funeral isn't till day after to-morrow, and with the wake and all she won't be fit for anything for a week, if she comes back [illegible] which I doubt. I haven't a [illegible] one of them. Are you ready for supper? There's a letter from Harold."

"Is there? What does he say?" Edson stretched out a long arm and seized the letter from his boy.

Very different became the tolerant, easy-going husband of Fanny when merged in the father of Fanny's son. Alert and watchful, he read every word of the closely written pages in his hand.

He laid them down with a sigh which told of desire stimulated rather than satisfied.

"He's doing well in his studies," he said with pride; "any one can see that; but I wish he'd tell us more of himself. He's an awfully reserved chap." He sighed again as he rose from his chair.

"Are you ready for supper?" repeated his wife. She was as noncommittal as her offspring; but when Fanny did not reveal the inner workings of her mind, it was safe to question their existence. So her husband assured himself as he answered briefly, "Shall be in a minute."

He walked slowly upstairs, removing his collar and tie as he went; his thoughts reverted to Nora. "Poor girl, it's too bad," he murmured. "She was a good girl, a first-rate cook and a fine laundress." The words brought a smile. One would think he was recommending the girl to service in another state similar to that which had occupied her here.

"Supper's ready," called Fanny at the foot of the stairs.

"And a good supper, too, I know," he responded, rubbing his hands with anticipation as he entered the dining-room.

"I've only put together some odds and ends," exclaimed Fanny, with a toss of the head. "You'll have to make a fire in the morning, and fill the teakettle, and set on the oatmeal." It was some comfort to show William another side of the picture.

It was a side which obtruded itself upon his recognition the following evening when he found Fanny in bed with a headache and the dinner dishes unwashed.

"How would it do to get Mary Sullivan in for a few days?" he inquired ten-

tatively as he sat on the edge of Fanny's bed and sympathized.

"Now, William, you know," began Fanny, pushing up the bandage which covered one half her face and letting out a pair of inflamed gray eyes.

"Yes, I know," interrupted William; "she had one of your blue china teacups under a stool in her room for a month. She probably carried it up with something in it, and how could she put it back when you kept asking for it? What beats me"— William was growing reckless— "is how you knew it was there."

"We won't argue *that*," replied his wife with dignity, and retired into her bandage again. "If *you* want Mary, you can have her."

"I guess I'll see her," decided William, accepting the concession and ignoring the manner in which it was made. "You just lie right where you are, Fanny. I'll look after everything. Hadn't you better take your drops?"

Fanny took her drops and renounced responsibility; William accepted it and made haste to bestow it upon Mary, whose ample shoulders and broad, benignant brows looked capable of sustaining any load the Edsons might impose.

She'd "come the night if Mr. Edson said the wor-rd, though she was thinkin' of goin' to Nora's wake. Yes, sir, that's Mike Shay's, all lighted up; didn't ye know it was so near? You'd a right to go over, sir," she declared; "Nora is cert'nly the beautifulest corpse I ever set eyes on, I'll say that for her." One would infer that the chief end of man was to become a corpse of some kind, and that Nora had reflected glory upon herself and proved a credit to her friends by the manner in which she had discharged her obligation.

"Were you going over right away?" asked William, with an interested glance in the direction of the ceremonies.

"Yes, sir," replied Mary, cordially. "Would ye like to go along? *Would* ye now, *ray-ly?* Wait a minnit till I put on me shawl."

She threw it quickly over her head and led the way between two high walls of snow to Mike Shay's little house. Modest as it was, it had held the material for more than one tragedy. In that corner room upstairs Mike Shay's mother had shut herself away, refusing to welcome her only son's young bride, and there the old woman had died, stubbornly rejecting all offers of food or assistance. Nora herself, the bride's only sister, had so opposed and hindered the wedding that its progress resulted in an open rupture between the girls, lasting until Nora threw up her situation and hastened to nurse Nellie through that terrible illness when the baby was born and lived one sorrowful day, every moment of it spent in Nora's devoted arms.

The light streamed out from a tall piano lamp, one of Nellie's wedding presents, and fell on rugged faces passing in.

"This way, sir; mind the step," whispered Mary. William followed mutely.

Within the kitchen, through whose open door appeared a vision of a white form lying among flowers, Mary dropped upon her knees with a muttered prayer. William slid into a dark corner, where he was made at home by one of his workmen, Tom McCarty, who greeted him in a loud whisper.

"Yes, sir, it was very suddin," commented Tom in response to William's conventional salutation. "Such a fine lar-rge gur-rl and looked so well; anny one would have taken a lase of her life. No, sir, she wasn't with friends exactly; they was some folks that had come out from home and she wanted to hear. They was tuk sick and she had the care of 'em, and she wasn't well from nursin' Nellie. Whisht, there's Nellie now; she looks more like the dead than the livin'."

Across the vision of the white form among the flowers moved a slender black-robed figure, every line tense with emotion. At its beckoning another black-robed figure arose from a corner and came forward. In the blaze of the candles William recognized Annie. Her hands were full of pipes and tobacco, which she distributed among the men. Mike meanwhile was arranging a huge brown pitcher and some tumblers conspicuously on a table. Both recognized William with a nod and a "Good-avenin', sir," but neither betrayed any surprise. They, and indeed the entire roomful of men and women, appeared to be under a spell. Upon their faces as they went to and fro was a look of exaltation. Under its influence the dingy kitchen, lit by the incongruous "piano lamp," took on the atmosphere of a chapel

whose shrine was the inner room with the dead girl and the candles and the flowers. Friends and neighbors continued to arrive, now a workman bending his stiff knees and bowing his head in prayer as he entered, now a woman throwing off the shawl which covered her head and glancing furtively towards the inner room while she fingered her rosary.

William watched them idly; he felt like a spectator at a play, somewhat nearer the footlights than usual, but no more a part of the performance than if he had been by himself in a stall. Suddenly he was thrust into the forefront of the action—himself and one other to whom the kneeling men and women were only a part of the *mise en scène*. Stooping to enter the low doorway came a familiar figure. William clutched the sides of his chair—what was *Harold* doing here?

Without genuflection or prayer, but with a manner which seemed somehow to include both, the young man entered and took an inconspicuous seat. The father's heart beat stormily. He filled the pipe which Annie had given him and steadied his nerves with half a dozen long pulls. Harold in his corner was doing the same. He had not seen his father; indeed, he seemed not to see any one. He was as pale as Nellie herself, and, like her, apparently unconscious of the murmur of voices which had risen since the distribution of pipes and the circulation of the pitcher. The talk ebbed and flowed with gentle insistence, hushed and other-worldly as befitted the occasion and having to do mostly with some one who had died or was about to die. William watched his boy, hearing and not hearing until Mary's husky whisper asserted itself in his ear.

"*She'll follow him soon*," was the announcement, full of mystery and prognostication.

"How d'ye know?" demanded the woman beside her.

"The dhrames she's had," muttered Mary, impressively. "Every night the same, dhramed of an old shoe on the doorstep a-knockin'. '*One'll come for another*,' that's what that manes."

This called out a story from a woman two seats behind, giving rise to a discussion with a man who sat by the door. Then loyalty demanded that they speak again of Nora. "She had the noise of a cold when she wint away," William heard Annie's sweet querulous voice saying, "but we thought nothing of it." She repeated for the twentieth time the few facts known concerning Nora's illness and demise, winding up, as always, "It was very suddin; every one was *struck*."

Again the talk fell back from William's consciousness, elbowed out by the ever-recurring question, "What is Harold doing here?"

Why should he, with his slender means, take the unnecessary journey? why leave the lessons which had more than once kept him from writing home? Why, ah, why? There was only one answer.

How old was Harold when Nora first came to the house?—let us see—sixteen; Nora was two years older, and she stayed four years. That is the impressionable age, when life stirs in the veins and struggles for expression. If a boy is ever going to be romantic, it will be then. And Nora was pretty, she was very pretty.

William tried to remember how he felt when he was sixteen. There had not been much time for nonsense. There were too many chores to do on the farm, and when they were done he was tired enough to go to bed and to sleep. But how would it have been if he had only games for exercise and such stuff as they read in school to think about? The old classics—h-m, one long string of love stories! And it was pretty much the same with modern languages. William grew hot and cold as he recalled the various tales Harold had repeated to his father and mother, translating as he went. Dorothea certainly "worked out" for Hermann's mother.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" shrilled a clear, girlish treble from the inner room.

William jumped.

"Whisht!" whispered Mary over his shoulder. "'Tis the Litany for the Dead. That's Katie Kelly that sings at the church." Down she dropped on her knees and let the wave of prayer [illegible] over her.

"*Have mercy on the Soul* [illegible] *ful Departed!*"

Like the first voice, [illegible] clear voice rose [illegible] and led. With [illegible] the sound of

women's voices and the voices of men followed.

The Three Persons of the Godhead, the Sacred Trinity, she besought—

"*Give rest to the Souls of the Faithful Departed!*" chanted the kneeling men and women.

The Virgin Mary, Angels and Patriarchs, Prophets and Martyrs, she implored—"By her Grace, by their Glory, by all that had been suffered and by all that had been won"—

"*Pray for the Souls of the Faithful Departed!*" responded the women and men.

Back to the Throne rang the cry for mercy and deliverance.

"From the shades of death, from the torments of purgatory, for the welcome of angels, for the rejoicing of prophets, for the escort of martyrs unto seats of eternal glory where the whole Church Triumphant should celebrate the deliverance"—of the girl he would have recommended as a "first-rate cook and a fine laundress."

Why not? She was good and faithful and patient: were not these the main thing? Who should say the boy had not been wiser than his elders in seeing this? Ah, what was life anyway but the avenue to death? Had not these simple folk here solved the problem?

The wind was rising; it rocked the little house and wailed in the chimney; a gust of snow like a winding-sheet went by the window. Heads bent lower, voices grew more insistent, "*Give eternal rest to the Souls of the Faithful Departed!*" then ceased, and through the hush that followed rang the cry of Nellie mourning as only the Gaelic mourn, breaking their full hearts in libation to the dead. "*Ah, Nora, Nora, Nora!*"

William mopped his damp forehead with his handkerchief and nestled uneasily in his chair. Good heavens, how could the boy stand it! His own heart was rent and torn. He searched the corner where Harold sat, pulling away at his pipe again and receiving the pitcher as it passed, gravely, ceremoniously, as one performs a rite. The curling wreaths of smoke which rose around him were incense to that white-robed figure; every glass filled and lifted was a silent pledge to her.

The little kitchen had grown very still. For several minutes the silence lasted; then stories which are never told by day or when the heart is free were recited with impressive shrugs and glances, as who should say, "There may be no truth in it. I give it to you as it was given to me; nevertheless—"

"There are houses at the bottom of Kerry Lake," said Bridget Donohue, she who was known as "Red-headed Bridget" to distinguish her from some eight or ten others of the same name. "You can see 'em on a clare day."

"Did *you* ever see 'em?" inquired Tom McCarty, jocosely, and the ghost of a smile flitted over the faces of those near.

"But I know them that have," retorted Red-headed Bridget, and forthwith made a bolder bid for attention. "There's a priest buried under a church at home, and a girl who went early to mass heard him knockin' entirely," she announced.

"Did they dig him up?" questioned three or four at once.

"Naw," replied Bridget, nonchalantly; "there was no one else heard it. They said it was because slippers were buried wid him in the coffin. It's bad to do tha-at," she drawled. "Besides," she finished, "he was an old man and he had been buried four days," as if this demanded some concession on his part.

The appreciative murmur which followed, part amusement, part applause, encouraged another *raconteuse*. "There was a man who came back to marry a girl at home," began a familiar voice. It couldn't be, yes, it was, cold, indifferent Annie, flushed and stimulated into speech. "She met him an' it was avenin'. She said she was goin' to a dance, an' he wint along. An' there was crowds goin' along. An' he thought he saw folks that had died, but she told him it was somebody else. An' they danced an' danced. An' at midnight the hat was passed for the fiddler, but the young man didn't put in his coin; someway he felt as though he'd better not. An' all at once the girl was *gone*, an' all at once the *life wint out of his bones. An' thin he heard the sound of the Midnight Car—the Midnight Car of the Dead.*"

There was an impressive pause. Tom McCarty's hand trembled as he filled his glass. Who could be sure these stories were false when *that* was true, in there,

that silence and chill and emptiness? The cumulative effect of the long watch, the mourning, the prayer, the invoking of the supernatural, was upon each one. For William, clinging dizzily to his seat, it was Harold who had come back, and the dead girl was Nora, and Harold must not "pay the coin;" he must have no commerce with the wild, frenzied crew. William stood up unsteadily and sent a compelling glance towards Harold's corner. The young man turned as if a hand had been laid on his shoulder. William beckoned, but there was no need; Harold was already stepping over Mike as the latter leaned forward to address the man in front of him, and had elbowed a way between Bridget and Annie to gain his father's side. They were soon out in the cool air between the drifts, and quickly gained the street. Then a sudden constraint fell upon William. "I did not expect to see you here," he began awkardly as the two fell into step. Now that there was an opportunity to speak, he did not know what to say. Between them was a wide gulf made by the experiences of the son in which the father had no part.

"No more did I expect to see you," returned Harold, lightly. "I'm glad to be out of that room." There was nothing of the love-lorn youth in his tone or manner.

William's heart gave a great leap. "So am I," he exclaimed, taking his son's arm.

"It was abominably stuffy and hot," continued Harold, with a shrug.

"So it was," cried William. The gulf changed its position; it no longer separated them from each other, but stretched between their kind and what they had left.

"How did you happen to come up?" asked William, in a confidential tone almost not quite concealing his anxiety.

"That's a long story," returned the son, diffidently, and the father's heart sank again.

"I don't know but I shall have to tell you," began Harold, slowly; adding, after a pause, "I felt that I owed this much to Nora."

Again the chasm yawned at their feet, and across it the father leaned to lay a hand upon his boy. Owed it to Nora, indeed!

How like the young that was, forever subordinating the obligations they are born into to the obligations they themselves incur!

"Do you owe your mother and me nothing?" demanded William, in exasperation, stopping to face the lad. "What is this kitchen wench to you, anyway? You forget yourself, you forget your mother and me. What do you mean, sir, what do you mean?"

In the dark eyes that looked back at him, on a level with his own, were agitation and surprise, but no shame.

"Why, Father!" said their owner at last, "why, Father!" and, in spite of strenuous effort, William began to feel himself to be the culprit and this tall young fellow before him to be the judge. "I see I shall have to explain everything," said the boy, and, taking his father's arm with a conciliatory gesture, turned him gently about, and walked with him some paces before he spoke again.

"Do you remember telling me two years ago that you were perfectly willing to have me go to college if some one would advance me the money, but you had no more to spare? And you thought Aunt Martha came to the rescue? It was Nora. She heard us talking," pursued the young man. "She had just quarreled with Nellie, and had to adopt somebody." He paused, with a laugh. "I demurred, but she insisted. Of course I intended to pay her back. I shall pay Nellie and Mike now. I came up partly to talk it over with them, but they evidently know nothing about it, and they are so upset, perhaps it is just as well to wait until I have something. This last year I have taken care of myself, and shall the rest of the time. It was only the first year I had to have help. Do you care very much, Father?"

William was shaking from head to foot. The emotional strain he had been under, the torturing changes from faith to doubt and from doubt to faith, had left him unsteady in body and mind.

"You were all tied up that year," Harold went on, soothingly, "and as blue as you could be. You'd have told me to wait, and I felt that I'd better go right on. Of course I felt mean to take it from a servant"—the gulf yawned again, this time forever, but they were both on the hither

side and Nora was not with them—"especially as she would not take a note," he said, regretfully. "But there seemed no other way. I tried every one of your friends; they were all tied up just as you were." He ceased. They were at the home gate. "I won't go in," he said, hurriedly, "and I guess you'd better not say anything to Mother. But, Father, I want to tell you, now that I've begun, I'm getting along *fine*," and, standing there in the moonlight, with folded arms, erect and with his head thrown proudly back, he set forth his plans, talking rapidly and in a low voice, as man to man. William had never in his life admired anything half so much.

"Is it all right?" asked the boy finally, holding out his hand, and William clasped it eagerly.

"Yes, it's all right, all right," he said with fervor. He stood where Harold left him, until he had watched the slender, graceful figure out of sight, then turned with a sigh of absorbing satisfaction and mounted the steps to the house. "He's a good, hard-headed, sensible boy," he said with emotion. From the American of to-day there can come no higher praise.

In the hall he paused to turn up the gas and look at his watch. Horrors! half-past two! What would Fanny say? The bedroom door creaked perfidiously as he entered. "Is that you, William?" murmured the invalid, without opening her eyes. "Isn't it early for a fire?" She was still drowsy with the anodyne.

"Perhaps so," returned William, amiably, resolved to save his explanations until a time when they might be more needed. Cautiously he slid out of his clothes and into his place beside her, too full of the night's adventure for sleep, but glad to lie still and revolve again and again in his mind that last half-hour with Harold.

In an incredibly short time, as it seemed to him, the distant rattle of the kitchen range told him that Mary Sullivan had used the key in the area door which he had left with her, and kitchen fires and breakfasts were to be no more his concern.

All went smoothly until Saturday, and then Annie was again in her place. Sunday afternoon saw the usual "meeting of the clans" in the Edson kitchen.

"They're all there," said William as he returned from a tour of inspection: "Hivites and Hittites, and Perizzites and Jebusites, Sullivanites and McCartys, 'the people from Mesopotamia and from beyond Jordan,' but why is Annie in a bright blue gown, when the others are dressed in dark colors?"

"Don't you know?" returned Fanny. "They always 'carry a dead person's clothes to church,' and that fell to Annie."

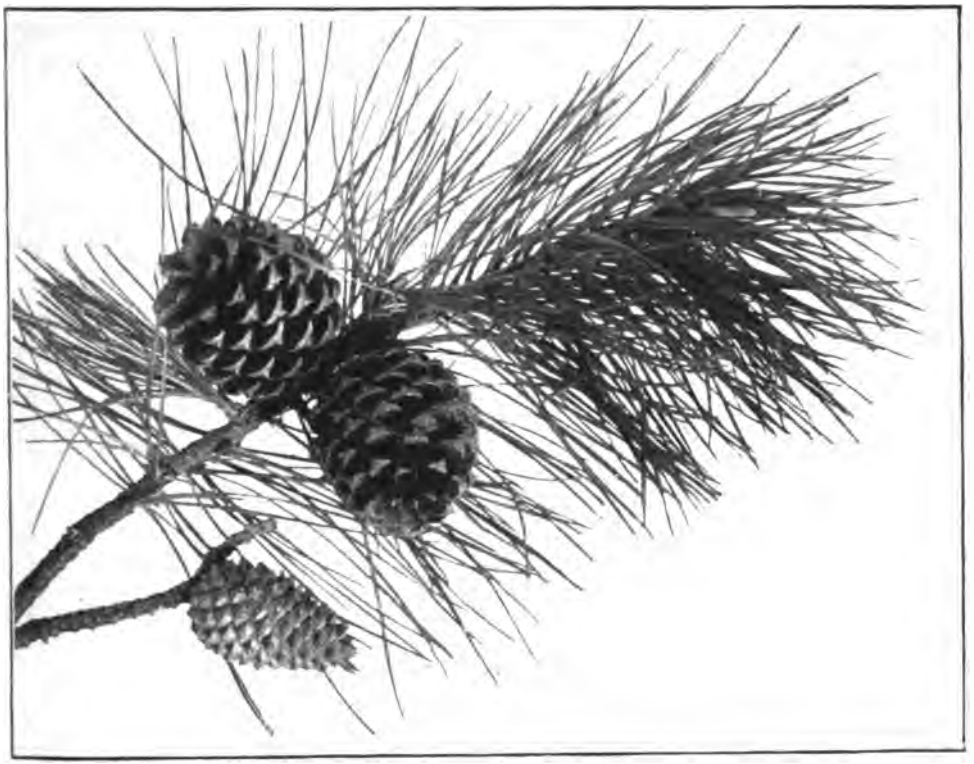
"It was awfully good of her to come back so soon," vouchsafed William, who just then had a tender feeling for the race.

"I'll tell you *why*," rejoined Fanny, unsympathetically. "She *has to go to work*, and the rest of them, to pay for that *show* at Nora's funeral—white silk and bride's roses!" Fanny sniffed contemptuously.

"I told Annie," she continued, "I should have supposed Nora 'd have saved enough to bury herself, but it seems she hadn't. And they all knew it before they launched out in that extravagant fashion! Those 'livin'-out girls' are the silliest, most sentimental, most improvident—"

"Stop!" cried William, sternly. Should he tell her? She would not understand if he did. Somehow he could not bear to have the subject discussed as Fanny was bound to discuss it.

He abruptly left the room.



THE CONES OF THE PITCH PINE

THE PINES

By J. Horace McFarland

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

IN popular estimation, the pines seem to belong to the North, not quite so exclusively as do the palms to the South. The ragged, picturesque old pines, spruces, and hemlocks of our remembrance carry with them the thought of great endurance, long life, and snowy forests. We think of them, too, as belonging to the mountains, not to the plains, as clothing steep slopes with their varied deep greens rather than as standing against the sky-line of the sea. Yet I venture to think that the most of us in the East see oftenest the pines peculiar to the lowlands, as we flit from city to city over the steel highways of travel, and have most to do, in an economical sense, with a pine that does not come north of the Carolinas—the yellow pine which furnishes our familiar house-flooring.

The pine family as we discuss it is not all pines, in exactitude—it includes many diverse trees that the botanist describes as conifers. These cone-bearing trees are nearly all evergreens—that is, the foliage persists the year round, instead of being deciduous, as the leaf-dropping maples, oaks, birches, and the like are scientifically designated. Historically the pines are of hoary age, for they are closely related to the growths that furnished the geologic coal measures stored up in the foundations of the earth for our use now. Economically, too, all the pine family together is of vast importance—"the most important order of forest trees in the economy of civilized man," says Dr. Fernow, for, as he adds, the cone-bearing trees "have furnished the bulk of the material of which our civilization is built." As usual, civ-



THE LONG-LEAVED PINES OF THE SOUTH

ilization has destroyed ruthlessly, thoughtlessly, almost viciously, in using this material, wherefore the devastation of the forests, moving them back from us farther and farther until in many regions they are but a thin fringe, has left most of us totally unfamiliar with these trees, of the utmost beauty as well as of the greatest value.

To know anything at all of the spruces, pines, and hemlocks is to love them for the refreshment there is in their living presence rather than to consider them merely for the timber value. But the point of view differs immensely with one's occupation. I remember one summer finding in the depths of an Allegheny forest a comparatively rare, and then new to me, native orchid, the round-leaved or orbicular habenaria. While I was gloating over it with my camera, a gray-haired nature-lover of the neighborhood joined me, and he, to my surprise, assisted in the gloating—he, too, loved the woods and the plants. Coming a little later to a group of magnificent hemlocks, with great clean, towering trunks reaching up a hundred feet through the soft maples and yellow birches and beeches which seemed dwarfed by these veterans, I exclaimed in admiration. "Yes," he said, "them's mighty fine hemlocks. I calc'late thet one to the left would bark near five dollars' wuth!" On the rare plant we joined in appreciation, but the hemlock was to the old lumberman but a source of tan-bark.

This search for tannin, by the way, is responsible for much wanton destruction. Young hemlocks, from four to six inches in diameter, are felled, stripped of their bark, and left cumbering the ground, to invite fire and to make of the woods an unkempt cemetery. The fall of a tree from natural causes is followed by the interesting and beauty-making process of its mossy decay and return to the forest floor, furnishing in the process nourishment for countless seedlings and plants. A tree felled in maturity under enlightened forest management is all removed for its timber, and leaves the ground clear; but the operations of the bark-hunter leave only hideous destruction and a "slash" that is most difficult to clear in later years.

This same hemlock makes a most impressive forest. To walk among primeval hemlocks brings healing to the mind, peace to the soul, as one realizes fully that "the groves were God's first temples," and that God is close to one in these beneficent solitudes, where petty things must fall away, vexations cease, and man's spiritual nature absorb the message of the forest.

I wonder how many of my readers realize that an exquisite bit of real hemlock forest lies not five miles from Boston Common? At the Arnold Arboretum, that noble collection of trees and plants, "Hemlock Hill," is assuming deeper majesty year after year as its trees gain age and size.

The pines themselves will well repay any investigation and appreciation. Seven species are with us in the New England and Middle Atlantic States, seven more are found South, while the great West, with its yet magnificent forests, has twenty-five pines of distinct character. The white pine is perhaps most familiar to us, because of its economic importance, and it is as well the tallest and most notable of all those we see in the East. From its first essay as a seedling, with its original cluster of five delicate blue-green leaflets, to its lusty youth, when it is spreading and broad, if given room to grow, it is a fine object, and I have had some thrills of joy at finding this splendid common thing planted in groups on the grounds of wealthy men, instead of some Japanese upstart with a name a yard long and a truly crooked Oriental disposition! In age the white pine dominates any landscape, wearing even the scars of its long battle with the elements with stately dignity. A noble pair of white pines on the shore of Lake Champlain I remember especially—they seemed to satisfy one utterly as they towered above all other trees. And a group of them that stood close to some only less picturesque red pines on the shores of a pond deep in the Adirondacks emphasized again for me the majesty of this beneficent friend of mankind.

I am ashamed to say I have never seen the blossoms of the white pine, which the botanists tell us come in early spring, minute and light brown, to be followed by the six-inch-long cones which mature the second year. Next spring I hope to see these shy blossoms with my camera.

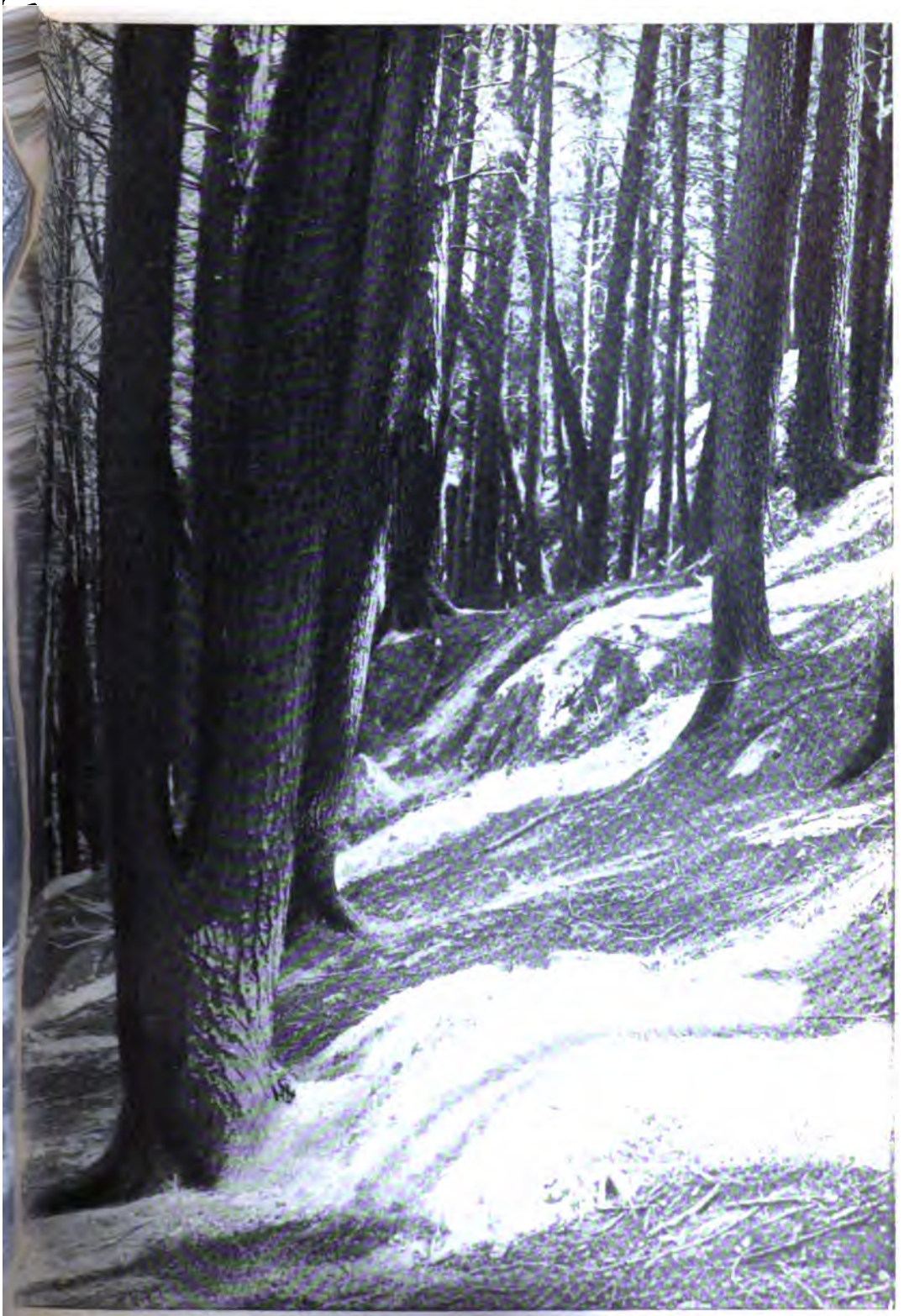
Any one who has traveled south of



CONES OF THE NORWAY SPRUCE



A HEMLOCK FOREST IN THE



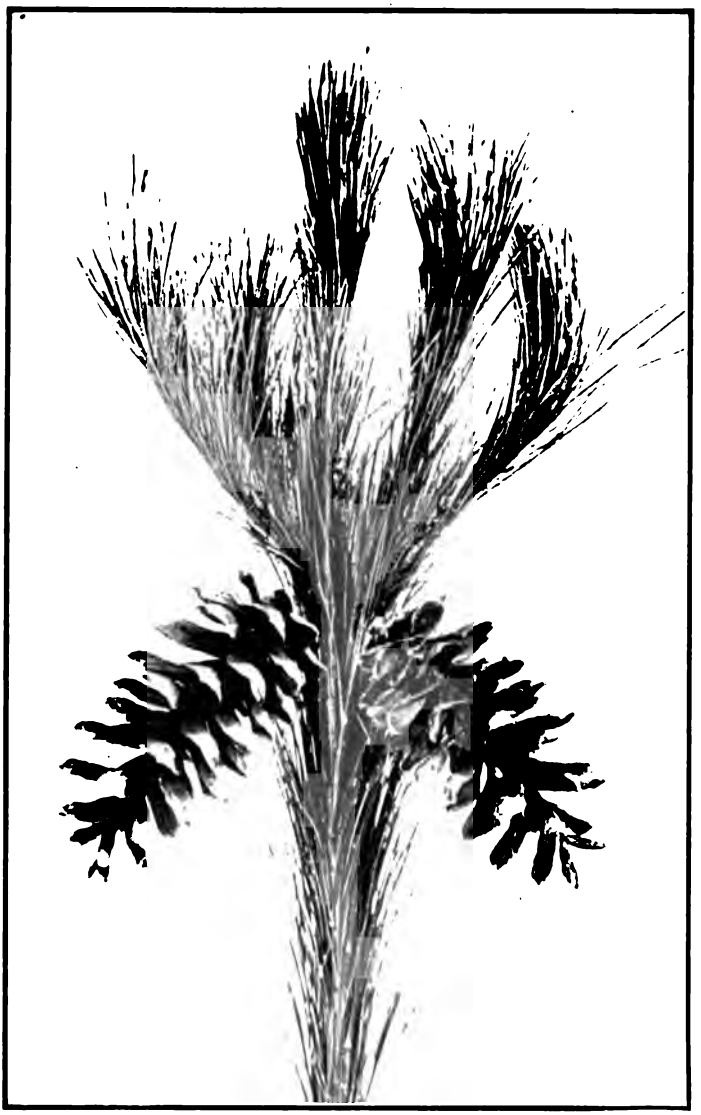
ARNOLD ARBORETUM, NEAR BOSTON



of the Norway pine, which, among other species brought from Europe, is valued for ornament. The common jack pine of the Middle States hillsides wears symmetrical and handsome cones with dignity. Cones are, of course, the fruits or seed-holders of the pine, but the seeds themselves are found at the base of the scales or parts of the cones, attached in pairs. Each cone, like an apple, has in its care a number of seeds.

The nurserymen have imported many pines from Europe, which give pleasing variety to our ornamental plantings, and aid in enriching the winter coloring. The Austrian pine and the Scotch pine are welcome additions to our own pine family. In these days of economic chemistry and a deficient rag supply, every reader of these words is probably in close proximity to an important spruce product—paper. The manufacturers say they do not use much wood pulp, but when one has passed a great paper-mill flanked on all sides by piles of spruce logs, with no bales of rags in sight anywhere, he is tempted to think otherwise. Modern forestry is now planting trees on waste lands for the pulp "crop," and the common poplar is coming in to relieve the spruces.

Beautiful trees are these spruces and firs, either in the forest or when brought by the planter to his home grounds. The leaves are much shorter than those of most pines, and clothe the twigs closely. There is a vast variety in color, too, from the wonderful whitish or "glaucous" blue of the Colorado blue spruce, to the deep shining green of Nordmann's fir, a splendid introduction from the Caucasus. Look at them, glistening in the winter sun, or drooping with the clinging snow; walk in a spruce wood, inhaling the bracing balsamic fragrance which seems so kindly to the lungs; listen to the music of the wind in their tops, telling of health and purity, of God's love and provision for man's mind and heart, and you will begin to know the song of the firs.



A VARIETY OF THE NORWAY PINE

Sometimes the deepest, glossiest green of the spruce leaves as presented to the eye but hides the daintiest, white-lined interior surface of those same leaves. To the outside, a somber dignity, unassailable, untouched by frost or sun, protective, defenseful, as nature often appears to the careless observer; but inside is light, softly reflected, revealing unsuspected delicacies of structure and finish.

To us who are not woodsmen or "timber-cruisers" the most familiar of all the spruces is the introduced form from Norway. Its yellowish-green twigs are bright and cheerful, and in specimens that have reached the fruiting age, the crown of cones, high up in the tree, is an additional charm, for these soft brown "strobiles," as the botanist calls them, are smooth and regular, and very different from those of the rugged pines. I have often been told that the Norway spruce was short-lived, and that it became unkempt in age, but now that I have lived for ten years and more beside a noble specimen, I realize that the change from the upreaching push of youth to the semi-drooping sedateness of maturity is only a new dignity and beauty.

The balsam fir is almost indistinguishable from the Norway spruce when young, but soon grows apart from it in habit, and is hardly as desirable, even though a native. It is rich in the true balsamic odor.

The white cedar, our common juniper, with its aromatic blue berries or fruits, is perhaps the most familiar of all the native evergreens. Its lead-pencil sister, the red cedar, reaches our literary senses as closely as does the pulp-making spruce.

I might write much of the rare introduced cypresses from Japan and China, and of the peculiar variations that have been worked out by the nurserymen among the native pines and firs. Also, if I had but seen them, there would be much to say about the magnificent conifers of the great West, from the giant redwoods or sequoias of the Mariposa grove in California to the richly varied pines of the Rockies. But I can only suggest to my readers the intimate consideration of all this great pine family, so peculiarly valuable to mankind.



A DWARF FORM OF THE MOUNTAIN PINE

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY

BY JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902



THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE NAVY

GREAT results often overshadow and prevent due recognition of the merit and vital importance of the preparations which make possible their achievement. The navy, triumphant in battle, is a very different thing in the eye of an admiring country from the same navy preparing for the conflict. In one scene the actors are the picturesque and glorious fighters on deck; in the other, the bureau chief at his desk, the constructor in his shirt-sleeves, the forger of the great guns, the painstaking official providing his great coal-pits at easy reach. We laud the successful captains; too often we forget the men who made ready at their hands the material that made their victory sure. The names of Preble, Hull, Decatur, Porter, Farragut, and Dewey are resplendent names on the pages of our history, but who recalls or knows the names of the Congressmen who secured the authorization of the ships on board which these heroes won their way to immortality, or of the naval officials who designed and built and equipped them, and on whose shoulders the final responsibility for the conduct of vessels and crews in hostile operations largely rests?

The first war Secretary of the Navy was Benjamin Stoddert, of Maryland, who administered the service during the quasi-war with France. Robert Smith, of Maryland, sent to the Mediterranean the forces which humbled the Barbary States and enforced respect for American citizenship. Paul Hamilton, of South Carolina, and William Jones, of Pennsylvania, directed the fitting out and the despatch to what appeared certain defeat, but was in nearly all cases significant victory, of the ships of the second war with Great Britain. By his effective and excellent administration of the fleets of our Civil War, Gideon

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This is the fourth of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Preparation for the War with Spain, The Battle of Manila Bay, The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.



DOCKING A BATTLE-SHIP

Welles earned the grateful appreciation of his country.

Too often forgotten are the men who in time of war are in subordinate departmental positions. The few clerks who faithfully carried out the instruction of Stoddart, Smith, Hamilton, and Jones, and undoubtedly did a large part of their work, are to-day unknown. The navy treasures the name of Gustavus V. Fox, the able assistant of Secretary Welles; but a small percentage of the present generation of the American people are aware of his faithfulness, his capacity, and the far-reaching results of the labor he performed. Entitled to special remembrance also are the Bureau Chiefs of the Civil War; but only the tons of musty records encumbering the files of the Navy Department tell of the way in which they fulfilled their duties. And, coming to the war with Spain, are not Theodore Roosevelt and Charles H. Allen, the Assistant Secretaries, and Arent S. Crowninshield, the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and Charles O'Neil, the Chief of Ordnance, and George W. Melville, the Engineer-in-Chief, and Philip Hichborn, the Chief Constructor, and Royal B. Bradford, the Chief of Equipment, and Edwin Stewart, the Paymaster-General, and William K. Van Reypen, the Surgeon-General, and Mordecai T. Endicott, the Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, and Sam C. Lemly, the Judge Advocate General, and their subordinates, worthy of remembrance in connection with those who actually participated in battle? How promptly Congress rewarded Dewey and his captains! How quickly would there have been action in behalf of the Santiago officers had it not been for the unfortunate Sampson-Schley controversy! On the other hand, what indifference when it was urged that National acknowledgment be given to the officers who, though aware that only at sea could glory be won, placed duty above desire and patriotically remained at their desks, though at first some of them pleaded with tears in their eyes for service afloat!

The central function of the navy is the Navy Department at the National Capital. This is the organ which directs all members of the service, which is bound to detect any weakness in the navy system and replace it with new and healthier growth, and which centralizes all its forces for striking the sea power of an enemy. That navy is the most efficient and effective which, other things equal, is the most intelligently administered. The height naval education will reach depends upon the standard fixed for its attainment.

It is to the Navy Department, therefore, that the country looks for an efficient navy when means for the ships and men have been provided. And to the Department to-day I believe the country may so look with confidence. It is true that, like any other great institution in which the element of human nature is active, it still, to some extent, lacks cohesion and harmony, and in the transaction of business, even of routine character, there are now and then friction and wrangling in some details on the part of intelligent and able officials which would not be tolerated in a civilian establishment. The system, however, and not the men are at fault; indeed, in the main they work together with tremendous effect. Differences of opinion are better than lifelessness. Nor is it surprising that they should sometimes be accompanied by pettiness of personal feeling when one considers the way in which the departmental organization has grown, how necessity and expediency have developed it, and how intangible sometimes are the lines of demarcation between the authority and duties of the several bureaus.

The navy of the Revolution did effective work in that epochal struggle, but the credit for its achievements is little due to the several Boards and Committees which Congress appointed to create and administer it. In spite of the successes of the revolting colonies on the sea, especially of their persistent and lucky privateers, and the importance attached by Europe to our naval promise, the founders of our Federal Government thought the navy of so little consequence that the Secretary of War was charged by the first Congress under the Federal Constitution with supervision of naval affairs. Soon, however, unfamiliarity with the construction of vessels of war, and with naval business generally, led the war authorities to make the blunt confession that a separate department for the navy was absolutely essential, and an act, approved April 30, 1798, established the

Navy Department, the head of which was named the Secretary of the Navy and made a Cabinet officer, subordinate to whom were a principal clerk and such other clerks as he required. This organization carried the navy through the war with France, the war with the Barbary States, and the war with Great Britain. Defects, however, developed which demanded correction. A Secretary unprovided with expert professional assistance, and untrained in the technicalities of naval affairs, might have become at critical times a dangerous instead of a helpful factor in the service. "The multifarious concerns of the naval establishment," wrote Secretary Jones in 1814, "the absence of wholesome regulations in its civil administration, and the imperfect execution of duties due to want of profes sional experience, lead to confusion an abuses."

This plain statement convinced Cor gress that no further time was to be los in reorganizing the Department, and b an act, approved February 7, 1815, si weeks after the signature of the Treaty c Ghent, which closed the war with Grea Britain, a Board of Navy Commissioner was added to the Department. Thi Board consisted of three officers of th navy, of rank not below that of Post Cap tain; and the law required it, under th supervision of the Secretary, to discharg all the ministerial duties of the Depar ment relative to the procurement of nava stores and materials, and the constructior armament, equipment, and employmer



THE OLD NAVY DEPARTMENT BUILDING

From a photograph by Brady, loaned by C. W. Stewart, Esq., Librarian of the Navy Department.



GIDEON WELLES
Secretary of the Navy during the Civil War
From a portrait that hangs in the Navy Department.

of vessels of war, as well as other matters connected with the naval establishment. It is true that this organization sometimes exemplified the truth of the old aphorism, "In divided power there is no individual responsibility." Also that the Navy Commissioners were usually men unfamiliar with the mechanical craft of ship-building, although by law given the right which they exercised to alter or reject plans of a projected ship which the constructors, subordinate to them, might submit. Also that the Constitution, the United States, and the Ohio, designed by Constructors Humphrey and Eckford, were the favorite and fastest ships of the navy in 1840, while those of later date, for which the Navy Commissioners were responsible, were clumsier and by no means the equal in speed of the fleet and graceful merchant ships laid down at American seaports. The Board, however, was progressive, notwithstanding its ignorance of the science of ship-designing, and was earnest to recognize and take advantage of improvements in the art of naval warfare. From 1815 to 1842, the lifetime of the Board, the navy increased many-fold, and Cooper thus testified to its efficiency: "As respects the navies of this hemisphere, it was (in 1845) supreme, the united marines of all the rest of the continent being unable to contend against it for an hour." Still, due in part to the fact that the law required the Board to act as a unit, and in part to other defects of the system, the abuses of which Secretary Jones complained continued to some extent either in the same or new forms under the Navy Commissioners, causing the celebrated Matthew Maury, then a young Ensign in the navy, to write this criticism:

"To what page soever I turn, I find my note-book filled with memoranda which exemplify the evils of the present system. However distinctly within the walls of the Navy Department usage may

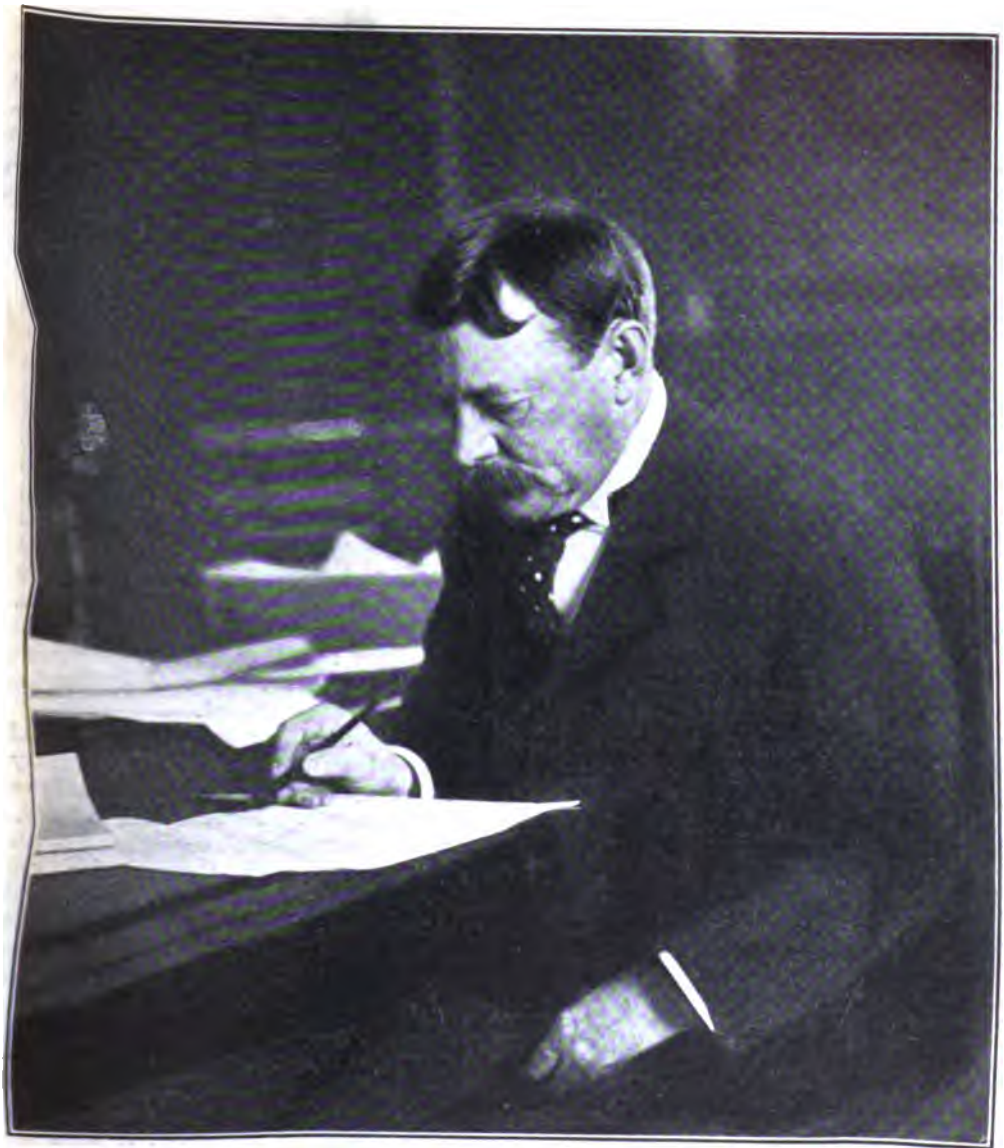
have drawn the line of demarcation between the duties of Secretary and Navy Board, or however well it may be understood there, you will find but few able to trace it out of that building. Ask officers of the navy where the duties of the Navy Board begin? or where its responsibilities end? or where rests its accountability?—and no two will agree in their reply. Ask the best-informed citizens the same questions. Some will tell you that the Navy Board is a power behind the Secretary, greater than the Secretary himself—that there is a master spirit in that Board which rules the Navy. Others will tell you that the evil genius of the Navy presides at that Board. Him they unjustly charge with everything that goes amiss, and would hold responsible for the present condition of the navy."

All which even at the present day sounds rather familiar to anybody who is familiar with those criticisms of the Navy Department or any other department which are always in the air. "The evils of the present system" are always with us and always will be.

Congress, cognizant of imperfections in the departmental system, in 1839 called upon the Secretary of the Navy to suggest a plan of reorganization which should make a proper division of the duties performed by the Naval Commissioners. Disheartened by criticism and oppressed by the growing burdens which the increase of the navy and the new problems which developments in the science of naval warfare had laid on them, the Commissioners at last officially admitted that their usefulness had gone, and recommended the introduction of a system of bureaus practically identical with that which exists to-day, with the exception of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. Steam was then in its infancy, and was not considered sufficiently important to warrant supervision as a separate feature of the Naval Establishment. The Senate adopted the recommendation of the Commissioners, which contemplated the organization of seven bureaus, but the House reduced the number to five, and in this reduction the Senate concurred. The Bureaus created by the act of August 31, 1842, were Navy-Yards and Docks; Construction, Equipment, and Repairs; Provisions and Clothing; Ordnance and Hydrography; and Medicine and Surgery, the titles indicating the duties respectively assigned to each. A line officer of the rank of captain was made chief of each Bureau, with the exception of the two Bureaus of Provisions and Clothing, and Medicine and Surgery. In 1853 John Lenthal, a naval constructor, was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Construction, Equipment, and Repairs.

The bureau system did not escape criticism as sharp as that leveled at preceding organizations. The Civil War demonstrated elements of inadequacy, and Congress in 1862 added the Bureau of Steam Engineering, created the Bureau of Navigation, and took equipment from Equipment, Construction and Repairs, making it, with recruiting, a separate Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting. The Rebellion also brought into existence the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which was authorized in 1861 and abolished in 1869. It was re-established in 1891 in accordance with the recommendations of the Secretaries who had engaged in developing the New Navy. Questions involving interpretation and application of the law constantly arising, and the need of an officer specially charged with the supervision of courts martial and also with the very important and growing matters of contracts of all kinds to which the Navy Department is a party, caused Congress in 1865 to direct the appointment of a "Solicitor and Naval Judge Advocate General." With some difficulty, Congress was induced, just before the construction of the New Navy, not to discontinue the office. It is to-day a very important branch of naval administration, especially in view of the dealings, involving many millions of outlay, of the Navy Department with contractors of all sorts.

Scandals and abuses had flourished as the old navy declined. Regeneration of material was accompanied by reform of administration. Secretary Chandler found serious lack of responsibility and co-ordination of work. To obtain greater efficiency, he recommended the appointment of three superintending naval constructors, who should have direct charge of all work relating to construction, steam-engineering, and equipment, under the supervision of a Chief of the "Bureau of Naval Construction." Secretary Whitney reported that large private purchases



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

WILLIAM H. MOODY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

were made by the Bureau Chiefs where the law intended that contracts, after due public competition, should be awarded to the lowest bidder. Instead of being in the hands of regular dealers, much of the business of the navy was controlled by brokers. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, seven bureaus, acting independently of one another, expended $138,000 for 166 several open purchases of coal, that is, without competition; eight bureaus made 299 open purchases of stationery; six bureaus bought lumber and hardware for which the Government paid $121,315 in 499 separate open purchases, and seven bureaus spent $46,000 for oils and paints in 269 separate purchases. Mr. Whitney found that eight bureaus supplied ships with stationery and three furnished lamps and lanterns.

As the law authorizing the departmental organization places the assignment of duties in the hands of the Secretary, Mr. Whitney directed comprehensive and wise reforms. He consolidated the business of conducting purchases in the

Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, and made the Paymaster-General responsible therefor. In order to check unnecessary accumulation of supplies and to reduce the expenditures for purchases made, the general-storekeeper system was created and the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing was charged with the keeping of property accounts. During the administration of Secretary Tracy the name of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing was changed to Supplies and Accounts as more truthfully defining the duties it performs.

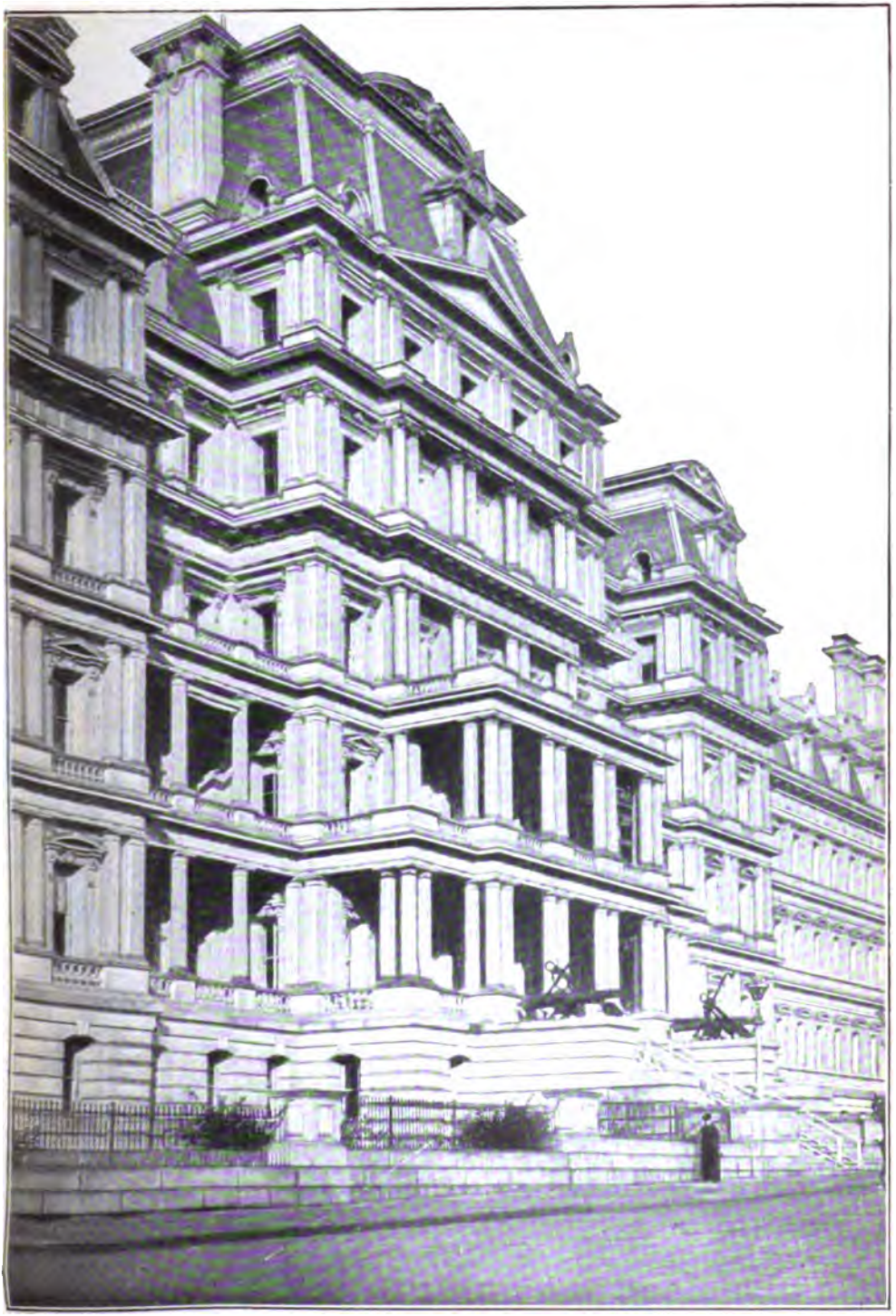
Secretary Tracy carried on the policy of reformation. When he assumed the naval portfolio, he found that "the details of administering the navy, as an existing force, its vessels in commission, its officers and its crews, were scattered, without system or coherence, among a variety of offices, bureaus, and boards." As illustrating the confusion which existed, the Secretary said in his report for 1889:

"The assignment of officers to duty, and, to a limited extent, the movements of ships in commission, were in charge of an 'office of detail,' at the head of which was the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, which Bureau was, at the same time, supplying compasses, chronometers, and navigating instruments, electric-light plant, ships' libraries, and other miscellaneous articles. The enlistment and assignment of seamen belonged to Equipment, which was also engaged in the supply of another list of miscellaneous articles, and in the manufacture of cordage, galleys, chains, and anchors. The direction of gunnery practice by ships in commission was in charge of Ordnance, whose all-important duties in providing the navy with a modern armament left little opportunity for supervising the occupations of vessels at sea. The examination of those vessels on their return from a cruise was the duty of a Board of Inspection which was not associated with any Bureau. The training of officers and men was in part conducted independently by the Naval Academy, and in other parts assumed by Navigation, Equipment, and Ordnance. To all these fragments of authority there was no central unity of direction, except such as could be given by the personal attention of the Secretary to the exclusion of that broad and general supervision over all executive business which is required by a Department as comprehensive as the navy, and cases were not infrequent where a ship received simultaneous orders from three separate Bureaus which were so directly contradictory that it was impossible to execute them."

Eradication of the defects which Mr. Tracy discovered was one of the important works to which he devoted his attention. The administration and operation of the fleet, including movements of ships and training, assignment, enlistment, inspection, and practice of the personnel, were assigned to the Bureau of Navigation. The miscellaneous duties of navigation, which properly came within the sphere of equipment of ships, were transferred to Equipment, which lost recruiting. The hydrographic office was by law attached to the Bureau of Navigation. Secretary Tracy recommended that it be placed under the Bureau of Equipment, but it was not until 1898 that legislation directing this was enacted.

Another step in the reformation of naval administration was taken by Secretary Herbert, my predecessor at the head of the Navy Department. Mr. Herbert, in 1894, issued a general order charging the Bureau of Construction and Repair with the responsibility for the design, structural strength, and stability of vessels built for the navy. This order was important for the reason that it enabled the department to hold a single officer accountable for the success or failure of a ship.

Thus, examination of the history of the Navy Department in 1897 showed persistent effort to place the office upon a sound business footing; but it was also found that much remained to be done before a satisfactory organization would be in operation. Prior to the first inauguration of President McKinley, Congress had not provided for the improvement of the navy-yards with the proportionate liberality which their importance to the steel fleet demanded. The demand for navy-yard reorganization at the time of the birth of the new navy was so insistent that Congress, in 1882, directed the appointment of a Commission to make a thorough investigation. This Commission then advised a reorganization and concentration of the mechanical departments



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

EAST FAÇADE OF THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING, WASHINGTON. OCCUPIED BY THE NAVY DEPARTMENT



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

RECORD-ROOM OF THE BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIR, NAVY DEPARTMENT WASHINGTON

of the yards at New York, Norfolk, and Mare Island, the closing of the New London and Pensacola yards, the temporary shutting down of the League Island yard, and the retention of the Washington yard for the manufacture of standard articles, but not as a ship-yard for the repair of vessels. Difference of opinion existed as to what should be done with the Boston and Portsmouth yards. The Secretary designated the Washington yard as the place where all ordnance work should be centered, directed that most of the construction and repairs of ships should be effected at the New York, Norfolk, and Mare Island yards, and ordered that equipment work should be done at the Boston yard. The steady growth of the navy and the size it had attained in 1897 convinced me that the time had come to enlarge the capacity of existing yards and to equip others to do repair work. During my administration the yard at Port Royal, S. C., was the only yard abandoned, but in its place Congress authorized the establishment of an important naval station at Charleston, in the same State.

A step toward the effective reconstruction of the yards was the appointment of a competent chief of the Bureau of Yards

and Docks. From the time of its creation this office had been held by officers of the line who possessed little expert knowledge in civil engineering. Knowledge of this science is essential for the proper planning of naval stations, the construction of dry docks, and erection of buildings. A vacancy occurring, the President, upon my recommendation, appointed as Chief of that Bureau for the term of four years—the period fixed by law—Civil Engineer Mordecai T. Endicott, an officer of distinction in his profession and for a long time on duty in that Bureau, who had theretofore given evidence of efficiency and skill. Congress, at last satisfied that an effective fleet must have bases, and be equipped with appliances for prompt repairs, authorized extensive navy-yard improvements. Five years ago the docking facilities of the country were totally inadequate for the needs of the *matériel*. There were but three docks capable of receiving battle-ships—one at New York, known as Dock No. 3, a timber structure, which was defective on account of both location and workmanship; one at Port Royal, built of timber, the cross-section of which was too small to permit the entrance of a battle-ship fitted with bilge-keels, and which could be approached only at high tide; and the third, also timber-built, at Bremerton, Washington, which was the best of its size belonging to the Government, but which had the disadvantage of being within striking distance of the British naval station at Esquimault. The prospect of war with Spain and the need of a dock on the Atlantic coast available for battle-ships in case of injury caused the Department to take measures for putting Dock No. 3, at New York, in condition for service, and it has since been practically in continuous service. A significant indication of our lack of sufficient docks was furnished in 1897 by the mortifying necessity of sending the battle-ship Indiana to Halifax to have her bottom scraped and cleaned.

A board of officers was appointed in 1897 to consider the docking requirements of the navy, and in the light of its report the Department recommended the construction of stone and concrete docks at Boston, Portsmouth, N. H., and Mare Island, a steel floating dock at Algiers, La.,



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

MAIN DRAUGHTING-ROOM OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON

and the enlargement of docks at New York, League Island, and Norfolk. Congress investigated the relative merits of timber and stone and concrete docks, and in 1898 provided for four timber docks and one steel floating dock; but authority was afterwards given to the Department to build these four docks of the more solid material. The construction of these docks of masonry has definitely committed the Government to this type, the advantages of which are greater safety, longer life, and less repairs. Though these docks, which are now nearing completion, were at the time of their design the largest ever built by the United States, three others, also of stone and concrete, which Congress subsequently authorized, will be even deeper and wider, accommodating any of the immense battle-ships which are under construction and contemplated. The floating dock for Algiers is in successful operation at the naval station at that point. During the five years of my term Congress authorized the construction of seven masonry docks, one steel floating dock, and the rebuilding of one timber dock in concrete. In addition, the Department purchased for the small sum of $250,000 the practically new steel floating dock at Havana, which had cost Spain $600,000. In 1897 there were eleven Government docks, only three of which could accommodate battle-ships of the first class. There are to-day, built or under construction, twenty-one Government docks, eight of which are designed to receive the largest ships and three others ships of 10,000 tons displacement. Even with this number, we are far behind the maritime nations of Europe. In the single yard at Portsmouth, England, there are more dry-docks than we have to-day in our whole service. Germany, whose navy is about the same strength as our own, has seventy docks, two of which belong to private companies and are capable of receiving any of the Kaiser's battle-ships.

Besides providing docking facilities, Congress also authorized improvements in navy-yard plants. The navy-yard at New York is now equipped to construct battle-ships. That at Portsmouth, with an additional appropriation of $175,000, and the yards at Norfolk and Mare Island, with an additional appropriation of $225,000, can be made ready for building vessels of this type. The improvements under way at Boston will, within two years, fit that yard for this work. The yards are to-day in condition to make repairs promptly, efficiently, and economically. The country should not think, however, that their improvement ought to cease. Much must be done to keep them in a state of efficiency. The coaling facilities of the country have also largely increased since 1897. A man-of-war leaving San Francisco for China or Australia will now find coal piles distributed at convenient points along her route. Coal is the food of a modern ship, and war will demonstrate the strategical importance of the stations established, just as peace has shown their economic value. In addition to coaling depots, the United States owns twenty-three navy-yards and naval stations, the total value of which is not far from $100,000,000.

The shore stations of the navy have been described at some length because knowledge of their condition is necessary to obtain an adequate idea of the responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of those who administer their affairs. The several Bureaus, which have departments at the various yards and stations, are tenacious of their prerogatives and guard them jealously, fearing, perhaps, that any innovation will be followed by diminution of their jurisdiction. The temptation to step beyond the limits of a Bureau's authority as fixed by the Naval Regulations sometimes proves almost irresistible. The Bureau affected sharply resents the encroachment, and there immediately follows an exchange of communications, sometimes highly seasoned. The controversy is ultimately loaded upon the Secretary, who is expected to untangle the snarl in which his subordinates have wound themselves. The relations between the Bureaus are occasionally so strained that ordinary courtesy is strained. I recall that one Bureau Chief became highly incensed at another because of the latter's recommendations in connection with changes in the machinery of a cruiser. "Your recommendations," wrote the former, "are as inconsistent with your ignoring of the suggestion to withdraw the same as is your assumption of a 'best way to handle' these surveys antagonistic to simple



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

SECRETARY MOODY IN HIS OFFICE AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT, STUDYING THE MAP OF VENEZUELA

Bureau duties. The ostentatious display of a banner marked 'despatch' may obtain the confidence of the unversed, but it is not the proof of ability to secure that desideratum which is required to satisfy expert criticism."

This is one of the many instances of the friction which sometimes exists, but which should by no means be regarded as the rule. There has at times been like lack of harmony between other Bureaus. The cause of the trouble any one who investigates the matter will readily appreciate. Here are three or four Bureaus charged with the construction and fitting out of vessels, and while one, for example, is held responsible for the care and repair of all auxiliary steam machinery, it has no voice either in the design or installation of many of the auxiliaries. It

frequently has happened that one Bureau has brought its work to a point where, under the regulations, it would be taken over by another Bureau, but the latter was not ready for it. Each Bureau has a separate force of inspectors and corps of officers. As a ship is an integral work, it is evident that efficiency and economy could better be obtained by placing its construction, as far as possible, under one head. The construction and equipment of ships would thus be conducted under the system which is successfully employed in the private ship-yards of the country. Leading up to this step, the Department began in 1897 the substitution of electrical for steam power at navy-yards. Investigation had disclosed the astonishing fact that the power for operating the machinery of the different departments of the yards, instead of being supplied by a single plant, was furnished by boilers and engines scattered about the yard and operated by different Bureaus. Of course separate gangs of men were required for each plant, and the amount of power obtained was relatively small for the coal used and the steam consumed. Rectification of this extravagance was partially effected by concentration under the authority vested in the Secretary of the Navy. Legislation was, however, necessary before consolidation of the Bureaus could be made. The Bureaus of Construction and Repair, of Steam Engineering and of Equipment, both as a matter of economy and efficiency, should be under one head. Congress failed to adopt the recommendation to this end, just as it had neglected to act favorably upon recommendations contemplating somewhat the same result submitted by Secretaries Chandler and Whitney. This change must occur, and with it will come a sound business system which will introduce cohesion and unity in naval administration. The Hydrographic Office and the Naval Observatory should be placed directly under the Secretary of the Navy. The Observatory is decidedly behind institutions of like character in the United States and Europe. It always had as its superintendent a line officer, who sometimes possessed thorough and sometimes merely superficial knowledge of astronomy. The condition of the Observatory for two or three years past has been brought to the attention of Congress, which directed the appointment of a Board of Visitors, whose criticisms have already brought improvement in the work of the institution. It was urgently recommended that legislation be enacted removing all limitations from the field from which the selection of a superintendent may be made. The country is entitled to its best astronomer for this great astronomical plant. This recommendation, however, provoked strong opposition from some officers in the navy and their friends in Congress, which took the opposite direction, and even directed that the superintendent should be, "until further legislation," a line officer not below the rank of captain, thus limiting the place to a favored few and ignoring entirely the question of their capacity to fill it. The phrase, "until further legislation," gives some hope that Congress may later take more reasonable action with respect to the Observatory. Good management and results commensurate with the expenditures made demand a competent head, and the agitation which has been begun by the scientific bodies of the country should eventually bring about the organization of a personnel which will make the institution the equal of any in the world; indeed, with its larger expenditures, it should be superior.

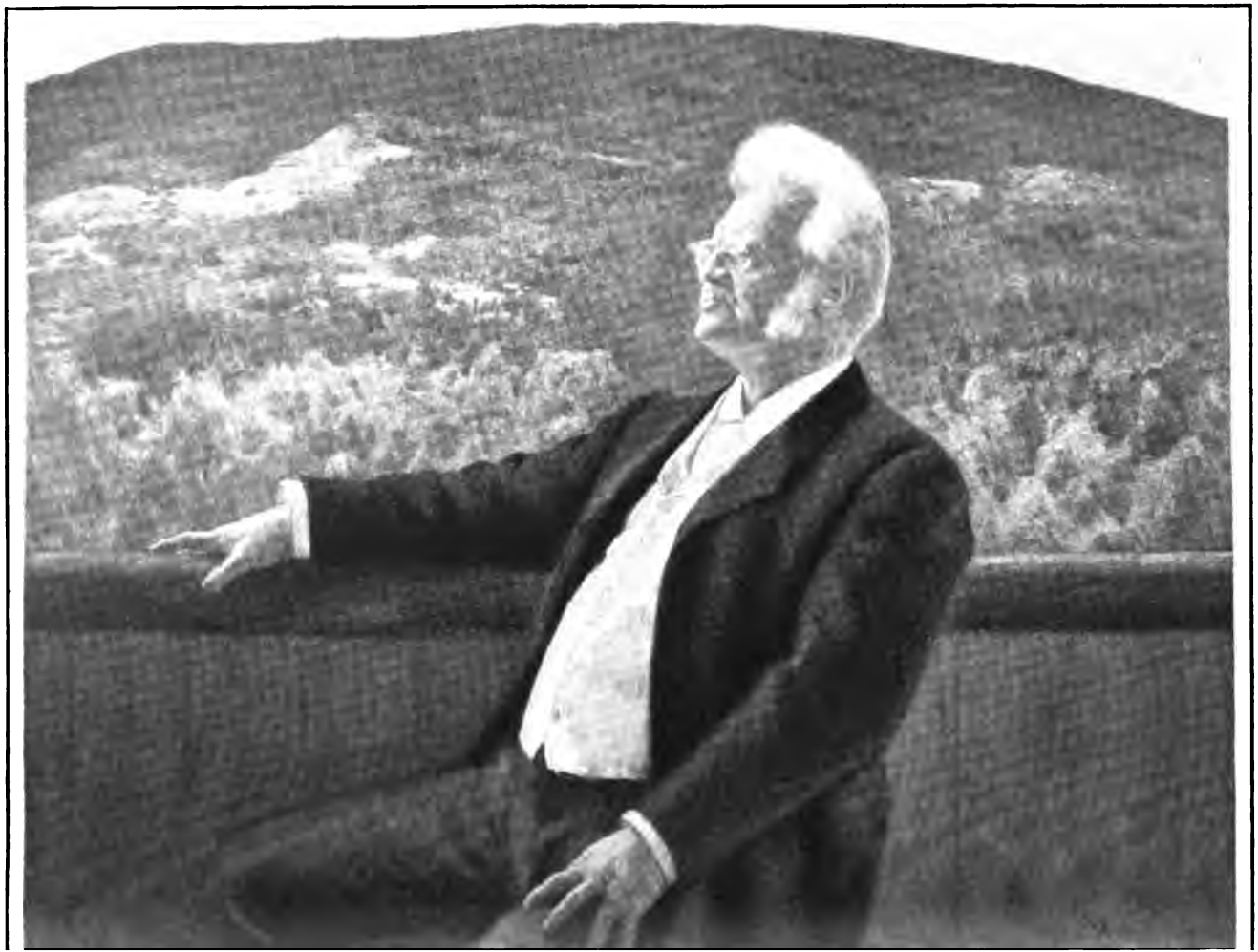
From the time the construction of the old navy began, every Secretary of the Navy has felt the need of professional assistance. This want produced the Board of Navy Commissioners and then the Bureau System of the Department. But the Bureaus, working independently of one another and not always in harmony, so appropriated the space of a ship as often to leave her defective in some important particular. This unfortunate state of affairs was partially remedied by Secretary Tracy, who in 1889 constituted a Board, called the Board on Construction, consisting of the Chiefs of the five Bureaus of Yards and Docks, Ordnance, Equipment, Construction and Repairs, and Steam Engineering, to which he gave general supervision over the design, construction, and equipment of ships. As the work of the Bureau of Yards and Docks was confined to shore stations, and as a civil engineer had been placed at the head of this Bureau, it was withdrawn from representation on the Board and the Naval Intelligence officer substituted.

The Board deserves great credit for the work it has done, especially under the presidency of Rear-Admiral O'Neil, whose tact and judgment, in many controversial questions, have facilitated the submission of the intelligent recommendations of the Board to the Department. To it are referred questions of general construction, differences of opinion between Bureaus, and especially the plans and specifications for new ships.

Beyond the Secretary of the Navy and the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation there was, till recently, no well-organized system for the intelligent direction of the fleet after its construction and commission. The experience of the war with Spain showed the need of a General Staff. The office of Naval Intelligence and the Naval War College, both of which owe their creation to Secretary Chandler, were the first stage in the formation of the General Staff; but they were not adapted to comprehensive supervision of the training and the operation of the navy in war. When the Carnegie Steel Company was first established, only a few officers were required for the administration of its affairs; but when its interests became large, a Board of Directors was necessary successfully to conduct its business. The General Staff of the navy approximates the Board of Directors of a manufacturing concern. Its duties include the collection of information respecting foreign navies, their bases in time of war, and the theater of action in which they will move. This information will permit an appreciation of the aims and purposes of those navies, and a comparison of their strength with that which we will be able to muster against each or several of them. Based upon it, comprehensive plans can be prepared for the most effective operations by our navy and the utilization of auxiliary forces such as the naval militia and reserves, and co-operation with the army. The formulation of these plans and their execution in time of peace under the simulated conditions of war will train officers and men and prepare them to grapple with hostile situations when they arise.

After the war with Spain, Captain H. C. Taylor, now Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, who had given long and diligent study to the plan, and is to be credited with its adoption, submitted to me a memorandum on a General Staff for the navy. This memorandum pointed out the value and purpose of the General Staff, much as stated above. The navy was not quite ready for such a comprehensive change as would occur in case of the adoption of the full General Staff system, though it had been a subject of discussion for many years. The Department did not see its way clear to go further than to organize what is designated as the General Board, with the Admiral of the Navy as its President. This Board meets once a month, and at stated periods consults with the Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron, which practices the war plans which the Board devises. Its work gives promise of the excellent results anticipated. Germany employed fifty years in developing her General Staff, which gave to the world a marvelous lesson in organization and efficiency during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. Necessary as such an organization is to the American navy, the steps taken to introduce it will be approved by experience.

In the navy a system of administration so compact and yet elastic that jealousies and friction will be minimized and the most effective co-operation obtained is always the desideratum. What the navy has accomplished must be attributed in large measure to the strength and character of its administrative and fighting officers. They have done splendid work, and they will do better yet. They are zealous, full of ability, honesty, force, and full, of course, of human nature. With these qualities the naval administrative organization is tending still more, as fast as it can, towards a system which will harmoniously labor for only one aim and purpose—the honor and safety of the country.



Björnstjerne Björnson

IF a consensus of literary opinion could be taken to-day, it would probably be found that Tolstoï, Ibsen, and Björnson would be given the foremost places in contemporary literature. The authors of "Anna Karénina," "The Pretenders," and "Arne" are not only writers of great force, but they are also striking personalities, from every point of view among the most interesting men of their time. Tolstoï is probably, all things considered, the foremost man in Europe; a writer of genius who has combined original power of a very high and sustained kind with the delicacy, the sensitive imagination, the plastic force of the artist, a passionate lover of his kind, one who looks at life sadly but with individual passion, a great artist turned reformer, without official position, excommunicated from the National Church and yet to-day the most influential person in Russia.

Ibsen has been for many years a voluntary exile from his country, a recluse in his habits, detached and solitary, although not without many friends and not lacking many agreeable qualities as a companion. He is a man who has endeavored to look life in the face and has found it, in his judgment, base and unworthy, and who has devoted himself with untiring energy and almost brutal frankness to the exposition of what he regards as the hypocrisy, the pretensions, and the benumbing conventionalities of contemporary life.

Björnson is the most wholesome of the three; a man of powerful frame, of overflowing physical life, of intense energy of mind, will, and feeling. He is a dynamic worker in every department of life, a born lover of life, a writer who has studied his kind at close range, who is in revolt against many traditions and conventions, but who believes in life, in his fellows, in the possibilities of human nature; a great, sunny, exuberant, boyish leader.

Björnson was born seventy years ago last December in Oesterdalen, in one of the bleakest and barest sections of Norway, surrounded by lofty, snow-covered hills. Although the son of a pastor, the future novelist, who was to picture the rustic life of Norway with such idyllic simplicity and with such sympathetic insight, was a boy of the people, who knew and loved the lonely life of the valley and the beauty of the mountain and fjord from his infancy.

At the age of twelve Björnson was sent to a Latin School, where he seems to have spent his energy in instinctive and persistent revolt against rules, regulations, and regular study hours of all kinds, but where he also became a leader, organizing a debating society, founding a newspaper, and showing in the vital life of the school all the energy he failed to display in his studies. In 1852 he was admitted to the Christiania University, where he made the acquaintance of Ibsen, and the two men became fast friends. At the university as in school, Björnson neglected the regular work, but was intensely active in all the fields that interested him. Here the idea of creating a national literature, free from Danish influence, took deep hold upon him; and with a little group of young men of kindred spirit and attitude he became an ardent advocate of Norwegian independence. In 1857 he went to Copenhagen; and in that city his first novel, "Synnove Solbakken," appeared, and at once made Norway aware that a new writer had appeared among them, who had brought a new strain into their literature. Simple in plot, direct and sinewy in style, dealing at first hand with the rustic life of Norway, the new novel came like a breath of fresh air. It was the beginning of a new movement. In the same class belong "Arne" and "A Happy Boy." Björnson's interest in the drama dates from an early period. He has acted as director of Ole Bull's theater in Bergen, where he published his first dramatic works, and of the Christiania theater. He has been the editor of various journals. He has written charming lyric poetry; and in prose, verse, and plays he has always spoken of real things in a real way. He has not only been a leader in the movement for intellectual independence, and for the development of a native literature to which he has also been one of the chief contributors, but he has carried into public life the same energy and freedom, and for many years has been one of the leaders of the progressive movement in Norway.



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"ME NO COMPRENDO ENGLISH"



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GOING TO TOWN

The People of New Mexico

By Morris P. Watson

THE saving grace of the Republic has been its power of assimilation. Out of a conglomerate mass from all nations it has made its citizens. A generation from the fatherland and they are thorough Americans. Not so with the Mexicans. For half a century they have been Americans, but to-day they are well-nigh as alien as when we acquired them. The slowness and dullness of the race accounts for this in part, yet it is only fair to allow for the difference in the method of acquisition. They came to us not by choice but by force; they were not transplanted, but left on the same old soil in the same surroundings; they were not thrown with English-speaking people, but remained with users of their mother tongue. To some extent the blame is ours, for we have known and cared as little for them as they have for us. It is only with their demand for Statehood that eyes have been turned upon our Mexican brothers of the Southwest.

That they are Spanish in tongue and customs is well known, but how tenaciously they have held to their race peculiarities is known only by those who have lived among them. Get away from the cities and the railroads and one would have difficulty in determining whether he was in New Mexico or our sister republic to the south. After hours of futile effort to find some one who would meet his English question with a more intelligible answer than "No sabe," he would probably be inclined to think that he had by chance crossed over the border of the United States into Mexico.

Through the veins of many of the natives of the Southwest flows the best of Spanish blood. Had their family records been kept, many could trace their descent from the daring Espejo and his party which pushed north as far as the city of Santa Fé in 1582. Yet they have so degenerated and mingled with the Indian tribes that they do little credit to their intrepid ancestors. There is no higher compliment than to call a native of the Southwest a Spaniard. The rich and educated insist upon being so called, the remainder being Mexicans or, somewhat contemptuously, "greasers." The greaser is the interesting, picturesque fellow.

The most fruitful region in interesting types is the Rio Grande valley. There they are more Americanized than back on

the mesas and in the mountains—the cattle and sheep country where the out-of-doors, nomadic life adds a wild, savage turn to the already evil-looking fellow—but they are still far removed from the commonplace. One spring day, the same on which most of the photographs illustrating this article were taken, I started south from Albuquerque along the Rio Grande. The river was swollen to a wide, muddy stream, the *acequias* were running bank full, and the fields were flooded with water. The budding trees were alive with birds, all the various members of the blackbird family, even to the beautiful yellow-neck fellow, singing in grand concert. Fence-post after fence-post was glorified as the seat of the prince of warblers—the meadow-lark. The robins, not yet gone north, dug in the soft earth for the fat angleworms, and chirped and chuckled at each new find. This irrigated valley is a garden spot.

Now and then we passed a ranch-house built of adobe, in that style which has ever proven effective for defense, the house opening only on an inclosed court formed by a high wall, the barn, and other outbuildings. All who enter pass through one massive gate into the court, and here, in grand confusion, live the Mexicans, with their horses, cattle, chickens, hogs, and dogs. Every two or three miles the houses get closer together, clustering around a little adobe church with its painted wooden cross and heavy bell ornamenting the plain exterior. These little towns take the name of the church, and it would be difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends.



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AN OLD CITIZEN OF NEW MEXICO

As we neared a church we heard the bell tolling, and, rounding a corner, we saw a small company coming down the dusty road. Bareheaded men walked ahead, six bearing a coffin, while behind trailed fifty or more women, each with a black shawl over her head, and all wailing and moaning. They passed into the little church, dimly lighted by a few candles, and there chanted, without a priest, the most dismal of funeral ceremonies. As the body was borne to the grave in the churchyard the women remained inside, seemingly vying with one another in vocal powers as they wailed and moaned. It was all very depressing until of a sudden they broke up into little groups and went off chatting, laughing, and smoking cigarettes. It made me think of the hired mourners of China. At another little town we were surprised to see a woman kneeling in the road, and in front of houses near by were others in the same devout attitude. The explanation was forthcoming when a procession headed by a priest in his robes and followed by girls in white came into view. The devout always kneel at the approach of a priest. The procession went to the house of a sick man, and the girls in white had just taken their first communion. These people are deeply religious, but seldom moral, and are completely under the power of the



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BAKING DAY AT A NEW MEXICO HOME

Roman Church. There are some problems in the Southwest akin to those which face us in the Philippines and not unlike those with which President Diaz has dealt so summarily in Mexico.

An Indian pueblo which we passed through further on differed but little from the Mexican towns—a little more compactly built, that was all.

By evening we had reached the home of a friend, Abel Apodacca, and drove through the big gate into the court. Here we unharnessed our horses, watered them at the old-fashioned well, and, throwing the feed on the ground, turned them loose. Baking was in progress in the beehive-like oven in the courtyard, the progress of which we watched with interest. Fire having been kept in it for hours, the coals and ashes were raked out and bread and meat put in. These ovens do the best of baking. Abel is quite American, and we were not surprised on entering his house (the walls of which were of adobe nearly two feet thick, the floor and roof of the same useful material, in the first case tramped as hard as rock, in the latter spread thick on poles and baked hard by rain and sun) to find a trunk, an iron bed, and a cook-stove. None, however, were used for their intended purposes. The bed was an ornament used only by visitors who did not know better, the trunk had a few precious things in it, and the stove was a cupboard, a fire never having been lighted in it. By an open fire Mrs. Apodacca cooked our supper, which we ate sitting crosslegged on the floor, the dishes set upon a sheepskin which at night was part of some one's bed. We ate from common dishes without knives or forks, dipping out the *frijoles* (beans), *chille con carne* (chunks of meat swimming in the quintessence of red pepper), with pieces of *tortilla* (pancake). We drank our coffee, which was strong and vile, from a gourd. Being wise in matters of Mexican houses, we made our bed in the open court.

The men of this race are seldom handsome, nor the women pretty. The handsome, dashing cavalier and the beautiful señorita with whom the fictionist has peopled the Southwest land are more romantic than real. The people are small, dark, swarthy, unusually dirty, and meanly clad. The women wear black shawls over their heads, thinking thus to look like the Mother Mary, but they delight in bright

colors and often indulge in them to the total disregard of harmony. They invariably smoke cigarettes, men and women sitting idly in the sun for hours smoking and chatting.

Until recently the children were taught in Spanish, and even now there are many private schools in which Spanish is used. The church schools as well as the public schools are now teaching in English, but the teachers oftentimes have a better knowledge of Spanish than of English, and little real headway is made against the mother tongue. Upon visiting a school in charge of two Sisters, they had the twenty children sing for me:

"Good-morning, gentle sunshine,
What made you come so soon?
You drove the little stars away,
And scared away the moon."

They sang without expression or tune, and a Latin verse would have been as intelligible to them and as easily learned. Some of the Protestant churches have established missions and schools in which commendable work is being done.

Most impartial people who have become acquainted with the people and affairs of New Mexico feel that it would be a mistake to grant the Territory Statehood. The people spring from a stock which has ever shown itself incapable of self-government, and they have improved very little since they became Americans. They are led by dishonest and unscrupulous men, neither demanding nor expecting honesty in office. In one county in New Mexico the sheriff, without other income than his office, openly spends two or three times his lawful salary. He only makes a pretense of turning in fees; but the majority of the Mexicans vote for him and his gang because he is lavish to them with his, or rather the county's, money. In another county there is not one cent of the public money turned into the treasury, but the dishonest officeholders are continued in office. The people care little for Statehood, being influenced by the political office-seekers and large property-owners.

I have often been asked whether these people are at heart loyal citizens of the United States, and in turn I have many times asked the question. It is too sweeping to answer directly; but there is no doubt that, in case of war between the United States and Mexico, a large portion of the uneducated non-English-speaking population would sympathize with, if not openly aid, the enemy. Few speak English or want to learn. American customs and the spirit of progress do not appeal to them. Now and then you find a spark of it, and it gives you joy. One night I stopped at a hut in the mountains. The two boys of the family had been to the Presbyterian mission school in Albuquerque, and spoke fairly well. Finding in the house a little United States flag which they had brought home, I pointed to it and said to the old man, "Americano?" and with great feeling he replied, "O, mucho Americano."



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A FAMILIAR STREET SCENE



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE
A subject in which the Society is interested.

The Preservation of Scenic Places in America

By Katherine L. Smith

THE preservation of old and interesting places which have been hallowed by association or are attractive for beauty is interesting several National organizations, notably that of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. This National organization of men and women has for its aim the protection of beautiful features of the natural landscape from destruction either by physical alterations or the erection of unsightly structures, the preservation of remarkable geological formations, and the saving from obliteration of names, places, and objects identified with National or local history.

This Society was founded by its President, the Hon. Andrew H. Green, of New York, and numbers among its active members such influential persons as George W. Perkins, of the New York Life Insurance Company; J. P. Morgan; the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, and others. The Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames are also working along similar lines, and it is hoped that a little at least of our heritage of the past in beauty and history may be saved from the hands of vandals and the ravages of time.

Prominent among efforts in these directions is the purchase by the State of New York and the rehabilitation of the historic Stony Point Battlefield on the Hudson, and the thirty-odd acres at the head of Lake George, made famous by events during the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, and selected by Cooper as the principal scene of his romantic novel "The Last of the Mohicans." Efforts are also being made to preserve Watkins Glen as a State Reservation and to make it a free country park. In this case it is hoped visitors will be attracted from all over the country and the place will become more familiar to the traveling public.

No visitor to historic places can help a



THE MORRIS MANOR-HOUSE—WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

Last year the Society secured the passage of an ordinance to take the mansion and grounds as public property. This was vetoed on a technicality, but will probably pass this year



PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE, YONKERS, N. Y.

Now used as the City Hall. The Society hopes to have it bought by the State, to be preserved.



WATKINS GLEN

For three years the Society has secured the introduction of a bill for the creation of a State Park embracing Watkins Glen. The bill has not yet passed.

feeling of gratitude when he finds the picturesque has been left untouched. We owe more than a debt of thankfulness to the energetic women who have preserved the birthplace of the flag in Philadelphia, have given contributions to the collections in Independence Hall, have preserved the landmarks at Valley Forge, and have prevented the destruction or desecration of buildings made sacred by their association with American history.

In 1900 the American Scenic and Historic Society began its notable achievement of preserving the world-renowned Palisades of the Hudson. Through its intercession both New Jersey and New York became interested, and we have now every prospect of an inter-State park, with drive, from Fort Lee to Nyack. By these means one of the most interesting spots in our country will be saved from the stone-quarryman and disfigurement. The ruins of Forts Crown Point and Ticonderoga are similar objects of solicitude.



THE COLORADO CLIFF DWELLINGS

The Society is trying to preserve these from wanton vandalism.

Nor are the efforts of these societies confined to the Eastern States alone, for their interest is widespread, and they co-operate with local societies and lend aid when asked to do so in every State in the Union, from the shores of Lake Champlain to the extreme West. The preservation of the giant sequoias of California is a matter of solicitude, not alone to the State in which they are situated, but to these societies, who are using every effort to help save these leafy giants, which are the growth of centuries and which hundreds of years cannot replace. In another part of the West the women of Colorado, aided by outside societies, are



THE HUDSON RIVER PALISADES

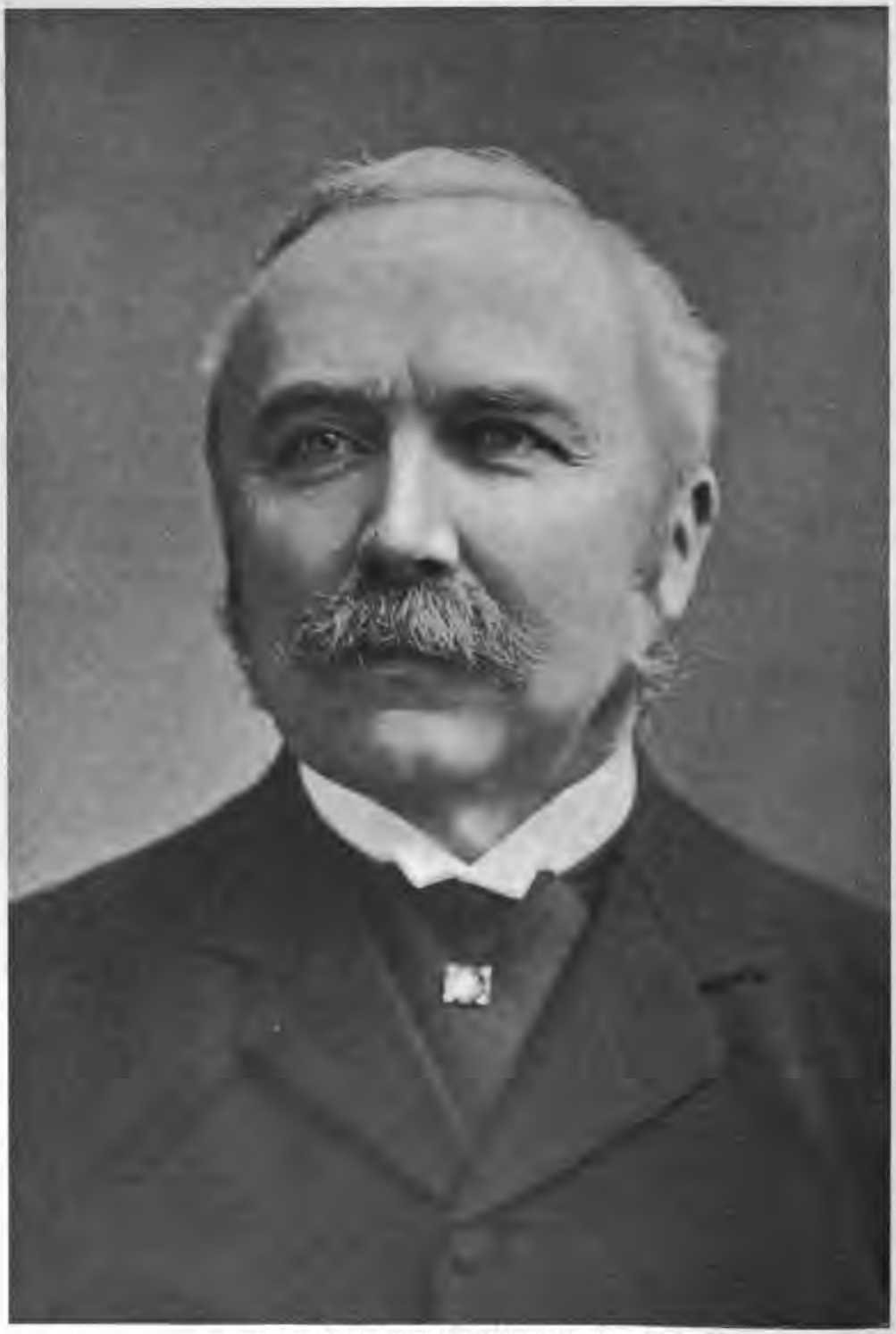
The Society represented the State of New York in securing the legislation which created the Palisades Inter-State Park Commission.

struggling to preserve the picturesque ruins of the Cliff Dwellers and to save from wanton vandalism and stealing the pottery and relics of this interesting race. This, the only spot in America where prehistoric barbarism can be studied in its entirety, is at last to be preserved, if the untiring efforts of speech and press can accomplish it.

Another object of solicitude are the old buildings of Fort Snelling at the head of the Mississippi River. Situated on a commanding bluff overlooking the great Father of Waters, this fort was for years the resting and protecting place of the missionary, the trader, and the early settler. It possesses a round stone tower built in 1820 for the safety of women and children in case of an attack by the Indians, and, aside from historic associations, is one of the most picturesque spots to be found in the Northwest.

These societies realize that every movement for the beautification of municipal or country environment should take into consideration, not only the pleasure and gratification of the adult population, but of the coming generation as well, for they will reap the benefit of reforms. For fine architectural relics of colonial days is receiving special attention. Washington's headquarters in New York City, the home of Aaron Burr and Washington, with a fine location, architectural beauties, and historic associations, the Alexander Hamilton residence, and the cottage in which Poe wrote many of his beautiful poems, are among the many dwellings that these societies feel it desirable to preserve. Already alive to similar undertakings,





THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

the late rebellion. The thirty-sixth lineal descendant, as he is, from that Ali who was the uncle and son-in-law of the prophet Mahomet, the present Sultan is also the son of a Circassian mother, and would seem to inherit some of the virtues belonging to her northern blood. He has endeavored to collect taxes honestly; he has allowed the arrest of criminals who had taken refuge in the porches of mosques; last, but not least, he sometimes dresses in semi-European costume, and actually rides in a motor-car! These things have helped the Pretender's cause; and he worked upon the bigoted sects among the Moors who have always been opposed to any kind of reform. If he had succeeded in battle, the whole country might have fallen back into barbarism; as it is, we may expect that Morocco, whether it comes into the sphere of influence of a particular European power or not, will show a few more signs of civilization. The ancient industries—weaving, leather-work, cutlery, etc.—which once made the name Moroccan a thing to conjure with, may yet be revived, although Switzerland, France, Russia, and Germany have now succeeded to much of those manufactures. The very name of the capital, Fez, is still a household word wherever the tarbush or turban is worn, although long since the Oriental manufacture of fezes has been removed to Tunis, while the cheap imitation, so often seen, comes from Switzerland.

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The Federation of Churches

The third Annual Conference of the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers was held at the Bible House, New York, February 3. The reports presented showed a gratifying though not rapid progress of the movement. Following the example set by Nebraska last October, California has now organized, and was represented by Dr. J. R. McLean, President of Pacific Theological Seminary. Among the subjects discussed and favorably received, of much practical importance was a plan [illegible] interdenominational affiliation [illegible] its broad application [illegible] some time since [illegible] to this plan, a [illegible] resident for



THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Story of Gladstone's Life," etc.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has but lately come to hold that position in the House of Commons and in the political world which those who knew him well always believed him destined to attain. He is now not merely the nominal leader of the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons, but he is universally regarded as one of the very small number of men who could possibly be chosen for such a place. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley are the only Liberal members of the House who could compare with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for influence with the Liberal party, the House of Commons, and the general public. Yet the time is not far distant when he was commonly regarded in the House as a somewhat heavy, not to say stolid, man, one of whom nothing better could be said than that he would probably be capable of quiet, steady work in some subordinate department. I remember well that when Campbell-Bannerman was appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1884, a witty Irish member explained the appointment by the suggestion that Gladstone had made use of Campbell-Bannerman on the principle illustrated by the employment of a sand-bag as part of the defenses of a military fort. Campbell-Bannerman had, in fact, none of the temperament which makes a man anxious to display himself in debate, and whenever, during his earlier years of Parliamentary life, he delivered a speech in the House of Commons, his desire seemed to be to get through the task as quickly as possible and be done with it. He appears to be a man of a naturally reserved habitude, with indeed something of shyness about him, and a decided capacity for silence wherever there is no pressing occasion for speech, whether in public or in private.

Many whom I knew were at one time inclined to regard Campbell-Bannerman as a typical specimen of his Scottish compatriots, who are facetiously said to joke with difficulty. As a matter of fact, Campbell-Bannerman has a keen and delightful sense of humor, and can illustrate the weakness of an opponent's case better than some recognized wits could do, by a few happy touches of sarcasm. He is in every sense of the word a strong man, and, like some other strong men, only seemed to know his own strength and to be capable of putting it into action when hard fortune had brought him into political difficulties through which it appeared well-nigh impossible that he could make his way. Schiller's hero declares that it must be night before his star can shine, and although Campbell-Bannerman is not quite so poetic and picturesque a figure as Wallenstein, yet I think he might fairly comfort himself by some such encouraging reflection. He had gone through a long and hard-working career in the House of Commons before the world came to know anything of his strength, his judgment, and his courage. He got his education at the University of Glasgow and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, and he obtained a seat in the House of Commons for a Scottish constituency as a Liberal when he was still but a young man. He has held various offices in Liberal administrations. He was Secretary to the Admiralty in 1882, and was Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for a short time a little later. There is not much to be said about his Irish administration. He governed the country about as well as any English Minister could have done under such conditions, for this was before Gladstone and the Liberal party had been converted to the principle of Home Rule for Ireland; and, at all events, he made himself agreeable to those Irishmen with whom he came into contact by his unaffected manners and his quiet good humor. When Gladstone took office in 1886, Campbell-Bannerman became Secretary for War, and

[1] This forms the eighth of a series of articles on living British statesmen. Subjects already treated are: Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Lord Aberdeen, Sir William Harcourt. Other articles will have as their subjects Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, John Redmond, John Burns.

he held the same important position in Gladstone's Ministry of 1892.

The story of that administration tells of a most important epoch in the career of Gladstone and the fortunes of the Liberal party. In 1893 Gladstone brought in his second Home Rule measure for Ireland. His first measure of Home Rule was introduced in 1886, and was defeated in the House of Commons by means of a coalition between the Liberal secessionists and the Conservative Opposition. The Liberal secessionists in the House of Commons, as most of my readers will remember, were led by Joseph Chamberlain. Then there came an interval of Conservative government, and when Gladstone returned to power in 1892 he introduced before long his second measure of Home Rule. The second measure was in many ways a distinct improvement on the first, and in the meantime some of the Liberal secessionists, including Sir George Trevelyan, whose opposition was directed only against certain parts of the first measure, had returned to their allegiance and were ready to give Gladstone all the support in their power for his second attempt. The Home Rule measure was carried through the House of Commons by what we call a substantial although not a great majority, and then it had to go to the House of Lords. Everybody knew in advance what its fate must be in the hereditary chamber. Every great measure of genuine political reform is certain to be rejected in the first instance by the House of Lords. This is the old story, and is repeated again and again with monotonous iteration. The House of Lords always gives way in the end, when the pressure of public opinion from without makes it perilous for the hereditary legislators to maintain their opposition. Therefore the Liberals in general were not much disconcerted by the defeat of the Home Rule measure in the House of Lords. Home Rule for Ireland had been sanctioned by the decisive vote of the House of Commons, and the general impression was that it would only have to be brought in again and perhaps again, according to the usual process with all reform measures, until the opposition of the Lords had been completely borne down. But before the introduction of the second Home Rule measure, some events had taken place which made a great change in the condition of Irish political affairs and put fresh difficulties in the way of Gladstone's new administration.

The Parnell divorce case came on, and led to a serious division in the ranks of the Irish National party and in Irish public opinion. The great majority of Parnell's followers refused to regard him as their leader any longer, and those who determined to support him and to follow him through thick and thin were but a very small minority. Gladstone was firmly convinced, as were the majority of the Irish Nationalist members, that Parnell ought to retire, for a time at least, from the leadership of his party, if not indeed from public life, and keep aloof from active politics until the scandal of the divorce court should have been atoned for by him and should have passed to some extent from public memory. Gladstone was convinced that if Parnell remained the leader of the Irish party it would be almost impossible to arouse in the British constituencies any enthusiasm in the cause of Home Rule strong enough to bring back the Liberals to power and to carry a Home Rule measure. This was a reasonable and practical view of the question, but Parnell and his followers resented it as a positive insult, and Parnell issued a manifesto denouncing Gladstone, the immediate result of which was that break-up of the Home Rule party I have already mentioned. Not very long after came Parnell's early death. It may well be supposed that such events as these must have made a deep and discouraging impression on Gladstone's hopes for the success of the second Home Rule measure. The Irish National party had been broken up for the time, and some even of Gladstone's colleagues in office had allowed themselves to be mastered by the old familiar idea that as Irishmen could not be brought to agree for long on any plan of action, it was futile for English Liberals to put themselves to any inconvenience for the sake of an Irish National cause. Such men might have found it difficult to point out any great measure of political reform in England concerning which the English people had always been in absolute agreement and about which there was no conflict of

angry emotion in any section of English representatives. But the fact remained, all the same, that the dispute in the Irish party had brought a chill to the zeal of many influential English Liberals for the Home Rule cause, and we have had in much more recent days abundant evidence that the chilling influence is with them still.

Among Gladstone's official colleagues there were some who held that the time had come when an appeal ought to be made to the country by means of a dissolution and a general election against the domination of the House of Lords. This appears to have been the opinion of Gladstone himself. Others of his colleagues, however, held back from such an issue, while admitting that the moment did not seem favorable for an appeal to the country on the distinct question of Irish Home Rule. The general impression on the public mind was that the decision of the Cabinet was certain to be in favor of an appeal to the country on the one issue or the other, and much surprise was felt when it began to be more and more evident that the Government intended to go on with the ordinary business of the State, as if nothing had happened. The outer world has as yet had no means of knowing what the reasons or the influences were which induced Gladstone and his colleagues to come to this determination. The whole truth will probably never be known until John Morley's Life of Gladstone shall make its appearance. We may safely assume in the meantime that Gladstone had the best reasons for taking the course which he adopted, and that he would have made an appeal to the country against the decision of the House of Lords if he had believed the conditions were favorable for such a challenge just then. Probably Gladstone knew only too well that even among his own colleagues there were some who were turning cold upon the question of Home Rule, who had never accepted his views on that subject with whole-hearted willingness, and could not have been relied upon as steadfast adherents in such a struggle. I think I shall be fully justified by any revelations which history or biography has yet to make, when I say that Campbell-Bannerman was among those who would have faithfully followed the great leader to the very last in whatever struggle he had made up his mind to encounter. There were, of course, many others of Gladstone's colleagues—men like Sir William Harcourt and John Morley and James Bryce—on whom their leader could have safely reckoned for the same unswerving fidelity and courage. But, whatever were the reasons, there was no appeal made to the country, and the administration went on with its ordinary work in a dull, mechanical fashion. The effect upon the Liberal party was most depressing. Men could not understand why nothing decisive had been done, and at the same time were haunted by a foreboding that some great change was impending over the Liberal party.

The foreboding soon came to be justified. On the 1st of March, 1894, Gladstone delivered his last speech in the House of Commons. The speech dealt with the action of the House of Lords on a subject of comparatively slight importance. The Lords had rejected a measure dealing with the constitution of parish councils, which had been passed by the House of Commons. Gladstone spoke with severity in condemnation of the course taken by the House of Lords. Towards the close of his speech he said: "My duty terminates with calling the attention of this House to a fact which it is really impossible to set aside, that we are considering a part—an essential and inseparable part—of a question enormously large, a question which has become profoundly a truth, a question that will demand a settlement, and must at an early date receive that settlement, from the highest authority." No one who was present in the House when this declaration was made is ever likely to lose the memory of the scene, although not all or even most of those then present quite realized the full significance of Gladstone's words. There were many in the House who did not at once understand that in the words I have quoted the greatest Parliamentary leader of modern times was speaking his farewell to public life. I remember well that a few moments after Gladstone had finished his speech I met John Morley in one of the lobbies, and I asked him if this was really to be taken as the close of Gladstone's career, and he told me, with as much composure

as he could command, that in that speech we had heard the last of Gladstone's Parliamentary utterances. That was indeed a memorable day in the history of England, and a day at least equally memorable in the history of Ireland.

I have had to dwell for a while on these historical facts, facts of course known already to all my readers, as a prelude to the most important passages in the Parliamentary career of Campbell-Bannerman. When Gladstone resigned office and withdrew from public life, the question of reconstituting the Liberal administration had to be taken into account. There could be no doubt whatever that the Liberal administration had been much weakened and even discredited by the manner in which it had put up with the domineering action of the House of Lords. The effect on public opinion was all the greater and the more disheartening because it was generally understood that the absence of any such action must have been due to the fact that some of Gladstone's leading colleagues were not prepared to sustain him in the policy he was anxious to carry out. There was therefore a state of something like apathy in the minds of advanced Radicals with regard to any arrangements which seemed likely to be made for the reconstruction of the Ministry. The new administration was formed under the leadership of Lord Rosebery, as Prime Minister, in the House of Lords, and that of Sir William Harcourt as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons. There can be little doubt that the composition of the new Ministry was regarded as unsatisfactory by the more advanced Liberals in and outside Parliament. The Liberal party is never of late years quite content with an administration which has its Prime Minister in the House of Lords. The real work must always be done in the House of Commons, and it is obviously most inconvenient that the leader of the Government should be one whose position will not allow him to have a seat in the representative chamber. The condition of things is something like that of an army whose Commander-in-chief can never make his appearance in the encampment or take part in any of the great battles. Even at that time Lord Rosebery, although a most brilliant debater and a capable [illegible]trator, was beginning to be regarded as one whose Liberalism was somewhat losing color and whose whole heart was by no means in the advanced policy of Gladstone. There was nothing better to be done, however, at the time than to make the most of the altered conditions, and the new Ministry went to work as well as it could. Campbell-Bannerman, as Secretary for War, had an opportunity of proving his genuine capacity for the duties of his important office. He introduced a new and complete scheme of army reform, which, among other and even more important changes, proposed to bring about the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge from the post of Commander-in-chief. The Duke of Cambridge was even then a man far advanced in years, who had never in his life shown any real capacity for the work of commanding an army, and whose chief recommendation for so great a position must have been found in the fact that he was a member of the royal family. The new measure was making its way steadily enough through the House of Commons, and every one was beginning to see that in Campbell-Bannerman the country had found an administrator of a very high order. Suddenly, however, the progress of the measure was interrupted by what seemed to be at first only a trivial accident, of which the public in general were inclined to take but little account. The army reform scheme had arrived at what is known as the committee stage of its progress.

I do not desire to occupy the attention of my readers more than is actually necessary with the mere technical details of Parliamentary procedure, and I shall only explain that when a bill reaches the committee stage its general principle must have been already accepted by the majority in the House, and the House then forms itself into committee for the purpose of discussing the mere details of the proposed arrangements. During one of the sittings a Conservative member proposed a motion declaring that the Government, or at least the War Office, had not made proper provision for the supply of the material of cordite to the army. This was so purely a technical question, concerning which only soldiers and scientific men could be supposed to have had any means of forming an opinion, that the House troubled itself very

little about the whole discussion. But when the House came to take a division on the proposal, the Government was defeated by a majority of seven. This defeat, however, produced at first only a very slight effect on the House in general. During the committee stage of a measure it is quite a matter of ordinary occurrence that a Ministry should be defeated on some question of mere arrangement and detail, and very few in the House of Commons suspected on that occasion that such a vote was likely to bring with it an important Parliamentary crisis. Campbell-Bannerman, however, took a very different view of the event. He appears to have made up his mind that the decision of the House was a distinct vote of censure on his administration, and that he could not continue to hold office after such a declaration of disapproval. Now, it may be taken for granted that Campbell-Bannerman was not merely actuated by any personal feeling, by any sense of mere grievance to himself, when he made up his mind to such a resolve. He saw clearly that the Government had lost the confidence and the support of the country, and that the sooner the whole futile attempt at administration under such conditions came to an end the better it would be for the business of the State. He knew perfectly well that the Liberal administration was falling to pieces, that its leading members were no longer inspired alike by one great policy, that some of its leaders had ceased to be Liberals in the traditional meaning of the word, and that sooner or later the catastrophe must come. Those of Campbell-Bannerman's colleagues who were as genuine and stanch Liberals as he soon came into agreement with him as to the course that ought to be pursued, and it was made known before long to the House of Commons that the Liberal Ministers had resigned their offices and that the long-postponed appeal to the country was to be made at last. Thus for the first time it became known to the public that Campbell-Bannerman was already a power in political life.

Parliament was dissolved and the appeal to the country was made at the general election which necessarily followed. Few Liberals had the slightest doubt as to the result of the appeal. Some of the very measures introduced by the fallen Government which had the strong approval of many advanced Liberals had put certain powerful interests and classes against those who represented such a policy. Sir William Harcourt's "death duties" had aroused the indignation of rich men here, there, and everywhere. The measures which the same statesman had endeavored to carry for putting the liquor trade under the control of "local option" had turned the publicans into an organized opposition against Liberal administrators. The result of the general election was the defeat of the Liberal party, and the formation of a Conservative government with Lord Salisbury at its head holding office as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary at once, and with Arthur Balfour as First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons. The Liberals were weakened in every sense, not merely by the fact that they had come back to Parliament no longer as a Government but only as an Opposition. They were rendered by their internal divisions too weak for effective work as an Opposition. Lord Rosebery continued for the time to act as leader of the Liberal party, while Sir William Harcourt of course became leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. It soon was made quite clear that the Liberal party could not work together so far as its leaders were concerned. It was evident that men like Harcourt and John Morley and Campbell-Bannerman could not act in any cordial union with Lord Rosebery and those Liberals who accepted Lord Rosebery's policy. The result of all this was that Lord Rosebery resigned the leadership of the party and has ever since seemed inclined to start a Liberal party of his own, and that Sir William Harcourt did not believe he was likely to receive such a united support in the House of Commons as would enable him to maintain the leadership of the party in that House with any satisfaction to himself or the country. Harcourt therefore ceased to hold that position; and now came for the first time the opportunity for Campbell-Bannerman. He was chosen leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and he had before him, under all the conditions, a task which might well have seemed hopeless. Lord Rosebery kept on, from that time to this, delivering

speeches all over the country which could only be interpreted as the expression of his desire to call into being a new Liberal party professing a political creed differing in its main characteristics from that which had been proclaimed and carried on by Gladstone. Rosebery renounced Home Rule for Ireland, and refused to act on Gladstone's principles with regard to the protection of Christians in the East against the alternating tyranny and neglect of the Ottoman Government.

Never within my recollection had any leader of a Liberal party in the House of Commons come into a position of such difficulty and disheartenment as that which Campbell-Bannerman had now to maintain. It has, of course, often been the lot of the Liberal party to come into the House of Commons with diminished numbers, and have to carry on as best it could be done the battle against a Conservative Government of overwhelming numerical strength. But the peculiar trouble which beset Campbell-Bannerman was that he could not count upon the allegiance of all his nominal followers. He knew that so long as he showed himself determined to maintain the policy of Gladstone he could reckon without fear on the support of such men as Harcourt and John Morley and Bryce. But there were able men among those who occupied the front bench of Opposition on whom he knew he could not always count, men who were publicly displaying themselves as the political associates or followers of Lord Rosebery. Campbell-Bannerman went boldly and steadfastly on, never faltering in the least. He upheld the time-honored creed of genuine Liberalism, "never doubted clouds would break," and by his words and his bearing inspired with fresh courage many a genuine Liberal whose faith was not faltering, but whose hopes were sinking low. He proved himself quite equal to the incessant work put upon him by his new position as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. He developed a capacity for debate which only those who knew him well had ever before believed him to possess. During all the wild excitement of Jingoism which followed the movements of the war against the two South African Repub-

he never yielded to the temptation

overcame so many other Liberals,

the temptation to evade a passing unpopularity by suppressing for the time his opinions on the policy of the war. He must have been sorely tried again and again by the sayings and doings of some who still professed to be members of the Liberal party in Parliament. A new Liberal League was actually formed under the inspiration of Lord Rosebery, and its object apparently was to create a new school of Liberalism which should have nothing to do with the traditions of the party and with the doctrines of men like Gladstone.

Now, if all this had been done in open and avowed antagonism to the existing Liberal party, Campbell-Bannerman might have had a comparatively easy task to undertake. He could have braced himself up to do sturdy battle against the promoters of internal disunion; could have set the whole question plainly and squarely before the public Liberal opinion of the country, and demanded a decisive judgment. But the promoters of the new Liberal League did nothing of the kind. They disclaimed any intention to create disunion in the party. They declared that they were the very best of Liberals, and that nothing could exceed their loyalty to the elected leaders of the Liberal party, and protested that in whatever they did they were only trying to help and not to hinder the work of these leaders. When one of the seceders, or supposed seceders, delivered a speech at some public meeting in which he appeared to repudiate the main principles of the Liberal creed, and an open split in the party seemed to be imminent, some other member of the Liberal League hastened to explain that the meaning of his noble friend or his right honorable colleague had been totally misunderstood. He insisted that the only motive of the previous orator was to promote the whole cordial union of the Liberal party, and, to paraphrase the words of the medical student in "Pickwick" after his quarrel with a fellow-student, that he rather preferred Campbell-Bannerman to his own brother.

Campbell-Bannerman took all these performances with serene good humor. As I have already said, those who know him are well aware that he has a keen, quiet sense of humor, and I feel sure that he must have been often much amused

by the odd vagaries of those who would neither fall into the ranks nor admit that they wanted to keep out of the ranks. He has gone steadily on as he began since it became his duty to lead the Liberal opposition in the House of Commons. He has done the work of leader honorably, patiently, consistently, and fearlessly, and he is recognized as leader by all true Liberals, English, Scottish, and Welsh, and he has never fallen away in the slightest degree from the principles of Gladstone where Home Rule and the other just claims of the Irish people are concerned. He has kept the Liberal flag flying, and the whole Liberalism of the country is already beginning to rally round him and to recognize his leadership. Increasing responsibility has only developed in him new capacity to maintain the responsible place. We may well believe that he is destined to do great service yet to the Liberal cause, and to win an honorable place in British history. When he first became leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, he might almost have seemed to be the leader of a lost cause, but he has fought the fight bravely and will see the victory before long.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Among the Trees Again. By Evaleen Stein. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 4×7 in. 90 pages.

Around the World through Japan. By Walter Del Mar. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 435 pages. $3.

The author did much more than follow the beaten route of travel and seek for entertainment and the picturesque. He looked into the domestic and industrial life of the Japanese pretty closely, and his comments are often severely critical. For instance, he declares positively that it is almost impossible to hold Japanese merchants to their contracts, and that they are noted for "organized dishonesty;" that even at the Government railway ticket offices one gets wrong change more often than not, partly because public servants are so badly paid that they are tempted to dishonesty, and partly because they are so ignorant that they do not calculate correctly. The book has no literary pretensions, and it is thrown together in rather a rough-and-ready way, but it certainly contains a great amount of information. There are some faults of taste in the passages treating of the vice of Japan. Mr. Del Mar visited Hongkong, Shanghai (by the way, he found the Chinese merchant honest beyond cavil), Ceylon, Java, and other places as well as Japan. There are many pictures.

Bethlehem: A Nativity Play. By Laurence Housman. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in, 76 pages. $1.25, net.

This latest experiment in the field of miracle-play writing cannot be regarded as a notable success. It is a very respectable piece of verse cast in the old form, entirely reverent, and conforming to the requirements of the mediæval miracle-drama; but it is a piece of skill rather than a work of genius; it lacks feeling, and it nowhere convinces the reader. Readers of The Outlook will remember that it was produced as a play in London not long ago, and that it failed to awaken any great interest. It is, at the best, an imitation; and the modern mind is so far removed from the attitude and temper which made the miracle-play possible that it is probably beyond the power of any save a poet of the highest genius and the deepest feeling to recall the piety, the reverence, and the poetry of the miracle-play.

Daughter of Raasay (A). By William MacLeod Raine. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $1.50.

Delight the Soul of Art: Five Lectures. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 287 pages. $1.50, net.

English Essays. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Ph.D. (The Hawthorne Classics.) Globe School Book Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 240 pages.

Fatherhood of God (The): In Christian Truth and Life. By J. Scott Lidgett, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 427 pages. $3, net.

Mr. Lidgett's experience as Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement in London has deeply impressed him with the conviction that the ground of social unity and the principles of social co-operation are given only by the Biblical doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. The history of Christian doctrine shows the gradual disappearance of this, the cardinal truth in the New Testament, and more recently its slow and partial recovery. The doctrine of divine Fatherhood, as adumbrated in the Old Testament, and as treated in the successive periods of Church history to the present time, is elaborately reviewed. The general influences tending to restore the New Testament conception have been, as stated here, the new apprehension of the humanity of Christ, a recognition of the principle of a developing revelation, and more serious use of the doc-

trine of the Trinity; also a taking for the starting-point the creation of man instead of his fall, a fuller apprehension of the divine immanence, a sense of the religious worth of the secular life, and a more humane tone of social life. From these tendencies Mr. Lidgett regards the Oxford Movement as essentially reactionary toward the mediæval thought of the divine Sovereignty. On the other hand, he recognizes a modern proclivity to a sentimental weakening of the idea of Fatherhood, obscuring the truth of a righteous Sovereignty. The task of theology at present is so to restate the New Testament doctrine as to give it its true pre-eminence as the ideal for the regulation of the community. Whether Mr. Lidgett has chosen the most effective way to do this by a presentation of the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement, as held by orthodox churches, may be open to a difference of opinion. Those who, though holding to these doctrines in some form, here feel obliged to part company with him, can follow him so far with general satisfaction.

Gentle Art of Making Happy (The). By G. H. Morrison, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 60 pages. 35c., net.

Historic Highways of America. Vol. III. **Washington's Road (Nemacolin's Path).** By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 215 pages. $2.50, net.

The third volume of "Historic Highways" is the most interesting yet issued. It tells about Washington's road built over the Indian trail known as "Nemacolin's Path," of which an exquisite illustration forms the frontispiece of the volume. In 1754 the young Virginian lieutenant-colonel opened the road, and Mr. Hulbert is well within the mark in saying that it formed the first and most important link in the chain of Federal union.

History of the Church of Christ (A). By Herbert Kelly. Vol. II. From 324 to 430 A.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 341 pages.

History of the French Revolution. By C. L. James. Abe Isaak, Jr., Chicago. 5×8 in. 343 pages.

This work appeared serially in the pages of "Free Society," Chicago. It is written with some literary ability from the standpoint of philosophical Anarchism, which deems it impossible so to organize government that it shall be beneficent, not tyrannical.

London Manual for 1903 (The). (Seventh Year of Publication.) Edited by Robert Donald. Illustrated. Edward Lloyd, London. 5×7½ in. 314 pages.

Manner of Life of Nancy Hempstead (The). By Mary L. B. Branch. C. J. Victs, New London, Conn. 5×9½ in. 29 pages. 35c.

Man's Position in the Universe: A Rough Survey. By W. Sedgwick. George Allen, London. 5×7½ in. 291 pages.

The general theme of this work is the correspondence between the physical and the moral order of nature. This is presented in an analogy between the conflict of good and evil powers for the soul of man, and the conflict of natural forces for the possession of atoms. We are unable to discuss the peculiar corpuscular theory of the author, but the Biblical ideas of which he avails himself for the purpose of his analogy are not all such as hold their own in modern thought.

Manual of Church History (A). By Albert Henry Newman, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5⅛×8¼ in. 724 pages. $1.75, net.

This volume sustains the reputation established by its predecessor for critical, sound, and varied learning. While it necessarily touches on many points of controversy, it is eminently characterized by fairness. No other of the standard church histories in the English tongue deals so thoroughly and so fairly with those progenitors of the free democratic, or congregational, type of Christianity who, under the name of Anabaptists, have suffered much from undiscriminating censure. This is a topic of church history that has greatly needed to be rewritten, and to be treated, as Dr. Newman treats it, with that fullness which is essential to judicial fairness. Distinguishing the fanatical Anabaptists, whose premillenarian dreams led on to the outburst of wild license in the sanguinary insurrection of the German peasants in 1525, from those whom he terms "the soundly Biblical" kind, Dr. Newman presents these to us as worthy of our admiration. His interest in this type of Christianity is apparent from the large space he assigns to it in his account of the Anglo-American denominations, in which the Plymouth Brethren occupy more pages than the Methodists. His judgment upon the point at issue in the recent Whittsit controversy, that immersion did not become the rule among English Baptists till after 1640, can hardly fail to grieve some of his Southern brethren, the more so because it is incontrovertible. In connection with his statement that the oldest Congregational churches in Boston and vicinity became Unitarian, the First Church in Lynn, founded in 1632, is to be noted as an exception, though the only one. There is an attractive flavor of freedom and freshness in Dr. Newman's work, though one may occasionally hesitate in accepting his views. In the estimate of Luther, for instance, it may seem that more allowance is to be made for the coarse and half-barbarian temper of that time.

Queen Victoria. By Sidney Lee. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5⅛×8 in. 611 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Raleigh in Guiana, etc. By Barrett Wendell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5⅛×8 in. 143 pages. $1.50, net.

Real Things in Nature: A Reading Book of Science for American Boys and Girls. Illustrated. By Edward S. Holden, Sc.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4⅛×7 in. 443 pages.

A plainly written series of talks about mechanics, physics, physiology, electricity, natural history, geology, and other branches of science. The author answers clearly just such questions as intelligent American boys would be likely to ask. There are numerous explanatory pictures and diagrams.

Road (The): The Ever-Existent, Universal, and Only Religion of God. By Charles Clark Harrah. Scott Heights Book Co., Des Moines, Ia. 5×6¾ in. 144 pages. 25c.

Sabbath Transferred (The). By Rev. Johns D. Parker, Ph.D. (Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) Johns D. Parker & Co., East Orange, N. J. 5×7½ in. 242 pages. $1.50.

The traditional belief is that the observance of one day in seven as holy time was transferred from Saturday to Sunday by Apostolic sanction in the first century. The historical fact is that the observance of the Mosaic Sabbath ceased with the extinction of those who had kept it sacred—the Jewish-Christian section of the Church; while the Gentile-Christians, who thenceforward constituted the Church, had from the first observed Sunday only—the Lord's day. It was not a transfer so much as a survival of the fittest. Dr. Parker's theory is that the Sabbath as an institution was transferred from Saturday to Sunday by divine authority on the morning of the resurrection of Christ. Evidence for this is presented by his translation of Matthew xxviii. 1, where, for the accepted rendering, "toward the first day of the week," he substitutes "*toward one of the Sabbaths*, that is, the Christian Sabbath." The implication of this phrase seems to him to be that the day of Jesus' resurrection succeeded to the ancient Saturday-Sabbath as a day guarded by divine sanctions. It may be said that Dr. Parker's translation, though defensible as permissible, is rather precarious. Assent to the divine authority claimed for the "transfer" may reasonably require surer ground than two words in a narrative of unknown authorship and considerably later date than the event. As an argument with Sabbatarian Christians who still adhere to a Saturday observance Dr. Parker's reasoning may have some weight, and he applies it to them, saying that "Sabbatarianism is founded on a false translation." Not so; the quicksand underlying all Sabbatarian translations, true or false, is the fallacious notion of literalists generally, that the religious spirit is not in free control of all religious forms and ordinances.

Story of Alchemy and the Beginnings of Chemistry (The). By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 185 pages. 35c., net.

This is an interesting story of the unscientific gropings which turned ultimately into the path of science, through that futile pursuit of the impracticable which, as experience often illustrates, leads the blind in a way they know not to substantial good. The world owes much to human illusions such as the alchemical view of nature. But when Mr. Muir tells us that this view still forms the fallacious basis of systems of ethics, philosophy, and art, those who know most about these may wonder how much he knows.

School in the Home (The): A Study of the Debt Parents Owe Their Children. By Newell Dwight Hillis. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 126 pages. 50c., net.

The earliest, the most effective, yet the most neglected school in the world is the subject of a short essay to which Dr. Hillis here appends a selection of Scripture and hymns. The essay on the debt of parents to children is admirable, but the selection of hymns is faulty. In general, hymns for children to commit to memory should be free from the shibboleths of theological controversy. This principle rules out, to one's regret, Bishop Heber's otherwise admirable hymn for its dogmatic line,

"God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity."

Even Calvin objected to this phrase; why then teach it to children? Other examples of equally objectionable theologizing occur in Dr. Hillis's selection, and limit its serviceableness.

Second Bank of the United States (The). By Ralph C. H. Catterall. (The Decennial Publications. Second Series. Vol. II.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 538 pages.

Story of Good Will Farm (The). By G. W. Hinckley. Illustrated. The Good Will Publishing Co., East Fairfield, Me. 5×6¾ in. 139 pages. 75c.

Story of Oratorio (The). By Annie W. Patterson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 241 pages. $1.25, net.

Devotion to oratorio is almost distinctively British. Even the German works in this form of music have their chief vogue in England. The later development of oratorio has become merged into the rise of the cantata, which has been especially fostered by respectable but not especially inspired British composers. The theme of this book will appeal, therefore, to an element in the "musical public" which is somewhat limited, and to a considerable degree distinct, in this country at least, from the great body of lovers of pure music. The volume is a product of conscientious work and genuine enthusiasm. It is well supplied with appendices and an index. It is a useful book of reference.

Story of the Trapper (The). By A. C. Laut. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 284 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Miss Laut's former books about the frozen North have been fictitious in form, and have attracted comment by their vivid picturesqueness. Now she reconstructs for us the personality and tells of the wanderings of the trapper, who as a pioneer preceded the explorers of the West. She writes with animation and imaginative power—sometimes, indeed, one wishes that the imagination were restrained a little so as to make a better balance between plain fact and brilliant writing. All in all, it is a fine adventurous figure, this of the bold, wild master of woodcraft, who seems to love hardship and danger even more than he loves gain. The French or Indian trapper, the man who works for the Hudson's Bay Company or for his own hand, the seeker for otter, or beaver, or mink, or even buffalo—each has his traditions, his methods, and his peculiar points of interest. The book is in a way unique, and it is certainly readable.

Tarr and McMurry Geographies. Pennsylvania. Supplementary Volume. Illustrated. By William Rupert, C.E. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5⅛×7⅛ in. 101 pages.

Theology's Eminent Domain and Other Papers. By William Reed Huntington, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 129 pages. 25c.

Unpopular Papers. By Norman Alliston. George Allen, Charing Cross Road, London. 4¼×7 in. 201 pages.

Correspondence

The Study of Live Birds

To the Editors of The Outlook:

One of the results of a recent article published in your valuable periodical, entitled "A Talk on Birds," has been the opening of a correspondence between many of your readers and myself. These letters have come from all parts of the country, and from beyond its borders. They have given me much pleasure and information, and I wish publicly to express my obligation to the many writers. Not a few of these have visited my laboratory to see some of the sources of such inspiration as I talked of, and it has occurred to me that others might care to pay a call on these friends in feathers. Will you, therefore, extend such an invitation from me in your columns? I am at home for such visits always on Saturdays, and shall be glad to welcome those who wish to know more of the birds and the work they are doing.

W. E. D. Scott.

Laboratory for the Study of Live Birds,
341 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

[We are sure that bird-lovers and readers generally will also be interested to know that the full narrative of Professor Scott's experiences and adventures as a naturalist and traveler will soon be published by the Outlook Company under the title "The Story of a Bird-Lover."—The Editors.]

"The Possibilities of Peat"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

While waiting communications which will give fuller answers to the many interesting letters called out by my article in The Outlook of January 17, it will allay curiosity to know that the firm making pressed peat is a Canadian house, and that $1.75 a ton is a liberal estimate of the cost of production. The royalties are probably the rent of bogs leased for taking out peat by Government or private owners. Canadian and foreign enterprise quite excels American in the matter of using peat. Beyond two or three small local firms and one supplying florists with common air-dried peat, I am yet unable to name any sources which furnish it. A few well-to-do families import Scotch peat use, but do not seem too willing to give any information on the subject. I should be glad to learn the addresses of any firms working in peat or peat machinery, here or abroad, as early as possible.

No subjects appear to be so little understood as the practical economy of fuels, and peat in particular. The Consuls of four countries applied to this month knew nothing of the excellent enterprise of manufacturers and scientific men in regard to peat in their own countries. Still, relentless perseverance will unearth the information wanted for immediate use—namely, firms here or abroad that will supply peat to burn and peat for interested manufacturers to examine. Inquirers may be sure their letters are welcome and will all receive attention. Experience dictates care in securing correct addresses to be used by fifty to a hundred eager correspondents, as well as the ability of firms to deal with such a serious addition to their regular work. I once forwarded about three hundred letters of inquiry for a new product to a manufacturer's agent in one of our large cities, to learn six weeks after that he grew tired of trying to answer them and burnt the whole batch without reply. The rest of the inquiries, many times the first installment, were sent to the manufacturer himself, who was interested enough to take care of them as they should be cared for. I will say again that correspondence on the subject of peat is entirely acceptable.

To many questions, it is enough to say $1.75 is a liberal estimate of the cost of making pressed peat, not the selling price.

S. Power.

37 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

The Church and Young Men

In connection with the department of Sociology at the University of Chicago, a special investigation is being made of religious work on behalf of young men. The results are to be published in book form, and in order that the volume may be comprehensive and of real service, facts and suggestions from pastors, superintendents, and other church workers will be welcomed. Information as to books and magazine or newspaper articles bearing upon the subject is also desired. Any measure of co-operation will be much appreciated.

F. G. Cressey.



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A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

V. THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE

BY ALFRED HODDER



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The Statehood Bill

The development last week of the proposal to admit New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and possibly Indian Territory as States showed indications that Senator Quay, the sponsor for the Omnibus State Bill, would consent to a compromise. This compromise, so it was indicated, might take the form of the admission of the above-named four Territories as two States, Arizona being united with New Mexico, and Oklahoma with Indian Territory. In this way unquestionably some objections of the opponents of the bill would be met. On the other hand, new and very serious objections would be raised. In the first place, whereas the admission of the separate Territories could not be altogether a partisan measure, the combination would be far more certainly so. Republican dominance would seem to be assured, at least for the present. For this reason the Democratic supporters of Senator Quay have not responded gladly to the proposal. Furthermore, "the string attached" to the compromise is a promise that Arizona should be granted admission as a separate State as soon as its population reaches 300,000. Such a promise is perilously like an attempt to tie the hands of future sessions of Congress. When the time for the admission of Arizona comes, the question ought to be decided upon contemporaneous conditions and not upon the anticipations of Congressmen of other times. Opposition on this ground is sure to be developed. Most significant of all, however, is that opposition, stimulated by the proposed compromise, which is grounded on Mormon influence in New Mexico and Arizona. The testimony on this subject was most pronounced and most serious. This testimony was given by Democratic Senators from Utah, Idaho, and Colorado, and was to the effect that no Mormon would run for political office without the consent of the First Presidency of the "Church." Although this testimony was given in part to show that polygamists could be eliminated from politics by the authority of this huge religio-political machine, it was, as Senator Hale remarked, interesting, valuable, and startling, through bringing to light "the conditions that obtain where the Mormon Church has secured its lodgment." Last week's debate was useful if for no other reason than because it made clear that vigorous opposition to the Omnibus Statehood Bill, even in compromise form, should be continued.

❀

The Anti-Trust Bills

Without debate the Senate accepted the Elkins amendment to the Department of Commerce Bill, embodying that measure of trust regulation acceptable to the larger trusts; and with hardly more than a day's debate the House adopted the Littlefield bill, embodying a larger measure of Government control for monopolies and attempts to secure monopoly. We have been unable to secure from its author the text of the Elkins bill. The Littlefield bill as finally reported by the Judiciary Committee and passed by the House is less radical than the measure as introduced. It does not penalize the over-capitalization of trusts, although it provides for a pretty searching public examination of their affairs. In explanation of the change made, Mr. Littlefield said in the debate that to penalize over-capitalization might produce a panic, but that to require publicity would be to acquaint the people with the facts, and the evils of over-capitalization would gradually be corrected. Apart from the publicity provisions, the most important clause in the act is Section 6, providing that no corporation receiving

rebates or attempting to monopolize business in any locality by discrimination in prices "shall use either directly or indirectly any of the facilities or instrumentalities of inter-State commerce" for the purpose of facilitating its business "with such intent." This section is supplemented by the one following, which prohibits inter-State railroads from knowingly transporting goods produced or sold in violation of the pending act or the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. In the debate upon the bill Chairman Jenkins, of the Judiciary Committee, declared his belief that Section 6 was unconstitutional, and that the control of Congress over commerce was limited to distinctively inter-State transactions and did not reach within the territory of any State. The bill, however, as the majority of the Committee point out in their report, does not assume that Congress has the power directly to prohibit attempts at monopoly within any State. Any State may charter all the monopolies it pleases to serve its own people. The bill merely says to the monopolies, "'While we cannot control your illegal act within the State, you shall not use the instrumentalities of inter-State commerce in aid thereof.'" In reply to Democratic questioning, even Chairman Jenkins admitted that the taxing power of the Government reached everywhere and might be invoked to suppress undesirable corporations, just as it has already been used to suppress the note issues of State banks. The Democratic attacks upon the bill were practically limited to its alleged sins of omission. The bill did not, it was said, contain any provision to prevent monopoly extortion by removing the tariff from monopoly products, it did not aim to prevent monopoly by invoking the tax powers or the bankruptcy powers of the National Government, and it did not make the corporations amenable to the local courts as individuals were. "The Republican party," said Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, "will go far enough to satisfy the people that it seeks to do something for the people's good, but not far enough to hurt the people's enemy." The country, however, will congratulate itself if it secures the enactment into law of as good a measure as the Littlefield bill. Fortunately, the Department of Commerce Bill as amended in conference at the instance of Senator Nelson contains provisions for publicity which are considered of the highest importance by friends of trust regulation, and which keep the two houses from being so far apart in their present attitude as they seemed a fortnight ago. There is therefore reason to believe that some measure will be agreed upon by both houses embodying practically all of the provisions recommended by Attorney-General Knox.

The Naval Bill

"If you look at the navy in the right way, it is the rate of insurance that the country pays in order to get prompt and punctual delivery of its water-bound commerce. If the navy isn't for the rate of insurance and isn't for defense, then it is odious." These true words were spoken last week by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford at the dinner of the Pilgrims in New York City; and they will find an answering echo everywhere. If the object of the United States in increasing and strengthening the navy were to establish international political rivalry with other countries (in addition to the commendable commercial rivalry already established), then the policy of such an increase would be wrong; but if the necessity of policing the ocean is more and more evident, then there should be a corresponding augmentation of our navy. In other words, the spirit which should animate the officers and men of the navy, the legislators in Congress, and American citizens in general, should be a spirit of construction, not of destruction. Our navy exists not only for the defense of our interests, but also, in properly defending them, to build up, to preserve, and to cement international friendliness, not to destroy it. It is in this spirit, we believe, that the House Committee on Naval Affairs has completed a bill which is now ready for action by Congress. The bill carries appropriations aggregating $78,000,000, $30,000,000 of which is for new construction. No provision is made for submarine boats. The new construction comprises three battle-ships, one armored cruiser, two steel training-ships, and one wooden brig. Perhaps the most notable feature, however, is a proposition to double the number of cadets at Annapolis; the limit of maintenance of the Academy

is also increased from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000, and ten additional civilian officers are authorized. Other features comprise the establishment of a naval station on the Great Lakes, and an increase of the Marine Corps by 800 men and 65 officers; last year this corps was increased by a similar number. It is probable that any opposition to this programme will be greatly diminished, as sentiment among Senators and Representatives on the subject of naval increase has undergone a radical change since the present Venezuelan difficulty arose and our duties as to South America have been under discussion.

❀

The Senate and Mr. Byrne We are glad to record that the Senate Committee has refused to recommend the confirmation of Mr. Byrne as United States District Attorney for Delaware. There were three grounds of opposition to his appointment: (1) That he was an Addicks man, and his appointment would be regarded as distinctly an indorsement of the Addicks faction; (2) that his accepting a nomination against the Regular Republican nomination, and by so doing dividing the Republican vote and so insuring the Republican defeat in the Congressional election, was an act distinctly disloyal to the Republican party; (3) that his previous record as United States District Attorney was not such as to give promise of his efficient conduct of this office, and his appointment was not approved by the best legal talent in the State. It is possible that a fight may be made in the Senate to confirm his appointment in spite of the report of the Committee; but, in our judgment, the best thing the friends and supporters of the President can do is to vote to confirm the action of the Committee, and so open the way for the President, by a new appointment, to correct the most serious, if not indeed the only serious, mistake that he has thus far made in the always difficult task of Federal appointments. In view of the opposition to Mr. Byrne, of the National opposition to Mr. Addicks whom he represents, and of the revelations concerning Mr. Addicks's methods, of which Mr. Byrne could hardly have been ignorant, we cannot but think that the President would do both the wise and strong thing were he to withdraw the nomination without waiting for the final action of the Senate.

❀

The Addicks Withdrawal Mr. Addicks last Thursday made an announcement to his supporters in the Delaware Legislature—known as the Union Republicans—in which he declared publicly his withdrawal as a candidate before the Legislature for the office of United States Senator. The withdrawal was made, however, upon the express condition that a Republican caucus should be held, "to be participated in by all of the Republican members of the General Assembly, and the selection of two candidates for the Senate of the United States by majority rule of said caucus." This withdrawal of Mr. Addicks from the Senatorial contest in Delaware ought to mislead no one who is familiar with the man or his methods, and, we are glad to say, has not misled those faithful citizens of the State who, representing its best sentiment, have been bravely and persistently, and so far successfully, fighting Mr. Addicks for fourteen years. It is believed by those who thoroughly know the political situation in Delaware that the Addicks withdrawal is a shrewd move on his part to offset the opposition to him in the United States Senate indicated by the unfavorable report in the Byrne case. Mr. Addicks is justifiably suspected of hoping to pose in the eyes of Republicans in the United States Senate as having offered a sacrifice of his own personal aspirations for the sake of party unity and party success. The United States Senators, to whom he is making this appeal, are not children in politics to be deceived by any such stage-play. As Mr. Kennan shows in this week's Outlook, Mr. Addicks has betrayed the regular Republican nominations in Delaware whenever it suited his purpose and pleasure to "knife" the candidates. On this ground alone—aside from his personal character—we should suppose that sincere and honest believers in party loyalty like Senator Hanna would vigorously oppose him. But apparently a million-dollar "mugwump," who is a "mugwump" for personal ambition, is not so bad from the partisan point of view as the honest but mistaken "mugwump" who, without a corruption fund at

his command, opposes party nominations on what he thinks are moral grounds.

❀

What It Means

The condition that the Regular Republicans unite with the Addicks Republicans in a joint caucus, electing two Senators by a majority vote, of course means that two Senators of Mr. Addicks's choice could be, and undoubtedly would be, elected. One of these Senatorial dummies could resign his seat on account of—let us say—a sudden illness. Governor Hunn, who is an ardent supporter of Mr. Addicks, could then appoint Mr. Addicks for the unexpired term. In case of such appointment, the corruption employed by him in preceding elections would constitute no legitimate ground for his rejection by the Senate, since that corruption would not have directly contributed to his appointment. We think, however, that such a "vindication" would not satisfy Mr. Addicks, and that he would pursue the shrewder plan of permitting the two Addicks Senators to fill out their terms. As Senators they would control the Federal patronage in Delaware, and by its means could immensely strengthen Mr. Addicks's political position, even without the aid of corruption, and he could thus practically assure himself of election in 1905. Apart, however, from this probable issue to Mr. Addicks's proposal, it ought to be promptly rejected by the anti-Addicks forces in Delaware, for their object should be the overthrow not merely of Mr. Addicks but of all that he represents. Mr. Addicks, in his own statement issued last week in Delaware, says that he has been a candidate for Senatorial election for fourteen years. Mr. Kennan in his article in this week's Outlook shows that fourteen years ago Mr. Addicks came into the State practically unknown. He had never held an office. He had not been so much as chairman of the County Committee. A practical stranger, without any political connection whatever with either party, he began at once, with what seemed then to his contemporaries and still seems to us unparalleled effrontery, to work for the Delaware Senatorship. What would Senator Hanna say as to party regularity if a Pennsylvanian, unknown in Ohio, never having held the simplest political office in that State, practically not being a voter, and actually having his domicile in Pennsylvania, should announce to the party leaders that he was candidate for the United States Senatorship from Ohio? "Practical" politicians are fond of poking fun—sometimes, we must admit, justifiable fun—at the visionary projects of the reformers. If any one can point out to us a more visionary project than that of Mr. Addicks when it was first promulgated in 1889, we should be glad to know about it; there is not a practical politician in any State in the Union who would not to-day ridicule such a scheme as he initiated fourteen years ago, if it were not for the corruption fund with which he has contaminated Delaware and is likely to contaminate the entire country through the United States Senate, unless he is thwarted. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions as to the ethical and moral questions involved in Mr. Addicks's career as vividly portrayed by Mr. Kennan, and content ourselves at this moment with asking the leaders of the Republican party of the United States whether, on mere grounds of political expediency, regularity, and loyalty, he ought not to be summarily rejected as a traitor to the party, its officers, and its candidates.

❀

The Venezuelan Situation

The net result of last week's earnest and sometimes heated discussion over the exchange of offers for the immediate arrangement of the claims of the allies against Venezuela was a proposition from the allies to President Roosevelt that he should act as arbitrator on the question of giving preferential treatment to the claims of the allies as against those of other nations; but the President, after considering the matter carefully, declined courteously to assume this position, and intimated to the diplomats that their best course was to refer this point to the Hague Tribunal. At the end of the week the prospect seemed to be favorable to the adoption of the President's recommendations. It is hoped that within a few days protocols will be signed between the representatives of the nations concerned; that the blockade of Venezuelan ports will be raised; and that preparations will go forward for the submission of all matters

now in dispute to the Hague Tribunal. This course is one that may be heartily approved, not only as a fair and reasonable way of settling the controversy, but because it adds weight and standing to the Hague Tribunal as a permanent and recognized authority before which such matters may be placed almost as a matter of course. So far as there was any disagreeable feature in the negotiations last week, it appears to have grown out of the fact that Mr. Bowen (who, it must be remembered, acts purely and solely as the representative of Venezuela), in rejecting the proposition of the allies that thirty per cent. of the customs duty be reserved for the allies' claims and ten per cent. for the claims of other nations, expressed to the British Ambassador his surprise that Great Britain should be willing to adopt a course which Mr. Bowen seemed to think would result in a long continuance of the alliance between Germany and Great Britain; properly, as it seems to us, Mr. Herbert considered this out of order and showed his resentment. The unpleasant incident, however, was quickly adjusted, and there seems to be no doubt that the accredited representative of Venezuela can now act with the diplomatic representatives of the allies under satisfactory conditions.

❀

Vermont for Local Option

The country as well as the State is to be congratulated on the election in Vermont, in which, by a small majority, prohibition has been voted down and the policy of high license and local option has been substituted. Small as is the majority, it is about the same as that by which prohibition was established in 1852. It is reported that the rural vote was in favor of retaining, and the town vote for the change. There is no one method of legal enactment respecting the sale of liquor which works equally well in all communities; but, in our judgment, a wide experience, extending over many States and for many years, has proved that the policy of State prohibition is morally disadvantageous to the community. It does to some extent close the open saloons, but it promotes secret drinking-places; excites the spirit of lawlessness; leads communities to think that they are virtuous because they have incorporated virtue in a statute; tends to public corruption and blackmail; and in these and other ways pays far too great a price for what is too often the appearance rather than the reality of total abstinence. A minimum license fee fixed by statute, with local option by towns and villages, and possibly—though this experiment has yet to be tried—by wards in the larger cities, gives far more promise of practical results than prohibition. It has been suggested that the Vermont Legislature may direct that the sums received from excise fees shall be expended in temperance coffee-houses, reading-rooms, homes and cures for inebriates, and the like. There are two advantages in this scheme: one that it will prevent local communities from voting for license in order to reduce their general taxes, the other that it will tend to attract from the saloons, where they exist, by setting up alongside of the saloon counter-attractions. We hope that this experiment may have a trial.

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Governor Pennypacker's Independence

Judge Pennypacker, who was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania on January 20, has succeeded thus far in stirring up no small amount of trouble in Pennsylvania, mainly because he realizes and acts upon the realization that he is Governor of the State and not of the Republican organization or influential politicians. This is in striking and refreshing contrast to the conduct of his predecessor, who did nothing against the wishes of the "organization," and who left office with a record of subserviency to political and corporate interests unequaled in the annals of the State. Governor Pennypacker started out by appointing as his Attorney-General Hampton L. Carson, who three years ago argued against Mr. Quay's admission to the United States Senate on the strength of Governor Stone's appointment. Mr. Carson is not only a lawyer of prominence and ability, but has a record for independence that makes him all the more objectionable to the politicians. Then the Governor refused to reappoint the Secretary of the Commonwealth and one or two other prominent officials because of their identification with the notorious Stone administration. On the other

hand, he has refrained from making sweeping removals of the subordinates. The Harrisburg "Patriot" quotes him to the effect that he has "no notion of making wholesale removals or of disturbing faithful employees." This is a departure from custom, as at the beginning of each new administration, whether Republican or Democratic, there have been a large number of changes made purely for partisan or factional reasons. Governor Pennypacker was at one time actively identified with the Civil Service Reform movement, and thus far he has shown himself to be true to his early advocacy. As the Philadelphia "Record" (a Democratic paper) puts it, "Governor Pennypacker's recognition of Civil Service Reform is a departure in Pennsylvania from which there is not likely to be a reaction." Moreover, the Governor entertains what has been for some years an unpopular belief—the opinion that Constitutional mandates should be obeyed. The present Constitution provides that there shall be a legislative reapportionment every ten years (just after the taking of the Federal Census), but there has been no reapportionment in Pennsylvania since 1884. So the Governor, much to the surprise of the politicians, has insisted that the subject must be taken up and acted upon. Then, again, he has returned all railroad passes, and on the third day after taking the oath of office refused to approve certain charters because the character and purposes of the proposed corporations were not definitely disclosed. Both of these proceedings are almost if not entirely unique in the annals of the State. And yet, with all this exhibition of independence, which is undoubtedly genuine, and this sincere regard for his oath of office, Governor Pennypacker has not abated one iota his admiration of Senator Quay!

❀

The Coal Situation

The coal famine has been sensibly relieved during the past fortnight by the increased activity at the mines and on the railroads, by the decreased domestic consumption due to the milder weather, and also by the foreign purchases of coal. These last do not aggregate any great amount in comparison with the total quantity of coal consumed, but they have helped materially to lessen the shortage which created the panic. For instance, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad engaged from abroad over one hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal—a small amount compared with the two hundred and fifty million or more tons consumed by the country, yet sufficient to furnish nearly a month's supply of coal to all the homes in Connecticut. Similarly, in Montana one of the great railroads brought in coal supplies from Canada, and these foreign purchases have sensibly relieved the local famine and more sensibly relieved the local fear of famine. Of course all such purchases have been facilitated by the repeal of the duty on coal. At the Strike Commission's hearings at Scranton, Judge Gray sharply criticised the union for restricting production by limiting the hours of labor of its members, and Mr. Darrow, the miners' attorney, sharply criticised the companies for restricting production by agreeing among themselves as to how much coal each should put upon the market. Judge Gray seems to have defended the coal companies by urging that the supply of coal ought not to be wastefully used, but should be husbanded for future generations. Mr. Darrow said that the coal supply was just as well husbanded by the efforts of men to prevent excessive hours of toil. Most of the controversies last week were over wages, the miners introducing testimony to show that the company books did not contain the names of many of the mine workers who were in the employ of the contract miners. Apparently there is no way of getting at the average wages except by getting the total wages paid by all the companies, and dividing it by the number of mine workers in the anthracite district, as shown by the census returns. In the bituminous district there is now some fear of future trouble. The miners insist upon still another advance in wages to correspond with the advancing price of coal. The operators seem disposed to grant ten per cent., but they will have public sympathy in refusing to grant more. The soft-coal miners have obtained something like a forty per cent. advance during the past few years, and while their condition was undoubtedly hard before these advances took place, they seem now to be fairly

well paid. Up to a certain point higher wages mean more efficient labor and better machinery, so that the cost of production is not sensibly increased, but this point is easily passed. The public might easily be not only the chief but the only loser from an agreement between the organized operators and organized operatives to advance wages and prices at the same time. The public is now in greater danger from extortion than the miners are of oppression.

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The Waterbury Rioting The Waterbury trolley strike, which was the occasion of a riot calling for the presence of State troops to preserve order, grew out of the discharge of the president of the trolley employees' union, and two other members thereof, for entering a saloon in their uniforms. There is no doubt that the offense was in violation of a rule of the company, and of an eminently desirable rule. The union, however, regarded the enforcement of the rule in the case of these three men as an act of hostility toward their union. Unionism, they claimed, was the cause, and tippling merely the pretext, for the company's action. They therefore struck, and demanded that the company should arbitrate the matter in dispute, as the condition of their return to work. The company, which is not merely a local one, but extends its lines throughout the State, refused to accept the proposal, and engaged non-union men, chiefly from other cities, to man its cars. In Waterbury itself four fifths of the people sympathized with remarkable uniformity with the strikers, and even among the well-to-do the corporation, owned chiefly by non-resident capitalists, had no more than the usual popularity of absentee landlords. As a result it may be said that the city was on the side of the strikers during the first week of the tie-up. The strikers themselves promoted this public sympathy by issuing a proclamation against disorder, and by wearing badges bearing the words: "Friends, use no violence. It hurts our cause." On Saturday night, however, when the streets were thronged, a car manned by non-union men was attacked, and before midnight the city was the scene of wild disorder. As the Waterbury "Evening American" of the following Monday expressed it, the crowd, which "was in appearance rather well dressed, intelligent, American," had become a "brutalized, cruel, animal mob, which craved destruction and felt fierce joy in the sufferings of a human being under its boot-heels." Among the persons arrested for rioting that night, not one, according to the police court reports, was a striker; but the strikers did not earnestly work or even speak to hold back the mob. The Governor of the State was appealed to by the sheriff to send a small number of troops, and he sent a regiment. The number and the handling of these troops was the occasion of local criticism, but general order was preserved during the next five days, and the stoning of cars did not again become at all epidemic until the troops were withdrawn on Friday of last week. That all of this disorder should have occurred in a city of the character and intelligence of Waterbury indicates that the industrial war spirit is by no means confined to the immigrant or ignorant working classes. Wherever the employing corporation is a monopoly, the working classes seem to take *en masse* the side of the strikers, and to condone almost any means employed to worst the monopoly. The way to reach this growing evil is to extend the legal means of requiring employers and their employees to deal fairly with each other and with the public, and at the same time, both by moral suasion and by legal prosecutions, to teach all classes that the law must and shall be upheld.

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Freight Congestion Not only has New York City outgrown its transportation facilities, but the whole country is now suffering from what might be termed a trackage, locomotive, and car famine. For many weeks, east and west of Pittsburg, the accumulation of freight has been so remarkable as to lead to a decision to build an entirely new line eastward from that point; and has also emphasized the demand of most Pittsburg citizens for an entrance of the Wabash Railway into their city. New York and other places in the East have been suffering seriously because of the lack of coal, and some of the suffering is due to this breakdown in transportation facilities. There is now some slight dan-

ger that the East may yet suffer from the lack of another necessary of life. While in nearly every State there are flour-mills capable of supplying all of that commodity needed for some time to come, the wholesale price of flour has already advanced a little because of the notably diminishing stock on hand, due to the fact that the Western roads are unable to handle the great quantity of freight which they have contracted to carry. Usually there are five hundred thousand barrels of flour on hand in New York City; but at this writing there are only one hundred and fifty thousand. Fortunately, there has been hardly any complaint from the bakers as yet; the barrel price has not been raised sufficiently to affect them very seriously. The result of existing conditions as to trackage, locomotives, and cars should mean a great impetus throughout 1903 in railway-building and in the industries which have to do with railway equipment.

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The Crisis in Macedonia

Last week the financial and commercial exchanges of the European capitals were not more disturbed by Venezuelan than by Macedonian rumors. A war-cloud on account of the Balkan question has been a well-nigh perennial thing, and the world at large has fallen into the habit of regarding it with indifference. When, during the past few weeks, we have read, therefore, that a formidable insurrection against the Turks was expected in the early spring, we have remembered that similar predictions have been made every year, and hence have not been unduly disquieted. It should be noted, nevertheless, that not since the preliminary stages of the Russo-Turkish War in 1887 have these predictions been made with equal confidence. The ultimate cause is, of course, the atrocious misgovernment of the Sultan, but the proximate cause is the outrageous propaganda of the Bulgarian Macedonian Committee, who instigate a kind of patriot-brigandage—blackmail, incendiarism, mosque desecration, murder. The professed object of the Committee is to raise funds, to acquire proselytes, to destroy the most influential members of the rival races in Macedonia, especially the Greeks, and to instigate violence and reprisals by the Turks. For this purpose the entire province has been divided into a number of districts, each being under the control of a secret local committee, consisting mainly of schoolmasters, doctors, and Bulgarian priests. In districts where there are no revolutionary adherents the natives have been stirred up and armed bands formed by persuasion, intimidation, or the spectacle of murder. In view of this Bulgarian propaganda, the statement of the Bulgarian Government last week was of interest. In the course of a debate in the Sobranje (or Parliament) the Prime Minister said that if the circulars of the Macedonian Committee overstepped legal limits his Government would certainly take action. The Premier knows as well as any one, however, that he has no power to prevent Bulgarians from crossing the frontier and making common cause with genuine Macedonian revolutionists. Indeed, we can hardly dissociate the policy of the Macedonian Committee from the policy of Prince Ferdinand; the Committee is all-powerful in Bulgaria, and the present unworthy occupant of the throne there dares not go counter to its propaganda. The Committee has undoubtedly made it well worth his while not to go counter to it; he expects to see the province of Macedonia added to his principality, and the whole erected into an independent kingdom.

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The Attitude of Russia

A month ago, in view of the events in Macedonia, the Russian and Austrian Foreign Ministers completed an agreement regarding reforms in that province, and proposed to submit the agreement to the Sultan. The plan was supposed to center about the appointment of a Christian Governor for Macedonia, with practically full powers. This project would undoubtedly be regarded by Abdul Hamid with the apathy shown more than once to the efforts not only of two but of all the Powers of Europe. Instead of strengthening the hands of right-thinking Bulgarians, the plan has really strengthened the hands of the lawless Macedonian Committee, because it confirmed the agitators in their belief that Russia at least will really aid any serious effort to liberate Macedonia. The Russian idea in this would, of course, be not so much to liberate as to Slavonize

Macedonia, and thus bring the greatest land Power in Europe and Asia one step nearer an occupation of Constantinople. The seizure of the capital of Turkey by Russia would once have been the signal of European conflagration; it is extremely doubtful whether it now would provoke even a small blaze, since the Powers might find ample compensation in other directions—Italy in Albania, Austria at Salonica, Germany in Asia Minor, France in Palestine, and England in northeast Africa. The Macedonian agitators have been further confirmed in their conviction that outside aid will shortly be forthcoming—first, by the open inquiries of the Russian Admiralty as to the troop-carrying capacity of the Black Sea squadron of transports, the volunteer fleet of cruisers, and the vessels of the various Russian navigation companies; secondly, by the half-mobilization of Austro-Hungarian regiments in Transylvania. Perhaps the London "Times" does not exaggerate when it says: "Every European chancellery is aware that there is most imminent danger of a revolt in Macedonia on a totally different scale from the usual disturbances, and an opening up of questions that may lead to a struggle the limits and issues of which a wise man will not pretend to forecast."

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Morocco Last week, in a three-hour battle, the Sultan of Morocco inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Pretender to the throne. The Sultan's success was principally due to the co-operation at a critical moment of a tribe whose defection from the rebels the Sultan had previously purchased. The Pretender's camp, assailed in the front by the Imperial army, was suddenly assailed in the rear by this tribe. The slaughter was great, and the remnants of the rebel army fled. It is not known whether the Pretender fled with them or was killed. At all events, the victory of Mulai Abdul Aziz over him is one which should be welcomed by all friends of civilization, since, as is the case with the Chinese Emperor, the Sultan of Morocco represents a certain amount of reform and progress; the Pretender's forces, like the Boxers, represent reaction and fanaticism. The very enlightenment of the ruler of Morocco was the cause of the late rebellion. The thirty-sixth lineal descendant, as he is, from that Ali who was the uncle and son-in-law of the prophet Mahomet, the present Sultan is also the son of a Circassian mother, and would seem to inherit some of the virtues belonging to her northern blood. He has endeavored to collect taxes honestly; he has allowed the arrest of criminals who had taken refuge in the porches of mosques; last, but not least, he sometimes dresses in semi-European costume, and actually rides in a motor-car! These things have helped the Pretender's cause; and he worked upon the bigoted sects among the Moors who have always been opposed to any kind of reform. If he had succeeded in battle, the whole country might have fallen back into barbarism; as it is, we may expect that Morocco, whether it comes into the sphere of influence of a particular European power or not, will show a few more signs of civilization. The ancient industries—weaving, leatherwork, cutlery, etc.—which once made the name Moroccan a thing to conjure with, may yet be revived, although Switzerland, France, Russia, and Germany have now succeeded to much of those manufactures. The very name of the capital, Fez, is still a household word wherever the tarbush or turban is worn, although long since the Oriental manufacture of fezes has been removed to Tunis, while the cheap imitation, so often seen, comes from Switzerland.

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The Federation of Churches The third Annual Conference of the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers was held at the Bible House, New York, February 3. The reports presented showed a gratifying though not rapid progress of the movement. Following the example set by Nebraska last October, California has now organized, and was represented by Dr. J. R. McLean, President of Pacific Theological Seminary. Among the subjects discussed and favorably received, one of much practical importance was a new "plan of interdenominational affiliation"—new only in its broad application of a practice introduced some time since in colleges. According to this plan, a Presbyterian church member resident for

a time in a community where no Presbyterian church exists, and unwilling to dissolve relationship with his own church, might be received as an "associate member" by the Methodist or Baptist church of the vicinage, on presentation of a letter from his Presbyterian pastor accrediting him to Christian fellowship. Should he move on to another neighborhood, the same letter, indorsed by the pastor of the church of his temporary sojourn, would entitle him to similar recognition there. Should he finally return to his old home church, this letter, with its indorsements, would exhibit his record during absence. This plan has been unanimously recommended by the Evangelical Alliance of Pennsylvania as desirable on account of the migratory life of many people, and the losses thereby suffered in all churches. It is also urged as a desirable strengthening of the bonds of interdenominational fellowship. The sessions of the Conference were followed by a social evening at the St. Denis Hotel. In the course of an after-dinner address, Dr. Tomkins, the rector of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, emphatically placed the responsibility for the disgraceful municipal conditions existing in that city on the disunity of Christian people and their ministers.

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A Church Building Jubilee

The Congregational Church Building Society, organized in May, 1833, is soon to celebrate its jubilee year. Historically this has some importance in the annals of American Congregationalism. Symptoms of alienation had appeared between the older churches of New England and the newer churches westward. Charges of innovation upon the standards of doctrine and polity were tending to the estrangement of the more conservative East from the more progressive West. It was even alleged that Congregationalism would not bear transplanting from its native hills to the prairies. Such conditions occasioned the assembling at Albany, in 1852, of the first general council held by the Congregational churches since the Cambridge "Synod" in 1646. The outcome was their drawing together into a closer union among themselves; also the discontinuance of the historic "plan of union" for home missionary purposes with Presbyterians—a plan by which Congregationalism had lost in half a century two thousand churches, and Presbyterianism had gained its "new school" element, with the consequent schism and controversy that was healed only a year ago. In pledge of the denominational harmony established at Albany, a fund of over sixty thousand dollars was formed to aid feeble churches at the West to erect houses of worship, and the then significant name of "The American Congregational Union" (changed in 1892 to the present more descriptive name) was given to the Society organized as almoner. During the half-century over three and a half million dollars have been distributed in loans and grants in all parts of the country for the erection of churches and parsonages; a quarter of a million during the past year.

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The American Chapel at Berlin

Our readers will remember that about a year ago The Outlook printed Ambassador White's address at the laying of the corner-stone of the American Chapel in Berlin, and described the occasion as one of National as well as of religious interest. The minister of the Chapel, the Rev. Dr. James F. Dickie, by assiduous and well-directed labor, obtained the authorization for the building of a church, selected the site, and raised money enough to build a worthy edifice as a home for a church which for about twenty years has been a religious and social center for many thousands of American residents and visitors to Berlin. The building has been completed, or is nearing completion, and it is now urgently desired to provide an organ, church furniture, windows, and other requisites. It is also proposed to carry out an extremely commendable plan, one which cannot but be of immense utility, that of establishing in the church house a reading-room and library open under suitable regulations to all American and British students; the library, we understand, will largely consist of American and English works of reference, histories, biographies, and other works not readily obtained in the German libraries. Such a plan will obviously form a bond between the students and the church which would be of value in more ways than one. For these purposes

it is proposed by Dr. Dickie, who is now in this country, to raise a further fund of $10,000. No debt has been or will be incurred by the American Chapel. The object is one which appeals peculiarly to all Americans who have lived or studied in Berlin. We take pleasure in commending it cordially to the attention of our readers. Dr. Dickie may be addressed at the St. Denis Hotel in New York City.

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The Pandita Ramabai

The American Ramabai Association announces a radical change in the character of the Shâradâ Sadan, the school at Poona, India, founded and conducted by the Pandita Ramabai for high-caste Hindu girls, mostly, if not all, belonging to the unfortunate class of child widows. Ramabai, with the support of this Association, organized the Shâradâ Sadan some sixteen years ago as a strictly secular school. As in our public schools, no religious instruction was to be given there. Thus she hoped to obviate the interference of religious antipathies with her philanthropic effort to ameliorate the wretchedness of Hindu child widows. For some years the plan worked most successfully. But though no formal religious instruction was given, the influence of Ramabai's Christian character took inevitable effect upon her pupils. Then trouble began—accusations of broken faith, opposition, persecution. The result of a painful experience has been the abandonment of the secular character of the school. Henceforth, the Association announces, "it is to be, as regards religion, whatever Ramabai may determine"—such is the confidence reposed in her. The religious bitterness felt against her by neighboring Mohammedans has so imperiled the safety of both teachers and pupils at the Shâradâ Sadan that Ramabai has been compelled to remove it to Khedgaon. It has more than a hundred and twenty girls, all avowedly Christian, in a course of higher education. Besides these, many others, girls and women rescued from famine, are in the Mukti home and school, established in 1897 at Khedgaon. No Christian work in non-Christian lands appeals more strongly to American women. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Curtis Chipman, 222 Boylston Street, Boston.

Child Labor at the North

The Alabama committee which conducted the now successful agitation for a child labor law in that State seems to have lighted a fire which is burning brightly all over the Nation for the extirpation of this crying industrial abuse. The very week that the despatches announced the practical acceptance of the reform bill by the authoritative committee of the Alabama Legislature, a New York committee organized to agitate against the forms of child labor persisting in the metropolis issued a document stating that four Northern Governors had, within a week of one another, urged their Legislatures to pass new laws for the prohibition of child labor. In New York, at least, the men and women who have taken hold of the work of purifying local conditions are the very ones who co-operated most heartily in the work of the Southern committee in arousing a National sentiment against a supposedly sectional evil. Their "foreign missionary" effort did not spring from sectional self-righteousness or the willingness to forget wrongs near by in the thought of wrongs far off, but from a wholesome hatred of wrong wherever found. Their sympathy with the child victims of premature toil at the South only made them the more sensitive to kindred evils at home.

The New York committee began its work by an investigation into the extent to which child labor persists in New York City, and the legislative changes needed to make effective the suppression of the most serious evils. The first part of this week revealed conditions in New York City which Superintendent Maxwell, the head of the public school system, reasonably declares to be more nearly akin to child slavery than those which exist in the Southern cotton-mills. It was found that there are school-children who deliver milk from four o'clock in the morning until school-time. There are others, especially in the employ of bakeries and laundries, who deliver wares from six o'clock till eight in the morning, and from half-past three till seven at night. Some of these children are completely exhausted and dulled for their school work by the long hours of toil during play-time and sleep-time. Many of these children are

but twelve years old or less, and their employment is entirely legal, for the present child labor laws only cover work done *inside* of factories and stores. Even delivery companies are not subject to the restrictions of the child labor laws, and one company is found to employ all day children of thirteen, twelve, and even eleven. "They begin work," says the committee, "at seven in the morning and return to the office at the end of their last trip between nine and ten o'clock at night. On Friday and Saturday nights they work until midnight. If the packages are not delivered at midnight on Saturday, the children work on Sunday until the tasks of the previous day have been completed."

Similar evils—and even greater evils morally—have been exposed in the other street trades—among newsboys, bootblacks, messenger-boys, and peddlers. But they are by no means confined to these trades not yet under the scope of the child labor laws. In the factories and shops covered by these laws it was found that hundreds of children under fourteen are steadily employed in disregard of the law. The present laws require a certificate for each child employed, showing that it has reached the required age and attended school a required period. One East Side principal states that three out of five of the certificates brought to her for signature contain statements from parents regarding the child's age which she knows from the school records to be false. The committee proposes that the law be changed so as to require the parent to furnish corroboratory evidence as to the age of the child, and in general to make the signing of these certificates less of an empty form. It also proposes that the compulsory education laws and the child labor laws shall be made to fit into one another so as to support each other. At present the compulsory education law requires of children twelve years of age merely that they shall attend school eighty days, though they may not legally work in factories or stores until they are fourteen. The committee apparently proposes that school attendance be required until work for wages may be begun. It also asks that in New York—as now in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—vacation work for children twelve years of age should be forbidden, and the children should have their vacations for the purpose for which vacations are granted. The committee finds that the earnings of little children are so petty that there are few cases where the need of the parent even colorably justifies the employment of the child. In these cases the committee suggests that direct aid to the parent is infinitely preferable to the sacrifice of the child. The parent's right to the child is less fundamental than the child's right to himself, and the child on reaching manhood has a right to himself not dulled and sapped of strength, but in the full vigor of body and mind.

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Henry L. Dawes

Henry Laurens Dawes, ex-Senator from Massachusetts, who died in his home in Pittsfield on Thursday of last week, was a representative man of New England birth and temper. The son of a farmer, he fitted himself for Yale College by studious use of the little leisure in his working life, and largely supported himself during his collegiate course. After graduation he taught school and read law at the same time; began the practice of his profession in Hampshire County in his native State in 1842; wrote editorials for local papers; entered the Legislature in 1848, and soon attracted attention as a skillful debater and indefatigable worker. In 1858 he entered Congress, where his tireless attention to public business, the rapidity with which he familiarized himself with the routine and procedure of Congress, and his thoroughgoing integrity soon brought him to the front. He was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Elections; and for ten years, during a period of the most bitter contests, his reports were recognized as documents of singular skill and convincing reasonableness. He became Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and was tireless in protecting the public treasury from extravagant grants. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee his unusual working qualities were drawn upon to the utmost; but in this position, as in every other, his fidelity and painstaking care were universally recognized. In 1869 he was candidate for the Speakership of the House, but withdrew in favor of Mr. Blaine. As Chairman of the Committee

on Appropriations he was conspicuous for courageous opposition to extravagant schemes of all kinds; and his services to the financial interests of the Nation, as well as to its moral interests, were of inestimable value during a very critical period. In 1875 he was elected to the United States Senate in succession to Charles Sumner, and served continuously in that body until he retired in 1893. He was appointed to the Appropriations Committee; but it was as Chairman of the Indian Committee, a position which he held for sixteen years, that he made his most distinctive mark in the Senate.

It is especially as a friend of the Indian race that Mr. Dawes will be known in the history of his country. Other services which he has rendered may be more important, but none other are so distinctive. To the West the Indian seemed at all times an obstruction to civilization, and was not infrequently a peril to life and property and home. The East, knowing him chiefly through Cooper's novels and Longfellow's Hiawatha, thought of him as a mythical hero of romance, having little more connection with modern American life than a Greek demigod or a mediæval knight. Senator Dawes, bringing to the Indian problem the uncompromising conscience and the humanitarian spirit of the Puritan, brought to it also the New England practical common sense, and set for himself the seemingly impossible task of making the West see that the Indian was not a wild beast and the East see that he was not a creature of the imagination; and so of convincing both that he was to be treated on principles of reason and common sense, as well as on principles of justice and common honesty, as an imperfectly developed man. As Chairman of the Indian Committee of the Senate he devoted himself to this always difficult and at first wholly thankless task. For the East had no inclination to be disillusionized and the West no inclination to be reformed; and both were practically agreed that the Indian could not be civilized, the West because he was too brutal, the East because he was too charmingly poetical. In 1892, in an address delivered in Hartford, Senator Dawes described in a sentence the new Indian policy: "Having tried every other means with the Indian, the Nation, as a last resort, resolved to try the experiment of making something out of him." It is not unjust to others, it is only just to Senator Dawes, to say that he was the father of this policy, and has done more than any other man in the United States, first, to secure for it a recognition from the Government, second, to embody it in practical legislation. It is not necessary here to trace the successive steps of a process which has necessarily changed in its methods, but has been unchanging in the purpose which has animated and directed it. The apparent inconsistencies of the process are really the harmonies of a development each step of which prepared for the following stage: first, scrupulous honor in observing treaties with the Indian, and honesty in payment of his promised rations and supplies; next, the partial substitution of schools for supplies, and of books for beef; then the discontinuance of treaties made with the Indian races as though they were foreign nations; then the gradual obliteration of reservation lines and the progressive emancipation of the Indian from the limitations and restraints necessary during the period of his pupilage; lastly, his full citizenship under the law, and the recognition of his equal rights as a man of whom something had been made. In this whole process of the last quarter of a century, Senator Dawes had to bear with patience alike the slowness of men who thought that nothing could be made of the Indian and the hurry of men who wanted to treat him at the start as though he were already made. To the very last his patience was not exhausted nor his enthusiasm abated, and if he did not live to see the wards of the Nation all converted into citizens, he educated others to carry on his work, who will not suffer what he began to be abandoned until it is finished and the National honor is secured by the protetion of the North American Indians in all their civil and political rights.

Mr. Dawes was twice offered a position on the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and twice declined. More, probably, than any other honor that came to him he valued the unusual confidence, not only of the men of his own constituency, but men of all parties, who knew his work, recognized his stainless integrity during a period of the greatest political corruption

known in the history of the country, and his tireless devotion to public duty. The last ten years of his life were spent in quiet in his delightful home at Pittsfield, Mass., in one of the most beautiful towns in the country, in a community of unusual intelligence, where his declining years were sweetened, not only by unusual devotion in his own family, but by constant expression of the regard and affection of his neighbors and of the Commonwealth. He was a public man who, in an unusual sense, deserves the great commendation, "Well done. good and faithful servant."

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The New Religious Experience

There is not only a New Theology, of which much has been said, but also a new religious experience, of which very little has been said. But the question whether religious experience is becoming more spiritual is far more important than the question whether our thought about religious experience is becoming more scientifically accurate. Faith in God and in the divine law and life remains; but it is not the same faith. Is it richer or poorer? stronger or weaker? clearer or more dim?

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul according well
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster."

The knowledge has grown; or so at least many of us think. But does more of reverence in us dwell? The music of mind and soul is in better accord. But is it vaster? The Rev. Edward H. Byington, D.D., of Beverly, Massachusetts, has recently preached a sermon on this general theme, based on a tabulated contrast, recently printed in The Outlook, between the New and the Old Theology. Acknowledging our indebtedness to this sermon, which we should be glad to see published in full in pamphlet form, we to some extent follow here the lines he suggests, but without reporting him; nor must our readers hold him responsible for our interpretation of the New Experience.

The aspect of prayer is changing. The New Experience does not look out and up to a King upon a great white throne, nor back to a Divine Man by the Sea of Galilee; it looks within to the God who tabernacles with men. Our prayers are less an asking for things and more a communion of spirit with spirit; the answers we look for are less external gifts bestowed and more spiritual life imparted; we do not so much seek succor from life's battles and burdens as courage for the first and patience for the second. Thus prayer becomes hardly distinguishable from meditation; it is listening to God perhaps even more than speaking to him; it is compliance with the Psalmist's counsel, "Commune with your own heart upon the bed, and be still." It is therefore less a matter for appointed times and occasions; more a habit than an act, more an atmosphere than either. It is consequently more difficult to give to it outward and formal expression except in liturgies; it is more private, less public, more unuttered, less expressed, more a life of the subconscious self, less a conscious and deliberate speech. It loses in clearness, definiteness, precision; but it gains in intimacy, closeness, familiarity.

Closely related to this change in the experience of prayer is a change in the soul's quest after God. With a belief in the Universal Presence and the Divine Order comes a consciousness that the devout soul is not to ascend into heaven to bring Christ down, nor to descend into the depth to bring Christ up, but is to find the Word, that is, the speaking, self-revealing God, nigh, even in the heart. If it is more difficult to believe in miracles, it is less important. If the extraordinary manifestations of God recounted in ancient history appear less credible, the ordinary manifestations of God in current life appear more real. He is seen in American history not less than in Hebrew history, in the life of to-day not less than in the life of long ago. All so-called natural phenomena appear not less supernatural than the so-called miraculous: the change of water into wine by the vineyard not less than the similar change at the wedding feast; the daily feeding of five thousand out of a few seed cast into the earth not less than the historic feeding of five thousand out of two loaves and five small fishes. So the ordinary

aspirations and inspirations of the soul appear, not the summons of our better self, but the Voice of Him who speaks within us. Revivals are infrequent, evangelists are not in demand, religious excitement is looked on with suspicion; development of a higher life out of the lower, as the flower and the fruit from the soil, seems normal and natural. We therefore believe less in the aphorism, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," and more in the parable which compares the kingdom of God to a seed which springs and grows up man knoweth not how. Religious activity is therefore less intense, less aggressive, less concentrated, but also less confined to special places, institutions, and epochs. There are fewer religious excitements and more moral and civic reform conventions, fewer prayer-meetings and more college settlements—many of which, however, entirely ignore the needs of the spiritual life. Religious life is less emotional but more ethical, less intensified but more diffused. It has perhaps lost something in manifestation of power, but it has gained something in quiet, practical efficiency. It may seem less evidently divine, but it is more evidently human.

With these changes has come another which is more than a change of opinion. The new religious experience looks for its final authority to the Voice within. The secret of whatever authority it recognizes in either Church or Bible is in the response which the soul makes to the word which they utter. Ecclesiastical authority is no longer recognized by the New Experience. It is frankly disowned and denied. The "Cloth" has lost its power; the "Pulpit" has lost its power; it is only the man who wears the cloth and stands in the pulpit who has power. And he has power only as he is able to evoke a deep response from the souls of his congregation. The private recognizes the authority of the captain because he is a superior; the pupil recognizes the authority of the teacher because he is an expert. The authority of the preacher is neither that of an official superior nor that of a scientific expert; he has authority only as he is able to awaken in the soul of the hearer an authoritative voice, to put the conscience of the hearer into the imperative mood. The New Experience is more slow to recognize that the authority of the Bible is of the same description as that of the Church, but it is gradually and half-unconsciously coming to this faith. A text of Scripture is no longer conclusive as to doctrine; a precept of Scripture is no longer conclusive as a command. The Bible is less and less looked upon as itself the word of God—a title never in the Bible applied to the Bible; it is looked upon as able to evoke the word of God in the soul of man. The authority is not in the word of Moses or David or Isaiah or Paul; it is in the Voice which spake to Moses and David and Isaiah and Paul. The Bible still speaks with authority; but its authority is not textual, but vital. If religion is "the life of God in the soul of man," then the Bible is the record of that life in the souls of men, preserved and imparted that the same life may be enkindled in others. It is not a substitute for that life; it is an introduction to that life. For those who have not the life in themselves there is a sensible loss of power in the Bible; for those who have that life in themselves there is a sensible gain. A book which brings us to God is better than a book which merely tells us about God.

This experience, which recognizes God as in his world of nature and of men, recognizes him in history working out a kingdom of God on the earth. Its hopes and aspirations are less celestial, more earthly. It is not so fond of singing

"O Paradise, O Paradise, who doth not crave
for rest?"

as it is of singing

"O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free."

The battlements of heaven have grown dim, its angel choirs distant if not wholly inaudible; but the kingdom of justice, liberty, and uprightness on earth has become a more vivid hope. In the Christmas song the New Experience is inclined to lay too little emphasis on "Glory to God in the Highest;" it lays more upon "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Professor Stowe used to tell of a negro preacher in Florida who said that he did not understand the Sermon on the Mount very well, but he understood the Book of Revolutions perfectly. The New Experience cares less about the Book of Revelation than about

the Sermon on the Mount. Discussions about heaven and hell, purgatory and second probation, interest it less than discussions about child labor, tenement-house life, civic corruption, divorce and the causes which lead to it. It regards life less as a preparation for a celestial kingdom of God; it works more for a terrestrial kingdom of God as the true consummation of earthly life. It pays less attention to individual salvation than the fathers did; it pays a great deal more to social redemption. It loses something in regard for the spiritual life of the individual; it gains much in regard for the moral renovation of the community.

With this faith in a present God—in nature, history, the ancient prophets, the individual soul, human society, is faith in a Christ who is the "human life of God." Mark tells us of an occasion when Jesus went before his disciples and they followed after him afraid and amazed; John tells us of a time when they sat in intimate communion with him about the supper table, and John himself reclined with his head on the Master's bosom. Sometimes the Church has followed the Divine Christ, their prevalent feeling one of awe; the New Experience sits with the Human Christ in intimate communion, its prevalent feeling one of fellowship. These changes in mood are perhaps necessary, certainly they are natural. Yet it would not be just to say that the reverence of the second mood is less real, or the loyalty less absolute. Perhaps neither mood can fully understand the other. Certainly the more familiar approach to the Son of the Carpenter is leading many to know and to honor him whose acquaintance we may well hope will grow to love, whose honor to worship.

In life the contrasts here intimated are not clearly defined. Antitheses are always sharper in literary expression than in actual experience. Nor is what we call the New Experience really new; expressions of it may be found in the religious biography of all periods. It is new only as a general tendency. So the New Theology is not really new; as Professor A. V. G. Allen has shown, it is a revival of Græco-Christian philosophy. What is new is the increasing acceptance of it. Nor have we here attempted anything like a comprehensive and complete account of the New Experience. We have only indicated certain of its more obvious elements. Nor do we undertake to determine accurately the relation of gain and loss in the change from the one mood to the other. Doubtless there is some loss, doubtless some gain. We only seek to point out the fact that the change is one in religious experience as well as in theology, and that it is not all loss. No one need conclude either for himself or for the race that religious life is dying out because not merely the philosophy about the life, but the manifestations and expressions of the life, are undergoing subtle and half-perceived but real and even radical changes.

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In Defense of the Poor

"They ought to leave tenement-house reform alone," said a young workingman the other day, "but they won't. What difference does it make what the tenants think about it? There's too much money behind the attack on good tenement-houses. A woman in the house where my mother lives complained to a builder's agent about a break in the drain-pipe, and he swore at her and told her, 'The Health Department and the Tenement-House Department can't touch us.' That's the way of it: they have the money. The poor people have no show."

How helpless these tenement-house dwellers feel, not only in making efforts for cleanliness and health, but also in effort for moral decency, when their interests clash with those of the owners, is illustrated by the statement of a charity worker, quoted in the Report of the Tenement-House Commission of New York, that she had heard women bemoaning the birth of a daughter for fear of the dangers to her chastity that would threaten her under the conditions that prevailed in the tenements where they lived.

It is true that only a minority of tenement-house dwellers recognize in this manner how greatly their health and lives and character depend upon the form of house in which they live. It is true that thousands of tenement-house dwellers naturally surround themselves with dirt and disease and vice. One needs only

to stroll through some of the newer tenements to see the bathtub used as a receptacle for rubbish. This is only saying in concrete form that it is impossible to make people cleanly, healthy, and virtuous by law.

But this, at least, it is possible to accomplish by law: to abolish and prevent conditions which compel people to live in surroundings of dirt, disease, and vice.

Such surroundings are forced upon thousands of families who live in ill-constructed tenement-houses. To select out of a large number only three features of such buildings—the inadequate air-shafts and courts, the dark rooms and hallways, and the outrageously misnamed sanitary accommodations—what more efficient means could be devised for creating wretched surroundings from which the undefended poor find it impossible to escape?

In the first place, these surroundings produce and accumulate filth. The air-shaft, so called, is often no more than a sort of chimney from which windows in inner rooms open. It is frequently closed at the top with a skylight, or, worse, mere slats, shutting out light and air. It is an inviting place for the disposal of garbage and waste; it gathers and retains the foul air of all the flats; it rarely can be and even more rarely is cleaned. The dark hallways not only make even the worst filth inconspicuous, but, by exclusion of pure air, which is the most effectual disinfectant, render it most noxious. The inner rooms, also, which have no opening to the outer air, of which there are over 200,000 in Manhattan alone, hide the dirt and vitiate the air. The vaults that open directly into the sewers, and are usually situated in the crowded courts or yards, but sometimes even in the damp, unwholesome cellars, create a condition of filth that cannot here be described. When it is remembered that such filth must be daily endured by women and children, that it is to be found often in close proximity to the family washing, and that often it is spread, by an almost inevitable process, from the courtyard to the roof itself, it can be understood why a Tenement-House Inspector the other day remarked, as he started on his tour, "Well, I must go now and see a smell." What must it mean, not to inspect that sort of thing periodically, but to live in its presence continuously? And it is the women and children, not the men who are off at work, who have to live so.

In the second place, these wretched features of old tenements propagate disease. Uncleanliness is the great medium for disease. Those air-shafts have well been termed "culture-tubes," by a metaphor referring to the tubes in which pathologists cultivate disease germs. The dark hallways and rooms and the pestilential vaults bear their share in undermining the health and wasting away the lives of the poor. Tuberculosis, which thrives best on bodies thus environed by filth, is an epidemic in New York. This is the expression that is used by medical authority. Every unventilated air-shaft, room, hall, and vault in these tenements is a nest for the bacilli of this insidious disease.

In the third place, these wretched features of tenement buildings promote the worst moral and social evils. The narrow air-shaft, with windows opening opposite one another, denies to the dwellers that privacy which is the great defense of personal virtue. The dark public hallways afford lurking-places for many kinds of corruption. And the communal vaults are in some respects the worst of all. What protection have the poor here?

A year ago in New York State there was passed a law which abolished these features from all new tenements, and required their amelioration in all tenements then constructed. The enactment was jubilantly welcomed by lovers of humanity. The Outlook then took occasion to say that the fight for decency was by no means ended. For as long as there are men who for the sake of dividends will risk the lives of passengers on land and sea, will endanger health by adulteration of drugs and food, and will make big profits from fuel when people are suffering from cold and exposure, there will be men who will endeavor to increase the herding together of humanity because it is "commercially profitable." It ought to surprise no one, therefore, that some builders in Brooklyn and the Bronx who wish to build new houses at less expense than the provisions of the present law require, and that some builders in Manhattan who do not wish to incur the expense involved in

such mild requirements as putting glass panels in doors, cutting larger windows in dark rooms, and substituting for scandalously filthy vaults measurably adequate sanitary accommodations, should combine to undo a large part of the work not only of last year but of a generation past. The offense is the worse because the present law has been proved practicable. Tenement-building was never so active in Manhattan as it is to-day. The old tenements that have already been improved in accordance with the law have commanded immediate profitable sale and have been easily rented. And the smaller tenements, such as are typical in Brooklyn, are not only being found acceptable in that borough, but have been successfully tested by very similar conditions in Buffalo, where for years they were erected under the provisions of a local ordinance.

The State Senator who introduced the most drastic of the repealing bills at Albany has shown the good sense to announce that he will be the sponsor of it no longer; though the bills themselves are not yet withdrawn. Governor Odell, whose recommendations in the message to the Legislature encouraged the greed of the builders, has already put himself on record as in sympathy with enlightened methods of tenement legislation and supervision. Such facts should nerve the arms of all who are fighting the battle of the tenement-dwellers against the men who would traffic in their health, life, and character. Especially should those who have comfortable homes and access to God's free air and light utter their emphatic nay against the proposal to deprive others of the air and light that are theirs by the same token. This does not concern New York City alone, or New York State alone; it concerns all in city and country throughout the broad territory of this Republic who care enough for democratic institutions to insist by word and deed that, in spite of the power of wealth, it shall not be true that the poor people, those poor in intelligence or education as well as those poor in material possessions, "have no show."

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

VIII.

April 18.

HISTORICAL associations, extraordinary beauty of natural scenery, and exciting adventure have combined to make the last three days spent in the Crimea and its vicinity the climax in interest of our trip thus far. Events have followed each other so rapidly that this is my first opportunity, now that we are back on the Prinzessin again, to make any record in my diary.

My impressions of the Crimean War are derived partly from vague recollections, partly from the reports of a fellow-passenger who was in the Crimea as a boy and saw the charge of the Light Brigade; he had with him on the Prinzessin General Wolseley's "History of the Crimean War," which he was studying as a preparation to his visit. Accordingly he was the ship's expert on the subject. What I record here is a combination of my recollections and his own information as he gave it to us in fragmentary conversation in the smoking-room and in more continuous form in an informal lecture in the Social Hall one evening.

Once upon a time, say 185–, Russia, on some excuse, I know not what, opened an attack on Turkey, her unconcealed object being to obtain possession of Constantinople, and with it the passage to the Mediterranean. She offered undisputed possession of Egypt to England if England would acquiesce in her purpose. Perhaps England thought she could get undisputed possession of Egypt without Russia's help, as she has since done. At all events, she did not acquiesce; on the contrary, with France, she came to Turkey's aid. The Crimea is a Russian peninsula, running out into the Black Sea, with two natural ports—one Balaclava, a Lilliputian harbor, the other Sevastopol—pronounced in Russian with the accent on the third syllable, Sevastópol—a harbor of considerable size, well protected by nature. The Crimea was Russia's point of departure and base of supplies. If this could be taken from Russia, her proposed attack on

Constantinople would be rendered impossible. The Crimean War was a war waged by France, England, and Turkey to get military control of the Crimea, and especially Sevastopol, and so prevent Russia from advancing on Constantinople. The English took possession of the tiny land-locked harbor of Balaclava on one side of the peninsula, perhaps ten miles from Sevastopol by road and twenty by sea, without opposition. The harbor is quite inadequate for vessels of any considerable size; indeed, what England could do with it except use it as a landing-place for provisions, I do not know. She made no attempt to fortify it, and, so far as I can see, Russia has made no attempt to fortify it even now. She landed her troops, also without opposition, on the Sevastopol side of the peninsula about thirty miles from Sevastopol, and advanced upon the city. At the crossing of the river Alma, about twenty miles from Sevastopol, the battle of Alma took place; the Russians were defeated, and the allies advanced upon Sevastopol. It was ill defended and might easily have been taken by assault, but caution was deemed the better part of valor, and the allies made a circle about Sevastopol and connected their forces with the harbor at Balaclava, in and near which their fleet, such as it was, was lying. Here the Russians attacked; here took place the famous Charge of the Light Brigade; here again the Russians were defeated; and again the allies advanced. Midway between Balaclava and Sevastopol took place the third battle, that of Inkerman; again the Russians were defeated, and the road lay open to Sevastopol. But the Russians had used well their time in preparing fortifications, and these made a siege necessary. After a protracted siege an assault was ordered, the English storming one fortification known as the Redan, the French another known as the Malakoff. The defeat of the Russians in the fourth battle necessitated the surrender of Sevastopol and the abandonment of the attempt on Constantinople by Russia, and so ended the Crimean War. England and France should have occupied the Crimea and so prevented Russia's future realization of her purpose. But France was tired of the war, England could not or would not carry it on alone, and so it ended, leaving Russia checked but not checkmated in her march to the Mediterranean, and practically free to disregard her promises to make certain specified ports in the Black Sea free, and I believe also to leave Sevastopol unfortified.

Our Crimean shore experiences, as promised, were to include three days: (1) a visit to the fortifications of Sevastopol and to the harbor of Balaclava; (2) a drive across the peninsula and along its northeastern shore to Yalta; (3) a visit to the summer gardens and summer palace of the Czar near Yalta. We were off the boat and on the dock by nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 16. The square was full of carriages, and the passengers were rushing to and fro to get in. We took the one into which we were put by Cook, and thereby learned a lesson. The next morning the Student picked out our carriage horses and driver, and we got far better accommodations. Through some lack of direction or failure by the coachman to understand them, the installment of carriages, eight in number, to which we belonged did not drive to the fortifications, but direct to the village and harbor of Balaclava. Cook's agent endeavored to rectify the blunder by proposing that we take the fortifications on our return, and even went with us to insure success; but the sun was getting down, the air was getting cold, and we were getting weary, so we gave them up, getting a *quasi* bird's-eye view from the distance. I think it was no loss to the ladies and no great loss to me, although I had anticipated seeing with interest the fortifications of a siege and an assault in one of the great wars of contemporaneous history, in which at the time I took no little interest. It was, in a small way, like being within a few miles of the battlefield of Gettysburg and failing to see it. But it really did not matter; for the whole topography I could see and understand from a distance.

After a drive of about two hours across an undulating country, we approached over a gentle eminence what appeared like a fresh-water pond—it might, at a guess, be a mile or a little less long, and a quarter or possibly half a mile wide—but I am not good at estimating distances, and I made no attempt to estimate the size then. The shore of this pond was lined by what looked like the

edifices of a summer resort, and it was not until we had fairly drawn up at the door of the inn where we were to lunch, that we assured ourselves that this was Balaclava. The entrance to this land-locked pond was so narrow and winding, and the hills which walled it on either side were so high, that we could discern no exit from it, nor easily convince ourselves that it was really a harbor. I do not think that even a moderately large steamer could have gotten in; I am sure it could not have turned round in the harbor unless it had twin screws. Indeed, while we were there an American steam yacht, the Wanderer, entered the harbor. She was not a large boat, and she had to use her twin screw to get round the sharp corner in entering the harbor. This harbor was the scene of one of the tragedies of the Crimean War. Some transports lay inside. Fearing lest the Russians should get command of the neighboring heights and shell them, the boats were ordered into the open sea outside, and, a storm coming up, one of the transports was driven on shore and several hundred soldiers perished.

In one respect we were fortunate in not having gone to the fortifications of Sevastopol. We had a choice of seats at lunch, and so had not to take our meal, as some did, in an unprotected position outside, where we should certainly have been uncomfortable in the wind and dust. A walk up on to the hill above the town for some of us, a row in the harbor for others, a drive home, taking in a Greek monastery most romantically situated on a shelf of rock overhanging the sea, and including an ancient chapel in a cave which nature and art had combined to fashion in the cliff, where a devout old soul was droning out a prayer or a Scripture lesson in the sing-song tone which for some inexplicable reason is supposed to be the especial vehicle of piety, finished the first day.

Thursday involved a trifle of a drive—fifty-three miles—from Sevastopol to Yalta, in carriages each with three horses harnessed abreast. We started from the dock at about half-past eight, some hundred and fifty passengers in a long procession, or succession of processions, for each boat-load of passengers started as soon as they had found their places in the waiting carriages. We drove out of the city, over a well-macadamized road through a rolling country, but approaching a range of hills of considerable elevation. We passed a monument which marked the Battle of Balaclava, guessed as well as we could just where was the charge of the Light Brigade, then descended a long slope, watered our horses, and ascended a long hill, descending it on the other side into a fertile valley only to enter on another long climb, and so down another long descent and into another fertile valley, in the heart of which was a curious Tartar village of one-storied houses, made, I judged, of sun-dried brick, with roofs some of thatch, others of tile. Once we passed what, judging from the children gathered about it, was a school, where, with some dirty and unkempt urchins, were some others well dressed, for whom a coachman was evidently waiting—a, to us, unexpectedly democratic incident in so aristocratic a country. Once we passed the forlornest-looking graveyard I ever saw, so covered with stones that not a blade of grass could grow, and with graves marked by ill-set boards for monuments or not marked at all. At one point some ragged boys ran by the side of our carriages calling for bakhsheesh in the most cheerful tones of voice and with laughing faces, as though beggary were a great joke. As we left this Tartar village we began to climb a third hill, longer and steeper than any which had preceded. The road, though not very wide, was very skillfully engineered and as smooth as a floor; but it was the only sign of twentieth-century civilization which we saw. At length, after we had driven for four hours, now ascending, now descending, now looking off for miles from the vantage-ground of some eminence, now dipping into a cultivated valley or shut in by impenetrable woods on either side, but with the general trend of our road upward and every descent less than the ascent which had preceded, we found ourselves approaching simultaneously our luncheon hour and what I suspected, from the character of the rocks and the scanty vegetation, was what the farmers in New England call "the height o' land." At a turn of the road we found the carriages of our predecessors emptied of their passengers and without their horses. Our driver made signs to us to

get out. This, then, is the "Gate of Baidar," where our itinerary has told us we are to lunch. Miss —— and I hurry forward to secure places for the party, while the Student and the Matron follow more slowly. Another house, another stable, more carriages, fellow-passengers in groups upon the road and on the rocks, a great archway of stone spanning the roadway, so large that its top constitutes a platform big enough to hold tables for over a hundred to sit down at lunch together, a score or so of our fellow-passengers already seated there or getting their seats, through the archway and—

It is impossible to record what I saw. It was so like an impossible vision which might disappear in a moment that I forgot my purpose to secure seats for our party, and turned back to hurry the Student and the Matron forward, lest the picture should vanish before they arrived. We were on the top of a cliff eighteen hundred or two thousand feet high; above us rose peaks three or four hundred feet higher; below us, at our feet, lay the Black Sea; upon its waters our steamer could be discerned, looking like a launch for size; half-way down the cliff, on a promontory of rock jutting out over the sea, a Greek church; zigzagging down the cliff to this platform, and from it thence along the base of the cliff and about midway between its precipitous wall and the edge of the sea, the road we were to traverse. That picnic lunch will, I think, never be forgotten: on the top of the great stone archway, the peaks above us, the wall of rock extending for miles before us, the sea below us, glimpses here and there of the road which presently we were to follow for twenty-five miles further to our resting-place. The lunch itself, which had been provided by Cook and sent out to this mountain solitude in advance for our coming, amazed us all by the variety of the viands and their appetizing and even luxurious character, where very simple food and plain service might have been expected. Fish with much-spiced dressing, fish in jelly, cold meats pressed and jellied, cold chicken, vegetables prepared in ways new to me, cakes, and fruit, with bread, butter, and cheese, were given in an abundance which matched even the German appetites. Tea, mineral water, wine, and beer were there also to be bought at fair prices, and the supply seemed inexhaustible.

But the drive that followed! Twenty-five miles of Gibraltar—no! of one Gibraltar piled upon another, with a road clinging to the side of the cliff midway between the summit and the sea; and yet this, too, is inexact. Let me try to recall it more accurately—as if that were possible. Perpendicular palisades, from one to two thousand feet in height; piled at their base a mass of rock composed apparently of débris fallen from the cliffs and extending another thousand feet or so down to the sea; the sea, vast, illimitable, suggestive of boundless space, the only horizon the line where sky and sea meet and melt into each other, indistinguishable, inseparable; then between this sea and these palisades a shore line, sometimes scarcely less perpendicular than the cliffs above, sometimes sloping gently to the sea at its base, sometimes so narrow that our road seemed to hang over the sea, with no spot below large enough for a tree to find root or a blade of grass to grow, sometimes so broad as to afford a resting-place for terraced gardens and vineyards, or a bit of pasture, or even an occasional village; sometimes naked, grim, desolate, terrible, sometimes fruitful, efflorescent, fragrant; through this scene of desolation and of fertility, of mountain precipice and blue sea, of alternately exquisite beauty and awful grandeur, a road constructed at the foot of the cliff, but far above the edge of the sea, winding in and out in endless curves and up and down in endless undulations to meet, evade, or overcome the difficulties of the way; at intervals the most primitive of villages, with swarthy Tartars looking curiously at us as we passed, sometimes with contemptuous amusement depicted on their faces, sometimes with jeering greetings as we drive by; in many cases the perpendicular face of a precipitous rock constituting the sole back of their houses, which seem as though they were plastered on the rock like the nests of some gigantic and ingenious bird—such were the features, or some of the features, of the most romantic drive I have ever taken or ever conceived of. It is nearly or quite seven o'clock when we at last turn around the edge of a promontory we have been long approaching and see

far down, a thousand feet below us, the lights of a considerable town glittering along the shore and the lights of our steamer in the open sea near by—for there is no harbor; and our driver points with his whip and says, "Yalta," and our tired horses, taking new courage from an instinctive sense that their work is nearly done, begin the long descent on a run which would terrify us had not our hearts lost the capacity for further sensation. The wind has risen as the sun has gone down; it is growing cold and dark, and we are growing hungry, and the prospect of being on board our yacht and sitting down to her well-equipped dinner cheers our hearts. We do not care how soon we are there. Now we are driving by a long wall, over which we get glimpses of fruit trees in blossom, and occasionally of garden beds and walks; now by a great gateway, with gorgeously gilded double-eagles perched on standards, and again our communicative driver points his whip and says, "Livadia"—the summer garden of the King, which we are to visit to-morrow. Now we are trotting in a long procession along the quay, where the waves from the sea are breaking with such force as now and again to send the spray over us—interesting embarking this is going to be, but no matter, we have good officers, all will be safe, and a romantic embarkation will form a fitting culmination to a romantic day. Halt! The carriages fill the street from curb to curb. Others come rolling up behind us. What is this? The hotel? But why do we stop at the hotel? Why do we not drive on to the landing-place? No one who knows can speak English. No one who can speak English can find out. Presently it begins to be rumored that we cannot embark to-night; there is no harbor, and the sea is too high. What shall we do? We will wait a few minutes to see if the rumor be true and to get directions from the men who have charge of the excursion. Presently the rumor is verified, but simultaneously it is made to appear that no one regards himself in charge of the excursion. There is with us an agent of the steamship, but it is not his business to take care of us on shore. There are two of Cook's agents here, but they do not think it their business to take care of us after the drive is over. It dawns on me that it is a clear case of everybody for himself. The Student and I start to look up accommodations. Hotel number one is already taken. Hotel number two is equally full before we reach it. Hotel number three proves to be a lodging-house only, which furnishes rooms, but not meals—a not uncommon type, I believe, in Russia. All the hotel clerks are running about distracted; all the passengers are running about distracted after them. The passengers cannot understand the clerks, nor the clerks the passengers. To show that I want a bed I put my head on my hand and shut my eyes; to show that I want two beds I hold up two fingers. Two roubles? ($1.08). I nod my head; but also two rooms—and I put my head on my hand twice. Then two fingers are held up twice and something added. I distinguish roubles and something else unintelligible. I nod. I will pay three roubles if necessary, and two roubles and something will be less than three roubles. With some difficulty we make this clear and are taken up to see the rooms. They seem clean but barren, one bed in each, with a mattress but no bedding. We make it clear that we want another bed in each, take the keys that no one else may get them, and go after the Matron, content to have assurance that she will not have to sit up in a chair or sleep on the floor. Except for one provident couple, there was not, I think, so much as a toothbrush in the entire company. A few persons more energetic than the rest shopped for toilet conveniences and night-garments, but most of us settled down to what we had; for the ladies, hair-pins and side combs answering for their "coiffure," and chewed match-ends for toothbrushes. As to *robes de nuit*, they were not to be thought of.

How the Student, Miss ——, and I went out to get some supper for ourselves and some provisions for the Matron, who needed rest even more than supper; how at the primitive restaurant we had to divide rations for one among two or three, and go ourselves to the room adjoining the kitchen for bread and butter; how the Matron stayed at the lodging-house, and by signs made the porter understand that she wanted a fire in the great Russian stove, and got it at last, after much waiting, but could get heat from the big

stove only by sitting immediately in front of the open door to the sort of oven in which the wood was burning; how gradually the furnishing for the night was brought in—parts of an iron bedstead at intervals, then, in succession, with waits between, a mattress, bedclothes in installments, water for washing, bottled water for drinking, and, last of all, some towels; how all we could bring her home for her frugal supper was some bread and butter, a little fruit, and some Russian chocolates; how we slept on hard beds, and whenever we wakened heard the noise of the waves dashing up against the sea-wall outside; and how when my bill came in I found I had to pay for light, attendance, bedding, and making up the bed, so that my rooms were four roubles each instead of two, I need not recall here more in detail. This was not an imposition, as I was at first inclined to suppose. We had landed in a house characteristic of Russia and of Oriental countries, in which the landlord furnishes the room and the bedstead, and leaves the traveler to furnish his own bedclothes, which he ordinarily brings with him.

The next morning the problem how we were to get on board our steamer presented itself. The wind, rattling the shutters and blowing open the French windows of our room, gave us no hope of a quiet sea, and I was not surprised to see the yacht moving up and down—in more ways than one—a half-mile or more from the shore. I succeeded by signs in getting from the landlord of the lodging-house a glass of tea and some bread and butter for the ladies, and then started out to reconnoiter. At seven o'clock I was at the chief hotel, but no one knew what was to be done, and every new passenger I met had a new rumor to repeat or a new plan to propose. We must ride back to Sevastopol; the horses were exhausted and the drivers would not take us; we must wait here until the sea goes down; we are going to be taken to the steamer in launches, etc., etc. At length it began to be reported, though still no official notice was given, that there was a Russian local steamer inside the breakwater, that we were all to go on board of her, that she was to take us back to Sevastopol, and that we were to embark on the Prinzessin in the harbor there. This arrangement was in fact made, I believe, by the captain of our steamer through the intermediary of the first officer. We had nothing to pay on the steamer, except for luncheon if we chose to take it. So far as I know, not till all the arrangements were consummated and most of the passengers had gotten word and were on board, or preparing to go on board, did the agents of the Cook Company appear again. Whether they kept out of sight because they did not know what to do, or because they wanted to avoid for Cook all responsibility for the predicament in which we were placed, I do not know.

Generalizations from a single experience or a brief series of experiences are not very safe; but the results of our experiences on this trip confirmed Mr. ——'s advice to me; before I left New York he said: "Buy your circular tickets of Cook; occasionally you can use him to advantage in especial carriage trips—but avoid the 'personally conducted tour.'" In fact, we paid a good price at Sevastopol in order to have all care taken off, and when the crisis came it all tumbled back on us again; we paid for a third day's excursion—to the garden of the Czar—which we never had, and had not only to pay our bills at Yalta, to which I do not especially object, but had to shift for ourselves under circumstances of no little perplexity, while our personal conductors disappeared from the scene, not to appear again until all the trouble and perplexity were passed.

To our surprise, the Russian steamer, though primarily for freight, had very comfortable provision for passengers, and we, with unexpected steadiness, steamed back over the water which we had looked down upon the day before, our "yacht" accompanying us all the way. Although we lost our promised view of the palaces and the splendors they contain, we gained a new view of the marvelous cliffs along which we had driven. We are now at home again on the Prinzessin. Our time on the yacht is growing short, and we begin to wonder whether after the exchange to land traveling we shall be as comfortable. But there is a pleasant thought in the idea of longer time in our stopping-places and larger space for manipulating our luggage to compensate for the luxuries we shall leave. L. A.

HOLDING UP A STATE

THE TRUE STORY OF ADDICKS AND DELAWARE[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

II.

THE best and most trustworthy evidence that I have been able to get, from various sources and from representatives of all parties in Delaware, seems to show, beyond all reasonable doubt, that political corruption in that State did not originate with Mr. Addicks. As long ago as 1850 it was the custom of both parties to give voters—or at least a certain class of voters—something in the nature of payment for their votes. Such payments were not definitely agreed upon in advance, nor, as a rule, were they made in money. They consisted, generally, of some commodity, or article of merchandise, such as a barrel of flour or a pair of boots, which, after the election, was given to the voter as a sort of present or reward for having supported the party at the polls. This, of course, was a demoralizing practice, and it gradually familiarized a certain class of the people with the idea that loyalty to party was a thing that entitled the loyal partisan to a reward; and that votes, consequently, had a certain market value dependent upon the exigency of the political situation. From rewarding the faithful partisan *after* the election to buying up the uncertain voter *before* the election was only a step, and that step was soon taken. Even before the Civil War both political parties were buying votes, when it seemed expedient to do so in closely contested elections, and each party attempted to excuse itself by alleging that the other began the practice, and that the resort to fire, as a means of fighting fire, was a justifiable exercise of the right of self-protection. The buying of votes at that time, however, was on a comparatively small scale, and the voters purchased were generally poor men, of weak or dubious character, to whom money was of more practical importance than principle.

After the Civil War, when the negroes were enfranchised, the Democrats found themselves confronted by a new and threatening situation, due to the acquirement of political rights by a class that had before been ignored. The colored population in the two lower counties already had considerable numerical strength, and there was no doubt that it would vote solidly for the party that had given it the ballot. Fearing this accession to the Republican ranks, and believing that the negroes were unfit, in point of character, education, and training, to exercise the right of franchise, the Democrats tried in various ways to eliminate them from the political situation; and, as a means to that end, they finally enacted what was known as the "Delinquent Tax Law." This law provided, in substance, that every man who failed to pay his taxes within a certain specified time should lose the right to vote, and should not again be qualified as a voter until his arrears of taxes had been fully paid. Although this law, ostensibly, was not aimed particularly at the negro, and made no color-line distinction, its practical effect was to disfranchise a considerable part of the colored population. The negroes constituted the poorest and most improvident class; they were sometimes unable to pay their taxes; and many of them were so shiftless, careless, or indifferent that they neglected to pay them within the specified time, even when able to do so. It is charged, furthermore, by the Republicans, that the Democrats, who had control of the levy courts and all the taxing machinery, carried their own delinquents on the roll of voters while excluding all others; and that by spiriting away the tax-collectors they often made it impossible for

[1] See editorial comment elsewhere in this issue.

Republicans to pay their taxes, even when the latter were ready and anxious to do so. It was not an unusual thing, just before an election, to see large numbers of Republican voters hunting vainly for a Democratic tax-collector who had mysteriously disappeared; and it is said that, in one case, a party of determined Republicans, who wished to pay their taxes so that they might have the privilege of voting, chased a fugitive tax-collector all the way to Philadelphia, and there dragged him out of bed, where he had sought refuge with all his clothes on, and insisted that he should take their money and give them receipts.

Coincident with this abuse of the delinquent tax law, there was more or less buying of votes by the Democrats—and probably by their opponents—in all parts of the State; and the poorer adherents of both parties were getting more and more into the habit of "charging something" for their votes.[1]

The "corruption fund," at that time, was not large in either party; but it seems to have been included regularly in the campaign budget, and party nominees of all grades were expected to contribute to it. "Twenty years ago," said a prominent Democratic leader to me, "I went to Thomas F. Bayard and asked him for a contribution to this fund. It was wrong, of course; but we did that sort of thing in those days. He said to me, 'Mr. X——, I'll give you money for any legitimate campaign expense—for hall rent, for speakers, for printing, for flags, or for bands of music; but I won't give you a cent for the purchase of votes. This practice of buying votes is corrupting and demoralizing the people, and preparing the way for some rich man to step in and buy up the State.'"

The words of Senator Bayard were prophetic, and the shadow of the "rich man" who would attempt to "buy up the State" was already falling across the northern boundary line of Newcastle County.

In 1877 John Edward Addicks, who was then a young married man and a well-to-do flour merchant of Philadelphia, became financially embarrassed, and found it necessary to reduce his expenditures and live, for a time, as economically as possible. He determined, therefore, to go out of the city and seek a residence in some small suburban village, where his housekeeping expenses would not be so great. He happened to have, in Philadelphia, a friend named Joseph Barnard Wilson, who lived in the Delaware village of Claymont, just across the Pennsylvania line, in the county of Newcastle. The wives of the two men were close friends, and it was probably through the influence of the Wilsons that Mr. Addicks bought, in Claymont, a country place of about eight acres known as "Riverview" (afterward called "Miraflores"), and, in 1877, went there with his wife and his daughter to live. In this manner he acquired a residence in the State of Delaware. He continued to do business in Philadelphia; but his home was in Claymont, and he went back and forth, night and morning, by train. In the Claymont house the Addicks family lived for a period of about eight years, maintaining close friendly relations all the time with their neighbors the Wilsons.

In 1885 Mr. Addicks, who in the meantime had acquired wealth as a speculator, promoter, and organizer of gas companies, closed his "Riverview" house at Claymont and moved with his family to Boston, where his business interests then centered. He had at that time manifested no Senatorial aspirations, and it is quite possible that he might have sold the Claymont house and given up his residence in Delaware if he had not felt a strong friendly interest in the Wilsons, and if Mr. Wilson had not died early in the following year. When that event occurred, Mrs. Wilson was left in rather straitened circumstances, and Mr. Addicks helped her out of her financial difficulties by paying her two hundred dollars a month for board, and going there to stay, for a day or two, whenever business called him to Philadelphia.

At the time of Mrs. Addicks's marriage, in 1869, her father, Washington Butcher, of Philadelphia, gave to her, as a wedding present, the furnished house No. 2115 Spruce Street, where she lived with her husband for a period of two or three

[1] This expression I found still in use in Kent and Sussex Counties. A man who sells his vote is said to "charge for" it; while a man who goes to the polls unbought, or without promise of reward, "votes his sentiments." Speaking of a certain exceptional citizen in Dagsboro, a Sussex County man said to me, "He doesn't charge anything for his vote; he votes his sentiments."

years. In 1872 Mr. Addicks persuaded her to sell this house for $36,000 and let him have the money to put into his business, promising that in the near future he would give her other real estate of equal value. When they moved to Claymont, in 1877, he deeded to her the "Riverview" house, in partial fulfillment of this promise. On the 14th of April, 1888, however, about two years after the death of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Addicks induced his wife to deed the "Riverview" house in Claymont to Mrs. Wilson, in exchange for certain bonds left to the latter by her husband at his death. This deed will be found recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for Newcastle County, Deed Record I., Vol. 14, p. 509. It thus appears that in January, 1889, when Mr. Addicks came into Delaware politics as a candidate for the Senatorship, he did not own the "Riverview" place, which was supposed to be his residence; did not live in the State, except when he came to Claymont and boarded for a day or two at Mrs. Wilson's; and was actually a citizen and resident of Boston. When he was asked one day in Claymont, by a lady from Pennsylvania who happened to be visiting Mrs. Wilson, how he could run for the Senatorship in Delaware when he actually resided in Massachusetts, he replied, "Oh, I live here; I've got a bureauful of clothes upstairs."

In the fall of 1888, about six months after the transfer of the Claymont house to Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Addicks went to Europe, leaving his wife and daughter in Boston. Upon his return. in January, 1889, he called up Mrs. Addicks by long-distance telephone from the pier in New York, exchanged greetings with her, and said that he could not come to Boston at that time, for the reason that important business required his presence in Philadelphia. He thereupon went directly to Claymont, boarded for a few days at Mrs. Wilson's, then proceeded to Dover, where the State Legislature was in session, and there, upon the basis of "a bureauful of clothes" in the house of Mrs. Wilson at Claymont, he announced himself as a candidate from Delaware for the United States Senate.

When he made his appearance in the Hotel Richardson at Dover, he wore a silk hat and a fur-lined overcoat; he was accompanied by two or three showily dressed men whom nobody knew, and the party, as a whole, created in the quiet little capital something like a sensation. At first no one took Mr. Addicks or his pretensions seriously, and no one, apparently, discerned in him the skill, ability, and tenacity of purpose that he afterward manifested. He was regarded, by the people generally, with amusement and curiosity, as a new, exotic, and unfamiliar type of politician; but it was not thought for a moment that he could be dangerous or even formidable; and if it had been suggested, as a possibility, that he might eventually dominate the Republican party and hold up the State, the legislators who were voting for United States Senator that year would doubtless have laughed at the idea.

Mr. Addicks, however, had full confidence in his own methods and resources; and, without paying any attention to the attitude taken toward him by the people, he went promptly to work. The first thing he did was to secure what has since been called an "inventory" of the Legislature. Picking out a bright young law student, who had taken rather an active part in State politics, he said to him: "I have a matter that I want to put through the Legislature at this session, and I should like to get some information with regard to the character, circumstances, and antecedents of the legislators who will pass upon it. I am willing to pay liberally for this information, and I have sent for you in order to ask whether you can get it for me."

The young law student had never heard of Mr. Addicks, and knew nothing whatever of his character or purposes, but he was quite willing to do any honest work for liberal pay, and he therefore replied that he thought he could. Mr. Addicks then gave him a series of questions which he desired to have answered with reference to every Senator and Representative in the House of Assembly of that year. These questions were, in substance, as follows: Who is he? Where is he from? What is his age? Is he married or single? If married, how many children has he? Does he own any real estate? If so, are there any mortgages on it? What is he thought to be worth? (in money) and What are his habits and general reputation?

The young law student spent two weeks

or more in getting the desired information, and when the answers to the questions were ready, he called upon his employer and submitted them. Mr. Addicks looked them over, said they were perfectly satisfactory, and asked the young man the amount of his bill for the service. The student replied that the work was of an unusual nature, and that he hardly knew what charge should be made for it. He had spent, however, about two weeks in getting and compiling the data, and if Mr. Addicks thought that seventy-five dollars was not an excessive charge, he himself would be quite satisfied with that amount. Mr. Addicks promptly drew and gave to the young man a check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The nature of the above questions indicates with sufficient clearness the use that Mr. Addicks intended to make of the information. He wanted, in the first place, to get from that Legislature a charter for the Bay State Gas Company of Boston; and, in the second place, he had decided to begin at once his campaign for the United States Senatorship. In order to attain the objects he had in view, by the methods with which he was most familiar, he needed information that would guide him to the legislators who could be most easily and safely "approached." A poor legislator, with a large family and a mortgage on his farm, would be more accessible, and would yield more readily to influences of a certain kind, than would a wealthy Senator or Representative whose property was not encumbered and whose checks at the bank were always good. That Mr. Addicks, as a matter of fact, did use this information in this way, and for the purposes indicated, I shall try hereafter to show. It is said that he has had an "inventory" of this sort compiled for every Legislature since 1889.

His next step was to get legal counsel to advise and help him in the matter of the Bay State Gas charter. Selecting one of the most eminent lawyers in the State, he called at the latter's office, introduced himself as J. Edward Addicks, and said: "Mr. D——, I am interested in a number of matters in Delaware with regard to which I may need legal advice, and I have called upon you for the purpose of retaining you as my leading counsel in this State. I wish to say to you, at the outset, that the fees you'll get from me will amount to more than all the rest of your business put together."

Mr. D——, who had never before heard of Mr. Addicks, but who was unfavorably impressed by this method of "approach," drew himself up with dignity and said: "You may stop right there, Mr. Addicks. I don't want any proposition or talk from you about compensation until after you have explained what services you expect me to render. If, when I shall have learned the nature of your business, I think best to act as your counsel, it will be time enough to discuss the subject of compensation." Mr. Addicks thereupon explained that his particular business at that time was to get through the Legislature a charter for the Bay State Gas Company of Boston. The lawyer asked to see the draft of the charter, and Mr. Addicks produced it. Mr. D—— looked through it hastily and then said: "The thing doesn't impress me favorably at first sight, Mr. Addicks, and I should like to have time to examine it and think about it."

"How much time do you want?"

"Three or four days; I'm going to Wilmington next Wednesday, and I'll try to give you an answer before that time."

A careful perusal of the proposed charter convinced Mr. D—— that it was thoroughly bad in form and in purpose, and when Mr. Addicks called upon him again, a few days later, he said to the latter: "I don't want to have anything to do with this charter, Mr. Addicks, for the reason that it seems to me improper, inconsistent with the public welfare, and opposed to what I regard as sound public policy. I must therefore decline to advise you with regard to it, and must also decline to act as your counsel in this or in any other matter." Mr. Addicks shortly afterward endeavored to secure the professional services of another eminent lawyer in Dover, who is well known both in and out of the State. This attempt also failed, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, it was not until 1893 or 1894 that he succeeded in retaining as counsel a man in the first rank of the legal profession. Mr. Herbert H. Ward, the present Attorney-General of Delaware, acted for him in the divorce suit instituted by Mrs.

Addicks, on statutory grounds, in 1894, and has since been his counsel in the Bay State Gas cases.[1]

What first suggested to Mr. Addicks the idea of seeking election to the United States Senate from Delaware, and what his underlying motives were, I do not know; but the opportunity presented itself when, for the first time in many years, the Republicans, in 1888, carried the State and got a majority in the Legislature. He was much more likely to succeed as a Republican candidate than as a nominee of the Democratic party; for the reason that a large part of the numerically strong and purchasable colored vote in the two lower counties was Republican. The negroes could hardly be induced, by any temptation, to support a Democrat; but their choice as between one Republican and another might be influenced by money.

Mr. Addicks probably had little expectation of being elected to the Senate in 1889; but he thought it expedient to begin his campaign then, make a study of the field, get hold of men who might be useful to him, and await developments. He sent one of his workers from Boston down into the southern part of the State to announce his candidacy, enlist influential adherents, and notify all whom it might concern that he was prepared to put up any necessary amount of cash. In that session of the Legislature, however, he had no adherent, unless, as he said in the Creelman interview, it was through his influence that Senator O. D. Moore cast the decisive vote for Anthony Higgins. There is no trustworthy evidence, so far as I know, that he spent any money in that Legislature, or in that year. His first contribution to a campaign fund was made in 1890, when, it is alleged, he gave the sum of $5,000 to the Kent County Democratic Committee,[2] with the understanding that the Democrats, or some of them, should help him with his Bay State Gas charter.

The Legislature to be elected in 1890 would not have a United States Senatorship to dispose of, so there was no particular object in trying to obtain control of it; but in 1892 Mr. Addicks made one of his characteristically adroit attempts to get hold of the Republican nominees to the Legislature from Sussex County by giving them money for their campaign expenses. A well-known citizen of Wilmington, whom Mr. Addicks had already secured, went down into Sussex County that fall with a satchel containing ten thousand dollars or more in cash. One Senator and seven Representatives were to be elected to the House of Assembly from Sussex County that year; and to every one of these eight Republican nominees the agent of Mr. Addicks offered the sum of one thousand dollars for personal campaign expenses. A well-informed and experienced chairman of the Sussex County Republican Committee informed me that two thousand dollars was the largest sum that could be expended in that county for legitimate political purposes; and yet the agent of Mr. Addicks was offering to the Republican nominees eight thousand dollars, to be used at their own discretion, in addition to the regular campaign fund of the county, which was ample. His expectation apparently was that these men, finding it impossible to spend all of the eight thousand dollars, would use a part of it and put the rest in their pockets. If they should do this, he would get hold of them and be able to intimidate them; and even if they should not misappropriate the money, the mere acceptance of it would put them, to a certain extent, in his power. All but three of the candidates took the cash and used it—for legitimate purposes, I sincerely trust! Three of them consented to take it but refused to spend it, and eventually turned it into the general county fund. One of the three, whom I shall call Mr. L——, gave his thousand dollars to the chairman of the Republican County Committee, in the presence of witnesses, and took a receipt for it. Some months later, after the election, Mr. L—— chanced to meet Mr. Addicks, Mr. Layton, and Mr. Allee in the office of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General in Washington. As

[1] Mr. Addicks resisted his wife's attempt to get a divorce on statutory grounds, and she failed to obtain a decree. He subsequently allowed her, however, to get a divorce on the ground of desertion or non-support, and when he was free he married Mrs. Wilson.

[2] According to the statements of "three persons of integrity and character who have since made oath thereto," Mr. Addicks, in April, 1892, admitted that he gave this sum of $5,000 to the Democrats in order to help them elect their candidate for Governor (Robert J. Reynolds). The reason that he assigned was, "You know I had no interest in the Richardsons" (the Republican candidate for Governor and his father). This statement is abridged from the reply of the Republican State Committee of Delaware to a communication from J. Frank Allee, Chairman of the Union State Committee.

the Delaware trio left the room, Mr. Addicks turned to Mr. L—— and said, loudly enough for all to hear, "L——, you'd better send me your check for that thousand dollars of mine." This was to give Mr. Bristow and others who were present the impression that Mr. L—— had taken a thousand-dollar bribe from Mr. Addicks, and had then refused to "deliver the goods" or return the money.

How much Mr. Addicks spent in bribery and vote-buying in 1892 cannot with certainty be stated; but such information as I have been able to get, taken in connection with a semi-public statement made by him personally in 1894, indicates that the sum was not less than seventy-five thousand dollars. This amount, moreover, does not include twenty-five thousand dollars used in getting through the Legislature his Bay State Gas charter. In 1894 he told a prominent Republican politician of Sussex County, in whom he had confidence, that it had cost him twenty-five thousand dollars to get that charter, but that he had cleaned up two million dollars in the Boston gas "deal." Precisely in what way the twenty-five thousand dollars had been used he did not explain.

It is said by the Addicks men generally, and by Dr. Layton and Dr. Marshall in particular, that in the years 1892, '93, and '94, when none of the old Republican leaders would put up the money that was needed for campaign expenses, Mr. Addicks threw himself into the breach, assumed the leadership, paid the taxes of fifteen hundred Republican voters who had practically been disfranchised in Kent and Sussex Counties by the Democratic delinquent tax law, and, generally, reorganized the party in the State, provided it with funds, and set it on its feet. For this service he thought he was fairly entitled to the United States Senatorship. On the other hand, ex-United States Senator Anthony Higgins says that "Mr. Addicks was brought into our affairs shortly before the election of 1892, after our taxes had been fully paid and a thorough organization of the party in the State had been made. After the taxes had been paid and the party had been organized, he came to snatch for himself the result—hoping to succeed to Senator Gray's seat, then becoming vacant."[1]

[1] Evening News, Wilmington, Del., November 19, 1902.

Who is right in this contention I shall not undertake to determine, but it seems to me fairly probable that, inasmuch as Mr. Addicks did put up a large sum of money in 1892, some of that money was used to pay the taxes of Republican voters who had been disfranchised by the operation of the delinquent tax law, as well as to pay for the "work" and "influence" that were needed to give the party fighting efficiency. Be that, however, as it may, Mr. Addicks's expenditures in 1892 brought no practical results, for the reason that National influences and tendencies gave rise that year to a Democratic tidal wave, which rolled over Delaware and carried into the House of Assembly twenty-eight Democratic legislators out of a total membership of thirty.

In 1894, however, there were manifest signs of a reaction in favor of the Republican party, and Mr. Addicks, seeing that there was an excellent prospect of again getting a Republican majority in the Legislature, determined to use a very considerable part of the money cleaned up in the Boston gas "deal" in securing the election of legislators who would vote for him as United States Senator.

One of the first things that he attempted to do was to get, as chairmen of the Republican committees in Kent and Sussex Counties, influential and experienced men, who might be trusted to put his money where it would do the most good. Upon looking over his "inventory" for that year, he found the name of a man in the southern part of the State who had had some political experience and training, but who was poor, and who at that particular time was rather hard pressed for money with which to educate his three sons. Mr. Addicks promptly sent for this man, and said to him, in substance, "Mr. N——, I'm trying to find somebody who is willing and able to look after my interests in Sussex County, and I have sent for you in order to make a proposition to you. It is quite likely that I shall start a new party before long, and I shall want a chairman for my committee in your county. If you'll go in with me, I'll give you a salary of $100 a month, appoint you Chairman of the Sussex County Committee, and put $100,000 to your credit for campaign expenses."

Mr. N—— was very much taken by

surprise, and could only say that Mr. Addicks knew very little about him, and would hardly be justified in intrusting to a comparative stranger so large a sum as a hundred thousand dollars.

"That's all right!" replied Mr. Addicks; "I know what I'm about. I want somebody that will *stay* with me, and I'm told you're one of that kind."

Mr. N——, who had just borrowed five hundred dollars to pay the school expenses of his oldest son, was probably tempted by the offer; but he told the tempter, nevertheless, that he was not prepared, at that moment, to accept the proposition.

"Well," said Mr. Addicks, "if one hundred dollars isn't enough, I'll give you two hundred dollars a month and put a hundred thousand dollars to your credit."

Mr. N—— still held back, and replied that he could not act in such a matter without consideration.

"If you won't take two hundred dollars," persisted Mr. Addicks, "what will you take? Name your price."

Mr. N——finally declined to do anything more than consider the matter, and the interview closed.

In the spring of that same year (whether before or after the interview with Mr. N—— I do not know) Mr. Addicks is said to have come personally before the Sussex County Republican Committee, in the office of D. J. Layton, at Georgetown, with an offer to give them one hundred thousand dollars for campaign purposes, if they would nominate a ticket of legislators in that county who would vote for him as United States Senator. The gentlemen of the Committee, who were in favor of the re-election of Senator Higgins, declined to accept the proposition. Mr. Addicks, nevertheless, put thirty-three thousand dollars into the hands of the Committee that summer, thirty thousand dollars of which were spent in paying for "work," "influence," and votes. On the other hand, it is asserted by the Addicks men that the Democrats had a "corruption fund" of twenty-six thousand dollars that same year.

The State election in 1894 resulted in a sweeping Republican victory, the Republicans electing their Governor and Congressman, as well as nineteen out of the thirty members of the Legislature. Mr. Addicks regarded this victory as the result of his own efforts and expenditures, and had no doubt, apparently, that it would be followed by his election to the United States Senate. On the Thursday after the State election—that is, on the evening of November 8, 1894—a dinner was given at the house of Charles L. Moore, in Georgetown, Sussex County, to fourteen prominent Republicans from the southern part of the State. At that dinner Mr. Addicks made a speech in which, among other things, he said: "Well, boys, we've won! . . . I've bought it; I've paid for it; and I'm going to have it! It has cost me one hundred and forty thousand dollars!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Little Minister

By Florence Earle Coates

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
  Leave giant boulders swept and bare;
  Where forkèd lightnings fitful flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry—

A dainty bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifted its head complacently,
  As guarded by the tenderest care,
    Far up the crag.

And I, whenever fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
  And, as of old in my despair,
  I bless the Power that set it there—
That tiny thing with courage high,
    Far up the crag!

A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN OF AMATEURS

BY ALFRED HODDER

Private Secretary to District Attorney Jerome

V.—The People's Cause

"OUR Grand Jury is debauched," Mr. Jerome affirmed, in the early days of the campaign. "I trust that no one in this audience will believe that I am saying this merely to make a startling statement. I am saying it in all calmness after years of observation of the Grand Jury system. Our whole Grand Jury system is debauched and rotten. Our Grand Juries are a mockery of justice.

"When I assert this, I know well that some of you will say, 'Oh, Jerome is a fanatic; he deals in overstatements.' But do any of you know how a Grand Jury is drawn? I do, for I have seen it often. A justice walks in, hat on head, cigar in mouth, and says to an attendant, 'The Grand Jury will now be drawn.' The clerk puts a number of slips with names on them into the disk, and spins it round. Then the slips are drawn, and a conversation of this sort takes place: 'John Harsen Rhoades, banker'—and the slip is put back. 'Patrick MacDougal, liquor-dealer'—'Ah, that's our man'—and MacDougal, the liquor-dealer, goes on the jury. That is a sample of the way Grand Juries are drawn under the existing government.

"Our Grand Juries might no doubt indict me. They won't indict anybody else. They refused to indict Gannon, the police captain we found sitting in the parlor of the Webster Hotel the night we raided it. The charge against Gannon was neglect of duty. The Grand Jury could not see that he had been negligent; yet the proprietors of the Hotels Dam and Jefferson, and thirty-one citizens living in the neighborhood of the Webster Hotel, had repeatedly petitioned Captain Gannon to stop the disorderly proceedings there. It was complained in the neighborhood that the disorder was so flagrant that old residents had been compelled to move away for the sake of their families. Yet Captain Gannon went his way unmoved, permitting the Webster Hotel to run in spite of all the protests of decent citizens; and why?

"Simply because he was getting the stuff for protecting it! He dares not deny this.

"We raided the hotel twice again after the raid on which we found Captain Gannon being entertained by the proprietor in the back parlor. But what is the result? The Webster Hotel is doing business at the same old stand, and the wives and daughters of citizens passing there or living in the neighborhood are exposed nightly to the insults of bad men and bad women, so that a man dares not take his wife or daughter past its doors except in a carriage. Yet the Grand Jury refused to find an indictment against Captain Gannon. What can you expect in your municipal government when there is corruption such as this in your Grand Juries?" [1]

Mr. Jerome himself was as explicit in attack as he had been in his proposals for reform. He was far from naming such persons and such bodies only as among reformers it had become customary and even obligatory to name. He named, as has been seen, the Grand Jury, he named the City Council, he named the Supreme

[1] Captain Gannon was last month dismissed from the police force, and, prosecuted by the District Attorney, was convicted by a jury in the criminal court of criminal malfeasance in office.

Court, he named the hidden powers behind the Supreme Court.

There were already in the Supreme Court, in Mr. Jerome's opinion, men whose honesty could not be trusted; and he dealt as boldly with the question of their honesty as with the question of their learning. He did so at his peril. "I know well," he said, "what all these statements mean to me if I am defeated and go back to private practice; but I do not mean to be deterred by that. There are certain men in the Supreme Court deserving all our respect and honor; there are certain men deserving neither respect nor honor. I am saying only what is known and currently commented on by members of the bar. At a meeting of the Bar Association I heard a lawyer say (and he mentioned the man's name) that there is a judge in the Supreme Court who is a tout for Richard Croker's insurance company. His words have never been challenged by that judge. To me, indeed, it seems that he was liable to punishment for contempt of court; but what he said has never yet been challenged. It is an appalling thing that any doubt should rest upon the honor of any judge of the Supreme Court." "Ask any honest lawyer," he said later, "how certain justices of the Supreme Court were nominated. Ask the members of the bar if they do not have to pick and choose between justices in any matter that affects the interests of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company." And, again: "I tell you there are judges in the Supreme Court in this county of New York of whom it is true that the most potent influence behind them is the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which put them where they are. Ask any lawyer in large practice in this city who knows what the courts are, and he will tell you I am speaking the truth—the absolute truth."

If a distinction may be drawn between enthusiasm and attention, Mr. Jerome's audiences grew more and more attentive. The average American is somewhat cynically indifferent to venality in the subordinate members of the administration, but he is sensitive to anything that touches the integrity of the judiciary. The depredations of the unofficial licenser he feels that he can afford to suffer; the sponge story, the lemon story, the cravat story, were received with tumults of delighted recognition, but they aroused more mirth than wrath. With the police and their superiors he feels his own concern to be remote. But in every contract that he makes and in every credit that he gives he relies on the machinery of justice. He becomes uneasy at the notion that even a trial jury can be bought and sold; that a grand jury can be packed, that a Supreme Court can be tampered with, are statements before which he loses his last semblance of levity. Mr. Jerome spoke with a convincing accent of certainty and gravity; his audiences grew grave; the party managers on his own side grew more and more dismayed. What gave them pause was not the attack upon the courts, it was the attack upon the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. Mr. Whitney and his colleagues were accustomed to abstain from party politics; it was to their obvious interest to remain upon good terms with either party that might chance to have the upper hand. It was to the obvious interest of either party at the moment of election to be upon good terms with men who might well exercise so strong a vote-controlling power. On the 24th of October the New York "World" announced the formal adhesion of Mr. Whitney to the Tammany side; in an open letter he assured the Tammany candidate for the mayoralty of his support. His neutrality was plainly a neutrality between the two great standing parties, not between either standing party and a party of thorough-paced reform. His decision plainly had been taken because of the growing probability of the victory and of the thoroughgoingness of the party of reform. The newspapers were, many of them, of the opinion that by his decision the probability of that victory had been diminished or destroyed. The party managers of the Fusionists, many of them, held it for the time being their best hope that he might after all preserve a practical neutrality—that his support of Tammany might prove to be a formal and perfunctory support. Mr. Jerome, on the contrary, saw an opportunity to make good on his promises. He had spoken in public bitterly enough of the pernicious influence in public affairs of men like Mr. Devery and Mayor Van Wyck, of men whose acquaintance and personal friends

were not his acquaintance and personal friends, of men who were bound by neither social nor financial ties to his fellow-clubmen. In a spirit of even justice, in the consummation of his experiment in fearlessness and veracity, he determined to deal in utter freedom of speech with the men of power and leading in Wall Street and in the brownstone districts no less than with the men of power and leading in the City Hall and in the slums; with Mr. Whitney and Senator Platt no less than with Mr. Devery and Mayor Van Wyck.

"Is it any wonder," said Mr. Jerome, "that Mr. Whitney should at last come forward publicly upon the side of Mr. Shepard, when the platform on which Mr. Low is running contains a plank in favor of taxation of public franchises?—not, indeed, of any anarchistic scheme of confiscation under pretext of taxation, but of a just system of taxation by which those deriving benefits from public franchises should pay the people a fair price for benefits derived? Is it any wonder that Mr. Whitney and the interests he represents should be arrayed against the Fusion party, when they know that if they can defeat it they can buy their way as heretofore, and that if it cannot be defeated they cannot buy their way?"

"There has come into this campaign," he said to another audience that same evening, "an element so significant that I intend to say no word in any public place to-night except on this new theme. In its importance it very far transcends the brutal ruffianism of Devery and the blackmail levied by captains of police. It may seem to you far less picturesque and interesting, it may evoke no cheers—but cheers are useless things. If you will take the remembrance of it home with you, it will gradually assume the same importance in your mind that it bears in mine.

"This new element is the support given publicly by William Whitney to Edward Shepard. The support given by Mr. Whitney is support given by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; the intervention of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is the intervention of the money power. It means that money will be spent at this election as money has been spent to buy our City Council and to buy our Legislature and to buy our Supreme Court. It means that the results of this election are in so far endangered. So vast are the resources of Mr. Whitney and the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, so strong is money ruthlessly expended, that the newspapers are loud in comment on the value of the reinforcement brought to Tammany, and my campaign managers are pleading with me to say no word of Mr. Whitney or the Metropolitan Street Railway Company that may provoke them to direct their vast resources more heavily against our side. My campaign managers, for aught I know, are right in the matter of expediency. I never have known anything about electioneering, and I am not here to play a game I do not know. I am here to play the only game I know—the game of telling the truth. If by telling the truth I lose the fight—why, later, there will be another fight. But to me it seems that nothing could have served so well to show the real nature of the fight in which we are engaged as just this support given openly to Tammany by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. There are many people in this city who love Tammany because they have been told that Tammany is the poor man's friend. There are not many people in this city who love the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; and this avowed support of Tammany by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company comes just in time to show the blindest who the friends of Tammany really are. The grafter never yet was working in the interest of the poor and honest man; he is certain to be working in the interest of the man that has the stuff. And that is why the fight for a dishonest administration never can be a people's fight. If anybody has been weak enough to fancy that there may be dishonest politicians whose dishonesty is for the people's profit, let him disabuse himself. The dishonest politician is certain to be working with the richest grafter whose spoils he has a chance to share; and in this country the richest grafters are the rich corporations that rob the people of their rights. The fight against the grafters now in office is a fight against the money power. Don't misunderstand me. I don't want your vote under false pretenses. Don't take me for an Anarchist or any other clap-

trap fellow trying to bid for votes. There is no judge upon the bench and no private citizen who has stood more steadily than I, within the limits of such power as I could exercise, for the sanctity of property. I am not attacking corporations simply as corporations. I believe that in the present economic organization of society corporations are absolutely necessary to carry on the business of this or any other community; I believe that without them it would be impossible to bring together the great aggregations of capital that in the economic world are necessary to the winning of your bread and mine. I am not even attacking trusts. They may be expedient, they may be inexpedient; I believe that they are inevitable developments of the conditions of the modern economic world, and that we shall learn to manage them so that they shall serve the people's interests, as we have learned to manage other facts and forces of the material world. I do not believe in subjecting corporations to any form of extortion, legal or illegal. They have their rights; other people have theirs. But when their vast resources are expended to gain possession of our Legislatures and our courts, and even our ballot-boxes, then it is time to call a halt; then it is time to spring to the defense of our rights against the money power. You can call a halt by your ballots, if you will, the sixth of next November; you can never call a halt by criticism and comment. Criticism and comment take as little hold on corporations as on politicians. The giving and the taking of bribes are criminal offenses; you can call a halt by voting for an equal and impartial enforcement of the law."

"The little looters!" he exclaimed at still another meeting that evening: "what are they to the octopus that holds the whole city in its grasp? I have at heart the suppression of vice in this city; I have at heart the suppression of crimes of violence in this city; I have at heart the suppression of public gambling in this city; but far more deeply than any or all of these, I have at heart the liberation of this city from the power that systematically corrupts its public service—corrupts the courts, corrupts the Legislature, corrupts the City Council, and seeks to keep in power against the people's will such men as it has found it can corrupt." Evening after evening he reiterated the same charges, evening after evening the applause swelled louder. But on October 30th, without the smallest warning to any friend or counselor, he began the chief speech of the night with words which to the minds of all his friends spelled ruin. It was one thing to attack Mr. Whitney: Mr. Whitney was, when all was said, a Democrat, and a Democrat already formally enlisted on the side of the Democratic political machine. The fusion was a fusion of the whole Republican party with a portion of the Democratic; the political machine on which the Fusionists relied was the Republican machine. The mainspring of the Republican machine, supposedly or actually, was Thomas Platt. "There is a man by the name of William Whitney," Mr. Jerome said that evening, as the beginning of his speech in Lyric Hall, "and there is a man by the name of Thomas Platt, and the man named William Whitney and one Ryan of evil State Trust fame met to-day; and they conferred; and when they had conferred they sent for Thomas Platt, and Thomas Platt went to that office. He is a man more accustomed to send for others than to go to them. He went up in the back elevator, and was taken to the private room of William Whitney, and then William Whitney and Thomas Ryan, who had been waiting in the office of the Morton Trust Company, went to the room where Thomas Platt was, and they conferred.

"Now, I have no use and never have had any use for Thomas Platt, any more than for Richard Croker or for William Whitney, and I tell you this to-night because it serves to show you how things stand, and because I believe that if the people of New York knew really how things stand, they would arm our hands at this election against corruption both Democratic and Republican.

"It may be that they conferred about the parallax of Jupiter or the dark side of the moon, but they didn't. It may be that Mr. Whitney talked with Mr. Platt about the Philippine Islands, but he didn't. He talked, as I believe, with Mr. Platt about the District Attorneyship of the County of New York. Mr. Whitney's memory is not so short that it

cannot go back to the days, scarcely a year ago, of the State Trust Company, when a loan of $2,000,000 was made to D. F. Shea, an office-boy of Thomas Ryan, though that loan was forbidden by the State of New York, and was, in consequence, a criminal transaction.

"It is no new thing, the alliance between Tammany Hall grafters and Republican grafters—or do you think that graft is a monopoly of Tammany Hall? Do you think the rule of Thomas Platt is any better than the rule of Richard Croker, except that the one may be compared to petty larceny and the other to grand larceny? I have had occasion to know something of the power of bosses in this city, and I have seen the fair fame of the city prostituted year after year by infamous collusion between the persons who misrepresent the Republican party and the persons who misrepresent the Democratic party. It is no new thing, the alliance between the bosses upon either side and the alliance between those bosses and the money power. But do you realize what that alliance means? There are sincere men, and I am one of them, who believe the principles of the Democratic party essential to the welfare of the country; there are sincere and loyal men, and many of them, who believe the principles of the Republican party essential to the welfare of the country. Such men must fight it out together at the polls, and may be content to fight it out together loyally, with a true, square count. But in the meanwhile in a back room there sit in conference a little group of men who have control of the elections and decide the questions we contend about, with no regard to principles at all."

That speech in Lyric Hall was given under the auspices of a local Republican organization. The audience enjoyed it, but the faces on the platform went white with dismay at the first mention of Senator Platt. The chairman, who had said the prettiest words he could command a few minutes before and sat down smiling, looked as if he had just discovered that some one had been making a fool of him. He was a big man, with a big face that lent itself to angry expression; he had the aspect of a disappointed, savage bulldog, held back by a collar and chain from a go at his natural prey. The foolishest faces on the platform were those of Mr. Jerome's own party. They sought one another's eyes for a time in mute amazement. Finally they found speech—in whispers. "It looks as if I had seen a man commit suicide," said one; "he is either a martyr or a hero." "Suicide! He has killed the whole ticket along with himself. Why didn't you stop him off?" This inquiry was addressed to the writer, because he had happened to be alone with Mr. Jerome in the carriage when he arrived at Lyric Hall. The notion of stopping him off from saying anything he had made up his mind to say, which would in any case have been amusing, was in this case the more so since he had not dropped a word of his intention to name Senator Platt. He had said only, as we neared our destination, "Hodder, I am going to put the fat in the fire." I said that I was not surprised, that he had been doing nothing from the beginning of the campaign but put the fat in the fire. "It makes small difference," he answered, with an accent of brooding meditation that was by no means usual with him, "whether Low and I be elected; it is important only that some one have the pluck to tell the people the truth;" and he jumped out of the carriage.

There was nothing improbable or even unusual in the sort of understanding between political adversaries which Mr. Jerome was thus ascribing to Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitney: it was precisely because such compacts are become a commonplace of politics, and yet are unfamiliar to the public, that this one with overwhelming force seemed to him to point a moral and to symbolize a danger. It is between the rank and file of either party that there obtains in matters politic a warfare to the death. The leaders on either side—not the orators, but the true leaders, the men who govern the machine, the men who constitute the power behind the throne—are for the most part on amicable terms. The Republican machine is to all intents and purposes a trust; the Democratic machine is to all intents and purposes a trust; like other trusts, they pool. When the Republicans come into power, most offices, but by no means all, go to Republicans; when the Democrats come into power, most offices, but by no means all, are given to Democrats; the distribution

of places is arranged by conference between the opposing powers. Before election the distribution of votes is not infrequently arranged in the same manner: one candidate is sacrificed to save or to defeat another candidate of more importance. In the last days of the campaign precisely such a compromise was openly attempted and enjoined by Tammany for the defeat of Mr. Jerome. The instructions that went out from Tammany headquarters were to trade votes in any manner that would keep the District Attorney's office safe. That the District Attorney's office should be friendly, or at least quiescent, is a matter of supreme necessity to all the systematic violators of the law; it is necessary, not indeed for their immunity—the District Attorney is far enough from being omnipotent—but for their peace of mind. Witnesses may be suborned or else removed, be the District Attorney and his staff never so active or so vigilant; juries and judges still may intervene between the offenders and the law. But between the indictment and the verdict, and even between the beginning of the investigation and the formulation or abandonment of the indictment, the violators of the law are sure to pass unquiet hours. It is worth to them whatever it may cost to go their wonted way in peace.

The next morning there were published interviews with Senator Platt and Mr. Whitney denying that they had been recently in conference, and newspapers which had given Mr. Jerome steady support dealt in unfriendly criticism. Men who had worked for him and candidates on the ticket with him visited his headquarters with long faces. Word came that Senator Platt had given orders that he should not be permitted to speak in any hall controlled by the Republican organization until he had publicly recanted and apologized. Practically every one held him to blame for two things: for sacrificing a notable career for himself, and for jeoparding even his associates on the ticket, both for a freak of temper. I set these things down because they place in high relief the fact that the men who are to reform American politics must be prepared at times to stand alone. I asked Mr. Jerome that same day what had, in his own eyes, justified him in making that speech. His offhand reply was: "If Platt wants a fight, he can get it. I was not going to wait for him to strike the first blow. I do not want public office badly enough to be a puppet in the hands of any man or set of men. I am not making this campaign to win out as District Attorney; I am making it to tell the people of New York the things they ought to know." Later in the day there came to visit him at headquarters a man in whose integrity he was known to have implicit confidence, commissioned to assure him that to his personal knowledge there had been at the conference in question or elsewhere no consultation or agreement between Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitney with regard to any political matter whatsoever. That the secret conference had taken place was by this informant not explicitly denied. There are persons who still affirm themselves to have good and sufficient reason to believe that the subject of the conference was in fact precisely that declared by Mr. Jerome, and that a conspiracy was in fact defeated by being brought so soon and so audaciously to light. Mr. Jerome himself accepted his informant's word. "I have received assurances," he said that night at his first public meeting, "from a gentleman who is in a position to know, and in whose honor and integrity I believe, that at the conference of which I spoke last night there was no discussion between Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitney of any matter bearing on this election. These statements I accept. I am satisfied from the assurances that I have received to-day that the Republican organization in this city will loyally support the whole ticket—the whole ticket, without exception; and that the returns on election day will show this support to have been given. To this extent I qualify what I have said, and to this extent only. What I have said, as it touches the broad facts and issues of our politics, I stand for, if I stand alone."

The attack on Senator Platt and Mr. Whitney was in a manner the turning-point of the campaign. For Mr. Jerome himself it was a turning-point. In the attack on Senator Platt he had at last given complete expression to his own conception of the essential nature of the

state of things to be reformed. He had made appeal to those, and to those alone, by whom alone, as he believed, it could be lastingly reformed. He had made appeal to the unattached, plain man. He had grown weary of inveighing against Tammany and only Tammany. The Tammany administration was corrupt; he had fought and was fighting with a will to have it overthrown. He was far from dreaming that the battle of reform would have been won when Tammany was overthrown. He knew well that in Tammany lay neither the sole root nor the sole fruit of the administrative lie. He knew well that no system different in essentials from that of Tammany ever has existed, or will ever enduringly exist, under the sway of the administrative lie. The government of the city, he had repeatedly declared, was in the hands of a gang of criminals; it is an exact description, from a legal point of view, of illegal licensers and liberal enforcers of a mendacious law. Besides the gang of criminals actually in power, there is sure to be at least one other gang of criminals that has been and still desires to be in power. As against the plain people, there was to his thinking a natural alliance between the rival gangs, as also between whatever gang might chance to be in power and the richest violators of the law. The difficulty lay in bringing home to the plain man the fact of this alliance and its scope; the difficulty lay in rousing the plain man to a sense of his own interest in the strife and to a sense of his own power. The hostile intervention—the at least apparent hostile intervention—of Senator Platt, the open hostile intervention of Mr. Whitney, had given him his opportunity, without departing from the question of the hour, to make appeal with passionate explicitness to the plain man against the plain man's natural foes. The attack on Senator Platt had been to the plain man a convincing proof that here was not the ordinary office-seeker, with a loud voice and much to say of the iniquities of those upon the other side. The applause that in a virtually Republican mass-meeting rewarded the attack upon the party chief of the Republicans was a convincing proof that the plain man in every party was prepared to stand by the man he found that he could trust. There had been applause for Mr. Jerome, and vehement applause, from first to last whenever he appeared; but never such applause as when he struck into a course in which it was supposed that he would find himself alone.

Those who were about Mr. Jerome in the few remaining days of the campaign must often have had running in their minds the well-worn lines descriptive of the "happy warrior;" he, too, was "happy as a lover," and was "fired with sudden brightness, like a man inspired." His energies, astonishing before, seemed quadrupled; he spoke at even more meetings, he spoke longer; what his speeches lost in picturesque detail they gained in impetus and scope. In every speech he pressed home his appeal to the plain man. In the very experiences, the very preoccupations, that had seemed to separate him from the generality of men, he found a vital ground of unity with the plain people of the land. There is small difference of opinion concerning the main outlines and enactments of the criminal law. There is small difference even of feeling, except as feeling may be found dishonorably inert or honorably strong. In the broad lines laid down by the criminal law he found the lines of demarcation between the party of the criminal and the party of the plain people of the land.

"They tell me," he said, in response to his applauders at the Murray Hill Lyceum, "that I should have made none of the speeches I have lately made. They tell me I have been needlessly arraying against our cause great and powerful enemies. But I judge your hearts by mine, and I think that there are enemies whom it rejoices and exalts and fortifies men's hearts to encounter face to face. I think that the great corporate interests that have entered into a corrupt alliance with corrupt politicians to despoil the people of this city of their rights have not waited until these last days of the campaign to know which side to fight on, and that it is for the people of this city of the last importance, and animating and invigorating and well-omened, to know at last beyond a peradventure on what side those interests mean to fight. In finding them

arrayed against us we find arrayed against us interests which the hearts of men love to defeat."

"By happy force of circumstance," Mr. Jerome said on November 2 at Cooper Union, "this campaign has grown in visible importance since the day it was opened in this hall until to-night. Its issues have been defined more and more imposingly, until they have been seen to merge themselves in one great issue, not whether this or that man is the better, not whether this or that man is less vile than in his public actions he seems to show himself to be, but whether the American people is fit to rule itself under democratic institutions. We have had as yet only a hundred years of so-called self-government, and we are just attaining our full growth as a Nation; and the hour of our trial is at hand.

"Within the memory of man there has been no campaign fought on the line of this campaign, and if at the election it is not plain beyond a doubt that we have had the people with us, I believe that there is no man here to-night who will live long enough to see a great campaign fought on these lines again. There has been implicit faith put in the plain people; there has been not one single word uttered that is not absolutely true; we have fought a clean fight, every one of us, from start to finish; and it is for the plain people of this city to decide what shall be the outcome of our fight.

"Not that in my heart I have one instant's fear of a defeat. I believe with all my heart, unswervingly and absolutely, that the plain people Abraham Lincoln trusted to the end of his magnificent career are to be relied on now as then to see the fact and do the right. I have been taught, boy and man, that rectitude means something; that on it, in their hour of trial, human beings may rely. I may be young and an enthusiast, as they tell me; but I have had time to know all sorts and conditions of men in this great country, and I have had time to read nearly every word the fathers of this country ever spoke or ever wrote; and the wise men may be right who tell me that I am doomed to disappointment; but I do not think I am. The plain people are slow to judge, and rightly; they are slow to act, and rightly; but here in this city they have had before their eyes for long years the actions and the lives of the gang of criminals that rules it, and I think the fullness of the hour is come.

"There is no controversy possible about the acts of the administration that we have been living under; there is a question only whether acts like those shall be continued and condoned. And I believe that God Almighty placed in all men's hearts a clean-cut line between right and wrong; and that when an appeal is grounded, not on this man's merits or on that man's merits, but on those eternal laws that will remain immutable when you and I and all of us are gone, the hearts of English-speaking men throughout the habitable globe are certain to respond."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

They Keep His Memory Green

By Robert Truslow

In days of old, as legends tell,
By ancient fane and holy bell
There dwelt a saint all men loved well,
Good Bishop Valentine.

Three maidens fair within his see
There were, and hapless lovers three,
For, by paternal stern decree,
Each girl remained alone.

The maids were caged in towers high,
Their fathers let no youth draw nigh;

So youths and maids could only sigh,
For writing was unknown.

Relief for love in such a plight
The holy man sought day and night,
In sorrow at the piteous sight,
Till help he could divine.

At length he hit upon a plan
By which an absent lover can
Avow his passion like a man,
With none to say him nay.

In short, the saint invented ink—
A sheepskin smooth the scroll, I think—
He passed them over with a wink;
A goose supplied the quill.

So, on the saint's own festal day,
The postman staggers on his way
'Neath reams of tender roundelay;
No doubt he always will.

Thus lovers keep his memory green.
Such constancy is strange, I ween,
But youth is fond and love is keen;
So runs the world away.

The Unconquerable Habit

By Theodore T. Munger

THE finest line in Emerson's greatest poem, "The Problem," is: "Himself from God he could not free." In itself it has no poetic merit, but it is the key-word that solves the problem which ever vexes the mind of man until it is referred to God. Emerson, in these oft-quoted lines, sets forth the greatest achievements of man and of nature as well, and explains their wonder by putting each one in some relation to the world of the spirit. The scope, the splendor, the insight of the poem are immense. It vindicates what we have called the unconquerable habit of prayer. Whatever great thing is done, is done through God.

In order to put the same truth in like relation to personal life, we place beside it a once familiar hymn by Mrs. Phœbe Brown:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care.

It is infinitely below Emerson's great lines in poetic value, but far above them in meeting conscious human necessity. Its meaning is lost in its homely simplicity and the very depth of its humility. Emerson's central thought is overwhelmed by the splendor of the entire poem. Together they cover the two sides of prayer—one, the unconquerable sense of God; the other, the unappeasable desire to commune with God.

Nothing is more deeply wrought into us than the instinct of prayer. No matter what first prompts it: let the theories go, and trust the fact; pray man always has, and pray he always will. Some astonished reader who has not breathed or thought a prayer since childhood may quote himself as the refutation of this assertion. Nevertheless, there will come a time when he will pray, even if in some extreme moment it be but "the upward glancing of an eye." Still, it must be confessed that man is so wonderfully wrought that he can turn upon himself and extirpate his highest faculty or put it

to a sleep that seems death; nature has room for monstrosity. The habit of prayer is a part of the contents of human nature. We may toss it out of the window of science or of metaphysics, but it will come back. We may let it lie, a forgotten thing, in some corner of our house; or set it down as a superstition and quote as proof its prevalence among the benighted the world over—as if universality were not the infallible sign of a truth; all this may be, still from God ourselves we cannot free, even if we never steal away from our cumbering cares to commune with him. Prayer has fuller expression among the untaught because there is a simpler play of nature; instinct more freely asserts itself—like the motions of the babe at its mother's breast; but these instincts are the roots of our strongest passion. The immense variety of its forms is the pledge of its reality. What is universal is absolute. It may sink to such a depth as prayer-wheels and numbering rosaries, or rise to the ecstasy of St. Agnes as she sends her breath to heaven on her frosty eve; it may run into all sorts of vagaries; but one simple fact is clear all the way through—man will pray, and will not suffer himself to be kept from it. If it is sometimes gross; if it misses the idea of importunity, and lapses into thinking that it will be heard for much speaking, or that if simultaneous it has special power; or if it clothes itself in ritual robes that seem to smother its breath, still its central character is not lost: it is still humanity bowing before its Creator and turning to its eternal and infinite Friend.

It is a poor question to ask, Is prayer for gain, or does it gain anything? Does it spring out of weakness or fear? Poor questions because they overlook the poverty and weakness of humanity as it turns to its only possible helper. Prayer is as natural and simple as the cry of young ravens to God for their food. The correlation of prayer to humanity, rising out of simple and unmeaning forms and growing rational as man advances toward his ideal, until at last he cries, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," is a fact with which we must settle before turning it over to mere piety, or dropping it out of our lives.

It is strange that the beauty of prayer is so overlooked by present-day thought. The poet never misses it. In the long run the poets win the great human verdicts. What they bind remains fast. They know that the beautiful is the true. In all ages and the world over, the bowed head, the bended figure, the folded hands, the upturned eyes, have not only commanded reverence but stirred a sense of mingled charm and awe as if some mystery were unfolding. The artist studies the picture long, for he is never deceived by a fiction, nor does he stop to admire unreality. When one chances—as may happen in other lands—to pass a wayside shrine where a poor woman has bowed to pray for her sick child, or an old man stops to rest both body and soul, one's heart joins in the prayers, whatever the head may think of it—from God ourselves we cannot free. The prayers make the ground holy where we stand, and the trees glow with indwelling Deity.

There is a verse in the New Testament that one cannot read—if he will pause a moment upon it—without a sense first of wonder and then of awe: "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." We are accustomed to-day to think of Christ as a divine humanist. Whatever else we may believe, we are agreed upon this: he was humanity itself at work with every faculty—no mystic, no debater in the schools, but a servant of humanity down to the last detail of service, the busiest and the most practical of men, always among the people, and apparently with no thought but for them. Not wholly so, however. Service was his passion; but he had another passion—a passion for God. The calm ecstasy of a vision of God was upon him, and he could not break it until day dawned, when—full of God—he went down to his work again. We are here not in the region of miracle, nor even of religion as we name it, but of pure and perfect humanity—doing the thing most natural and most necessary to itself. To pray is natural. To fail in it is to fall short of humanity—not utterly, perhaps, but to miss its glory and its strength.

The Teaching of English[1]

THE Gradgrind philosophy which sets a value only on facts and tangible realities, which would cultivate only the motives of reason and self-interest, Dickens, long ago, in "Hard Times," reduced to the absurd. And yet the dominance of the scientific influence in our modern education, in some regards, has resulted in a subtle and drastic application of this Gradgrind philosophy. Science presents only one of the dual visions of life, and it can educate but a part of the human mind. When restricted to its own legitimate field, it is a beneficent factor in the highest education, but when uncompensated by the things that appeal to the heart and the imagination, it is likely to produce disciples of the Gradgrind school. Man cannot live by bread alone.

In former times the humanities were taught largely by the study of Latin and Greek, and in these literatures were found those ideals of culture that minister to the spirit. Of late, Latin and Greek, alas! have come under the incantations of the scientific spell, and they have lost, in large measure, their humanitarian prestige and power. So much so, in fact, that in that grim stronghold of conservatism, Oxford University, the policy of dropping Greek from the requirements is at present under very serious consideration.

It is at this point of readjustment, when science seems unduly in evidence, when the classical sources of influence are passing with the gods into the twilight of obsolescence, that the apostles of the humanities have turned to English as a champion of their cause; and from the present outlook, English, so long neglected, because, it was argued, it should be absorbed rather than taught, will soon take the place of primacy among the humanitarian branches of learning. The battle is on; it is being fought in the class-room of school and college, and the growing enthusiasm among teachers and scholars is the best sign of promise.

Mr. Percival Chubb, in his volume, "The Teaching of English,"[1] is the historian of the struggle and an ardent director of the tactics. No one can read this book without being impressed by the rare personality of the author. He writes with the zeal that indicates a dedication to a noble calling, and in that broad spirit of tolerance that loves science not less, but English more. He has that most desirable of virtues, a militant "sweet reasonableness," and he pleads his case with the fine discernment of one chosen for a mission. The teaching of English he conceives to be valuable "for its large culture values, and above all for its character values—for the spiritual enlargement, clarification, and discipline of young hearts and minds and wills which are to be touched to the finer issues of its potent ministry." He looks to English, for the future, as the most effective force in the higher education.

The school children, in his view, should be treated as "primitive little people." And as the ancient races fed their consciousness on nature and folk-lore, before the coming of science and philosophy, as they lived in their imagination rather than their reason, so, in the instruction of the child, the first stress should be on the literary and the poetic, and not on the mere utilitarian facts of knowledge. The epic interest of the heroic, the love of things out-of-doors, the saving hygienic relish for humor—these the author would select for the cultivation of the immature mind. The discipline of the reason and application of the laboratory methods, now so much in vogue, he would defer until the child, like the fresh, unspoiled children of the forest, has acquired, through the healthy development of the imagination, that roseate hue of vision which makes him the "best philosopher, the eye among the blind."

Mr. Chubb desires some changes in the kindergartens. In their striving for simplicity, like Wordsworth's unsteady muse, they have often indulged in simpleness. Too often the kindergarten has introduced "doggerel for poetry and tum-tumminess for music." In its endeavor to exclude the questionable, it has cut out the pith and marrow, and has crippled the good

[1] *The Teaching of English.* By Percival Chubb. The Macmillan Co., New York.

old stories by unwise editing. "The shadows of tragedy and pathos have been dispelled, and a world of vulgar high lights substituted: Red Riding Hood has been surgically rescued from the wolf's stomach, the Children in the Wood have been saved and respectably married, and, in short, ethical and artistic violence done to much legend and myth that has embodied the higher instinctive wisdom of the race. To such an inane, gingerbread world has the child who knows cut fingers and stubbed toes been introduced. Because he quails before darkness, we turn on the lights, and always keep them burning." He opposes the kindergarten surgery that lops off and maims. He would choose the good old things, and let them stand.

In America the teacher of English, the writer notes, faces an indigenous problem. Teachers of mathematics, of geography, and other branches can sow their seed on virgin soil without fear of counteracting influences. But in the case of the native tongue the teacher must offset the constant effects of a more or less inimical social environment. The Americans lack linguistic conscience; they have little pride of language form. The pupil who is taught correct speech a few hours a day in school returns to a world, and often to a home, that adopts cheap colloquialisms and vulgar slang with easy virtue, and that inevitably soils the linguistic ideals of the class-room. The pupil thus reverts insensibly to illiteracy, after the model of his elders, and leads a life of Jekyll and Hyde dualism in the matter of language.

For this reason Mr. Chubb urges the necessity upon parents of co-operating with the teacher. His book, although addressed to the profession, should be read by all those guardians who wish to do their whole duty by their wards; for even a passing study will put them in touch with that work in our primary and high schools which is most directly influential upon character.

The recent epidemic of interest in all things American has not been confined to writers of fiction. Histories of our literature have lately appeared in goodly numbers, sufficiently so to indicate that we are now truly in the midst of a revival of American learning. One of the latest of these books is by Professor Sears, of Brown University.[1] A feature of his volume is a happy combination of a series of illuminating criticisms and illustrative extracts. The style is brilliant, although sometimes a little self-conscious and strained, and the method of treatment throws emphasis on periods of our literature which have hitherto been passed with a glance. The first part of the book, the review of the Colonial production, is decidedly the most striking, for in it the author has aroused a curiosity for what is usually neglected as a field rank with useless weeds. It is a difficult matter to arouse an interest in the forgotten dead. But Professor Sears has written of our Colonial historians and diarists so contagiously that the reader is inoculated with the antiquarian's enthusiasm for the shelved and dusty volumes of our ancestors. The characteristics of the Puritan literature, he remarks, are a mixture of force, piety, enterprise, and bad grammar. At first it was pietistic, then polemic, and finally pugilistic. The writers lived life so intensely that "all the details stand in the foreground like a Japanese landscape."

The latter part of the book, which deals with the writers of accepted standing, is less noteworthy. Professor Sears is more safe and traditional than Mr. Barrett Wendell; yet, it must be observed, he is always interesting. The union of these qualities makes his book an admirable one for academic use. In fact, for advanced classes it is the most adequate history of American literature that the reviewer has ever read. It has all the necessary virtues in moderation.

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[1] *American Literature in its Colonial and National Periods.* By Lorenzo Sears, L.H.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50, net.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Agnosticism. By Robert Flint. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 664 pages. $2, net.

Dr. Flint's eminence among representative writers upon Theism commands attention to his treatment of Agnosticism. No writer that we are aware of has treated it so amply and thoroughly as here. Its history, erroneous views of it, its distinguished representatives, its various forms, its relation to various subjects, are successively discussed both critically and constructively, so as to illuminate the validity of theistic belief. In this process much wood, hay, and stubble in the work of Christian theologians is swept away. It is a severe judgment that is passed upon the current Ritschlian theology, pronouncing its foundation "anti-scientific and anti-rational to the core." The argument for theism has gained cogency from the labor spent upon it during the past generation. Deism, as Dr. Flint says, has been displaced, and theism has been enriched with what is true in pantheism. Nevertheless, agnosticism in one form or another will long keep in the field, so numerous are the points that supply it with opportunity, all speculative thought being concerned with ideas that are involved in the idea of God.

Albrecht Dürer. By Lina Eckenstein. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 261 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Children's First Story Book (The). By May H. Wood. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 80 pages. 25c.

Colonel Washington. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. Published from the Income of the Francis G. Butler Publication Fund of Western Reserve University, 1902. 5×7½ in. 58 pages.

Civilization in Congoland: A Story of International Wrong-Doing. By H. R. Fox Bourne. P. S. King & Son, Westminster, S. W. London. 5¼×8½ in. 311 pages.

In his introductory note to this volume Sir Charles Dilke says that the Congo State, as at present constituted, is in a worse condition than Portugal itself would have maintained. This condition has been brought about by Belgian inhumanity towards the natives; and the aim of Mr. Fox Bourne's book is to direct public attention to the scandals and offenses in the Congo State against which the Aborigines Protective Association (of which Mr. Fox Bourne is Secretary) has been protesting. The book includes not only an appallingly long list of outrages which are no longer denied, but also an account of the Congolese from the earliest time to the advent of the Portuguese, a discussion of the slave trade, and a description of Sir Henry Stanley's explorations and the development of the plans of King Leopold of Belgium, culminating in the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of 1884, the intervention by the United States Government, the Berlin and Brussels Conferences.

Continuous Power the Natural Result of Converting Heat into Work, in an Insulated Expansion Engine, at Temperatures Below the Normal of the Atmosphere. By J. F. Place. Illustrated. (Revised Edition—Tenth Thousand.) The Standard Power Co., New York. 7×9¾ in. 48 pages.

Derby Anniversary Calendar (The): Being the Records of Six Thousand Noteworthy Events, Anniversaries, Birthdays, etc., in American History. Compiled and Edited by George Derby. James T. White & Co., New York. 4×5¼ in. 366 pages. 50c.

Despatches of Field-Marshal The Duke of Wellington: During his Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, and Relating to America. Selected and Arranged by Walter Wood. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 475 pages. $3.50, net.

The editor of these despatches has done his work with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the reader. He has chosen the most interesting passages from the despatches of "our greatest soldier," as he calls the Duke of Wellington. The despatches cover the Duke's campaigns from 1799 to 1815, and cover such widely differing regions as India, Denmark, the Spanish Peninsula, the Low Countries, and France. While the account of Waterloo may attract widest popular interest, the despatches concerning the necessarily rigorous and well-nigh savage discipline of the Peninsular army possess peculiar impressiveness, and incidentally confirm some accounts in Napier's history.

Education of Christ (The): Hillside Reveries. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4½×7 in. 138 pages. $1.

In paper, print, and binding, this seems an ideal little book. The text matches the material incorporation, a text to appeal not only to every religiously and devoutly minded man, but also to every æsthetically and sanely disposed man. The "Impressions of Turkey" showed us that few if any writers could claim a more intimate acquaintance with Asia Minor than can Dr. Ramsay. The present volume well reflects his intimacy with that region and with Palestine. More clearly and insistently than in any other land, the philosophy of history, "the will of God as wrought in the world," is written in the landscape of Palestine, and the rightly educated mind cannot but read it there. The country was a decisive factor in making the people who lived in it; and, thinks Dr. Ramsay, had a notable influence on the mind of Christ. The Child of Nazareth must have drawn inspiration and lessons from the scenes in view of which he grew up to manhood. Speaking of the educational ideals of Christ's day, Dr. Ramsay has an opinion worth quoting. If the Græco-Roman world was decaying and dying from

the dearth of true educational ideals, among the Hebrews, on the other hand, there was a salutary, invigorating system of natural education. "Only among them was the principle firmly grasped and boldly enunciated that the poor man's son had as much right to be educated up to his true capacity as a rich man's son, and that both alike should be taught to work." It is true that an admirable side of the Greek lay in his grasp of the principle that it was the duty of the State to educate its citizens. But the education provided was, according to our author, narrow in conception, shallow in character, and destitute of a vivifying ideal. As for the Roman system, adds Dr. Ramsay, its one educational aim seems to have been to prevent the mass of the people from thinking too much, and to provide them with abundant amusements.

Electra. By Benito Pérez Galdós. Edited by Otis Gridley Bunnell, M.S. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 185 pages. 70c.

Elements of General Method (The): Based on the Principles of Herbart. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. (New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 331 pages. 90c.

A valuable work, and recognized as such by progressive educators. The relative value of studies, and the engagement of the pupil's mind or "interest," are the topics to which the most space is devoted. One sentence must be quoted: "For moral educative purposes in the training of the young, the history of America, from the early explorations and settlements along the Atlantic coast to the present, has scarcely a parallel in history."

Eschatology. By Rev. C. A. Huntington, Eureka, Cal. Jewett Bros., Eureka, Cal. 7×10 in. 19 pages. Paper bound.

For a Maiden Brave. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. Illustrated in Colors. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 373 pages. $1.50.

Another story of the American Revolution, certainly a field somewhat overworked of late by novelists. The Long Island campaign in 1778 furnishes most of the historical material, but scenes of interest occur in New York and New Haven. The author has considerable story-weaving talent, but gives us a little too much plot, while his characters incline to sentimentalism and verbosity in their talk.

Frederic Lord Leighton. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 56 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

French Revolution (The). By Thomas Carlyle. In 3 vols. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $9, net.

The important features of this reprint are the introduction and notes furnished by Mr. J. W. Rose, whose "Life of Napoleon the First" is one of the most important contributions to the study of the French Revolution made of recent years, and, indeed, at any time. Mr. Rose is entirely familiar with the section of history covered by Carlyle's picturesque and striking work. In a very interesting introduction he indicates the steps by which Carlyle was led to take up the subject of the Revolution, the books from which he derived the larger part of his material, his attitude towards the Revolution, with a very keen and convincing analysis of those aspects of the great tragedy which appealed to him, and in the delineation of which he showed masterly strength. The introduction is valuable as a criticism of Carlyle's work, bringing out as it does both the strength and weakness of its powerful interpretation. Mr. Rose has supplemented and occasionally corrected Carlyle's narrative with the aid of the most recent knowledge in the form of foot-notes. Taking into account the fact that Carlyle gathered his materials in 1837, when those materials were scanty as compared with the wealth of material at hand to-day, his narrative bears the test of modern investigation astonishingly well; but there are some errors, and those errors Mr. Rose has corrected in his notes, and has brought together for the benefit of the reader a vast amount of information relating to references historical and otherwise. The three volumes are well printed and tastefully bound, and contain a number of very interesting portraits. It will be remembered that Carlyle placed portraits among the most important historical data.

Greuze. By Harold Armitage. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 60 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Holman Hunt. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 64 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Journal of Social Science, containing the Proceedings of the American Association. Number XL. December, 1902. Washington Papers of 1902. Papers Read in the Department of Education, Health, Jurisprudence, and Social Economy, with Stenographic Notes of Debate. Published for the American Social Science Association by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9½ in. 223 pages.

Laundry Manual. By L. Ray Balderston and M. C. Limerick. (Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) The Avil Printing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 66 pages.

Le Gendre de M. Poirier: Comédie en Quatre Actes. By Émile Augier et Jules Sandeau. Edited by Edwin Carl Roedder, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 144 pages. 40c.

Letters from the East, 1837-1857. Edited by Janet Ross. Illustrated. J. M. Dent & Co., London. 6×9 in. 332 pages. $5, net.

The author of these letters was an English diplomat, administrator, and sportsman in India and elsewhere, and his letters abound in interesting and quite often thrilling accounts of experiences and adventures in Asia Minor, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. He knew the life of the people of the East intimately, and he saw and relates many really extraordinary incidents. Of another kind of interest is a passage on the very first page of the book. We quote it as adding another to the many curious glimpses of Disraeli's personality:

> When I was about twelve, Disraeli, accompanied by Mr. N. Willis, the American author, came from Alexandria to Malta with letters of credit to my father, and presented himself at the office dressed in a silk dressing-gown with a guitar suspended by a broad riband round his neck. My father asked him to dine and to go to the opera afterwards, and we boys were allowed to come down to dessert and to accompany the party to the

theater Disraeli wore lace ruffles on his shirt-front and his wrist-bands, and his fingers were covered with jeweled rings, so we looked much more at him than at the scene on the stage

Loyal Traitors: A Story of Friendship for the Filipinos. By Raymond L. Bridgman. The James H. West Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 310 pages.

Marianela. By B. P. Galdós. Edited by Edward Gray, A.B. The American Book Co., New York. [illegible] in. 264 pages. 90c.

Mediæval French Literature. By Gaston Paris. (The Temple Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 161 pages. 40c.

The careful study of the literature of Old France by M. Gaston Paris—regarded abroad as a standard work on the subject—has now been translated into English and published in a small but excellently printed volume. The erudite professor considers his subject both from its social aspect and its historical values. The work inexcusably lacks an index; when succeeding editions are thus provided, the book should become an extremely valuable volume for students both of French and of comparative literature. The author seems equally at home whether discussing the Merovingian, Carolingian, or Capetian periods, but perhaps his most brilliant description is that of the reign of Louis VIII., when a literary activity was evident more genuinely aristocratic in the best sense than any which preceded or succeeded it. In that notable age the Arthurian romance was written and poetry flourished, whether in epic, romantic, satirical, didactic, or lyric form. In later chapters two comments by the distinguished author should be noted: one is that Philippe de Comines is "justly regarded as the first of modern historians;" the other is that Villon is "the first and perhaps the best of our humorists."

Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule, 712-1764. By Stanley Lane-Poole, M.A., Litt.D., M.R.I.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 449 pages. $1.35, net.

Professor Lane Poole here relates the story of the thousand years from the coming of the Arab to the coming of the Briton. It is more the story of princes than of a people; there is no national development, but a series of conquerors and rulers, among whom tower a few majestic names like Tennyson's Akbar. "One by one they tower and they are gone," and still the people vegetate as torpidly as ever, their destiny a riddle still to prophets. Their story abounds in tragedy, and the best thing that ever befell them is their subjection to British law. The present narrative is vividly told and copiously illustrated.

Modern Plea for Ancient Truths (A). By J. H. Garrison, A.M., LL.D. The Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5×7½ in. 94 pages. 35c.

Naturalist in Indian Seas (A). By A. Alcock, M.B., LL.D., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 328 pages. $6, net.

This tells the story of a four years' cruise with the British Royal Indian Marine Survey ship Investigator. While part of the volume is intended for the use only of students of marine zoölogy, there are also chapters which give in a popular and non-technical way accounts of the methods of deep-sea sounding, explorations of "the world beneath the waters," deep-sea life, personal adventures in far-away islands and strange coasts—all of which is readable, often entertaining, and sometimes even poetical. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

New Century Bible (The): Vol. II., St. Mark. Edited by S. D. F. Salmond, D.D., F.E.I.S. General Editor, Prof. W. F. Adeney. Oxford University Press (American Branch), New York. 4×6½ in. 377 pages.

It is some time since the last volume of this series appeared on our table. We therefore note that it contains both the Authorized and the Revised Version, and that the annotations on the latter make it a brief and handy sort of commentary for popular use.

Next Step in Evolution (The): The Present Step. By I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3¾×7 in. 106 pages. 50c., net.

There is much in this little book that reminds one of Henry Drummond—its emphasis upon the unity of the spiritual and the natural world, its imagery drawn from science and from common human experience, its vital rather than scholastic atmosphere. The author presents the coming of Christ into the life, the character, of humanity as the true second coming of Christ, whatever other coming there may be. Appeal is made equally to the reason and the imagination. The book is full of quotable passages: "In a deep sense, as a man thinketh so he is. . . . Answer to prayer is a growth, a building up or down to what you wish." "The children of the inner kingdom never crowd; the more, the more room." This book is a type of that new devotional literature which is the product of a scientific age.

Origin of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong (The). By Franz Brentano. English Translation by Cecil Hague. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 125 pages. $1.50, net.

The lecture thus entitled was originally delivered before the Vienna Law Society. Professor Brentano holds that there is a natural moral law universally and incontestably valid, and that the knowledge of it lies within the range of the human mind. The argument by which he supports this view is so discursive as to fail somewhat in distinctness, and may elude the grasp of many readers.

Our Lord and Master: A Brief Study of the Claims of Jesus Christ. By Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D.D. Jennings & Pye, New York. 4½×6 in. 99 pages. 25c., net. (Postage, 4c.)

Prophetic Ideas and Ideals: A Series of Short Studies in the Prophetic Literature of the Hebrew People. By W. G. Jordan, B.A., D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. $1.25, net.

Much has been done during the past twenty years for the recovery to modern appreciation and use of a formerly much neglected part of the Bible—the discourses of the Hebrew prophets. Much remains to be done, and for that purpose this is a thoughtful and helpful book, written out of full sympathy with the men whose ministry it portrays. More than any "message" of theirs, as Professor Jordan truly says, "is the spirit that they quicken in the devout student, and the atmosphere of fearless faith and courageous hopefulness that

they kindle about his life." To catch this spirit, to separate it from its temporary and local form, enables the modern preacher to emphasize with them the unity of life, to invest secular things with a sacred interest, to carry religion into business and politics as well as worship. The plan of this work, as carried out in a series of short sketches, is expository rather than critical. Without technical discussions, the prophetic ideas and ideals are exhibited in all their diversity of time, personal character, and local circumstance, as unified by a common spirit, which demands its due expression in modern no less than in ancient time.

Recent European History, 1789-1900. By George Emory Fellows, Ph.D., LL.D. Illustrated. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 459 pages.

Red Miriok (The). By Anna M. Barnes. Illustrated. Shan Folk Lore Stories. By W. C. Griggs, M.D. Illustrated. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 108 pages. 75c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Colour Paintings, Pastels, etc. Edited by Charles Holme. Published by International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. 11×15 in. 34 pages. Complete in 8 Parts, each $1, net.

It is interesting to Americans that "The Studio's" New Art Supplement should begin with an article on wood-engraving, which was the medium through which drawings were first presented to the readers of our books and magazines. Charles Hiatt gives a compact history of the development of this art, with particular attention to its modern aspects. He considers the *criblé* method of the fifteenth century; the work of Dürer and Holbein in the sixteenth century; the white-line method of Thomas Bewick in the eighteenth century, and the black-line method as used by Timothy Cole and others of the present school. He mentions especially Paul Colin, the Frenchman, who works like a painter and uses every possible effect to realize his ideal. Mr. Hiatt observes that wood-engraving has been almost entirely supplanted by other reproductive processes, but hopes that among art-lovers it will come to be esteemed for its own sake. The large illustrations, many of which were produced especially for this work, are admirable reproductions of an etching by Edgar Chanine, a monotype in colors by Alfred East, a pastel by E. Aman-Jean, a woodcut by W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp, a tinted chalk drawing by G. Dupuis, and a water-color by Josef Israëls. Each picture is mounted between two sheets of heavy paper, which is the plan most approved by collectors. This work will appear in eight parts, and if the high standard set by the first installment is maintained, the subscribers will have a valuable commentary on the graphic arts of our time, and a beautiful collection of the works of notable artists.

Room with the Little Door (The). By Roland Burnham Molineux. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 263 pages.

Rose and the Sheepskin (The). By Josephine C[illegible] William H. Young & Co., New 389 pages. $1.

Scientific Side-Lights. Compiled by James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 917 pages. $5, net.

One reason for the publication of this curious and interesting collection may have been to help out possibly lazy persons and lecturers. Its forty thousand indexed topics certainly make all matters contained in the volume very accessible; and should make the work of a public speaker rather easy so far as second-hand illustration is concerned. The best public speakers, however, have long discovered that the most effective illustration is first hand—that which comes exclusively from personal experience. Most of the material in this volume consists of excerpts from scientific books; the work impresses the casual reader as a kind of scientific causerie—as if the company of acknowledged authorities were talking familiarly among themselves, each one mentioning a few of the most interesting discoveries and extensions of knowledge in his own department of science. Such authorities are, for instance, Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, Langley, Lyell, Pasteur, Tyndall, Wundt, Agassiz, Dana, Humboldt, Newcomb—to quote at random. Another feature is found in the fact that each extract is a direct quotation from the author named; the book is in no sense a digest or summary. Finally, a third feature lies in the opportunity offered to follow up a particular subject, as to each selection are appended not only the names of author, book, and publisher, but also of volume, chapter, and date of publication.

Soltaire: A Romance of the Willey Slide and the White Mountains. By George Franklin Willey. Illustrated. The New Hampshire Publishing Corporation, Manchester, N. H. 5×7½ in. 143 pages.

Studies in Zoölogy: An Introduction to the Study of Animals for Secondary Schools and Academies. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. 75c.

Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced. A Revised and Enlarged Edition of "7,000 Words Often Mispronounced," with a Supplement of 3,000 Additional Words. Including an Unusually Large Number of Proper Names and Words and Phrases from Foreign Languages. By William Henry P. Phyfe. (Fifty-ninth Thousand.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×6½ in. 660 pages. $1, net.

With this book the title tells the story. In many cases, where the dictionaries differ, several are quoted by name. The volume is extremely convenient and useful, and is now widely accepted as an excellent reference-book.

Westward Ho. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. In 2 vols. 50c. each.

An acceptable addition to the admirable "Temple Classics." "Westward Ho" is truly a classic in that it has kept its vitality and flavor and virility as few books do.

Works of Jane Austen (The). Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. The Macmillan Co., New York. In 5 vols. 4½×7 in. 80c. per vol.

A remarkably good edition for the price; uniform in style with the editions of "Cranford" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Thomson is the best conceivable illustrator for Miss Austen, and his drawings are charmingly imagined and executed.

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The Outlook

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BY GEORGE KENNAN

A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

VI. ELECTION DAY—AND AFTER

BY ALFRED HODDER



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The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The New Publicity Law

Last week, without debate in the Senate and with but a short debate in the House, both branches of Congress accepted the Nelson publicity amendment to the Department of Commerce Bill, and the House of Representatives, with but an hour's debate, accepted the Elkins Anti-Rebate Bill, which had previously passed the Senate, and both measures were enacted into law. Unless the Senate accepts the Littlefield bill, which passed the House unanimously week before last, the anti-trust legislation of the session is completed. Senators Hoar and McComas, of the Senate Judiciary Committee, have been standing with the Democrats in favor of reporting the Littlefield bill to the Senate, but the other Republican members of the Committee have thus far successfully opposed this action. The impression is almost universal in Congress that the Littlefield bill is a more radical anti-trust measure than the Senate can be forced to accept—at least at this session. Of the three bills which have been adopted by Congress in carrying out Attorney-General Knox's anti-trust programme—the bill expediting trust cases before the courts, and the bills passed last week to secure publicity and prevent rebates—the publicity amendment is the only one which is reported to have aroused serious antagonism on the part of the trusts, and its provisions have naturally awakened the greatest popular interest. It creates within the Department of Commerce a Bureau of Corporations whose Commissioner shall have power, under the direction of the Secretary, to make "diligent investigation" into the management of corporations engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce, except railroads, and to report to the President the information so secured, and make public such parts thereof as the President may direct. In the House Mr. Littlefield and nine Democrats refused to vote for this provision, on the ground that the publicity provided was too limited to prove effective. They particularly objected to the fact that no exposure of trust excesses could take place except through the co-operation of three officials, some one of whom might prove lukewarm in the publication of things which the trusts desired to keep secret.

The New Anti-Rebate Law

The Elkins Act forbids railroads to grant freight rates below published schedules, and makes the corporations themselves punishable for offenses against its provisions. Heretofore, under the court decisions, it has been necessary to prove, not only that published rates had been departed from, but also that a greater rebate had been granted to one shipper than another, and only the agent granting the discriminating rebate was punishable. By the Elkins bill the offending railroad agent is exempted from the criminal prosecution to which the amended Inter-State Commerce Law has rendered him liable, in the expectation that this exemption will make successful prosecutions less difficult. When the bill came before the House the Democrats wished to substitute for the Elkins bill the Littlefield bill, which it had passed the week before, and thus force the more aggressive measure upon the Senate for consideration. The Republicans blocked this procedure by adopting a rule forbidding amendments to be offered. Mr. Littlefield was unable to secure from the Republicans the opportunity to criticise the Elkins bill, and when given a moment out of the time accorded to the Democratic leader he pointed out that only two felony offenses could be punished under the terms of the Act. Six Democrats voted against the

Elkins bill, and Mr. Littlefield refrained from voting. The chief points as to which the Littlefield bill is more radical than the measures just enacted into law are that it stipulates the subjects upon which corporations engaged in inter-State commerce must submit returns, and that it denies to manufacturing corporations the right to use the facilities of inter-State commerce if they received rebates or discriminated in prices in any locality in order to crush competition. This last provision forms the one part of Attorney-General Knox's anti-trust programme which has not in some form been enacted into law.

❀

What More Can Be Done

Under the Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, Congress, under the clause giving it control of inter-State commerce, has only limited powers over corporations not specifically engaged in the carrying trade. Whether it can *indirectly* supervise manufacturing corporations is a question on which the Supreme Court has rendered no authoritative decision. Mr. Littlefield and Attorney-General Knox think it can. Congress has heretofore provided that railroads shall be subject to supervision by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and it now provides that all other corporations engaged in inter-State commerce shall be subject to supervision by the newly created Bureau of Corporations, but it has provided no regulations for other corporations. If this legislation proves inadequate to prevent monopolistic control over necessary articles of public comfort and convenience—and we very seriously doubt its adequacy—the people will demand further legislation along more radical lines. Three such lines are possible. One is that of the Littlefield bill, carrying out the suggestion of Attorney-General Knox, prohibiting the instruments of inter-State commerce from carrying articles in the manufacture or sale of which a monopoly is attempted by unfair endeavors to destroy competition. The second is the plan suggested by Professor Jenks in The Outlook—the levying of a small tax on the net profits of all manufacturing corporations, the levy of which would give the Federal Government a right to examine their books, and if necessary their officials under oath, for the purpose of ascertaining what those profits are, and thus would involve a *quasi* publicity of their affairs. The third plan is a Federal tax on all manufacturing corporations acting under a State charter, the effect of which would be, as was proved by the history of banking in this country, to drive the larger corporations to seek a Federal charter, and thus to bring them directly under Federal supervision. All that can be said respecting the legislation enacted at this Congress is that Congress has, with substantial unanimity, recognized the necessity for some anti-trust action by the Federal Government, and so opened the way to more effective action if the development of events shall prove it necessary. The Outlook thinks it is very clear that such action is Constitutional and possible, in one or all of the above ways, if it shall prove to be desirable.

❀

The Aldrich Currency Expansion Plan

The prospects of the Fowler bill to expand the currency by unsecured bank notes become steadily fainter, but Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, last week introduced a more conservative bill to accomplish the same end, which may be adopted before the session ends. It proposes to allow Government funds to be deposited with banks on the security of State, city, and railroad bonds, thus releasing the Government bonds now used for this purpose and permitting them to be used as the basis for further bank-note circulation. The bill also proposes to permit the bonds issued for the construction of the Panama Canal to be used as a basis for bank-note circulation. The latter bonds are of course to be issued upon the faith of our National Government, like other Government bonds now outstanding, and therefore may as safely be used as a basis for bank-note circulation. In order to prevent unsafe railroad bonds from being accepted as security for Government deposits, the Aldrich bill stipulates that they must be the first-mortgage bonds of roads which have paid at least four per cent. dividends regularly for a decade. The best feature of the bill—and the one counted upon to prevent Democratic opposition—is that it

stipulates that the Secretary of the Treasury shall require at least one and a half per cent. interest on the public funds hereafter deposited with the banks. This provision will not only yield a revenue to the Government and lessen the danger of corrupting relationship between the depository banks and the Government, but also will permit a slight element of elasticity in the currency, since the Secretary of the Treasury may fix the rate of interest for Government deposits high enough to keep the banks from demanding all the available treasury surplus save in times of crisis.

❀

The Alaskan Treaty Ratified

International good feeling and courtesy carried the day in the Senate last week, and the Alaskan boundary treaty was ratified with but few protests against it, and none of the predicted filibustering. The treaty provides that the questions in dispute shall be submitted to a Commission of six jurists—three to be appointed by this country and three by Great Britain. There is no provision for an umpire acceptable to both sides, as in an ordinary board of arbitration, but a decision unfair to either side is even more surely avoided by the provision that no award is binding unless agreed to by four of the six judges. There is every reason to believe that an agreement can be speedily reached despite this provision, for while the controversy is quite heated in the sections immediately affected—the northwestern part of the United States and Canada—hardly more than one of the Commissioners appointed by either of the two great nations is likely to be selected from the heated sections. The other Commissioners, both of Great Britain and of our own country, will approach this subject in a genuinely impartial spirit and with a strong desire to reach a fair solution. The objection urged in some parts of this country, that we could not consent to any form of arbitration because we were so entirely in the right, was almost as unreasonable as it was discourteous toward our Northern neighbors. There are, indeed, some questions which nations should not arbitrate, but they are questions of principle rather than questions of material interests. Questions of the latter sort, presented in good faith by an honorable neighbor, should always be submitted to impartial arbitration, and the surer we are that we are in the right, the less reason have we to object to a fair hearing of both sides and a decision free from prejudice.

❀

The Standard Oil Telegrams

It is not generally the habit of Senator Quay in his game of politics to let the people know what he is really after. It is therefore probably safe to assume that in using the Statehood Bill to block the way to other legislation, his interest was only secondarily in that bill, primarily in something else; and the surmise is not unreasonable—though it is only surmise—that this something else was the anti-trust legislation, to which we may be perfectly sure such a servant of corporate interests as Mr. Quay would be unalterably opposed. They whose works are evil love darkness better than light, and the opposition to publicity comes chiefly, not from those corporations whose operations are such that they have no ground to object to the public knowing about them, but from those who depend on political partnerships and legislative favors, of which, from their point of view, the less said the better. The successful prohibition of legislative activity in the Senate has prevented the Senatorial consideration of the Littlefield Anti-Trust Bill, unanimously passed by the House, and might have prevented any anti-trust legislation at this session of Congress had it not been for the generally credited newspaper reports that representatives of the Standard Oil Company had telegraphed to United States Senators protests against any anti-trust legislation. Whether such telegrams were sent we do not know; the report appears, however, to be well authenticated; the Standard Oil Company officials refuse either to admit or deny the report, and the Senatorial denials have been ambiguous and inconclusive. That any of these telegrams, if such were sent, were signed by Mr. Rockefeller's name we think is highly improbable; for Mr. Rockefeller is not without experience in legislative matters, and must have known that, if the telegram or its substance were made public, the fact would injure his cause more than the message could aid it. But Mr. Rockefeller

has a perfect right to telegraph a Senator his opinion concerning any legislation before Congress. There is no reason why any constituent should not write or telegraph to his Senator or Representative urging particular action on a pending bill, provided his message is the expression of his judgment respecting the relation of the bill to public interests, and is accompanied by a statement of reasons for or against the bill. There is very good reason why a constituent should not write or telegraph what can be construed into an order to his Senator or Representative, or what is simply a personal request for specific action, not on public grounds, but as a matter of personal favor. It is so generally believed that the Standard Oil Company has not scrupled to use legislative influence for its own ends that the public is naturally ready to accept the report that it has done so in the present case. If the report was erroneous, it would have been wise for the officers of the Standard Oil Company to have given it an explicit denial.

❀

The Settlement of the Venezuelan Question

All nations and parties concerned are to be congratulated upon the amicable arrangement finally reached. The protocols have been signed, the blockade has been raised, and commissions (not arbitration boards) will be appointed to consider and compute the various claims. The preliminary immediate cash payments have been fixed at $27,500 to each of the three allies—Great Britain, Germany, and Italy—while Germany will also receive the sum of $320,000 in five monthly payments. As we understand it, these payments are to cover claims already recognized by the Venezuelan Government, not in dispute, and already computed. The yielding to Germany's special demand in this direction was probably good policy on the part of Venezuela, and necessary to the reaching of a conclusion; the comment has been widely made that Germany's rigor in applying force at the outset and in demanding a larger money payment than the other allies will probably in the end result in a loss of trade to Germany in Venezuela largely exceeding the amount Germany now receives, owing to the exasperation of native sentiment in Venezuelan ports of commerce. It is to be recorded, however, that all the allies materially reduced their demands for cash from their first figures. Mr. Bowen has shown great energy and resource in presenting Venezuela's position and advocating her claims. The commissions to consider the claims are to consist in each case of one representative of Venezuela and one of the country making the claim, and in case of a failure to agree President Roosevelt is asked to appoint an "umpire" or referee. It does not seem that such action on his part is at all open to the objections brought with considerable force against his acting as sole arbitrator between Venezuela and the allies; the mixed commissions now proposed will not, to any great extent, discuss principles of international law, but will examine and audit the claims. It is worth while to note that the European papers are commenting on the result of the negotiations as a great political success for the United States and the Monroe Doctrine—a result not always pleasantly received by them. Thus, the "Allgemeine Zeitung," of Vienna, says: "Europe was united on only one point—namely, her desire not to arouse the antipathy of Americans."

❀

No Hostility to the United States Involved

Although what will be known as the Venezuelan affair has not been unattended by friction and at times by some anxiety, it has been a conspicuous illustration of the fact that nations can deal together in very critical situations with very delicate matters as rational individuals can deal together in the settlement of their differences. In this case there has been at all times, apparently, a complete understanding between our Government and the Governments of England and Germany. Before the demonstration was made the two foreign Governments had explained in detail what they proposed to do. There never was the slightest apprehension in any responsible quarter that Germany had any other intention in Venezuela than that which she had fully disclosed to our Government. Some irritation was caused by the feeling that German methods were unnecessarily severe; and that, in view of the endeavor to settle the differences on a peaceful basis, the action

of the German commanders was calculated to introduce new elements of confusion into the situation. There was good ground for that irritation; but there was never any doubt of the sincerity of the German Government in its full disclosure of its purposes. Nor has there been any expression which could be taken as significant of a general unfriendly feeling towards Germany. The momentary irritation over German methods did not arise from any feeling of animosity towards Germany. From the beginning the purpose of the English Government has been unmistakable. It has never for a moment intended to do anything which should be in the nature of a surprise to our Government, or which could by any possibility be considered as lacking in friendliness to the Nation. If the English Ministry made a mistake in co-operating with Germany in this transaction, it has taken very good care to make it perfectly understood that under no circumstances was it taking a hostile attitude to this country. Despite the momentary irritation incidental to almost all such transactions, the settlement of the Venezuela affair is a chapter in the new relations of nation to nation of the greatest and most beneficent significance.

❀

Macedonia Last week the Redifs, or Turkish army militia, were ordered to join the colors. According to official statements, these troops are intended to replace the battalions called out to quell the Macedonian outbreak last autumn. It is significant, however, that no orders have been promulgated to withdraw any troops in Macedonia. The concentration of Turkish soldiery there, particularly on the Bulgarian frontier, is the reason for the rumored mobilization of the Bulgarian army and for warnings by Austria and Russia to all reserves to be in readiness. There is adequate cause for all legitimate endeavor to free Macedonia from the rule of the Turk, if for no other reason than that of crushing taxation; in some cases the tithes amount to more than the whole value of the crops, which have been burned by the unhappy people. This and other oppressions are in glaring contrast to the comparative freedom and opportunity enjoyed by the Bulgarians across the border. If the ambition to free an enslaved people is a good one, the methods used by the Bulgarians have been infamous. The patriot-brigands who make up the Bulgarian Macedonian Committee, after years of blackmail, intimidation, kidnapping, and murder, have attacked Turkish troops in order to provoke atrocities which should arouse Europe. It is evident that Abdul Hamid does not propose to be despoiled of his province without the stern protest which his million soldiers can make against the combined forces of Bulgaria and Servia, reinforced by what Russia and Austria can spare. If a war should come, it will probably provoke less sympathy than at any time since the last Balkan conflict (1877). It is true that the Sultan has further blackened his record by the Armenian atrocities, and that he should have long since been expelled from Europe; but it is also true that the would-be liberators of Macedonia were the abductors of Miss Stone, the American missionary, and that the great Power which plays an increasingly preponderant role in the Balkans is the one which, repudiating the promises of a century, reduces its province of Finland to vassalage.

❀

The Mine Workers' Final Plea Public interest in the coal strike hearings, which had sensibly waned during the preceding fortnight, rose to its highest level last week, when the attorneys for the two sides summed up their respective cases. On the side of the miners the addresses of Mr. Henry D. Lloyd and Mr. Clarence Darrow were both remarkable for brilliancy of style—Mr. Darrow's speech sometimes losing in convincing force by reason of the excess of keen satire. The review of the history of the strike and the argument for higher wages and shorter hours need not be summarized. Suffice it to say that the miners' attorneys contended that the wage statements presented by most of the companies had been proven worthless; that the wages paid by the Reading Company, after deducting the cost of miners' supplies (oil, smithing, etc.), averaged only $333 in 1901; that over five in every thousand of the miners are killed every year; and that the violence of the miners during the strike had been grossly exaggerated by the mine-owners' representa-

tives—only two deaths, instead of twenty-one as charged before the President, having resulted from a six months' strike of 147,000 workers. The legal use of the boycott was justified as a strike weapon—Mr. Lloyd contending that the union could not protect strike-breakers from the obloquy which from the time of our own Revolution had fallen upon those willing to paralyze the struggles of their fellows for the elevation of their class. It was not against non-unionists, he claimed, that these boycotts were directed, but only against strike-breakers. The mine workers of America, he claimed, had never gone on strike against the employment of non-union men. A labor monopoly, he suggested, could be avoided by an award stipulating that non-union men should continue to be employed alongside of union men. All this served to introduce the cardinal demand of the union's attorneys—a trade agreement between employers and employed to cover the anthracite regions, as a similar agreement already covers the greater part of the bituminous field. Mr. Lloyd referred to the agreement just reached in the bituminous field, and declared that for six years these agreements had secured industrial peace and better conditions for employers as well as employed. "The testimony of the employers," he declared, "is practically unanimous that strikes have been stopped, discipline has been restored among the men, and equality of competition given to the masters. The unions have been faithful in keeping their contracts, and moderate in their demands. A better class of leaders is pushing to the front. . . . The strikes [in the anthracite field] since 1900 we claim as part of our case for the recognition of the union. The anthracite miners are willing to be disciplined by a power which exists by the joint agreement of the operators and themselves. They are not willing to be disciplined by the operators alone."

❀

President Baer's Final Offer

The case for the operators was presented with equal effectiveness by President Baer, of the Reading. Here again we cannot summarize the general argument based upon the history of the strike, the responsibility of the union for violence, the liberality of present wages, and the necessity of preserving the principle that the companies "have a right to employ any honest man, without discrimination as to religion, nationality, or membership in a labor organization." Upon these points it is sufficient to note that President Baer referred to resolution number 35 of the Anthracite Miners' Convention at Shamokin approving the action of a district organization which authorized its members to strike against the employment of non-union men, and that he urged that the excessive supply of immigrant labor about the mines was the result of the abnormally high wages already accorded, and that the excess would be increased if wages were again advanced. The reduction of the hours of labor he declared to be inadvisable, because it would reduce the output of coal. These points, however, were of less present interest than the suggestions President Baer made regarding the basis upon which the strike might be settled. The most important of these suggestions was contained in the following paragraph:

> If Mr. Mitchell simply represented our own employees, and was acting exclusively for them, there could be no objection to dealing with him; but he represents an organization having for its object some utopian scheme of uniformity in wages and conditions in the mining of coal all over the United States.

This statement, taken in connection with that of Mr. Lloyd regarding the working together of union and non-union men, offers a basis of compromise upon which trade conferences and agreements between employers and employed may be secured. It would not be necessary that the united anthracite operators deal with the United Mine Workers of America. It would be enough if they dealt with the mine workers in their employ. The union surely has no basis for complaint if all mine workers are represented by the delegates of their choice. The other proposal of President Baer related to wages and was briefly as follows:

> (1) Present wages to form the minimum for the next three years; (2) all mine workers except contract miners to get a five per cent. advance on work done during the present winter; (3) after April 1, wages to be advanced one per cent. for every five cents by which the price of coal in New York Harbor exceeds $4.50 a ton.

This offer, in so far as it proposes a sliding scale, by which wages shall vary with

prices above the fixed minimum, is eminently fair. But it is not so fair in proposing that wages shall advance only one per cent. when the price of coal advances five cents a ton. According to the census of 1890, the wages paid in the anthracite coal mines average a little less than a dollar a ton. An advance of one per cent. therefore means an advance of one cent a ton. If, therefore, wages advance but one per cent. when prices advance five cents a ton, the workmen would apparently get but one cent of the advance and the railroad and mining companies would get four cents. The miners' attorneys have declined the proposal, and the Commission has been left with the duty of formulating a schedule just to both parties.

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Prohibition and Law Enforcement in Maine

The action of Chief Justice Wiswell at Belfast, Maine, and of Presiding Justice Speer, in Bangor, Maine, last week, has produced instantly a change in the conditions of that portion of the State, and is, we hope, premonitory of a change which will be more widely felt. Under the prohibitory liquor law of the State, the court may punish any violation of that law by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by fine and imprisonment. Under this prohibition it has been customary in parts of Maine for the court to impose a fine of one or two hundred dollars. The fine has been paid. It has served practically as a kind of license fee, paid after the year's business instead of preliminary thereto, and the business has gone on as usual. This has been popularly known as the "Bangor Plan," not because it has been confined to Bangor, but because Bangor has been the largest city in which its operation has been seen. Last week fines of eight hundred dollars and costs for wholesale dealers, instead of two hundred dollars as heretofore, and two hundred dollars and costs for retail dealers, instead of one hundred dollars and costs as before, were imposed. In addition, Chief Justice Wiswell announced that after March 1 fines would no longer be accepted as settlement of liquor cases in that court, and it is generally understood, though on what ground we do not know, that Judge Speer expects to give a similar warning and put it into effect at the next criminal term in August of this year. It is interesting to conjecture what the practical effect will be of insisting thus upon the jail sentence. Of course indictments and convictions would be more difficult to secure, as liquor-dealers would no longer plead guilty and pay the fine, and it is not possible to foretell whether juries would convict in contested cases, whatever the evidence. But the action of the court in these cases, if it should be premonitory of similar action through the State, would do much to put an end to that false pretense which has been the curse of Maine under the prohibitory liquor law. The people of the State would, at all events, no longer satisfy their conscience by keeping a law of prohibition in the Constitution and carrying into effect a low-license law in actual administration. We have no doubt that such judicial action, if it becomes universal, will give impulse in other parts of the State, as it already has in Bangor, to the growing demand for a change from statutory prohibition to high license and local option, the change which has already been accomplished in the State of Vermont. The need for such change has long been felt by many of the best citizens in Maine. It has long been quietly recognized by a large proportion, if not a majority, of the clergy. We observe that since this action of the court two Congregational ministers in Bangor have preached sermons in favor of the substitution of local option for prohibition, neither knowing that the other had any idea of so doing. The Rev. Charles H. Cutler in his sermon puts the matter concretely by illustrating the conditions of the city of Brockton, Mass., with a population of 40,000, which after eleven years of high license had 435 arrests for drunkenness in one year, and Bangor, with a population of 25,000, which had 1,044 arrests for drunkenness after twenty years of constitutional prohibition.

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The Convention for Religious and Moral Education

If the convictions of a great many men of varying standards of good judgment are not wholly wrong, the Convention for Religious and Moral Education, held in Chicago last week, is to be accounted an altogether unique occasion

and a force to be reckoned with in the future. In the number and representative character of its attendance it surprised not only all who responded to the call for it, but quite as much those who worked so long and hard to assure its success. Not less than three thousand people faced its chairman as he opened the first session in the great auditorium, and each of its five succeeding business sessions averaged an attendance of fully a thousand. But the most significant fact in this connection was the disproportionately large number of men present throughout. For it is surely a most exceptional feature in any general religious gathering to find men composing from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the attendance, morning, afternoon, and evening, for two days. This is the more notable in view of the vast preponderance of women teachers in the schools of both State and Church. The only blunder was made here in nominating but one woman among the sixty or more officers finally chosen. The formal enrollment included over four hundred signatures, with addresses ranging over twenty-three States and five foreign countries, representing twelve denominations, as well as public schools and ecclesiastical agencies, young people's societies, and interdenominational movements, some liberals and many more evangelical conservatives, the greatest State universities of the West and the oldest universities of the East, church colleges and scientific technological schools, pastors, professors, editors, Sunday and public school teachers, fathers and mothers. Representatives of the Roman Catholic priesthood and laity and of Jewish schools and synagogues were in the audience, but unfortunately not on the programme. The spiritual tone and devotional spirit were as marked in platform utterance as in the earnest prayer and fervent song which opened and closed each session. This religious atmosphere, together with the profoundly serious earnestness and fearlessly free fellowship which pervaded the whole occasion, made it impossible to suspect the presence or possibility of any factional control, ulterior motive, or polemic purpose. Every man when on his feet was his own man and no one else's. In volunteering to discuss a topic, one man ventured to remark that he perhaps should not say what was deepest in his heart, when he was immediately interrupted by good-natured appeals to "let it out"—which he did with dignity and discretion.

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The Subjects Discussed

A truly sanctified common sense seemed to protect the Convention from having issues precipitately forced upon it which it could not settle, and the discussion of which would have been not only divisive, but futile. For instance, the question of what to do with the results of the higher criticism in popular teaching was neither forced to discussion nor timidly evaded. Some frankly asserted what they thought such results to be, but demanded nothing more than the right of way for the historical method of study. Others denied their relevancy to the spiritual content to be emphasized. So also the balance between new and better methods of teaching and the old reliance upon the pre-eminent spiritual value of the teacher's personal influence was firmly and sanely maintained throughout, as something to be gradually adjusted and developed, to the advantage of each term of the equation. In the background of all that was thought and said there loomed the overshadowing fact that, of the twenty-three millions of our population between five and eighteen years of age, fourteen millions are not known to have the advantage of any specific religious instruction except that received at home. Of course this merely states the problem to work for the practical solution of which the Convention was called. Toward that complex solution it has already at least contributed the factor of reciprocal respect and appreciation between representatives of the public-school system and those of church educational agencies and ideals to a higher degree than ever before. With this problem ever in view, if not preponderant, the discussions of the more theoretical religious, ethical, and pedagogical principles involved were necessarily broader and more fundamental, if not more vital.

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The Resulting Organization

The form given the permanent organization and the definition of its relationship to other agencies and interests closely involved in its progress was the final test of

the value and efficiency of the Convention. The constitution of the National Educational Association was adopted bodily, with only such changes as adapt it to the specific purposes of "The Religious Educational Association." The admirable balance of this well-adjusted and thoroughly representative form of organization, it was thought by all, would prevent any possibility of the use or abuse of the new association by any faction, section of country, school of thought, sectarian influence, or even by direction in the exclusive interest of any single phase of its own work. It will undertake "to render service in unifying the efforts of the different agencies already engaged in various lines of work; in correlating the forces already established, to the end that these agencies may accomplish even larger results," the acceptance of such service being, of course, wholly voluntary and in no case involving the giving up of independence. By resolution it was declared not to be the purpose "to publish a series of Sunday-school lessons or to compete with existing Sunday-school or other organizations, but rather to advance religious and moral education through such agencies." The type of relationship between the new association and any of the other agencies for similar work was fixed as wholly co-operative by the action of the "Council of Seventy," which called the Convention on behalf of the Institute of Sacred Literature. Before it convened, this Council of Seventy formally resolved to have no other relation to the new organization than might subsist between it and any co-operating body. Independence of any and all publishing interests was emphatically stated to be the settled policy of the Association. Conspicuous among the speakers and officers of the Convention were several prominent members of the International Sunday-School Association. The difference between the ideals, functions, and methods of the two organizations was most distinctly drawn and fraternally discussed by representatives of both. The election of Dean Frank K. Sanders, of Yale Divinity School, as President of the Association, and Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, as Vice-President, together with the choice of widely differing but very representative men to the other offices and the Council, guarantees the catholicity and effectiveness of this timely and forceful movement in American life and education.

The Death of Dr. Curry

The country loses one of its most distinguished men—educator, diplomatist, statesman, and soldier—by the death of the Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, at Asheville, N. C., last week. Born in Georgia in 1822, Dr. Curry was graduated from the University of that State in 1843, and from the Harvard Law School in 1845. He began the practice of law in Alabama, entered the Legislature of that State in 1847, was twice re-elected, and at the expiration of his third term was sent to Congress. He was a member of the House of Representatives when Alabama seceded in 1861, resigned his seat, was elected to the first Confederate Congress, and continued a member of that body until the close of the Civil War. He served as aide on the staffs of Generals J. E. Johnston and Joe Wheeler, and was Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of Alabama cavalry. At the close of the war he was elected President of Howard College, a Baptist institution in Alabama. In 1868 he was appointed to the professorship of English Language and Philosophy and lectured on International and Constitutional Law in Richmond College. In 1881, on the death of Dr. Barnas Sears, Dr. Curry was appointed General Agent of the Peabody Fund for Southern Education, and later became identified with the Slater Educational Fund. When the Southern Education Board was organized, he became one of its most enthusiastic and useful members, full of zeal, tireless in suggestion and in action; for the chief interest of his later life was the promotion of public-school education in the South, for all classes, without distinction of race or locality. Dr. Curry was sent as Minister to Spain by President Cleveland in 1885, and in 1902 as special representative of the United States at the coronation of King Alfonso. Dr. Curry was a prolific writer, the author of a number of books of a religious, biographic, and political character, and contributed to magazines and reviews. He was a man of high character, of great force, and of statesmanlike breadth of view. His knowledge of educational

conditions in the South was intimate, his sympathy with educational movements profound.

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Woman Suffrage in New Hampshire

The men of New Hampshire are to vote on March 10 on the question whether the suffrage shall be extended in that State to the women. The proposal on which they are to vote reads as follows:

7. Do you approve of striking out the word "male" before the word "inhabitant" in the clause which provides that every male inhabitant twenty-one years of age (with certain exceptions) shall have a right to vote; which clause is supplemented by the provision that every such person shall be considered an inhabitant for the purpose of electing and being elected to office, as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?

If adopted, this change in the Constitution would, without further action, confer the full suffrage upon the women of New Hampshire, on the same terms as upon men. Under the terms of the Constitution, a two-thirds vote of those voting on the amendment is required for its adoption. We advise our readers in New Hampshire to vote against this amendment, for three reasons: (1) An election in Massachusetts in which the question was submitted to the women demonstrated that less than four per cent. of the women of that State desire the suffrage. There is no reason to believe that the proportion of women in New Hampshire who desire it is any greater. The men ought not to impose political tasks on women who are unwilling to assume them. (2) The instincts of women are in this matter, as in most matters, wiser than the arguments of political theorists. Political functions are important, but there are other functions even more important; and women are right in thinking that they can serve the community better by leaving political responsibilities to men and devoting themselves to other and even more important services to humanity. (3) The suffrage is already sufficiently extended in this country, perhaps too much so. Political reform lies rather in the restriction of suffrage, not in the further extension of it. The second and third propositions may be debatable, but not the first. When the very small minority of women who want to vote have persuaded the great majority of women that they ought to want to vote, it will be time enough for their brothers to so change the Constitution as to impose on them the duty of voting. They ought not to do so before.

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The French Constitution

The proposal to revise the French Constitution is of interest to Americans, since the chief changes to be made will approximate the French system closely to our own. The framers of the American Constitution builded better than they knew. Their wisdom is emphasized with each year of our own history; the new Australian Constitution has been patterned upon it with striking literalness, and now the Republic of France, dissatisfied with its own model, proposes to adopt two vital features from ours. The first concerns the judiciary. Up to the present the French courts have not been independent enough of Parliament; in future it is proposed to make the highest tribunal, the Court of Cassation, independent, indeed to endue it with authority to pass upon the constitutionality of all acts of Parliament, and, in its discretion, to declare any of them null and void. Thus the Court of Cassation will become the counterpart of our Supreme Court. The second great change concerns the executive. Hitherto the French President has been chosen by Parliament, and his Cabinet has been composed of members of Parliament. It is now proposed that the President shall be chosen by the nation, and that he and his Cabinet shall not necessarily be members of Parliament.

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Addicksism

In this issue of The Outlook appears Mr. George Kennan's last article respecting Mr. Addicks and his political methods. These revelations are of more than local importance. Following the disclosures of political corruption in New York City, Minneapolis, and St. Louis, they indicate the end to which forms of corruption less palpably odious and too frequently condoned inevitably conduct; they furnish a startling object-lesson of the greatest peril which threatens the American Republic; and they incidentally explain to Northern readers the danger which South-

emers fear from universal negro suffrage and go far to justify those fears. We have done what we could by these articles to aid the small and heroic band who in Delaware are fighting a National battle against wholesale, flagrant, and scarcely concealed corruption. It is in vain for the politician or the editor to shrug his shoulders and say, It is incredible that a whole community should be bought. The answer is, The incredible is true.

If the men who are voting to dishonor their State by sending Mr. Addicks to the United States Senate doubt Mr. Kennan's revelations, they have only to vote for an investigation, and constitute a committee, on which the honest opponents of Mr. Addicks have a fair representation, and they can easily get the evidence to substantiate all that Mr. Kennan has told our readers, and more. But they will not do this; they have no need to do this; Mr. Kennan has told but little that is new to them. They know, or some of them do, that he has not told the worst, that there are facts in this Addicks campaign which cannot be told in a newspaper.

The narrative of Mr. Kennan cannot be cavalierly dismissed as mere "newspaper reports," "rumors of the street," "stories in the air." It is definite, precise, specific, and with a responsible historian to vouch for it. We confess that we wonder how, in the face of this narrative, men who call themselves gentlemen can go on voting to send this man to misrepresent the State of Delaware at the capitol of the Nation. We wonder how any United States Senator can allow the Nation to believe that he looks with acquiescence upon this endeavor to send such a man to be his associate in the public service. We wonder how any Senator can vote to confirm as United States District Attorney for the State the man who represents Mr. Addicks, who resigned his District Attorneyship to do Mr. Addicks's bidding and serve his purpose, and whose first official duty it would be, if he were confirmed, to prosecute for bribery the man whose associate if not whose servitor he is. We wonder that any Republican Senator can imagine that he is loyal to the party in giving countenance to a man who has first corrupted that party in his State and then threatened to bury it ten thousand fathoms deep if his corrupt plans miscarried, and, finally, has so far fulfilled his threat as to defeat the party in a Congressional election because its regular nominee was incorruptible. These, let the reader note, are not rumors or reports; they are facts which a careful investigation has substantiated. They are not even denied. It would be far better, not merely for the State of Delaware, not merely for the United States Senate and the Nation, but better also for the Republican party, that Delaware should send to the Senate two Democrats than that it should send any man who wears the livery and will do the bidding of Mr. Addicks.

The Sources of Tammany's Power

Mr. Hodder's account of "A Fight for the City," which is completed in this week's issue of The Outlook, is not a history of a campaign. It is not even the record of the movement of an army; it is a report of a series of skirmishes by a single company. Mr. Hodder's purpose was to focus the searchlight at a single point, as it had been Mr. Jerome's purpose to deal directly and practically with one phase of the situation. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Hodder has not attempted to depict Mr. Jerome in heroic guise. The man represented a principle and a method. He saw more clearly than any one else the fundamental issue, and the story centers about him because, in the most concrete and dramatic fashion, he set that issue in the plainest kind of language, with the most definite illustration, and since his election has persistently and courageously acted in line with his declarations during the campaign.

What Mr. Hodder has endeavored to do was to show, with ample quotations from Mr. Jerome's speeches, the real character of the organization which has so often controlled the city of New York, and which the citizens of New York will be compelled to face, again and again, in the future. The genius of Tammany Hall is not, and never has been, understood by the great majority of voters. They have regarded it as a very powerful political machine, which, like other machines, had

the great advantage of thorough organization, and could be overthrown only by heroic efforts. The campaign against Tammany has been spasmodic because people have not understood the foundations on which Tammany rests, and its significance in our political life. As a matter of fact, Tammany Hall is a political organization only in name; it is Democratic only by tradition; it stands for no political principle. There is no political principle which its leaders would not sacrifice; there are no party affiliations which they would not cast aside for the benefit of their organization. With them it is Tammany Hall, first, last, and always. They have based Tammany Hall, not simply on a high degree of political organization, but on certain instincts and ideas of conduct and life, on certain adaptations to the ideals and instincts of the large majority of their voters; and they have taken statesmanlike advantage of certain conditions which have existed in New York for many years, and which furnish a solid foundation on which their scheme of government can work.

Two things Mr. Hodder has shown with great clearness: the first of these is the broad distinction between what may be called the Anglo-Saxon ideals of character and of public service, and the Celtic ideals of character and of public service. Tammany does not stand for those qualities of character which are uppermost in the minds of English-speaking men and women when they think of the relation of the individual to the State. The vice of the politician of Anglo-Saxon descent, as Mr. Hodder has pointed out, is hypocrisy; that is never the vice of the politician of Celtic blood. Mr. Croker's frank declaration that he always "worked for his own pocket" is an instance in point. Such a declaration would never have been made by Mr. Quay or Mr. Platt. The Tammany politician often speaks the truth with perfect frankness because he does not understand the significance of the truth as revealing his own character. Tammany is largely supported by a class of voters whose ideals of life are social rather than ethical, and its leaders are men who incarnate the qualities of good fellowship, who care for their own, and look after their supporters. Let a man be genial, generous in his use of money; let him provide for his followers by generous disposition of offices or by a generous use of public funds, look after the wants of the poor, provide picnics, brass bands, processions; let him open halls where social gatherings can be held, and show himself a good fellow in the social sense, and it is a small matter to most Tammany supporters whether he does his work as a public official effectively and honestly or not. In other words, it is the social quality and not the moral quality which appeals to the average Tammany man, and it is the social rather than the moral nature to which Tammany appeals. Even if the Tammany man is honest, it is not the good of the city, the effective service of the public, that weighs with him; it is the care for his friends, loyalty to the Hall, and fidelity to his supporters. Men like Devery and Tim Sullivan, whatever else they may be, are perfectly frank in their dealings with the public. They have only a barbarian's sense of public obligation, but their names are significant of good will among their constituents, of all kinds of charity, public and private; of care of the poor, friendliness for those who are out of work, and a general paternal relation to everybody who can be made useful.

Tammany Hall is not only un-American in its methods, but it is distinctly un-American in its ideals. There is a broad and permanent difference between the underlying conception of public service in the minds of the best Tammany Hall men and the underlying conception of public service in the minds of the great mass of English-speaking men and women. That difference must be reckoned with. It is a permanent factor of great importance in the situation.

Mr. Hodder has spoken very frankly of the results of the co-operation of the puritan and the "grafter." What he has said has undoubtedly shocked a great many people. They ought to be shocked; they must be shocked until they are brought to a clear recognition of the fact that it is the combination of unpractical good people with very practical bad people that has made it possible for Tammany Hall to develop the combination between the municipal government and the criminal classes that has fed its treasury, enriched its officers, and made it infamous

throughout the world. Tammany finds its opportunity in the fact that laws which cannot be enforced are kept on the statute-books, by good people who will not recognize the fact that they are imposing on the city authorities functions which they cannot discharge. It is the body of unenforceable laws on the statute-books that has made it possible for the police captains, and Tammany functionaries in other departments of the government, to establish a regular system of blackmail on the vice of the city; to form an alliance with gamblers, saloon-keepers, houses of ill fame, and, in some cases, with crooks of all kinds, that has furnished a steady revenue for Tammany Hall, and enables police captains, on moderate salaries, to retire with considerable fortunes. This is the second fact upon which Mr. Jerome focuses attention in the speeches of the campaign, and which Mr. Hodder has brought out with his unusual analytical skill. The grafter, both Democratic and Republican, is able to ply his evil trade because the puritan stands behind him and thus becomes his silent partner.

The situation has been, in a way, unique. All Mr. Hodder's subtlety as a novelist has been brought into requisition to bring out the peculiarities of temperament and racial ideals which underlie the relation of Tammany Hall towards its supporters, and the unnatural and shocking partnership of puritanism and vice which gives the Tammany leader the opportunity of allying municipal government with the very classes which it is established, among other things, to suppress. To this may be added a third element: the co-operation, by unity of instinct and interest, of the Republican ringleader with the Tammany ringleader; the combination of machines to support each other and to defeat the will of the people. It has been a good many years since the people of New York have governed themselves. Twice in two decades two strong men have appeared—Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt—who have broken the bonds of the machines, and, by force of character, ability, and high aims, have pushed themselves to the front in the face of the machine leaders, Democratic and Republican. Tammany Hall hated Grover Cleveland precisely as Mr. Platt has hated President Roosevelt, and for the same reasons. The Republican machine in this city stands a great deal nearer the Tammany machine than it stands to the Republican voters of the city; and there have been combinations between Tammany and the Republican machine which have been antagonistic to the interests of the Republican party. For machines have no political loyalty; they exist for their own benefit. The Republican city machine would much prefer to have Tammany rather than Mr. Low and Mr. Jerome in authority. It would prefer a Democratic Governor rather than the presence of Mr. Roosevelt in the Governor's chair.

Mr. Hodder has concentrated his searchlight on two or three vital points; and at those points are to be waged the battles of the future in the city, in the State, and in the Nation. If our cities are to be redeemed, people must understand the utter selfishness of the machine, whether it calls itself Democratic or Republican, and set their faces against it like a rock. If republican institutions are finally to establish themselves in the world, the will of the people must control and not the will of the bosses.

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The Deadly Parallel

The New York "Times" in its issue of February 10 affords the finest illustration we have ever seen of the deadly parallel. It contains in literally adjoining columns two editorials on the Trust Question, as follows:

That any really serious and effective measure of trust regulation can be got through the Republican Senate is generally felt to be out of the question. The entire calmness of the great trusts and corporations reveals their confidence in the Senate, and men generally are altogether skeptical. If the Republican Congress was determined in good faith to attempt to provide a remedy for trust evils it would begin by striking off the duties on trust-made products.

The Elkins bill passed by the Senate last week without discussion or amendment is much stricter and more important than is indicated in the press reports. . . . If it should be passed and administered with care and vigor it would be the most efficacious remedy for such evils as really exist in connection with "trusts" that has yet been suggested.

You pay your money and take your

choice. And how great a choice for one cent!

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"The Perfect Plan of Salvation"

A correspondent has sent us a "Tract No. 47," bearing the above title. It is published by "The General Missionary and Tract Society," of we know not what body of Christians, at Elgin, Illinois, and is sent postpaid for $1.60 per hundred. We therefore presume that any reader whose interest in it is aroused by this article can get a copy by sending two two-cent stamps to the Society, with a request for the tract. We have been interested in it because it seems to us to present, in an admirably clear, consistent, and logical form, what is *not* a perfect plan of salvation, but what in many quarters is conceived so to be, though rarely presented in so literal and logical a form. The perfect plan of salvation as outlined in this pamphlet may be briefly epitomized as follows:

Man is a religious being and needs a safe guide. The Bible is such a guide; it is the only infallible rule of faith and practice. The perfect plan of salvation is obeying its precepts and all its precepts. There is a heaven and there is a hell. The only safe way to win that heaven and escape that hell is to study the Bible, learn what are its precepts, and give to them a careful and exact obedience. Men must not select a part of the law; they must take the whole law and obey it in all its parts. Then, and only then, will they be safe. "Everybody admits that they who obey the *whole* law are on safe ground; the only difficulty is about those who obey but a *part* of the law." What, then, are the things which this law requires? In addition to repentance, faith, and confession, it requires baptism: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "On this as well as other positions we desire to occupy ground that is safe. It is never a question whether it is safe to be baptized. The uncertainty is about *not* being baptized; here is the unsafe ground." And baptism is immersion. "It is not questioned whether immersion is right, but are sprinkling and pouring right? About immersion being baptism there is not one particle of dispute among men of learning; all the dispute is concerning sprinkling and pouring." Therefore, "when we select immersion and that alone, then, and not till then, do we have a method that is infallibly safe." But immersion to be safe must be practiced by the forward action. "In the time of the Apostles the administrator placed his right hand on the head of the candidate, and gently bowed his head forward till he was fully immersed." Therefore to be safe we must practice the forward action. The backward action was not introduced into the Church until the time of the Reformation (A.D. 1517). "To suppose that God will sanction the backward baptism is to simply put the inventions of men on an equal footing with the 'thus saith the Lord.' We are not aware that he ever did sanction the introduction of a human invention in the room of a Divine appointment, and to presume that he will in this case is neither reasonable nor necessary. . . . We will stand on safe ground and go FORWARD in the likeness of our Saviour, when he bowed his head and gave up the Ghost." Moreover, immersion to be safe should be trine immersion. "If I take a candidate into the water and say, 'I baptize thee into the name of the Father' (then dip him), 'and of the Son' (dip him), 'and of the Holy Ghost' (dipping him the third time), there is no one who will say I did not do just as I said I would. . . . But if, on the contrary, I should say, 'I baptize thee into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' then dip him, it is questionable whether I have done just what I said I would do. If in the former case I did what I said I would, then, in the latter, I did not. The former we know is right, but all the doubts are about the latter." Christ washed his disciples' feet and commanded them to wash one another's feet. Therefore to be safe we ought to wash one another's feet. "Those who do what Jesus commanded occupy safe ground in this particular; . . . all the difficulty is concerning those who refuse to obey this command." The Lord's Supper must be a *meal* and it must be a supper. There are people who take the Communion about noon, and then call it the Lord's Supper. "What does the reader think

of eating supper at noon? Can such a thing be done? Everybody knows that we can eat dinner at noon, but the question is, can we eat supper at that time?" If we want to occupy safe ground we must eat a meal, not a bit of bread and a sip of wine, and we must eat in the evening, not at noon. "The Holy Spirit of God, through the Apostle Paul, has said, 'Salute one another with a holy kiss' (Rom. xvi. 16). God is very precise in giving his commands. In this he not only tells us what to do, but *how* to do it. . . . He not only tells us to 'salute one another,' but, without leaving the matter to our choice, says it must be with a kiss; not only a kiss, but a *holy* kiss." "Is the salutation of the holy kiss a command of God? All parties must admit that it is. . . . Is it right to obey the command of God? To this there is but one answer, all admitting that it is right. Then the man who obeys this command does right. Is there any one who doubts this? Certainly not. But what if he does not obey this command of God? Does he do right? Is he safe? Here is where we meet with the doubts."

We have given a summary of this pamphlet thus at length, not because we suppose it represents a large body of Christians—probably they are numerically small—but because it represents clearly, consistently, logically, a conception of Christianity which is entertained vaguely, inconsistently, illogically, by a great many persons. This conception is, in brief, that Christ is a Lawgiver, that he who obeys Christ's laws will go to heaven, that he who disobeys them will go to hell. Consistent as the writer of this pamphlet is in his application of this doctrine, he leaves some things unsaid. Christ was baptized in a river; therefore it is not safe to be baptized in a lake, still less in a baptistery. Christ told his disciples to prepare the supper in an upper chamber; therefore it is not safe for us to partake of it in a church, a chapel, or on the ground floor. Christ said, "After this manner therefore pray ye;" therefore it is not safe to use any other form of prayer than the Lord's Prayer. On the other hand, Christ swept all these laws away on more than one occasion. He told a lawyer that if he loved God supremely and his neighbor as himself he should live; he told a rich young ruler that if he had not committed murder, nor adultery, nor theft, nor borne false witness, and had honored his father and mother, and loved his neighbor as himself, all that he needed to be *perfect* was to sell all that he had and give to the poor. To be safe, according to this, it is not necessary to have faith or repentance, to confess or be baptized, to pray or praise—it is only necessary to be just and generous.

The conception of the nature of salvation as from a future hell, and of its condition as obedience to precepts, is fundamentally erroneous. It is the conception of Pharisaism, against which Paul's letters are a protest; of Mediævalism, against which the Reformation was a protest; of Puritanism, against which the larger faith of our time is a protest. Salvation is not deliverance from hell, it is deliverance from sin; eternal life is not heaven hereafter, it is love, joy, peace, here; Christ is not a Lawgiver, but a Life-giver; Calvary is not a supplementary Mount Sinai, nor Jesus Christ a second Moses, nor the Sermon on the Mount an improved Ten Commandments, nor Baptism and the Lord's Supper a simplified Levitical code.

The laws of God are the laws of God's own nature; they are laws for us because we are God's children, and therefore they are the laws of our own nature. Christ is an interpreter of those laws, because he is an interpreter to us of God and an interpreter to us of ourselves. He interprets these laws to us by his life and spirit. They are all summed up in the one saying, "A new commandment give I unto you, That ye love one another as I have loved you." His life gives a new meaning and a new sacredness to love. We are saved when we imbibe his spirit and live his life. We are lost when we are sensual and selfish. To be Christlike is to be saved; to be un-Christlike is to be lost. Goodness is heaven; wickedness is hell. Christ has come to save us, not by giving us laws which if we obey here we shall go to heaven hereafter, but to inspire us with a life which is heaven here. The Gospel is not a new Law; it is not the old Law retranslated, reapplied, modified, amended, or enlarged. It is not law at all. It is Glad Tidings; and the Glad Tidings is, in a sentence, that we, poor as we are, can become sons of God as Christ was the Son of God;

filled with his spirit, living his life. This is what he means when he says, "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." This is what John means when he says, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name." This is what Paul means when he says, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Salvation is character; and character is not wrought by obeying, from fear of hell or hope of heaven, precepts written in a book; character comes by receiving the life which is imparted by a Person—a gift which is freely given of God to whomsoever sincerely and supremely desires it.

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No Compromise with Death

There are some issues that are perfectly clear. One of these issues is before the people of New York State as represented in their Legislature. It is an issue between invested capital and human life.

People talk about the "housing problem" as if it were as abstract as a proposition in Euclid. As a matter of fact, the housing problem is as definite as the pallid face of an East Side child, as concrete as the burial of an East Side consumptive. If the reader of these lines has air enough to breathe, it is because he has solved the housing problem so far as he is concerned. To deny men, women, and children the solution of the housing problem is to deprive them of air for their lungs. It is because of the unsolved housing problem that people who are asking for air are given instead gases laden with tuberculosis.

There is just one obstacle to granting them air. That obstacle is invested capital. Last year there were over eight thousand deaths from tuberculosis alone in New York City. The prevalence of that disease was due, and is now due, to conditions in tenement-houses. Why permit those conditions, so far as they are preventable, to continue? There is only one answer that any man can give: Because any change in the conditions may endanger the income from investments in tenement-house property. There is no escaping the issue. It is life against money.

That issue was never more fairly joined than it is to-day in New York. The struggle has been going on for years. It is not necessary to narrate it here. It is sufficient to say that those who have been responsible for erecting tenement-houses in New York City have generally made them as unwholesome as the law has allowed. They have granted to the poor only so much light and air, only so much opportunity for life and health, as they have been compelled to grant. Finally last year a law was enacted stipulating, first, that every house thereafter to be built for the occupancy of three or more families should comply with certain designated requirements, and, second, that all old tenement-houses should be altered, when necessary, so as to be made more fit, in certain specified particulars, for human habitation. This law has now been in operation for some months. It has been proved entirely practicable. It has the approval of the best landlords. It has received the strong commendation of so eminently practical authority as the "Real Estate Record and Builders' Guide."[1] It has effected changes which The Outlook, after direct and personal investigation, declares to be wholly beneficial. Against this admirable law has arisen no protest on behalf of the people of the tenements, no argument on behalf of public health or morals, no opposition whatever except on behalf of those who fear reduction of income from investments in the old tubercular conditions.

Such opposition, so far from being an argument for modification of the law, is an argument for the maintenance of the law. In some quarters from which the public had a right to expect uncompromising defense of the rights of the poor come propositions for concession to the enemies of the poor. These concessions are defended on two grounds: first, that a reform government will be endangered if the pockets of unscrupulous or indifferent landlords are enlisted against it; second, that some concessions to the demands are necessary to prevent more radical demands. The first is idle, because a reform government that does not reform is of no use; the second, because conces-

[1] See the editorial in its issue for February 14, 1903.

sion to rapacity only increases the rapacity. If there is injustice in the present law, that injustice ought to be corrected, not as a concession to opponents, but as a voluntary measure of improvement. If houses of a certain height can be built with greater advantage to the people by changing in the law the specifications of the size of the required court, those specifications should be changed only at the request of the Tenement-House Commission; not because of pressure from builders who wish to save money by wasting lives, but because of honest opinion that the houses will be thereby improved. We strongly doubt whether either justice or public advantage demands any such changes. But, in any case, neither justice nor public advantage makes it necessary for the government to restore conditions favorable to disease and death for the sake of making secure the continuation of incomes derived from the promotion of disease and death. No government is under obligation to protect investments in instruments for populating the hospitals and graveyards.

The dwellers in the tenement-houses on the lower East Side of Manhattan are becoming aware that their hard-won rights to light and air, health and life, are menaced. By placards, by utterances in their newspapers, by petitions, and by public meetings they are expressing their fears and making known their appeals. They ought not to be left to fight their battle alone. It is hard enough for them to fight their environment without fighting men who would permanently fasten that environment upon them. In Buffalo, too, the people are aroused. They realize that what they achieved in former years by local ordinance is now embodied in the State law, and will be lost if the law is annulled. The people of Brooklyn, however, do not seem to be aware that this attack on the law, which is especially virulent in their borough, is a threat, not only to maintain present conditions, which are already foul enough there, but to fix upon them for the future a condition that will be fertile in physical and moral evils.

If a democracy involves any obligations to one's fellow-men, indifference in a struggle like this is a form of treason. The "housing problem" is not merely a problem; it is a war. With the forces of death there can be no compromise.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

IX.

April 19.

ODESSA: our last port in Russia and our last in the Black Sea; after the Crimea and Yalta a decided anticlimax. I wish we might have had added to the very short time allotted to Athens all that which we spent in going around by the western coast of the Black Sea in order to visit Odessa. But evidently all persons are not of this way of thinking. A fellow-passenger tells me that when he expressed to a friend regret that he was to have only two days at Athens, the friend exclaimed: "Two days! why, man, two hours is enough to see all there is in Athens." Poor man! This recalls a story, told me by another fellow-passenger, of a lady who, returning from an excursion on the Nile, said that she did not see what any one wanted to go to Egypt for; "the hotels were poor, the food was bad, the boats were slow, the water was muddy, and the temples were all in ruins." There are no ruins in Odessa. It is a thoroughly modern city, with fine docks, broad streets; well built, commodious-looking modern houses; good restaurants—we tried one; good-looking hotels, though we had no cause to try one; no beggars; good shops—we bought little but did some shopping; no dogs, no dirt, no smells, in all of which respects it is a striking contrast to Constantinople. It is the westernmost commercial city in Russia, I believe, certainly the westernmost port in the Black Sea, and is connected with eastern Europe by an efficient railway system. It interested me because it indicated what sort of a city Constantinople would become in a quarter of a century if Russia owned it. I cannot tell whether I wish she did or not. If she did, she would control the eastern Mediterranean and so the Suez Canal. For

the Sea of Marmora would be the natural rendezvous for her fleet, and Great Britain could neither afford to keep a fleet perpetually coaled and ready for action in the Mediterranean nor to leave her highway to the Indies unprotected. "But," said a fellow-passenger to whom I made this remark, "the neutrality of the Suez Canal is guaranteed by treaty." True; but Russia has not a habit of observing treaties when it is not to her interest to do so. Moreover, Russia's treatment of Finland augurs but ill for the Bulgarians, the Armenians, and the Greeks, if they should once come under her protecting wing. I am glad that it does not devolve upon me to determine whether western Asia and southeastern Europe, with the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, shall be under the Greek cross or under the Crescent. To-night we are sailing for Constantinople, where I believe we are to come to anchor just long enough to leave two passengers and then go on to Athens.

April 23.

Athens in a day and a half! We were in Athens at half-past nine yesterday morning; we left it at half-past three this afternoon. In the interim we had visited old Athens, driven through new Athens, visited the Museum, interviewed and taken tea with Dr. Kalopatharkes, a native Protestant preacher, and brought away our impressions, which in my case are at once vague and confused if not contradictory.

Both in Greece and in Italy I am specially interested in the resurrection of the people—for in both I seem to see a new people rising from the grave of the dead past. And in some ways the resurrection of a nation, as one sees it in Italy and Greece, is more interesting than the making of a nation, as one sees it in America. The contrast between ancient and modern Athens is very striking. Piræus, the harbor of Athens, is a commercial city of considerable size and great activity. The statement made to me in Athens by a native Greek, that Piræus is the second largest commercial port in the Mediterranean, is probably a characteristically Greek overstatement; possibly also his declaration that sometimes there are as many as a hundred steamboats in its port at once; but it is a thriving city, and when the Greek railroads make their connection with the European system, it will become a port of still greater importance. Athens itself is a beautiful city, with broad avenues, some fine residences, and some notably fine public buildings. One of these, or rather a group of them, the Academy of Science, Polytechnic Institute, etc., is built in imitation of the ancient Greek temples, with the colored marbles and the frescoed friezes; and while it lacks that indefinable something which characterizes the spontaneous and original and is never to be found in a copy, it is a very beautiful group, and is a great help to the imagination in the endeavor to reconstruct the ancient Greek temples from the pathetically beautiful ruins which have survived the erosions of time and the barbarisms of man. There are other modern characteristics of Athens not so attractive. The ancient Greek was not only an athlete and an artist, but also a great bargainer and a not too scrupulous one. If the new Athenian brings from the dead past, as I think he does, something of the ancient Greek's æsthetic sense, he also brings something of his bargaining spirit. Much more than in Genoa or Tiflis I felt the atmosphere of a community bent on making all it could out of the transient visitor. Our hotel charged us five dollars a day, which was two dollars more than the rates announced in Baedeker, and would have given us second-rate rooms at that but for a demand for something better. The excuse was, "the height of the season." And nowhere else in my European experience have I ever had such an array of servants presenting their claims for fees. At the end of only a thirty hours' sojourn, one porter brought our hand luggage down stairs, two others took a dress-suit case apiece, and a fourth opened the carriage door; and all, to say nothing of waiter, chambermaid, upstairs man, and head porter, were on hand for a remembrance. Guides, cabmen, and peddlers of all sorts were present wherever we went, and I am told that in shopping a double price is the rule, as in Turkey. In short, put the Parthenon in Saratoga or Long Branch and one would have some conception, though an inaccurate one, of the combination of modern commercialism of a petty kind and ancient art as one sees them in Athens. *Per contra*, there was no gate money.

However, these aspects taken alone

give an unfair notion of modern Athens; of its general air of prosperity; of its schools, of its children, of its homes. That the whole of Greece has moved upward and forward with astonishing rapidity since the expulsion of the unspeakable Turk, as has Italy since the overthrow of Bourbonism and the Papal power, that in both countries the revolution has taken away the stone from the mouth of the tomb, and the nation has been summoned forth although still encumbered by its grave-clothes, is very apparent. One of the most interesting illustrations of this new life was afforded by the so-called "Queen's workshop." It is, as I understand it, a factory organized and patronized by the Queen for the benefit of women and girls of the poorest class, who are engaged here in weaving various fabrics, from woolen carpets to silken scarfs. I am not expert in such matters, but their work seemed to me to be in good taste and thoroughly well done; and the ladies of our party thought the product very reasonable in price. What struck me as most distinctive was the fact that the power, I believe all the power, was furnished by hand. Two women turning a crank furnished by their muscle the power which moved the loom; and the shuttles were driven back and forth wholly by hand.

The Acropolis we saw under what was at once a great advantage and a great disadvantage. We started to see it by ourselves; fell in with two congenial fellow-passengers who had secured a very good guide—not a human parrot, but a man of intelligence who could understand and answer questions; we accepted their invitation, went with them, and had everything explained to us in a very intelligent manner. This was a great advantage, because we saw a great deal which otherwise we should not have seen, and learned a great deal which otherwise we should not have known. It was a disadvantage, because it made the Acropolis a show place; we could not sit down quietly to the æsthetic enjoyment of what I suppose to be the most beautiful ruins in the world, nor possess ourselves in that quiet of mind which is essential to the work of the imagination and so reconstruct from our fragmentary knowledge the ancient Acropolis, and people it with its splendid but sensuous life. I did this for myself in the afternoon, when I went out to Mars Hill unaccompanied, and stood there for a while looking across to the Acropolis directly opposite and close at hand, and, forgetting the present, saw before me enacted the historic scene which took place there one afternoon about eighteen centuries and a half ago. Then the temple was unimpaired; the trees were unbroken; the marbles which one must now go to the British Museum to see were in their places; Athens was no longer in its glory, but the priesthood was still powerful, and the pageantry and processions imposing. I saw the long procession winding up the hill and climbing the broad staircase which leads to the most beautiful temple ever erected by man to express his reverence for the gods; I saw the white-robed priest, the attendant boys, the mild-eyed oxen, which Homer has described and which the Greek bas-reliefs portray, led up to the sacrifice; I heard the rude chanting and the murmurs of the spectators; I shared their feeling of awe in the presence of the great mystery of life and death, which at times sobers and solemnizes the most careless of us; and then I saw Paul, alone and unfriended, on the hill over against the Parthenon, despised by the Greeks because he was a Jew, and despised by the Jews because he was half Greek; a fanatic to the one, a heretic to the other, suspected even by his own church, and setting over against this beautiful temple and this impressive pageantry and this all-powerful priesthood—what? An idea, words, mere words, a breath, a palpitation of the air, audible for a moment—then gone forever. And yet! the pageantry has long since ceased to impress, the priesthood have long ceased to influence, the sacrifices are no longer offered, the music is no longer heard, the temple is only a beautiful ruin—but Paul's speech on Mars Hill, preserved we know not how nor by whom, will live as long as reason vivified by imagination and surcharged with emotion has power to move the mind of man. As I reflected on this contrast, the history of the intervening centuries, which the guide in the morning had skillfully epitomized in a few sentences, came back to me with its lesson. I felt rather than defined even to myself the difference in spirit between Paul and

the later religionists who, in the same place, have endeavored to reform religion. The Christians turned the Parthenon into a Christian church, put up an altar, painted on the walls some frescoes of saints—the dim outline is still discernible there—substituted for the pagan ritual a Christian ritual, and for the pagan creed a Christian creed. The Mohammedans followed; tore down the altar, tore down the cross, effaced the frescoes, knocked the heads off from the images, and put up a tower for their call to prayer. The later Christians came in again, tore down the tower, and effaced as far as they could the signs of the Turkish occupation. Each religionist saw in creed and ritual and altar and image a symbol of a hated religion, and tried to reform it by destroying it and putting another symbol in its place. Paul criticised neither ritual, creed, nor image. He praised the pagans for their religion. "I have come to help you," he said in effect, "to understand better the God you worship but confess you do not know." I never felt so strongly the folly of all this controversy about creeds and rituals and images—the mere symbols of religion; I never felt so strongly the splendid courage of this man standing alone in the midst of all this pagan symbolism and offering absolutely no substitute for it all and no criticism on it all; offering only a thought, an idea, a truth—invisible, impalpable, immaterial, unsymbolical, and therefore eternal.

Returning to the steamer, I was much interested to compare notes with my fellow-passengers, and see how various are the interests which Athens awakens and how many and different are the points of view of visitors to it. To one the interest was æsthetic—the beauty of the ruins impressed him, the fact that all the lines, even those of the seemingly straight but imperceptibly curved pillars, were lines of beauty; to another the historical associations—here Socrates taught, and Demosthenes spoke, and Sappho sang, and Phidias wrought; another saw in the splendid ruins a type of the Greek character—they belong to a people who used the same words to designate beauty and goodness, and who sought for the golden mean in philosophy, for self-control in character, and for perfect proportions in architecture; in another, indignation at the vandalism which had destroyed the ancient temple drove out every other emotion—indignation at the mediæval Christians for despoiling the world of a stage and a drama of such beauty, indignation at the Mohammedans for beheading the statues and converting the Parthenon into a powder magazine, indignation at the Venetians for bombarding it, indignation at Lord Elgin for carrying off the frieze to enrich the art treasures of London; another wondered how such a temple could have been reared by a people who knew nothing of our modern engineering appliances, and reported how the guide told him that mounds of earth were heaped about the pillars and the great stones rolled up and put in place, and then the mound increased and another stone rolled up, and the process still repeated until at last the pillar was surrounded by an embankment nearly as high as itself, which, when the pillar was complete, was carried away again; still another was chiefly interested in the connection of modern with ancient Athens, as, for example, in the fact that the modern water-works of Athens use the aqueduct of the ancient city, built, I believe, centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. To me Athens was of interest chiefly as the point in Europe where the forces between Christianity and paganism first really joined in battle, and then and there commenced that long campaign between sensuous and spiritual religion, between the worship of the symbol and reverence for the invisible reality interpreted by the symbol, between a religion of emotion and a religion of conduct, between the fear of the gods and love for the All-Father, which will not end until the kingdom of God has come on earth as it is in heaven. But I must confess to myself, to use Matthew Arnold's phraseology, that I am a Hebrew, not a Greek; and it requires a Greek mind to understand and interpret Athens.

We sailed from Athens this afternoon; we are due to arrive at Naples on Friday, the 25th, where we leave the Prinzessin. My anticipation of delight in seeing Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice for the first time does not prevent the feeling curiously akin to homesickness at the idea of parting from the ship which has been our home for these six delightful weeks.

L. A.

HOLDING UP A STATE

THE TRUE STORY OF ADDICKS AND DELAWARE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

III.

WHEN, on the 8th of November, 1894, Mr. Addicks told the fourteen gentlemen who sat around the dinner-table of Charles L. Moore, in Georgetown, "I've bought it; I've paid for it; and I'm going to have it! It has cost me $140,000!" he entertained no doubt, apparently, that the legislators whom he had just elected, at a cost of $140,000, would make him United States Senator. When the Legislature assembled, however, and the voting began, it became apparent that, although the Republicans had a majority of eleven on joint ballot, Mr. Addicks could control only six of them, and needed five more votes. He therefore turned his attention from buying votes in the Representative and Senatorial districts to buying votes in the House and Senate. Selecting, from his "inventory" of that year, the names of half a dozen legislators who, he thought, might be purchased, he set his agents at work, with instructions to "get" them. Some of his workers seem to have been willing to pay as much as $10,000 per man. At any rate, one of them asked a well-known member of the Sussex County Republican Committee whether that amount would tempt State Senator George Fisher Pierce. It evidently did not tempt him, as he voted against Addicks throughout the legislative contest of that year.

In another case, the sum of $10,000 was offered to the brother of a certain legislator, upon condition that he should "use his influence" in Mr. Addicks's behalf—such influence, presumably, to be used with the brother.

In a third case, the tempter, after vainly endeavoring to buy the vote of a Sussex County legislator, went away, leaving $1,000 on the table of the man whom he still hoped to "get." The legislator returned the money, and subsequently told a friend of his and an acquaintance of mine, in Dover, that if he (the legislator) would vote for Mr. Addicks, he "might own a block of buildings" in that city.

Mr. Addicks's efforts to "influence" Senators and Representatives in the Legislature of 1895 seem to have been wholly unsuccessful. He could not obtain a single vote in addition to the six that he controlled on the first day of the session, and one of his political "heelers" from Massachusetts was so disappointed and disgusted that he said to a member of the Sussex County Republican Committee, "It's a damned queer state of things down here in Delaware! In Boston Mr. Addicks can get all the men he wants for $5,000 apiece, but if there's a man in this damned Legislature that can be bought, I haven't found him!"

Mr. Addicks himself said to a prominent State Senator, on a railway train between Dover and Harrington, that he had bought the Senatorship, and that he was going to have it, *even if he had to buy it again.*

The fight in the Legislature that year (1895) lasted more than four months, and toward the end of it two of Mr. Addicks's adherents forsook him, leaving him with only four. These four men he succeeded in holding to the very end of the session, although one of them made a desperate effort to break away. With fifteen anti-Addicks Republicans on one side and a combination of eleven Democrats with four Addicks Republicans on the other, there was a tie, and consequently a legislative deadlock. Then the Governor of the State died, and, in accordance with law, Mr. William T. Watson, the Democratic Speaker of the Senate, took his place. The withdrawal of the latter from the Legislature left the anti-Addicks Republicans with a majority, in joint session, of one (15 to 14). They were about to elect their candidate, Colonel Du Pont, as United States Senator, when Mr. Addicks,

it is alleged, induced Speaker Watson to return and vote in the Legislature while occupying the chair of Governor, thus bringing about a tie and another deadlock.[1] When the Legislature adjourned and the long struggle ended, in May, 1895, the anti-Addicks Republicans declared that inasmuch as Mr. Watson had no legal right to vote in the Legislature while acting as Governor, their majority of one had elected their candidate, and Colonel Du Pont was *de jure*, if not *de facto*, United States Senator. The United States Senate, however, did not take this view of it, and, by a party vote, refused to allow Colonel Du Pont to take his seat.

At the end of his long but unsuccessful fight for the Senatorship in this campaign, Mr. Addicks sent to Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, the telegram to which he evidently referred in his interview with Representative Ball, described in my first article. It was as follows:

"The Republican party will carry Delaware next year pledged to Addicks for Senator. I made Delaware Republican. If the Republican party is the party of treachery, I will help bury it ten thousand fathoms deep."[2]

The substance of Mr. Addicks's complaint was that he had spent $140,000 in electing the Republican members of that Legislature, and had then failed to get the "goods" for which he had paid. The failure to deliver, on the part of the Republicans, was equivalent to "treachery," and he therefore proposed, when he should elect a majority in another Legislature, to have the members of it "pledged," and then hold them to their pledges, or bury them "ten thousand fathoms deep."

In December, 1895, the leading Republicans of Newcastle County held a meeting to denounce the methods of Mr. Addicks, and to ask the County Committee to expel its member, Robert J. Hanby, on account of his co-operation with Mr. Addicks and the Democrats in the fight for the Senatorship that year. At this meeting Mr. William Michael Byrne, whose nomination as United States District Attorney for Delaware is now pending in the United States Senate, attacked and denounced Mr. Addicks in the most emphatic language, and declared that no decent Republican ought to have anything to do with him. He signed the resolutions of protest and denunciation drawn up at that meeting, as did also the principal members of the Byrne family, including Alexander P. Byrne, James E. Byrne, P. J. Byrne, Michael Byrne, and John L. Byrne. Five years later, however, Mr. William Michael Byrne seemed to get some new light on Mr. Addicks's character, and soon afterward became one of the latter's supporters, and eventually his candidate for Congressman.

In 1896, by the lavish use of money, Mr. Addicks succeeded in getting a majority of the delegates to the State Convention to elect delegates to the National Republican Convention held that year in St. Louis. This led to a split in the party, the anti-Addicks Republicans bolting and sending to St. Louis a contesting delegation of their own. Upon full consideration of the evidence presented, the Committee on Credentials at the St. Louis Convention recommended the seating of the anti-Addicks delegation, and declared that Mr. Addicks and his delegates "did not represent the Republican party in Delaware, or anywhere else;" that they were merely "highwaymen on the road to political fortune, no matter what might be the result to the Republican party." Mr. Addicks thereupon formed in Delaware an organization of his own, under the name "Union Republican," and nominated his own State ticket. This divided the strength of the Republican party and enabled the Democrats to elect their Governor, as well as a majority in the Legislature that gave them both Congressman and United States Senator. In 1897 Mr. Addicks threw into the hands of the Democrats, in the same way, a majority of the delegates to the convention called for the purpose of framing and adopting a new State Constitution.

In 1897 and 1898 Mr. Addicks perfected his organization and strengthened his lines, using money, as before, to pay workers, get hold of locally influential men, and buy votes. How much he spent in these years it is impossible to state; but he admitted, in the Creelman interview, that he had used in Delaware the sum of $250,000; and his lieutenant, Dr.

[1] "Reply of the Republican State Committee of Delaware to a Communication from J. Frank Allee, Chairman of the Union State Committee," p. 3.

[2] Quoted from the "Reply of the Republican State Committee to the Chairman of the Union State Committee," p. 4.

Layton, told a friend in 1900 that, up to that date, he had expended $400,000 in campaign years alone. Mr. Manlove Hayes, of Dover, one of the oldest, most experienced, and most respected politicians in the State, has said that it is practically impossible to spend more than $10,000 in Delaware, honestly and legitimately, in a single campaign. Mr. Addicks, by his own confession, spent three times that amount, and by admission of Dr. Layton eight times that amount, in every campaign. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the Legislature of 1899 the number of his supporters had grown from four to eighteen. As the new State Constitution, however, had increased the total membership of the General Assembly to fifty-two, he still needed fourteen votes. His workers thereupon undertook, as usual, to buy legislators; and if it was found impossible to purchase a man outright, an attempt was made to bribe him to feign sickness and stay at home when the critical and decisive vote should be taken. In one case, for example, reference to the "inventory" showed that a certain Representative had indorsed notes that were not likely to be paid, and had thus incurred a liability of $4,000 or $5,000. One of the Addicks workers told this man that if he would simply stay at home, on some plausible pretext, when notified to do so, the indorsed paper would be taken care of and he would be protected from loss.

In another case the Addicks worker was taken into court on a charge of attempted bribery, and was there prosecuted by Mr. Charles F. Richards, of Georgetown, who was then Attorney-General of the State. Mr. Latamus, a Representative in the Legislature, swore that one Davis, an adherent of Mr. Addicks, offered him $5,000 for his vote. Counsel for the State regarded the evidence against Davis as conclusive, but the jury failed to convict. It has since been said that the jury was "fixed;" but, so far as I know, evidence to support that charge has never been furnished. In most cases of this kind there were no witnesses to the transaction, and the sworn statement of the legislator that John Doe had attempted to bribe him was offset by the sworn statement of the briber that he had done nothing of the sort. Somebody lied under oath; but nobody could be legally convicted of perjury.

The people of Delaware generally, and the State legislators in particular, are entitled to great credit, it seems to me, for the steadiness with which, for a long series of years, they resisted temptation. Mr. Addicks, by means of his "inventories," kept himself and his workers fully informed with regard to the financial circumstances of all influential men in both opposing parties, and whenever a legislator, or a local politician of note, became embarrassed, as the result of indorsing bad paper or going on the bond of a dishonest tax-collector, whenever such a man found himself "in a hole," and did not know what to do, or which way to turn, there was an Addicks worker at his elbow with an offer to extricate him from his difficulties and lift from his shoulders the burden of anxiety. And yet, in spite of all this, and in spite of the fact that Mr. Addicks was willing to spend from $80,000 to $140,000 in every campaign, his experienced Boston worker declared in 1895 that if there was a single man in that Legislature who could be bought, he had not found him.

Toward the close of the legislative session of 1899 three Democrats were induced, in some way, to vote with the Union Republicans for Mr. Addicks, thus increasing his strength to twenty-one; but their desertion of their party created such a storm of excitement and indignation in the crowded Assembly chamber as to deter others—if there were any others—from joining in the movement, and the Legislature adjourned without electing any one to take the seat of Senator George Gray, whose term was then expiring.

In the year 1900 each of the Republican factions in Delaware sent a delegation to the National Republican Convention in Philadelphia. The Addicks men, after capturing the Committee on Credentials, were finally seated; and as a result, doubtless, of the recognition and support thus given them, they succeeded in electing that year 22 legislators out of 52, and in reducing the numerical strength of the Regular Republicans to 7.[1]

After another long and obstinate struggle the Legislature adjourned, without filling either of the vacant seats, and

[1] Thirteen Republicans voted against Mr. Addicks at the opening of the session, but only seven held out to the end in opposition to him. These seven men were all from the county of Newcastle.

Delaware was left wholly without representation in the Senate of the United States. This brings the record of Mr. Addicks's operations down to the campaign of 1902, with which I dealt in the first article of this series. At the beginning of his political career, in 1889, Mr. Addicks seems to have had in the Legislature only a single adherent. In 1895 he had six, four of whom he controlled to the end of the session. In 1899 he had secured eighteen; in 1901 he had twenty-two, fifteen of whom he held to the end; and he now declares that even if he be not elected by the present Legislature, "we will wipe them" (the opposition) "off the face of the earth next year, and be able to elect anybody we want."[1] There is no doubt that Mr. Addicks has the courage of his convictions, and of his financial resources; but it is possible that "newspaper criticism," to which, as he informed the New York "World" correspondent, he is "utterly indifferent," may yet get inside his guard. The newspaper press of the United States—as Alan Breck said to David Balfour of himself, after a lively skirmish—is "a bonny fechter."

I shall now describe, as fully as I can in the space that is left me, the working of Mr. Addicks's political "machine," and the methods by which he buys votes, packs primaries, and gets hold of legislators.

The most valuable and useful cog in Mr. Addicks's machine is, unquestionably, the voter's assistant. When the State of Delaware adopted the Australian ballot system, it was thought necessary to provide the illiterate voter—and especially the negro—with expert assistance in the marking of his ballot. The Governor was therefore empowered and directed to appoint, for every polling-place, two voter's assistants—one from each of the two dominant parties—whose duty it should be to read or explain the ballot to the voter and assist him in marking it. It was not long before these voter's assistants became—as Mr. Willard Saulsbury said in his letter to Governor Hunn[2]—mere "tally clerks to see that purchased voters delivered the goods." As the Union Republican party, in recent elections, has been one of the two principal parties, it has had its own voter's assistants, and has used them to keep watch and tally of its purchased vote. If Mr. Addicks had not been able, by means of these officers, to check up his expenditures and make sure that he received the votes for which he had paid, he would not now have twenty-one Senators and Representatives voting for him in the Legislature of the State. Voters might have taken his money just as freely, but many of them would not have "delivered the goods."

In practice, the voter's assistant part of Mr. Addicks's machine consists of a secret booth, a corrupt voter's assistant, a cashier's office, and a cashier. The workers make "deals" with purchasable voters before election day, and then furnish the cashiers with lists of men bought and amounts of money promised. When the purchased voter goes to the polls, the corrupt voter's assistant sees that his ballot is properly marked and deposited, and then gives him something in the nature of a token, as a proof that the goods have been delivered. The voter thereupon goes to the cashier's office, surrenders the token, and receives the amount of money set opposite his name on the worker's list, which has previously been turned over to the cashier for the latter's guidance.

At one polling-place in the Baltimore hundred, in the early days, the token given to the purchased voter was a chestnut, which the assistant put into the voter's pocket. It soon became noised about among the colored men of the village that ordinary chestnuts at the cashier's office were bringing $10 apiece. Two or three negroes provided themselves with chestnuts from private sources of supply, and went boldly into the cashier's office to get money for which they had rendered no service. To their great surprise and disappointment, they were promptly hustled out, minus chestnuts and without any money. All chestnuts looked alike to them, and they could not understand what was wrong with their chestnuts, until they learned a few days later that all the chestnuts of the voter's assistant had been carefully and thoroughly boiled, for easy

[1] Statement made by him to the Dover correspondent of the New York "World," February 6, 1903.

[2] Letter written to Governor Hunn by Willard Saulsbury, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, on the 4th of September, 1902, asking that the question of the constitutionality of the voter's assistant law be referred to the Chancellor and Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, in accordance with Section 4, Chapter [illegible] of the Revised Code of 1893.

identification and as a precaution against this very trick.

The Addicks managers now provide their voter's assistants with tokens that have been bought outside of the State and that cannot be easily duplicated or counterfeited. In Dagsboro, in last fall's election, they used a red celluloid button of a peculiar form which could not be obtained in Delaware. In the Baltimore hundred they had tin tags stamped "O. K." Tin tags were also used in Milford, Kent County. In other representative districts purchased voters were given a certain number of links of a small, fine chain, or peculiar large-headed black pins, which they stuck in their coats when they went to the cashier's office for settlement.

The system was ingenious and worked well; but in some parts of the State, where the voter's assistants could be fully relied upon, money was given directly to them, and they paid for votes in their booths. This was safer than making settlements outside and involved less trouble.

A member of the present Legislature told a well-known citizen of Wilmington that he had bought his own voter's assistant and two others; and yet, when he took his seat in the General Assembly, he was required to swear that he "had not directly or indirectly paid, offered, or promised to pay any money or other valuable thing as a consideration or reward for giving or withholding a vote at the election at which he was elected."

Purchased voters, in many cases, allowed the voter's assistant to mark and fix up their ballots to suit himself. A negro, who is well known to guests of the Hotel Richardson in Dover, upon being asked by a white man in whom he had confidence whether he got his pay for his vote in last fall's election, replied, with a grin of pride and satisfaction, "'Deed I did, Mr. X——. I got twenty dollahs! I sot right down onto Y——'s steps, an' I tole him I wasn' goin' to vote till I got my money. I waited till pretty nigh six o'clock, and then I got it—twenty dollahs!"

"You were a sensible nigger! You wouldn't 'a' got more'n ten in the forenoon. Who'd ye vote for?"

"Vote for? How sh'd I know! Billy Blank" (the voter's assistant) "did the votin'."

In one village in Sussex County the Addicks cashier was a general storekeeper. Between elections he sold goods on credit to poor Union Republican voters, and then, on election day, deducted the amounts that they owed him from the money put into his hands to buy their votes with.

Vote-buying in Sussex County was so common and general that evidence of it appeared in all kinds of unlooked-for places and in all sorts of transactions. Just before I visited Georgetown an assault and battery case came up before Justice of the Peace Purnell. In the course of the proceedings the complainant, who was a woman, testified that her husband, with whom she had had the trouble, did not properly support her. "Last election," she said, turning indignantly to her husband, "you sold your vote, and you showed me the money; and you wouldn't even give me any of that!"

In another place a Union Republican tax-collector went to the Addicks cashier on election day and asked the cashier to give him the names of voters purchased so that he might collect taxes from them while they had the money. He got a list of twenty-seven delinquents, and proceeded at once to look them up.

In the same county the levy court commissioner, whose duty it was to make up the panel of jurors, told a friend that it was becoming more and more difficult to keep off that panel men who, to his certain knowledge, had sold their votes. He was a Union Republican official, but he admitted the probability that a man who had taken money for his vote as an elector would also take money for his decision as a juror, and he did not think it right to include in the panel men of that character.

When Mr. Addicks's agents first began to buy votes in southern Delaware, they could "get" only a part of the negroes, and a few men from the poorest class of whites; but the corrupting influence of money, used boldly and with impunity throughout a long series of years, finally had its effect upon men of a higher type—men who could not plead poverty as an excuse for their acts. Well-to-do farmers in Sussex County, who own their farms and have money in bank, now sell their votes regularly every other year; and as

for the colored population, which polls in the two lower counties a vote of about five thousand, it has been corrupted *en masse*. Many informants in Kent and Sussex told me that in the circle of their personal acquaintance they did not know a single negro who "voted his sentiments." Every man of them sold his vote for what it would bring.

Temptations for white men of the better class, country lawyers, doctors, merchants, and local politicians, are thrown broadcast, on the chance that they will "get" the men. If Mr. Addicks asks a country lawyer for an opinion with regard to some unimportant matter, and the lawyer sends a bill for fifty dollars, he receives a check for five hundred. If an influential country merchant finds himself in need of a temporary loan, he is informed by one of Mr. Addicks's agents that he can get it, without security or indorsement, of a certain person or at a certain bank. If an unfortunate harnessmaker or blacksmith, who would make a good worker, has just been sold out by the sheriff, he is "approached" by an Addicks agent, and in a few months he resumes business and begins to build himself a house. If a man happens to be on the bond of a defaulting tax-collector, and is forced to sell personal property and give a note in order to meet the sudden and unexpected liability, he is informed that by using his influence in favor of Mr. Addicks he can straighten the matter out at once, without trouble or loss. If an Addicks agent of the higher class sticks faithfully to his employer, and renders efficient service, he is made an officer or director in the Bay State Gas Company. One of Mr. Addicks's principal supporters in Delaware is Secretary of State; another is Insurance Commissioner; a third is President of the Bay State Gas Company; and a fourth is State Superintendent of Schools.

If an Addicks agent wishes to get hold of a man of honor and principle—a man whom he knows he cannot buy—he goes to him and says, "I know very well, Mr. G——, that you can't be improperly influenced in any way; but I want to lay our case before you and ask a favor. We are having a hard struggle in this district, and are fighting against the combined corruption funds of two parties. The odds are two to one against us, and we haven't a fair show. Now I'm authorized to offer you a thousand dollars, upon the sole condition that you'll see, as far as you can, that we get a square deal in this district. We don't ask for your vote, and we don't want your influence unless you feel disposed, voluntarily, to give it to us. You may vote and talk as you like—against us if you choose—but just look out for us a little, and if we don't get a square deal here, let us know." If the man is poor, and if he needs the money, he is very likely to yield to this temptation. He will probably say to himself, "There's nothing wrong about that; every man is entitled to a square deal; I'm not selling my vote, my influence, or my independence." But if he takes that thousand dollars, he is lost. Two years later he will take more, and if, finally, he becomes alarmed or repentant, and endeavors to escape from the net, the agent says to him coolly that his best course is to join their ranks, inasmuch as he will probably find it very difficult to explain to his neighbors and the public why he took Mr. Addicks's money, when the fact that he did take it shall become known.

Of the evidence obtainable in Delaware with regard to the use of depraved women as a means of disgracing legislators and enabling workers to hold or control doubtful men by threats of exposure, it is not necessary, at present, to speak. I must save some space for a consideration of the difficulties in the way of criminal prosecution, and for a few brief comments on Mr. Addicks's character.

Upon a review of all the facts set forth in this and preceding articles, the reader who is not familiar with the Delaware situation will naturally ask, "Why do not the honest men of the State prosecute these bribers and vote-buyers in the courts? If the facts are so notorious and the evidence so accessible, why are none of the Addicks workers in the penitentiary?" There are several reasons. In the first place, three attempts to convict of election offenses in Delaware have failed. Davis was found not guilty by a jury said to have been "fixed," while Moore and Reiman, who were tried by a bench of judges under the provisions of the new State Constitution, were acquitted by a divided court.[1] The law now de-

[1] Lore and Pennewill for acquittal, Grubb dissenting.

clares that "no person shall be adjudged guilty of any offense mentioned in Section 7 of this Article" (an election offense) "without the concurrence of *all* the judges trying the case." I am not competent to express an opinion with regard to the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the court's decision in the cases above referred to; but the effect of it was, apparently, to discourage prosecutions.

In the second place, there is no doubt whatever that votes have been bought in Delaware by Democrats and Regular Republicans, as well as by the agents of Mr. Addicks. Dr. Layton says that the Democrats, in 1894, had a corruption fund of $26,000. It is quite possible, but I do not think that in recent years they have been able to raise anything like that amount of money for election purposes. The cases of vote-buying by Democrats and Regular Republicans that came to my knowledge in Delaware were of this sort: When, in some village or small town of Kent or Sussex, the Democrats or Regulars found, late in the day, that their own voters were being captured by the Addicks workers, they put their hands in their pockets, raised a few hundred dollars, and tried, by offering cash inducements, to hold their own negro voters to their party allegiance. Sometimes they had a small fund ready for such an emergency—as, for instance, at Camden in the recent election—but they seldom used it, for the reason that the Addicks workers could bid five dollars to their one. Inasmuch, however, as vote-buying on a small scale is just as much a crime, under the law, as vote-buying on a large scale, they could not prosecute without being prosecuted. By a foolish attempt to fight Mr. Addicks with his own weapons, they lost the advantage they might otherwise have had.

In the third place, the new State Constitution allows no one except the Attorney-General to begin a suit against a person guilty of an election offense.[1] Mr. Herbert H. Ward, the present Attorney-General, is believed to have been Mr. Addicks's counsel for many years; and there seems to be a general feeling in the State that he will not take the initiative in legal proceedings against his client, unless the evidence laid before him is very strong. This may be a wholly mistaken impression, but taken in connection with the failures to convict in the Davis, Moore, and Reiman cases, and the risk of counter-prosecution by Mr. Addicks, with his counsel as Attorney-General and his millions for legal expenses, it has made both of the opposition parties cautious. My own opinion is that if there were in Delaware a man like Mr. Folk, of St. Louis, he would soon put an end to this daring law-breaker's Senatorial campaign. Throughout his political career in Delaware Mr. Addicks has acted in accordance with a declaration that he made to his second wife with regard to another and more personal matter: "I am a law unto myself; or lawless, if not the law!"

I have left myself room only for a very few remarks concerning Mr. Addicks's personal character as it appears in his political record. The first thing that strikes one, in reviewing the history of his long struggle for the Senatorship, is his weakness as a politician and manager. He is a bold and persistent fighter, an unscrupulous adversary, and a most adroit corrupter of men; but he is extremely imprudent, he is an extraordinarily reckless and foolish talker, and he seems to be wholly lacking in the ability to forecast the results of actions, or courses of procedure. As illustrations of his imprudence, take, for example, his attempts to get financial assistance from corporations and organizations outside of the State. At the beginning of one of his campaigns he went personally to a well-known manufacturer who is the President of a manufacturers' club in a large Northern city and said to him, in substance, "I want your club to put up $75,000 to help me in Delaware. If you'll put up $75,000 I'll put up another $75,000, and with the $150,000 I can buy up the whole Democratic party in the southern part of the State. Then, when I'm elected Senator, I can do a lot to help you manufacturers."

In another case, he made to the representative of a Pennsylvania steel company a somewhat similar proposition, and offered the remarkable suggestion that the United States Senatorship might be "syndicated." I have refrained from giving names in these cases, but I can

[1] "Every prosecution for any of the offenses mentioned in Section V. of this Article shall be on information filed by the Attorney-General." (State Constitution, Art. V., Sec. 8.)

furnish them should they be called for by competent authority.

Nobody but a man of extraordinary audacity and recklessness would have ventured to make such propositions and take the chance of being "given away." Dr. Layton, who is also a reckless talker, but who is shrewder, in many ways, than his candidate for the Senatorship, once said to a friend, in a moment of irritation, "Addicks is the worst fool outside of a lunatic asylum; but I'd support a Feejee from the Cannibal Islands if he had money enough to beat the Democrats!"

As an illustration of Mr. Addicks's lack of judgment and of political foresight, I need only refer to his action in persistently and pugnaciously forcing himself upon the Republican party in Delaware, when he saw clearly that he was not its choice for Senator. It is the judgment of the ablest of his opponents that if he had given way in 1894—if he had simply said, "Gentlemen, I see you don't want me, and it's all right. Put up your best man and I'll help elect him"—nothing could have prevented him from going to the Senate the next time there was a vacant seat. Instead of doing this, however, he became, as the Committee on Credentials said to the St. Louis Convention, "a highwayman on the road to political fortune," and proceeded forthwith to hold up the State.

[THE END]

The New Politician[1]

By Richard Watson Gilder

While others hedged, or silent lay,
He to the people spoke all day;
Aye, and he said precisely what
He thought; each time he touched the spot.
"In heaven's name, what does he mean!
Was ever such blind folly seen!"
The wag-beard politicians cried:
"Can no one stop the man?" they sighed.
"This 'talking frankly' may be fun,
But when have such mad tactics won?
He may be happy, but the cost
Is ours! The whole election's lost!"
And still the people at his feet
Followed and cheered from street to street.
Truly this ne'er was known before:
No soldier, sailor, orator,—
No hero home from battle he
Whom welcoming thousands rush to see;
But just a man who dared to take
His stand on justice, make or break;
'Twas all because the people found
A man by no conventions bound;
Who sought to heal their black disgrace
By treating rich and poor the same,
Giving to crime its ugly name,
Damning the guilty to their face.
And when the votes, at last, were read,
One candidate ran clear ahead!
This be his glory and renown:
He told the truth—and took the town.

[1] This poem, as the reader sees, is a tribute to District Attorney Jerome and his campaign. It is reprinted by permission from Mr. Gilder's "Poems and Inscriptions," published and copyrighted by the Century Company, of New York.

A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN OF AMATEURS

BY ALFRED HODDER

Private Secretary to District Attorney Jerome

VI.—Election Day—and After

ON the eve of election day the need that pressed most heaviiy was that of watchers at the polls. "We need watchers," Mr. Jerome had said four days earlier at The Acorns. "We need, not paid watchers; th y can't do the thing; they are not good for that sort of thing. You pay men and they usually turn up at the polls in a state that renders them by no means the most efficient persons for that purpose. Efficient watching at the polls is watching by American citizens, American citizens determined to see an honest count. Now for that there are needed many men; there are needed volunteers; and I wish that from this audience we might get to-night a lot of men to volunteer to that one day's work for the good cause upon election day." There were volunteers there and elsewhere, but fewer in the whole count than had been hoped; the number needed was the greater because of open menaces of intimidation and violence at the polls. There had been menaces of violence, for that matter, at every stage of the campaign; Mr. Jerome's morning mail had almost from the first abounded in warning letters, which the sage Henneberry, who opened them, quietly consigned to the waste-paper basket—a practice followed, by the way, in Mr. Jerome's office to this day. Mr. Jerome knew little and seemingly cared less about danger to himself; but his friends saw to it, without his knowledge or against his will, that he was seldom in the streets alone. His real safety lay, however, less in the companionship thus forced upon him than in the concern each district leader felt lest he himself be held to blame if violence came in his territory to the candidate. In the later days of the campaign, at large meetings held in districts in which the threat of assassination had been frequent, a squad of police was detailed, by no request of Mr. Jerome or of his friends, to meet him at his carriage and conduct him in safety to and from the platform. The threats of violence to the watchers at the polls were likelier to be carried into effect.

The District Attorney's office, as has been explained already, was more valuable to Tammany than the Mayor's—in particular than the Mayor's with no more strenuous partisan of Tammany than Mr. Shepard in the Mayor's chair. Orders had been given to trade Shepard votes for Jerome votes, and it had been openly declared that any man who wore a Jerome badge on election day should be put out of business. It had been planned accordingly that there should be at least two unpaid sturdy able-bodied watchers at every polling-booth on the East Side. When this was found impossible, word was sent to the watchers for the Fusionists at every polling-booth to telephone at once, in case of difficulty, to Mr. Jerome's headquarters for assistance. At headquarters there were in readiness four automobiles and about thirty armed men, sworn in the day before as deputies of the State Superintendent of Elections for New York City; there were also lawyers who had volunteered to accompany them and instruct them on the spot as to the extent and limits of their powers. The first call for relief came a little after seven in the morning, and the first automobile started. Its occupants found, when they had reached their destination, a badly frightened watcher and a group of ugly-looking roughs approaching, [illegible]d at sight

of them and wavered and dispersed. The automobiles were busy all day answering calls, but the first trip was typical of all the rest. In every case the roughs had come to intimidate; the men in the automobile had come to fight—with clubs and revolvers if necessary; and no fight came off. As it happened also, no man wearing a Jerome badge was assaulted. When the returns came in, Mr. Jerome was found to have been in one sense at least a drag upon his ticket. Fusionist votes outside the county of New York had been wasted by being cast for him in counties in which he was not a candidate, and in Richmond County a Fusionist candidate had been defeated because the votes that should have been cast for him were cast for Mr. Jerome. In his own county of Manhattan and The Bronx he led his ticket by some fourteen thousand votes. When the result was known, he was no longer on the scene. As the campaign drew to a close, he had been making, on an average, some six speeches a night in widely separated quarters of the city. When his own vote had been cast, he had flung himself into the first train leaving the city for his home in Connecticut. "If listening to speeches is as hard work as making them is," he said, "I'm sorry for the people of New York."

At home since that day he has remained, if home may be taken in so large a sense as to include the house at Lakeville, the house in Rutgers Street, the Criminal Courts Building, the circle, large enough yet rigidly defined, of municipal and State affairs that by the nature of his office have become his own. On few men has the habit of the platform taken so little hold. Seldom has so great a gift for moving multitudes of men been left so many years unused; still more rarely has it been allowed to fall into disuse when once its efficacy has been tried. Invitations and even entreaties to speak in public have poured in upon him from all sides and from all parts of the United States; those which he has accepted might be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and even those have been personal rather than political: one from his own college, Amherst, one from the Students' Political Club of Harvard, one from the Bar Association of Colorado, one from Mr Rockefeller's Bible Class, one from the Mayflower Society. "Not on your life," he said, when those around him had been urging his acceptance of an invitation of particular importance to him personally. "Not on your life. During the campaign there was some sense in talking; at present there is none. There is mere curiosity on the one side and self-advertisement on the other, and I will have nothing to do with either. I would rather work in my shop"—referring to the crowded machine-shop in the basement of his house at Lakeville, where he has installed a dynamo and works silently for hours. He was a diligent student in his youth and early manhood; he scarcely can be called a student now, though, after the manner of early risers, he has the habit of spending an hour or so among his books before office hours. He is in point of fact a man of action, not of words; he is a man of action who is incidentally possessed of a gift for effective and convincing speech, by which to all appearance he himself sets very little store. Even in private life few men have ever shown less impulse to unpack their heart in words. If to the readers of the daily papers this appear a paradox, it is to be remembered that there is a difference between the impulse to speak and the impulse to reply. Partly by impulse, even more by deliberate intention, Mr. Jerome answers every question about public matters within the range of his immediate knowledge to which the etiquette of office does not forbid him to reply. Reporters are to-day the questioners in chief; they may even in some sort be regarded as the official inquisitors in behalf of the public; and with reporters he has dealt and deals in an unprecedented way. He admits all alike, he sends for none; he deals impartially with friend and foe; he is so far from asking in advance what use they mean to make of the information furnished them that he does not even retrospectively inquire into the use of it that they have made. It is well known among reporters that he never corrects false versions of an interview, unless indeed another reporter chance to ask whether he has been quoted accurately. Fantastic versions of his sayings and supposititious interviews with him abound. One warning only has he ever given to curb invention and imagination in their flight. "Boys," he has been heard to

say to the reporters (the "boys" are for the most part some twenty in number, admitted all at once to interview him on such subjects as each may have in mind), "you may make me talk sheer nonsense if you will, and the chances are that I shall never know it, or call you to account; but if ever one of you should put a word into my mouth that brings my honor into question, and I know of it, by Heaven, I'll have him clapped behind the bars!"

He is given neither to self-explanation nor self defense, nor any form of exposition; despite his fund of anecdote, of repartee, of banter, of the current coin of sheer good fellowship, he is in graver matters of emotion and opinion reticent to the point of taciturnity: it is of statements of fact that he is liberal; it is his knowledge of plain, demonstrable fact that he keeps at every man's command. There is a sense, indeed, in which, for all his easiness of access and openness of speech, he is by no means an easy man to know. No man is easy to know who has so little impulse to seek advice or aid or counsel, so little impulse even to volunteer his counsel or his aid. He has confined himself to making it well understood that any one may turn to him who will, and to taking up his residence where those may turn to him most easily who are most likely to be in need of aid. Almost at the beginning of his term of office he established what is virtually a branch District Attorney's office, open in the evenings, in the heart of the East Side. The District Attorney's office is in a degree imperfectly estimated by the wealthier members of the public, who, when their own interests are in question, are accustomed to employ the services of private counsel. Its immediate function is no doubt, as it purports to be, the punishment of evil-doers upon evidence brought to its notice; but the punishment of evil-doers is intended for the protection of well-doers; to the innocent it is of prime importance to know what injuries are and what are not punishable by the criminal law. From the beginning to the end of the customary office hours, from 9 A.M., that is to say, to 6 P.M., men and women come to the District Attorney's office in the Criminal Courts Building to ascertain their rights—rights of parents and children, rights of wife and husband, rights of landlord and tenant, rights of employer and employee—and to invoke protection of their rights. The protection of their rights is by no means necessarily a matter of elaborate procedure; in a vast number of cases, whether the offender be a police official, or a neighbor, or a landlord, or even the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, the mere menace of a legal process serves to bring about redress. It is the poor, as has been said already, who are subject to the arbitrary power of the police; it is the poor who are exposed to every form of arbitrary power. On the other hand, the poor are, as a rule, at work during the ordinary office hours, and to many of them the imposing aspect of the Criminal Courts Building, and the number of officials necessarily encountered there, form an obstacle the more. The difficulties of this situation Mr. Jerome has met by making his home, at least for five days in the week, in a house on the East Side. He does not keep hours there—he is in the morning among the earliest at his post in the Criminal Courts Building, and could scarcely keep evening hours in Rutgers Street without renouncing all contact with the outer world; but he has representatives, selected from his staff, who do keep evening hours there, and, when he is at home, is himself, in case of need, always to be seen. Characteristically, here again there has been no finger lifted on his part to compel men to come in. He has done as little to invite or to cajole his poorer neighbors to his door as he would have done had he been living among men more prosperous than himself. "This is no charity," he said to an English visitor a little while ago, "and no University Extension Settlement; if anybody thinks that I can tell him anything he wants to know, I'm glad to tell him; if anybody thinks that I can help him, I'm glad to help him; if no one does, I'm living here exactly as I should be living in any other house: I find my days only too full."

His days are full, self-evidently, of the business that belongs to the District Attorney's office as a whole: business by no means for the most part of a kind to catch the public eye. In the members of the District Attorney's staff integrity is of more importance than in the officials

of a bank. Dishonesty in the manipulations of accounts or funds is sure to be discovered sooner or later; in a bank there is no action not of record and no record not scrutinized by many eyes. In the District Attorney's office there are lawyers any one of whom may and must not seldom, in his single person and in private conference with single persons, represent the Chief. The supervision by the Chief of every stage in the conduct of every case is necessarily a legal fiction; it rests in the power of the assistant to find the evidence for an indictment sufficient or insufficient, to reject and accept witnesses, to heighten or make insignificant their testimony, to procure adjournments, even to manipulate the stock market by undertaking sensational investigations, sure to be dismissed, but sure in the meantime to make fluctuations in the market to the profit of the investigator of those who find it worth their while to share with him their gains. With little danger of detection an assistant in the District Attorney's office may, by association with grafters, or by single-handed grafting, compass sums far greater than his modest annual pay; the only danger he need incur is that of rumor and suspicion. There are men in Mr. Jerome's office who heartily dislike one another; there are men in Mr. Jerome's office who are heartily disliked by many of the public who have had to do with them; both inside the office and outside there are current words of dispraise for this, that, and the other member of the staff; *but* none of the words of dispraise point to dishonesty; the office is free from even the suspicion of graft. Curiously enough, and in a way significant enough for the earlier history of the office, their honesty has sometimes proved for the time being to the honest man himself an obstacle. It is by no means only for illegal services that the clients of the office come prepared to pay illegal fees. To the house in Rutgers Street there come at present on legal business from ten to forty nightly visitors, but in the beginning men came hesitatingly and with little confidence; there was small faith in services to be obtained where there was nothing paid. Among the clients in the Criminal Courts Building the feeling is too frequently the

A poor woman came some time ago to one of Mr. Jerome's assistants to seek aid in finding her daughter, a girl of fifteen, who had been decoyed into a house of prostitution. The woman herself made fifty cents a day by sewing; when she had told her story to the end, she laid on the table a ten-dollar bill. The assistant shook his head; she took it back and left the room in a violent burst of tears. The daughter was found promptly and restored to her; and the next day the mother came, all gratitude and smiles, to thank the assistant for his pains. "Oh, sir," she said, "when you wouldn't take my money, I was sure you wouldn't do anything at all." At about the same time a man came to another of Mr. Jerome's assistants to offer himself as a bondsman. His property was sufficient, and the assistant was on the point of giving his approval, when the bondsman in his turn laid on the table a bank-note. "Take up your money," said the assistant. "What for?" asked the bondsman. "Because I am going to kick you out of the office, and I don't want you coming back after your coin," said the assistant; and he literally, and with enthusiasm, kicked him out. It is impossible, no doubt, to censure the assistant. Yet to the dispassionate spectator there might well have been permissible a certain sympathy even for the bondsman; under the only system that he knew, he had no cheaper or more legal means of coming by his rights.

In the Tammany ranks there prevailed certain humorous versions of the changes brought to pass in the office of the District Attorney; one *bon mot* of a Tammany man is current in the office at the present time. "Sure an' the present Disthrict Attorrney's office is possessed of the divil, I dinnaw. In the days that was, whin a man had big throuble, he had but to go to an assistant an' say, 'Good-mornin' kindly, sorr; it's a frind of Tim's I am, and he is sure ye'll find it aisy to give me this little adjourrnmint.' Whin ye meet up with your little assistant forninst ye now, ye have to crrook yer knees, an' wave yer arrums, beatin' toime, yer hat in wan hand the whoile, an' yell—'Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! *Har*-varrd! *Har*-varrd! *Now* will ye be good?'" Only a minority of the members of the office are, in fact, graduates of Harvard College, but

all are college men. In so deciding it may reasonably be supposed that Mr. Jerome was influenced not only, and even perhaps not mainly, by the traditional position of the law among the learned professions; there have been men enough who without academic learning have been eminent in the law. But for men not bred in college there has, for the most part, come too early a dividing of the ways; they have used their brains and their brains only, or they have used their bodies and their bodies only; if they have used their brains, they have too seldom been partakers of the discipline that makes the body fit for use and the spirit unafraid. The District Attorney's staff is, under its peaceable exterior, essentially a body militant, existing to make war upon the lawless portion of society; when, instead, it enters into an alliance with its natural adversaries, it has, of course, less need of the military and athletic virtues; when it pursues them home, it has to do with reckless and intimidating foes. The college-bred man of at least the last few decades in America may be trusted under menace of force to hold his own. It is not simply that, in the Criminal Courts Building, where so many suspected criminals, ex-convicts, and friends of criminals have errands, there are necessarily armed men on every floor and in every audience-room; it is also that whoever is to be employed on cases touching the gambling interest is sure to find in growing numbers letters threatening assassination in his mail. Assassination is in the United States not frequent; it would be an error to take such letters seriously. It would be an error also wholly to ignore them; among gamblers, for example, the tradition of revenge is of long date and strong; and in the slums are men, sufficiently well known to criminals of higher rank, who for a matter of some dollars will undertake to "do for" any man. The risks are such as reasonably may be reckoned slight by the cool bystander at the game; they are enough to cause a timorous man concerned so much unrest that to avoid them he will leave his duty half undone. At the present writing reporters are in person or by telephone besieging the house in Rutgers Street for confirmation or denial of reiterated reports of the assassination of Mr. Jerome.

Honesty beyond suspicion and habitual hardihood of mind and body characterize the staff that Mr. Jerome has brought together; these, and swift despatch of work. The first measures taken by Mr. Jerome were measures to abridge the law's delay. Cases of homicide have, by a member of his staff, been investigated directly upon the commission of the crime, when evidence can be obtained with facility, and have been brought to trial, if possible, at once. The first murder after Mr. Jerome took office occurred one Friday; the defendant was indicted on the following Monday, and two days later had been tried and sentenced and had begun to serve his term. When Mr. Jerome took office, there were 861 criminal cases in arrears; during the next twelve months the Grand Jury found 3,890 indictments; at the close of the year there were but 450 criminal cases outstanding. Those who know anything of the rate at which cases are disposed of in a private law office will understand how unremittingly the members of his staff have worked. It is only fair to note that the achievement of the year preceding, thus surpassed, itself had broken a record. Whatever may have been, under Mr. Jerome's predecessor, Mr. Philbin, the shortcomings of the District Attorney's office, there had already been effected by him no inconsiderable reform. Mr. Jerome had in his early manhood been a member of the District Attorney's office, and in one of his speeches incidentally recurred to the impression he received: "The District Attorney's office of the County of New York," he said, "was in those days the mouth of hell."

In the inner circle of the office and its business the success achieved has been complete and manifest. In the outer circle of affairs in which the office plays a part more striking to the imagination of the public but less independent there has as obviously been achieved a less unqualified success. No reasonable partisan of the reform administration could claim that the reign of blackmail has been ended or that the abettors of the systematic violation of the Sunday liquor law, the gambling law, the prostitution law, have been held to strict account. To the hasty reader of the journals of to-day who has forgotten the journals of last year, Mr.

Jerome may seem to bear his share in this failure of the programme of reform; in reality it is a striking demonstration of his insight into fact. His programme was the alteration of the laws, and there has been no alteration of the laws. In the possibility of the honorable discharge of duty by particular officials even in the existing circumstances he has believed devoutly; but never in general cessation of perjury and blackmail underneath the sway of the administrative lie.

In the year that has just closed there have been in municipal politics two points of singular interest to the dispassionate observer: the acknowledged success of William Devery, the acknowledged unsuccess of the party of reform. William Devery was at the outset, as is known, excluded from his party: if Tammany has never learned to use the administrative lie with as much gravity and unction as its adversaries, Tammany at least has never ventured to dispense with decorative words. William Devery is no doubt as well content as Tammany to keep lying laws upon the statute-book: he is to all appearances indisposed for his own part to deal in lying words. Precisely as in his capacity of potentate he had made no secret of his principles of government, so as a candidate he set no gloss on his own motives or on those to which he made appeal. He began his canvass for the leadership of his own district ("de Nint'") by scattering coin among street urchins and opening stands for the free distribution of ice (it was high summer) without investigation of the politics of the applicant or of his needs. "We've got Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Sheehan in this district," he said in a speech, naming his rivals. "What's either of them ever done for it? Do you know there ain't a small park or a public bath or a recreation pier in all the district? Well, there ain't; and the Legislature passed a law for a small park over here between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets. Sheehan had his chance to get it and he hasn't taken it. There's a park up in Plunkett's district and another down in the Seventh, but there ain't none here. That's the kind of leaders them fellows are. An' who have they given any work to? Why, I see young men standin' round the Pequod Club with their hands in their pockets doin' nothin'. They're doin' nothin' because there's nothin' doin'. After six months in power, Goodwin has had a chance to put horses an' carts an' men to work on street openings, but he hasn't done it. An' Sheehan! Did Sheehan ever give any man employment on his Second Avenue contract? No, he didn't. Now, I say I'm here for you young men. I'm with you and you're with me. Whatever I can do for you I'll do. You're working for yourselves an' me: I'm working for you—an' for myself."

There was a principle of kindness there, even though of interested kindness; there was a principle of team-play, even though of team-play of the baser sort; and the kindness tried to pass for no whit more unselfish and the team-play for no whit nobler than it was. In that last point lies the difference between Mr. Devery and other Tammany men of note. Their kindness has been in essentials of the same sort as his; they have won men's hearts by kindness and by team-play; they have thought to win them more securely still by decorative words. More accurately, they have feared to lose them if they failed in supplying decorative words. They have taken for granted the old Anglo-Saxon duality of instinct with regard to facts and words; they have tried with unpersuasive decorative words to satisfy those separate instincts separately. Meantime it has been shown that in at least a portion of the public no such duality exists. It would be a mistake, as has been said already, to suppose that Mr. Devery incurred the indignation of the public by his deeds; his deeds were of a kind already sufficiently familiar: he incurred it by his words. It would be in like manner a mistake to suppose that he aroused the enthusiasm of the public by his deeds or by his promises and sentiments; deeds, promises, and sentiments were of a kind sufficiently familiar: he aroused enthusiasm by his words. It is the fashion to regard his popularity as evidence of mere acquiescence in corruption; it may more reasonably be regarded as evidence, in at least a portion of the public, of a growing weariness of decorative words, in growing hunger for words that square with deeds.

The average reformer is to the utmost as lacking in brutal sincerity—is at the

least as much under the domination of the decorative phrase—as the Tammany politician; and is in addition lacking in kindness, even in interested kindness, and lacking in team-play, whether base or noble. Of lack of kindness, of decent gratitude, no better instance could be given than that of Officer O'Neill. In himself O'Neill was a figure justly of small importance; he was a patrolman, an honest one, in the metropolitan police. But he was also a veteran soldier honorably discharged; brought before Mr. Devery in one of the court sittings at Police Headquarters that the New York "Sun" delighted to report, he openly defied his judge—the "Big Chief;" he said openly, as no man before him had dared to say, that he was fined thirty days' pay because he would not stand for a "shakedown," which means that he refused to give from time to time on demand five or ten dollars out of his meager salary to his superiors, to be used for purposes unknown; and for his freedom of speech in contempt of court he was "broken"—dismissed from the force, and deprived of his chance for a pension. The reformers made of O'Neill something little short of a hero; they took him up; they used him; in private they celebrated him and made to one another vague promises of taking care of him; in public, from every platform, they made much during the campaign of his sterling pluck and audacity; they even introduced him before great mass-meetings to make speeches in behalf of the Fusion candidate. His speeches were a narrative of what he knew of the police under Devery, a narrative modestly and earnestly told; they were effective and well received; the Fusion candidates were voluble in praise of O'Neill; in a gratitude sincere at the time, they said to one another, and no doubt each to himself, that O'Neill must not stand to lose by the help he had given them; that if they should win out—that whether they won out or not—they must make a point of caring for O'Neill, and if possible of reinstating him on the force. As every one knows, they won out, on election day, on the sixth of November. When they went into office two months later, O'Neill was practically destitute, certainly in distress. What appeals for help he made—whether or not he made any appeal—I do not know. What I do know is that during those months his pluck was much talked of and his necessities unrelieved. When, upon taking office, the reform candidates were apprised of O'Neill's distress, there occurred by telephone a number of consultations in regard to him. For the time being, as a makeshift until justice could be done him, Mr. Jerome, in sheer impatience of the prolixity of consultation, gave O'Neill a position as process-server. The reform office-holders have now been in power a year and more; O'Neill is still in Mr. Jerome's employ as a process-server; he will lose that position when Mr. Jerome goes out of office; he has not been reinstated on the police force; he has not been reinstated in his right for faithful service to a pension.

The reformer has thus far been too much inclined to pique himself upon the sins which he does not commit and even upon the kindnesses he does not do. The promotion of the interests of individuals is, in his thoughts, vaguely associated with corruption; there is latent in his mind the formula that he is working in the service, not of individuals, but of ideas. But except by serving individuals there can plainly be no effectual serving of ideas. The grafter provides opportunities for graft for the men who have helped him; the honest worker provides opportunities for honest work for the men who have helped him; or, if he does not, so much the worse for him and for the party to which he happens to belong. So much the worse also for the honest work that needs to be performed. The party of reform is, in theory at least, the party of honesty, efficiency, and energy in public business and in all the industry and commerce of the land. The choice of honest, energetic, and efficient men needs a discerning eye. The Tammany leader, as a rule, has a discerning eye. He knows how to select and to promote men efficient for his purposes; men efficient for his purposes are not necessarily or usually the men efficient for the purposes of the party of reform. On the one side, one kind of efficiency to be distinguished and fostered and rewarded; on the other side, another kind. There lies the whole vast difference between a party of corruption and a party of reform. But what shall be said of the future of a party that is not

bent upon distinguishing and fostering and rewarding efficiency of any kind?

It is too commonly forgotten, even by reformers, that the party of reform differs from the Republican party, for instance, or the Democratic, in a fashion that makes mutual aid a matter not of less but of greater obligation. It is professedly a party of efficiency and honesty. A man may be in opinion the sincerest of Republicans or Democrats and yet be unfit for employment or advancement; but who is fitter for employment or advancement than the honest and efficient man? Far from finding himself exceptionally friendless, as at present, a useful member of a party of reform should find himself exceptionally well befriended; the party of reform is by profession unpolitical, undoctrinal: it is or ought to be a class—the class of the honest and the strong. The strength of a class, when all is said, is simply the strength of all its members; it has, or ought to have, for end the strengthening of the honest and the strong.

In point of fact, the party of reform bears scarcely the least resemblance to a class. The lack of team-play visible in the relations of the leaders to their followers is still more manifest in the relations of the leaders to one another. They have in common, seemingly, only negatives; there are men with whom they will not act; there are deeds they will not do. There is nothing, seemingly, that with one mind and in one way they are resolved to do.

The typical Tammany politician has long since learned to subordinate himself in team-play. The typical Tammany politician is not, in the jargon of the stage, a star performer; he is a professional; he can do his bit and do it well; but he is a member of a company; he is non-existent on the stage except as a portion of a whole. The typical reformer is a star, and a typical reform administration is usually a company of stars. Mr. Low is a star, Mr. Grout is a star. Two-thirds of the professional reformers who voted for them are stars; each one too excellent in his own kind to subordinate himself to team-play.

It may be alleged, indeed, that Mr. Jerome, like other eminent reformers, is a star, unwilling to subordinate himself in team-play; but the assertion will not bear examination. The only plan of action, apart from mere honesty in office, formulated by any speaker during the reform campaign was his for the reformation of the lying laws upon the statute-book; and neither he nor his associates proposed that plan in public until he had first submitted it to Mr. Low as the official leader of the Fusion movement and entreated him to adopt it as his own. When Mr. Low, in his opening speech at Cooper Union, reached the question of the Sunday liquor law and its enforcement, he did not explicitly adopt Mr. Jerome's way of dealing with it as his own, but he adopted it, to all appearances, implicitly; "Mr. Jerome," he said, "will speak of that." Mr. Jerome, in Mr. Low's presence, not once only but many times, assured his auditors that while he spoke, like other men, for himself only, he relied upon his colleagues' entire concurrence and support; and Mr. Low, among the others present on the platform, took active part in the applause. If the plan of action Mr. Jerome put forth was beyond question his own in its inception, it was at least put forth by him when, on good grounds and in good faith, it could be treated as a party plan; if since his election he has steadily adhered to it with or without the assent of his associates, there can be no doubt that he himself stands pledged, whoever else is free. And it would be difficult to say what other plan of action can be regarded as the party plan. The plan of liberal enforcement is by no means a plan of action; it is a plan simply of negation and inaction: negation of the effort to enforce the law, negation of the effort to amend the law; negation of reform itself, since by no interpretation can the purpose of reform be a prolongation of the *status quo*.

The system of liberal enforcement is, of course, literally and precisely the system of the administrative lie. Mr. Jerome's political activity has been from first to last one unflinching campaign against the administrative lie. If he has succeeded, if he still succeeds, in making the overthrow of the administrative lie the standing policy of the party of reform, his success will mark a transformation of the party from within—its transformation from a party of good words and good report into a party of good deeds. The

assault upon the administrative lie will have been organized in one of the main strongholds of the administrative lie. One of the main strongholds of the administrative lie, as has been said already, is the sheltered woman's world. The world of the reformer hitherto has borne a certain resemblance to the sheltered woman's world; it has been a world of sheltered men. The typical reformer has been delicately bred and miscellaneously educated after a scheme of education that takes cognizance of little except ideas and words. He has small notion of a world of strife in which men's safety depends on mutual loyalty, on action, energy, and cognizance of fact; in the woman's way, he piques himself on what he is and what he likes. He has the woman's talent for words; he piques himself on purity, he piques himself on taste. He piques himself not least, it seems, on being easy to shock and on reposing perfect faith in decorative words. He does no doubt in many instances repose implicit faith in decorative words; like the woman, for sheer lack of daily contact with rude fact, he is in many instances the natural dupe of the administrative lie.

If among the members of the Continental nations Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy has been almost a by-word, that is because such honest and unconscious inconsistency is to them incredible, impossible; they find in their own nature no such lack of unity; they are veracious or mendacious knowingly; they do not deal with life and with the world piecemeal. In the American there is an even more various intermixture of racial elements than in the Englishman, but it is not always the subtraction of an element that makes for greater unity or the addition of an element that makes for more admired disorder; there is such a thing as the addition of new elements with unifying and crystallizing power. In the American the blood of English men is blent with that of men far less at variance with themselves. In the American, accordingly, the most superficial observer may discern a greater love of symmetry, precision, order; he goes to Germany for precision and consistency in scholarship; to France for precision and consistency in art; in literature, in thought, in art, he shows an almost Gallic sense for form.

The modern American is, in a sense, an Anglo-Saxon, but an Anglo-Saxon with a difference; and that difference makes against the maintenance of the Anglo-Saxon administrative lie. To men born with a turn for unity, consistency, precision, logic, order, it is not given to lie unconsciously and honestly. It was because the Anglo-Saxon of the parent stock lied honestly and unconsciously that he lied thrillingly; it was because he lied unconsciously and honestly that he retained the vigor of the honest man. The administrative lie known as a lie is no longer the Anglo-Saxon administrative lie; it becomes instead what may be called for brevity the Latin administrative lie; it begets cynicism; it begets effrontery; it begets sheer recklessness of fact. It is not likely that Americans will in the long run acquiesce either in cynicism or in disregard of fact. They are not sentimentalists; they are not cynics; alone perhaps among the nations of the modern world they unite the instinct for consistency, which is essentially an instinct for ideas, with an instinct for stubborn loyalty to fact.

The instinct for consistency has often been regarded as a source of danger in the world of practice; but it is a source of danger obviously only in so far as it entails a lack of sense for fact. The sense for fact itself has often been regarded as a danger in the world of practice, on the ground that it makes naturally for cynicism and disregard of moral law; but values moral and emotional themselves are part of fact; sentimentalism and cynicism alike are signs of lack of sense for fact. It is part of Mr. Jerome's power, it is part of the cumulative evidence of the likelihood of his success in the long strife in which at first he stood apparently alone, that he himself is so typical an American of the new time. By his very name he stands revealed as an Anglo-Saxon with a difference—an Anglo-Saxon with a Gallic clearness and unity of mind. After the manner of his countrymen of the graver sort, he placed his instinct for consistency at first at the service of the puritanic formula; he put his trust in the administrative lie, he sought to make a truth of the administrative lie. It is in very young men in some sort a sign of grace to give implicit credence to good

words; they have had no time to master the mute facts of the world. In the school of puritanism he won the right to deal without reproach with the main evils misdealt with by mendacious laws; in the school of puritanism he kept his fire of moral zeal and wrath alight. He is a man of the world with a capacity for moral indignation; he is a puritan without illusions; he is an idealist whose dominant idea has come to be fidelity to fact. He is a speaker of extraordinary effectiveness, the secret of whose effectiveness lies seemingly in sheer indifference to effect. He is a statesman whose effectiveness results from the simplicity, centrality, and self-evidence of his ideas, and from the singular union in his pursuit of them (a union not, indeed, infrequent in his countrymen, but nearly unexampled outside the circle of his countrymen) of nonchalance and zeal. He has never yet to any onlooker seemed eager or restless in enforced inaction; he has never yet in any opportunity for action been found to have grown cold. To men of such a temper in the United States adherents sooner or later come; to one or the other logical alternative in matters of public policy adherents sooner or later come. For men of clouded vision or divided mind there are many lines of policy conceivable with regard to the administrative lie, since there are many intermixtures possible of falsity and truth; for men of lucid vision and unity of mind, for plain-dealers, there are only two lines of policy conceivable: decorative public speech consistently denied in private and in administrative word and act—the policy of, say, Senator Platt; honest public speech consistently made good in private and administrative word and act—a cynical avowal of the worst practice of the time, or a fearless avowal of the best, and a fearless refusal to avow more than the best, that is practical at the time—the policy of William Devery or the policy of William Travers Jerome.

There are signs already that the alternatives are beginning to be recognized; there were signs already that at what was outwardly the close of Mr. Jerome's campaign the public far and near was vaguely aware that his campaign was only just begun. The excitement of the canvass round about his path has never quite died down. From every part of the United States his mail still brings letters of approval or requests that he should intervene where right of intervention he has none. Unknown men of business, unknown workingmen, still stop him in the streets to shake his hand; diners in restaurants where he is seen are likely still to raise cheers for Jerome. The evidences of enthusiasm are far from being balanced by evidences of hostility; the evidences of hostility from first to last have been singularly few. He has opponents, naturally, and vehement opponents; he may even have assassins; but it is palpable to the attentive onlooker that for a man so open in denunciation he has roused extraordinarily little honest hate. In the Republican party and in the Democratic, in the camp of the Reformers and in Tammany, there are forces fighting on his side. He himself knows well that his fight is only just begun. "I do not know whether I shall win my fight," he said only a few days since to a reporter; "but the fight is a good fight; I mean to fight it to the end."

[CONCLUDED]

From the Philippines

The following comes from a correspondent in the Philippines who has special facilities for accurate and trustworthy information, and in whose judgment concerning the conditions in those islands our readers can place implicit confidence.—THE EDITORS.

WE are moving along and progressing slowly, and looking forward with some degree of fear to possible suffering from short food supply in May, June, and July, but with the profoundest hope that Congress will see fit to aid us by giving us sound money, a non-fluctuating medium, and reducing the tariff to twenty-five per cent. The most pressing necessity now upon us is that of buying and bringing cattle here to sell to the people who are able to buy. This will require a large amount of money, more perhaps than can be appropriated here, in view of the diminishing surplus. Should Congress in its generosity, with an overflowing treasury, appropriate two or three millions of dollars to enable us to

buy the cattle and stock the farms, it would not very much reduce the fund after the work had been completed, and Congress might provide in the gift that after it had accomplished the purpose of restocking the farms, the fund remaining should be devoted to the foundation of an English university. Nothing could so well teach these people the intense interest that the American people have in them and their welfare.

The need of an English university here is crying, and we shall have to establish it ourselves, though we have most limited funds with which to begin. It is the keystone of the educational arch. We are bound first to educate the sons of educated people, and the leaders of what public opinion there is in the Philippines, in English and American institutions. Unless we give them an opportunity to graduate at an English-speaking university, they will prefer to go to the Spanish schools, and to avoid the public schools, because they can graduate at the Catholic University of St. Thomas. The establishment of a university here will give a tremendous impetus to the desire to learn English, which is already great, but which of course, as the difficulties of learning the language become appreciated to these not very persistent people, will have a tendency to fade away. The change which has been made in the educational department I think is a good one.

We have now a Roman Catholic at the head of the Department of Public Instruction, with a competent man, Dr. Bryan, at the head of the Bureau of Education. The real executive, of course, is the Superintendent of the Bureau of Education, Dr. Bryan, but Judge Smith is in such a position of control that he can see to it that the public school system is not rendered hostile to any religion.

In church matters the situation seems to have changed considerably. The opposition to the friars among the people is very great, and Aglipai, seizing upon the refusal of the Church to agree to exclude the friars from these islands, has been able to secure the active assistance of a great many Filipinos, and the more or less latent sympathy of all of them, in his movement for an independent church. The respectable Filipinos generally do not separate themselves from the Roman Church, but they are all waiting to see what the real attitude of the Apostolic Delegate is to be, and unless it is quite radical the Church of Rome will have a long controversy upon its hands with the Independent Filipino Church. Aglipai professes, and so far as I can see sincerely professes, complete accord with the principles of the American Government and recognizes its sovereignty. The unusual opportunity to oppose the Church openly, to hold a mass without interference by the friars or the hierarchy, has done much to convince these people that the freedom promised and guaranteed by the American Government is real. Of course the great difficulty is the constant conflict over the right to control the churches and conventos. It was always claimed by some towns that the town owned the church and the convento, and merely held them for the use of the Roman Catholic Church, subject, however, to the disposition of the town when it chose; and now, as whole towns, or at least a majority of the people, including the former Roman Catholic priest, desert the Roman Catholic Church and go over to the Filipino Catholic Church, the priest at once transfers the church to Aglipai and holds mass therein for Aglipai. The Archbishop then sends another priest to take possession for the Roman Catholic Church, and the question is, What is the duty of the executive? Even if the executive believes the title to be in the Roman Catholic Church—and it was in the constructive possession of the Archbishop—can the executive go to the extent of using the executive arm, without any resort to the courts, to put out the apostate priest and put in the agent of the Archbishop? That question has been submitted to Washington and to our Attorney-General here, but no answer has as yet been received. Aglipai is not a great man; he had the reputation of being very cruel as the agent of insurgent forces in Ilocos Norte; he is a good deal of a plotter, and certainly has exercised a good deal of control over the native clergy. But Governors who come from Ilocos Sur, Ilocos Norte, Abra, and La Union report that the whole people there are with the new movement in the Church in favor of Aglipai and against Rome. Aglipai has been working in Cavite, and has succeeded quite well. He goes to the

Visayas for the next month, and the people are making great preparations to receive him there. The establishment of a church under priests of the character of Aglipai and his fellow-schismatics will not be in the interest of good morals and religious betterment of these islands, because the native priests, by the malicious neglect of the friars, have never been well selected nor well educated; but as a protest the significance of the movement cannot be exaggerated. In the end the Roman Church will probably win. The Roman Church is not infallible, certainly, but it does have a capacity for remedying its mistakes, which no doubt it will ultimately display in these islands.

There has been for the last two weeks a convention of the Governors of the islands in preliminary preparation for the taking of the census, and the Government has availed itself of their presence for the purpose of having general discussions with them. They have been very hospitably received and much entertained, and return to their posts with a feeling of their own importance and with a renewed allegiance to the Government that cannot but be useful. The whole work of the Government here in one sense is directed to convincing these people of the good intentions of the Americans in their work here, and anything which plants confidence in the minds of the people makes for its success. The Governors are men of much influence in their provinces, and through them the Government may fairly expect to find a good way of reaching the people.

Ladronism continues, but reports show that the constabulary is doing good work, and that, while it is rather a slow process, improvement is being made and there is no retrogression. The courts are working, and ladrones are being convicted in every province and sent for long terms to prison. This course, though it is not so spectacular as suppression by the military, is in the end much more effective. Singularly enough, the two worst provinces in the islands probably are Cavite and Rizal, in the immediate neighborhood of Manila. That is because most of the wickedness in the islands gathers in Manila, and the city offers a very good refuge for ladrones who are hunted, and because it also offers a very good place for the disposition of stolen goods. A native Governor of Rizal has been recently removed, and another, who is doing very efficient work, substituted.

The agricultural depression is of course the main difficulty here, and that can be overcome only by time, and possibly a period of two or three years. Politically there are one or two groups of irreconcilables who are anxious to make such trouble as they can by keeping within the law of treason and sedition and yet advocating all the principles of the insurrection. I do not think that their influence or their importance will be as great as they think it will be. Every three months indicates progress. The islands are much freer from disturbance now than they were three months ago. The longer we keep progressing in this way, the greater assurance it is to the decent people of the country that Americans are here to stay and that the Government is worthy of their support.

Manila, P. I., December 26, 1902.

A Country Church Industrial

By Mary Caroline Crawford

A CURE for the disease called hill-town degeneration has been prescribed by the present minister of a Unitarian church in Massachusetts. He believes that the cure is simply to get back to the combination of agriculture and industry from which the small towns have lapsed. He is trying, therefore, to bring home to the consciousness of Massachusetts farmers that gospel which Prince Kropotkin has so thrillingly preached. "Back to the land!" cries our Prophet of Montague, Massachusetts. But he adds, "Let us also spiritualize the country and revive the ancient industries." Born in Salem, New Hampshire, perhaps thirty-five years ago, on a farm over which his father, a lay evangelist, was the presiding genius, the boy drank in almost with his mother's milk the inspiration to cultivate at once the ground and Christian character. Always he desired to be a preacher, yet always he felt himself close to the soil, and was convinced that the soil had a mission

and a message for Americans. After leaving college, therefore, he set himself right manfully to the task of building up his Country Church Industrial, a church that touches all life and "makes the dead bones leap."

Mr. Pressey is enough of a journalist—he served a long apprenticeship at this trade—firmly to believe in the efficacy of happy nomenclature. He calls himself Bernard Secundus, Explorer, and his community New Clairvaux. The title as applied to him is, however, far from being a meaningless appellation. St. Bernard civilized Europe by preaching the combination of work and study. Through his monastery settlements he brought the Middle Ages out of barbarism. Every art and craft of the time, including farming, he improved and developed, and his gospel of work and worship did more than that of any other single individual for the advancement of civilization in Europe. It is just this gospel that Mr. Pressey is preaching, and just this work that he is succeeding most encouragingly in doing in Montague.

The visitor who, after infinite difficulty in the matter of train connection, really arrives at Montague, finds an exceedingly pretty little village. An electric car from Turner's Falls passes the station about once an hour, and if one is so fortunate as to connect with this, one's journey to the village proper is immensely simplified. But the only other mode of conveyance is a wagon stage which brings up the mail once or twice a day. It was this that I sought out.

"Do you know where Mr. Pressey lives, and can you take me there?" was asked of the tall, lean country boy who was in charge of the mail-bag.

"Yes, indeed," he answered. "Get right in."

And then followed the jolting journey of perhaps a long mile, past pretty white houses set back on trim green lawns, past the two churches of the place, and the two imposing industries. One of these was the veterinary's establishment, with prices for clipping and caring for horses nicely painted over the entrance; the other, a flourishing laboratory, where various toilet preparations are compounded. One or two shops, too, were observed along the way, as well as a quaintly rambling old building labeled Montague Tavern. Then the creaking stage brought up with a round turn in front of the Pressey parsonage.

Without and within, this is as pleasant a home as one could find in a long day's search. The keynote of the household is struck very promptly. As one enters the front door the legend "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," meets the eye. And in truth there are no drones in this hive.

Besides Mrs. Pressey, a charming woman, whose father was as ardent an advocate as is her husband of social ideals, and the little daughter of the household, there are just now in the family a housekeeper, a compositor, a boarding pupil and apprentice, besides other casual members and employees, which make the number under the roof eleven.

This family group idea is an essential part of Mr. Pressey's scheme. Each family is, however, limited to twelve persons, and the work has already progressed so far that a farming family is now being started at the New Clairvaux farm-house, and a woodworking family will very soon be organized. Every form of labor is dignified, and here, as at Brook Farm, there is good talk, whatever work may be under way.

At the family dinner the table covering was of spotless white oilcloth, and the food simple but very good, with a plentiful allowance of Graham bread, which again brought Brook Farm keenly to one's mind.

Among those there were college-bred men and women, endowed with a sense of humor as well as with many good, sound, every-day qualities. The talk ran lightly from ping-pong to Carlyle, with here a funny story and there a sparkling epigram.

Dinner over, the second St. Bernard adjourned with the present writer to the library, while the apprentices went, after due rest, back to their work in the printing and magazine offices. This magazine is one of the most interesting of Mr. Pressey's industries. It was started for the sake of voicing his socialistic views and providing work for his young people. It records the progress of the handicrafts, exploits the ideals upon which New Clairvaux is founded, and preserves in its pages the

invaluable hill-town traditions which have for years been falling into the hands of its editor.

A hint of its quality may be had by quoting some of its editorial squibs. After acknowledging books and money received during the month, it says:

"Further, we get very much good advice, stimulating criticism, and inspiring praise from sources too numerous to mention; also some bad advice from distinguished public factors.

"God shield me and keep me from kindness—of the soft, molluscous, maudlin sort, I mean—the bright, phosphorescent soft-rot of selfishness. Heaven give the kindness that dares something; that lives not to please nor kills from cover, whose dealings are rather yea and nay; that praises from principle and truth, not policy; that condemns like a man who dares face his own convictions, but misses no opportunity for real service to others and to the public. If I am willing to bear a low estimation of myself and not be a coward when I do the unappreciated, necessary thing; if I am willing to live on little and work hard and take time; then with any low ideal or false practicability I need not compromise a hair's breadth. I am responsible for what I see, especially if nobody else sees it.

"The policy of this magazine is to lay down a definite ideal programme for human society, while banging away at the evils and lifeless things in the old programme; to foster the handicrafts movement for country places; to give currency to a body of rapidly perishing and invaluable hill-town traditions which have fallen to our keeping; to voice the specific work of New Clairvaux, to spiritualize industry —*and these five are one.*"

The little building behind the parsonage in which the magazine is published is as curious and as interesting as is everything else about this movement. It was originally a doctor's office, and a large case full of old leather-bound medical works, as well as the faithful skeleton, still remains in evidence. A facsimile of the Declaration of Independence is also there, together with a picture of Edward Everett Hale, one of Tolstoï at work, one of Booker Washington, of Ruskin, of Hugo, and of William Morris.

"Tolstoï, Ruskin, and William Morris are our three patron saints," remarked Mr. Pressey.

The only other thing of significance on the wall—and this seemed to be to the visitor of decided interest, hanging there where the country boys and girls of Montague might observe it—was the Latin document insuring to Edward P. Pressey all the rights, privileges, and opportunities of a Bachelor of Arts of Harvard University.

The printing-office and the composing-room are parts of the parsonage itself, and nearly every corner in the house has a desk devoted to some particular department of the work. The printing is extraordinarily well done, for Mr. Pressey invested in a lot of good type, and had the ingenuity and fortune to connect his press with a little stream that runs behind the house, thus securing water-power enough to manipulate his plant. Pamphlets, circulars, posters, and letterheads are printed in large numbers at this little establishment, as well as two magazines—Mr. Pressey's and one edited by Dr. Dresser, of Boston.

Besides the printing, raphia basket work, embroidery, lace-making, cabinet-making, and agriculture have been already undertaken, some in the farms of the neighborhood, with the parsonage as headquarters, and others with working centers at the New Clairvaux farm-house, less than a mile away. All these industries are thriving, as much because they are well executed as because they meet real needs.

What is called the New Clairvaux table, made entirely of wood, without nails or glue, is a most interesting example of a country cabinet-maker's skill. Similarly, the baskets and the green and white embroidery produced at New Clairvaux are excellent products of handicraft.

When all is said, however, Mr. Pressey's work is emphatically homogeneous. In spite of the fact that he seems to be scattering his forces in many different directions, his scheme of life in New Clairvaux is simply a preacher's answer to the specific needs of country people in country places. He describes his country publication, "Country Time and Tide," as "a magazine of a more profitable and interesting country life," and he believes sincerely that what is needed in the

country town is to make life there cheerful and financially feasible.

When he first came to Montague, he observed that there were in the village many boys who had nothing to do. These he set at work picking berries at five cents an hour. The girls he likewise employed tending the baby, sweeping the piazza, and washing dishes at five cents an hour.

But the income of a country parson is too limited to warrant indefinite expenditure at even so low as a five-cents-an-hour rate. Hence the purchase of type and the setting up of the printing-office. The late Mayor of Thompson Island, the Farm School in Boston Harbor, is now the chief compositor of this office, and he will soon help form the Junior Country Town, which is so near Mr. Pressey's heart. Another boy, who has just graduated from the high school, is at New Clairvaux for the purpose of learning scientific agriculture. Later it is hoped that he may be developed into a farm superintendent.

And all the time applications are being received from other interested young men who see in this colony something both ideal and practical, something which gives promise of the fulfillment of the Emerson line that has come to be the text of the settlement: "I look for the supreme beauty to shine also out of the west," the west in this case being, of course, the hill towns of western Massachusetts.

A Unique Experiment in Profit-Sharing

By C. H. Quinn

A LABOR union that went into business for itself has just completed its first eighteen months, which has been an experimental period for a novel idea. The experiment involved co-operative profit-sharing labor by an average lot of American workmen. It has proved successful thus far, and there appears no reason why it should not so continue.

In the metal polishing and plating department of the great Eastman Kodak Works at Rochester, N. Y., a year and a half ago the men, about fifty in number, organized local union No. 113, and formulated a number of demands regarding their work and wages. These were presented to Manager Frank A. Brownell, and several conferences were held between him and the men. Any agreement was found to be impossible, and after much anxious thought, and when a shut-down was imminent, Mr. Brownell proposed to the members of the union that they start a polishing and plating plant of their own, and thus secure the profits they thought he was making. He promised that he would send them all the work that they could do as cheaply as the average plant of the kind in the city. At the same time they would have the privilege of getting all the work they could from the public.

The union held nearly an all-night session considering the novel idea. The men decided to try the plan, so instead of quitting work the next morning they sent a committee to select a building for their own plant. A two-story stone building, 70 × 100 feet, was found near their former workshop, and the committee rented it, with power and heat, for one year. The offer of Mr. Brownell to rent them the equipment of his shop was accepted. The machinery was moved in the night, and the work, very heavy in June, was not interrupted. The new concern was named "The Union Polishing and Plating Company."

Organization of the unique company was not effected without long and earnest thought and discussion. A talented attorney was engaged to draw up the necessary articles of agreement, which were signed by each of the workmen joining. It was decided that each one of the organizers should subscribe to $100 worth of stock in the enterprise, the amount to be collected by assessments as needed.

Control of the affairs of the business was vested in a board of nine directors, made up of the president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and five stockholders. Besides this board there is a shop committee of three to whom all complaints are referred, and whose dictum is final.

The subscribed stock of $3,400 repre-

sented the thirty-four organizers of the company. Each started off with the hope of dividends on his stock in addition to his wages. None have been disappointed. Little money has been required on assessment in pay for the original stock. The workmen have received about 10 per cent. better wages than other workmen of their kind in the same city, and they have still their common interest in the concern.

Through natural causes, the number of stockholders has been reduced to twenty-one. Accordingly, the value of the individual interests has increased, as now each of the twenty-one has very near to one and two-thirds shares.

When a stockholder desires to sell out his interest in the company, he has, by a rule of the organizers, to offer it first to the other members. If the board of directors decide that the asked price of the departing member is too large, the board offers what it thinks the interest is worth. If the owner is not satisfied with the price offered, he has the privilege to sell his stock to an outside buyer. There are always outside buyers who are willing to purchase.

The men are paid by the piece for their work. Often their work gets so heavy in summer that extra help has to be hired. Wherever it is possible to utilize a boy, one is hired instead of a man. Many times last summer the force of forty or fifty men worked thirteen hours a day to fill orders.

There have been times, too, when business was dull and some of the stockholders had to be laid off. The single men were always willing to volunteer to take idleness, so that the married men could have the work and wages. They expected seasons of idleness on the co-operative plan just the same as though they were working for their old employer.

Of course the company made mistakes. But there were always so many partners that one or more would be sure to see them promptly. As each had the interest of the company at heart, as part owner, mistakes did not exist long.

Some men to whom the managing of the shop was given failed entirely as managers, and the board of directors lost no time in placing them back at the bench. In various ways the firm found where economy could be practiced or the work improved.

After watching the operation of the profit-sharing plan since its inception, President O. D. Stuart says of it:

"The method of co-operation is sound. It has been a success with us, and I know of no reason why a coal-mine could not be managed in the same manner. The difficulty in that case would, perhaps, be in the miners getting possession of a mine. But if they could, and have competent, honest men at the head, they could get along without the coal baron. With slight variations to suit different conditions, this co-operative profit-sharing plan can be used in many lines of work."

Specialization in History[1]

THE best work of the late Lord Acton, the profoundly learned Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, was not in any publication by himself, but in the plan of a work now to be executed by others, mostly of his own selection. The subject is not as new as the plan. Of new material, indeed, there is with every year a growing abundance, as the buried or neglected archives continue to come to light in frequent contradiction even of the classic historians. The increasing mass, already swelled beyond the compass of a single mind, has made a division of labor as indispensable to the scientific culture of history as it is to the progress of science in every other field.

Any single-handed attempt to write a consecutive history of the modern period not only encounters this baffling difficulty in the encyclopædic variety of material. Written from an individual point of view, it is inevitably subject to individual prepossessions dominating the writer's selection, emphasis, and judgment. The work of the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, the Positivist, of the Frenchman, the Briton, the American, however impartial in intention, needs in the result correction for the personal equation.

Lord Acton's plan, embodied in the

[1] *The Cambridge Modern History.* The Macmillan

present volume, meets these difficulties as far as they can be met. It distributes the vast field among specialists, each of whom has made his portion the subject of elaborate study. The report of such a one concerns his field alone, independently of its relations to things before and after. But were this all, the result would be a collection of mere monographs as disconnected fragments. Lord Acton's plan provides that the collection shall be a true series, in a definite line of development.

In such a line it is proposed to give no less than twelve volumes to the history of Europe and its colonies since the fifteenth century. The central idea of each volume is found in some signally important historical fact, selected as the nucleus around which the studies of the writer assemble the events, forces, and characters of a definite period to speak for themselves. Yet it is not a succession of episodes that is to result from this treatment, but a true series conformable to the modern conception of history as a progressive movement of mankind, to the evolution of which the national and individual factors are subsidiary.

The beginnings of modern history are fixed by no arbitrarily selected date, but by our recognition of the awakening of the modern spirit. This awakening has given its name to the epoch with which the introductory volume of the Cambridge series is concerned—the "Renaissance." This was a revival not merely of intellectual activity and culture. These were merely the concomitants of that in which the deepest distinction between the modern and the ancient or mediæval world is found. The modern spirit, with whose advent modern history begins, is the spirit of self-development, of self-realization—in a word, of individuality.

Quite appropriately, the story of the Renaissance, as told in the present volume, begins with two chapters on the New World of the far East and the far West, the discoveries of which were the first great exploits of the modern spirit, and reacted on the European mind for the invigoration of that spirit, as illustrated by such thinkers as More, Montaigne, and Bacon. The story of the Ottoman Conquest comes next, as it was the Turkish invasion that like a mighty wind swept westward from Constantinople to Italy the seeds of the new humanism in the intellectual treasures of the ancient world. Among the nations influenced by the Renaissance, Italy is naturally most prominent. Italy was the radiating center from which the intellectual quickening spread to the northern nations. In Italy its first fruits and some of its best fruits appeared. Five chapters are accordingly given to Italy, two of them to Florence for the exhibition of contrasted aspects of the Renaissance—the ethico-spiritual and the politico-intellectual, with Savonarola and Machiavelli as their exponents. In the chapter on Rome and the Temporal Power Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, makes a noteworthy correction of historical tradition in the case of Pope Alexander VI., whom he pronounces, though utterly unprincipled, clear of the most odious imputations. Other European countries, destined to later importance, but having less significance for this period, occupy comparatively little of the field of vision. Germany, Hungary and the Slavonic kingdoms, Spain, France, the Netherlands, England, are treated each in a single chapter. Thus the nations, forces, and interests which are to play their parts in the subsequent history are brought upon the stage.

From these local points of view, in which politics, economics, and social life are the subjects of chief interest, while art and literature, except as directly bearing on these, are relegated to special works, the reader passes on to outlooks over the field at large in various aspects. The economic change which revolutionized commerce, the classical renaissance in its revival of ancient learning, the Christian renaissance of interest in the primitive documents of faith and the history of the Church, are exhibited in successive chapters. The volume closes with a twofold view of the period as it is about to ripen into the Protestant revolution. Catholic Europe in its unstable equilibrium amid contending forces of good and evil is sketched by an eminent and fair-minded Catholic scholar, Dr. William Barry, while Mr. Henry C. Lea, the well-known historian of the Inquisition, describes The Eve of the Reformation. These two, however, are not conflicting but co-operating witnesses, their differ-

national relations, and their critical sketches of some historical personages. The United States comes into the field of view only in an account of its relations during the century to Great Britain. This is impartially drawn, with entire good feeling, in the hope that the kindred peoples may "work together side by side at the task of building up a realm which will be their common country."

London in the Eighteenth Century. By Sir Walter Besant. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 9×11½ in. 671 pages. $7.50.

The large quarto form in which this work is published certainly gives distinction and beauty to the book, whatever may be said as to inconvenience of handling and reading. It is quite probable that Sir Walter Besant will be longer remembered as the historian of London than as the novelist. His books on Westminster, South London, and East London were really parts of a carefully planned whole, and the present volume covers another part of the work, although now the survey is of all London and for particularly a century instead of localized topographically. The point of view is chiefly that of the social life of the century, and how well the author knew that aspect is known to all of us who have read "The Chaplain of the Fleet." Sir Walter put nearly five years of actual labor on this book—a labor, however, which was a keen delight to him. He was wont to say that after a half-century's residence in London he never took a half-hour's walk without finding something new and suggestive for study. He had in mind a great "Survey" of London after the manner of Stow's famous book of three centuries ago, and in this many experts and special students were to engage. The present volume was to form a component section of the whole monumental projected work. It covers almost all aspects of London except the literary side, which was purposely reserved for separate treatment. History, topography, trade, government, manners and customs, church and chapel, crime and debtors' prisons, street scenes, and much else—all are treated with Besant's touch of fancy and romance, as well as with an exactness the result of years of research. There are many pictures, prominent among which are fine full-page reproductions of Hogarth's pictures relating to London.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By Georges Brandes. Vol. III. The Reaction in France. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 300 pages.

The Outlook has already reviewed the first two volumes in this series, "The Emigrant Literature" and "The Romantic School in Germany." The third volume, recently published, deals with "The Reaction in France," and has to do with the Revolution, with Chateaubriand, De Maistre, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and with the movement of French literature to the end of the first qnarter of the nineteenth century. Further comment will be made on this important work as it nears completion.

Marianela. By B. Perez Galdos. Edited by Edward Gray, A.B. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 264 pages. 90c.

New International Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. VI. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 886 pages

Parliament, Past and Present: A Popular and Picturesque Account of a Thousand Years in the Palace of Westminster, the Home of the Mother of Parliaments. By Arnold Wright and Philip Smith. Illustrated. Vols. I. and II. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8×11 in. $8, net. 2 vols.

A curious and interesting book. On the side of illustration alone one is surprised to find how much has been found in the way of engravings, caricatures, portraits, and famous paintings all bearing pretty directly on the subject. In fact, the two handsome volumes are crammed with pictures (many printed in color), and the panorama of history thus enfolded is almost fascinating. The accompanying historical narrative is readable and often dramatically vivid. The story comes down to our own day.

Pleasures of the Table (The). By George H. Ellwanger, M.A. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 477 pages. $2.50, net.

Recollections of a Long Life. By Joseph Packard, D.D. 1812-1902. Edited by Thomas J. Packard. Byron S. Adams, Washington, D. C. 6×9¼ in. 364 pages. $2.25.

Professor Packard, whose life was spent in the service of the (Episcopal) Theological Seminary of Virginia, near Alexandria, was personally a most attractive character, and these "Recollections" form a most attractive book. They abound in personal reminiscences of men worth knowing, some of them known to him from his student days at Bowdoin, among such classmates as Cyrus Hamlin and Henry B. Smith, with Longfellow for professor of modern languages, and at Andover under Moses Stuart. Many a portrait, many a simple vignette of clergyman and layman, lends a charm to these pages, where churchmen and statesmen, missionaries and martyrs, are amply or briefly commemorated. It should be noted that the contrast drawn between the Congregational and the Episcopalian theory of the beginning of religious life in the young is not now so great as it appears in Dr. Packard's recollection of it, dated from many years ago. The volume is conveniently indexed.

Rome and Reform. By T. L. Kington Oliphant. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 541 pages. $7, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Selection from Mrs. Browning's Poems (A). Edited by Heloise E. Hersey. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 191 pages. 25c.

This is a very intelligently made selection of Mrs. Browning's lyric pieces—her most characteristic and successful work. Miss Hersey is always interesting, because she brings independent thought and fresh feeling to everything she touches. In her introduction, which is very brief, she gives a condensed biographical account of Mrs. Browning, and a condensed but very satisfactory characterization of her work. The volume is furnished with a chronological list of Mrs. Browning's works, and with a series of notes.

Things that Abide (The). By Orrin Leslie Elliott. The Murdock Press, San Francisco, Cal. 5×7½ in. 193 pages.

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The Growth of Canadian Reciprocity Sentiment. By John Charlton, M.P.

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The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Unlimited Debate Last week Senator Quay attempted to break the deadlock upon the Statehood Bill by introducing a motion that a vote upon the measure be taken before the close of the session. The adoption of such a motion would of course have introduced in the Senate a modified form of closure, by which debates could be ended without unanimous consent. Naturally, the adoption of such a resolution to secure the passage of the Statehood Bill was sure to be resisted by the Republican Senators opposed to the bill, but the short debate upon it showed that its most strenuous opponents would be Democratic Senators in favor of the Statehood Bill. The adoption of a closure rule, they saw, would generally be a weapon in the hands of the Republican majority to limit debate desired by the Democratic minority, and they therefore had a partisan reason for refusing to follow Senator Quay in his new tactics to secure the passage of his and their Statehood Bill. Indeed, the debate in the Senate upon the closure resolution indicated that it had few friends in either party, Senators of the most divergent views maintaining that under the present rules it is always possible to get a vote upon a bill which a majority strongly favor. The remainder of the history of the week, however, hardly sustained this optimistic view. Early in the week it was thought that the Republican conference to secure action on the pending treaties had reached a unanimous agreement that the Statehood Bill should not be allowed to prevent the ratification of the Panama treaty. But later in the week Senator Quay came to the support of Senator Morgan in prolonging the debate on that treaty, by having the Clerk of the Senate read the Constitution of the United States of Colombia, and by himself reading long documents which the Chair refused to allow the Clerk to read because obviously introduced for purposes of delay instead of enlightenment. In justification of his course, Senator Quay stated that the reaching of a vote on the Panama treaty was no more required by the principles of majority rule than the reaching of a vote upon the Statehood Bill, and he proposed to have the one bill as fully debated as the other. He said that at the Republican conference he had assented to action upon the Panama treaty because of representations that our option to purchase the canal lasted only till March 4, but that on the day after the conference the newspapers announced that the Attorney-General had prolonged the life of the option by telegraphing our Government's acceptance of the Company's offer whenever the treaty was ratified. Upon this point it must be said that the Attorney-General's action could not bind the Panama Company to prolong the option if it desired to close it. Between Senator Quay and Senator Morgan the Panama "debate" was continued to the end of the week, though, of course, behind closed doors, so that the public has no authoritative means of learning the nature of the criticisms Mr. Quay makes upon the treaty. His most telling point thus far appears to be the charge that our payment to Colombia was increased from $7,000,000 to $10,000,000 in order to provide funds to quiet the Colombian revolutionists, and his demand that the Government correspondence be given to the Senate to show the truth or falsity of this charge. In the main, however, his reported arguments against the treaty are disquisitions upon the relations of Church and State in Colombia, and other matter bearing but remotely upon the question at issue. The net effect of the week's developments is to intensify public impatience with filibustering tactics, and to strengthen

[illegible] for a carefully guarded rule of closure by which debate can be brought to an end when every Senator interested in any pending measure has been granted a reasonable time to present his opinions. Such a rule should not be changed in the Senate as it has been in the House, but concession should be given

Philippine Relief Enacted and Wrecked

Among the proposed measures which have been allowed to pass through the Senate despite the "deadlock" of its doors are two bills for the relief of the Philippines. The first of these appropriates the $3,000,000 asked by Governor Taft for the relief of the present famine and to procure draft animals necessary for the revival of agriculture. The other establishes a relatively stable currency for the Islands. The latter measure in the form in which it has passed the Senate and will doubtless be accepted by the House, comes very near following the plan first recommended by Governor Taft and Secretary Root. The standard of value is to be a gold peso, worth one-half of a gold dollar, but the general medium of exchange will continue to be a silver peso of about the size of the Mexican dollar so long used as the monetary unit. The silver peso is to be kept at par with the gold peso by restricting the coinage of the former and establishing a gold reserve for its redemption on demand. It will be virtually a promise to pay gold, printed upon silver instead of paper. The Democrats in the House had stood for the principle that the people of the islands should have the same currency as ourselves, but there was little opposition in the Senate to the proposal that a distinctive Philippine currency, closely resembling that in use, should be continued. Some of the Democrats even thought that a distinctive currency for the islands was a better preparatory measure for their future independence. The opposition of Senators from the silver-producing States was avoided by the acceptance of an amendment offered by Senator Patterson, of Colorado, providing for the calling of another international conference to devise a plan for a fixed rate of exchange between gold and silver using countries. As the only plan now seriously proposed by those in power to accomplish this end contemplates the establishment of free coinage of silver by all other nations, including Mexico, the concession granted the Western Senators was not a victory for bimetallism. The Philippine legislation secured does not include the passage of the House bill reducing the tariff on Philippine products to twenty-five per cent.—instead of seventy-five per cent. as now—of the Dingley rates. The Senate Committee changed the rate to forty per cent. at the demand of the sugar and tobacco representatives, but even the small concession which the amendment will give is still vitiated because opposed by these private interests.

The Littlefield-Hoar Bill

Three of the eight Republicans on the Senate Judiciary Committee have voted with the Democrats to report favorably the Littlefield anti-trust bill, amended so as to render the measure more drastic. As amended, the bill not only restricts the use of the facilities of inter-State commerce by corporations which secure rebates and attempt to establish a monopoly by lowering prices in localities where competition is threatened, but also restricts the use of these facilities by corporations which "in any matter whatever" attempt to prevent competition. The amended bill also contains a definition of the word monopoly which accords with the popular use of the term. The fact that a combination may still have some competition—perhaps induced by the high prices it has established—does not, under the Hoar definition keep it from constituting a monopoly in the eye of the law. For corporations hereafter formed the amended bill penalizes over-capitalization in a manner highly satisfactory to those who believe in distinguishing between capital representing investment and capital representing extortion. Over capitalized corporations hereafter organized are denied the right to engage in inter-State commerce. Unfortunately, it is not believed that any action can be secured in the Senate upon this measure at this session.

The Alaskan Commission

Last week it was announced that the three Commissioners to represent the United States on the Alaskan Boundary

Commission would be Mr. Root, Secretary of War, Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and Senator Turner, of Washington; also that ex-Secretary of State Foster had been chosen to take charge of the case of the United States before the Commission. These appointments have been received with some disfavor in Canada; the Toronto "Mail and Empire" even calls upon the Dominion Government to protest. Though the Commissioners are admitted to be men of unquestioned ability and high character, the "Mail and Empire" declares that three men more disqualified by avowed prejudice or official commitment could not have been selected. "Jurists of repute they are, but impartial jurists they are not. . . . Secretary Root, being a member of the United States Government, is one of the parties to the dispute. The idea of a trial in which plaintiff or defendant should be a judge is too farcical to be thought of. . . . Senator Lodge has shown his unfitness for serving by his public utterances on the question. . . . A man so uncontrollably given up to an *ex parte* view cannot be accepted by this country as a member of the court. Senator Turner . . . has publicly stated that there is no case for reference. That is, he has made up his mind beforehand. He, therefore, has rendered himself incapable of sitting on that tribunal. . . . It was hoped that the President would have selected his jurists from the Supreme Court of the United States. To men so chosen, Canada could have no objection." The Hamilton "Herald" says that "the selection of these three men is little short of an affront to the British and Canadian Governments. It means that President Roosevelt is determined not to have a fair settlement based on the evidence, but to make sure that, in any event, there will be no danger of a settlement in harmony with Canada's claims." The Winnipeg "Telegram" adds: "While acknowledging the personal worth of the three gentlemen reported to have been appointed by the United States, we cannot but regard the appointment of active politicians as unfortunate. It probably means that the Senators who opposed the treaty altogether insisted, as the condition of ratifying the treaty, that men should be appointed who would be subject to popular feeling." On the other hand, the London "Spectator" regards Secretary Root as one of the ablest men now active in the Anglo-Saxon world of politics, and Senator Lodge as a man of great weight and influence, and a worthy representative of the best traditions of the Senate. Regarding Senator Turner the "Spectator" says: "He is less well known, at any rate on this side of the Atlantic, but we may be sure the President's choice has been wisely exercised, for Mr. Roosevelt would not choose inferior men."

❀

The Alaskan Difficulty

It is unfortunate that the American appointees to the Alaskan Boundary Commission are not those whom Canadians expected, for the sentiment which has arisen throughout Canada is that people on this side the border are unreasonable in their interpretation of the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825 and of the Russo-American treaty of 1867, upon which the American claim is based. Those treaties provided that the eastern Alaskan boundary line should follow a mountain ridge parallel with the coast, if there be one not more than thirty marine miles from the coast; and if there be none, it should be drawn arbitrarily at that distance from the coast, following the windings thereof. The question turns on the use of the word "coast." Canada now holds that coast means the outermost edge of the outermost fringe of islands, from which the thirty miles should be measured inland, and that the coast line should not follow the winding, but run boldly from headland to headland. The United States, on the other hand, held and holds that "coast" means the edge of the mainland, and that all windings of the line between the headlands, six miles or more apart, should be followed. In this we are supported by the London "Spectator," which says: "It does seem to us, however, difficult to imagine that when the treaty asserts that the coast is the place from which the measurement is to be taken, it means anything but actual mainland—*i. e.*, conterminous land, and excluding all islands." The United States possesses, according to its interpretation of the treaty, a strip of coast land northward from Port Simpson, at fifty-four degrees forty minutes, unbroken by any inlet, affording

Canada no seaport or access to the Pacific except through territory belonging to the United States. The Canadians have contended that the words of the treaty of 1825 might be construed so as to allow the British to have outlets to tidewater, and even to own the harbors; but this view is not supported by any of the maps published during the half-century following, and is distinctly denied by the act of the Hudson Bay Company in renting land and water privileges from the Russians; if Great Britain had owned a harbor on the Pacific, the Company would undoubtedly have availed itself of it and not paid rent. Canadians claim, however, that their view had already been substantiated in the discussion between Russia and Great Britain from 1820 to 1825, during which Count Nesselrode, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, said, according to a Canadian authority, "We limit our requirements to a mere strip of the continent, and, so that no objection be raised, we guarantee the free navigation of the rivers." This guarantee is incorporated in the treaty; yet, as the London "Spectator" says, if it were not intended to give to the Russians a strip thirty miles broad, why should Article VI. have so carefully protected British subjects in the right of free navigation of all the rivers and streams which, but for that stipulation, would have been barred by the strip of Russian territory? The first part of the adjudication before the Commissioners would seem to be fairly simple—the determination of the southernmost point of the Prince of Wales Island, of the identity of Portland Channel (despite Vancouver's ambiguous description of the channel, the only knowledge possessed by the Anglo-Russian negotiators), and of the line ascending that channel. The principal points at issue will be whether "a line parallel to the windings of the coast" is a line curving round all the indentations of the coast, whether the coast itself is a continuous strip or a series of disconnected fragments, and whether the watershed at White Pass, north of Lynn Canal, and only thirteen miles from Skagway, near the head of navigation, forms one of the points in the supposed mountain-line by which, under the early treaty, a boundary was sought to be established.

The Delaware Legislature on the Addicks Exposure

On Friday of last week State Senator Allee, of Delaware, one of Mr. Addicks's right-hand men, introduced the following resolutions into the Legislature of that State:

Whereas, In a recent article in a periodical known as The Outlook, one George Kennan makes the following statement: "Of the evidence obtainable in Delaware with regard to the use of depraved women as a means of disgracing legislators and enabling workers to hold or control doubtful men by threats of exposure it is not necessary at present to speak;" and

Whereas, This statement is a low, dirty, and incomprehensible lie, without any ground or justification therefor as far as this Legislature is concerned, or that of any other within our knowledge; and

Whereas, This statement is an insult to the Legislature of this State, and a gross reflection upon the fair fame of our Commonwealth; therefore be it

Resolved, Regardless of political differences of opinion, that we resent this pernicious falsehood, and direct a copy thereof to be sent to the aforesaid George Kennan as an expression of our views of this malicious defamation of Delaware.

By a combination of the Regular or anti-Addicks Republicans and the Democrats, these resolutions were voted down in the House and laid over in the Senate, and, in spite of the protest of the Addicks men, a counter resolution was passed in the Senate authorizing the purchase and distribution of a number of copies of The Outlook containing the article by Mr. Kennan, the object being to enable each legislator to see for himself what Mr. Kennan has said. The legislators of Delaware and the public generally will observe that Senator Allee's rhetorical resolution picks out for denial from all the charges of open, flagrant, and self-confessed corruption preferred, with dates and details, against Mr. Addicks and his adjutants, only one allusion. By passing in silence the greater and most important part of Mr. Kennan's charges Senator Allee and the Addicks Republicans virtually admit their truth. These resolutions are tantamount to a general plea of guilty, with a single reservation. In fact, Mr. Kennan has made no statement in either one of his three articles which, in the opinion of The Outlook and of competent lawyers who have been consulted, is not supported by legal evidence now in possession of Mr. Kennan and

The Outlook. The action of the Legislature on Senator Allee's resolution is another indication of the persistence and courage with which the better elements of Delaware have fought the forces of corruption at Mr. Addicks's command for fourteen years.

❀

The Beef Trust Enjoined

The temporary injunction granted by Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, in Chicago last week against the combination of packing-houses known as the Beef Trust, will renew popular faith in the vitality of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in the hands of an administration bent upon enforcing its provisions. Since the decision of the Supreme Court, in the suit brought for the dissolution of the Sugar Trust, that the act did not reach such a combination of manufacturers—as its provisions were directed only against monopolies in inter-State trade—the opinion has widely prevailed that the Sherman Act was valueless except against combinations of inter-State railroads and other carriers. The text of the Sugar Trust decision, however, did not warrant so pessimistic a conclusion, as the Court merely affirmed that the Sugar Trust's purchase of competing refineries in different States bore no direct relation to inter-State commerce, and therefore could not be prevented "in the mode attempted." Later decisions of the Federal Courts, in the cases of combinations controlling the sale in different States of cast-iron pipes (Addyston Pipe and Steel Company) and of coal (Coal Dealers' Association of California), have affirmed that such combinations come within the scope of the Sherman Act, and are in violation of its provisions. Judge Grosscup's decision last week, in a case far more important than either of these just mentioned, puts in striking terms the wide range of business transactions which cannot be restrained by a combination without violating the Sherman Act. In the eye of the law, said Judge Grosscup—

> commerce is not restricted to specific acts of sale or exchange. It includes the intercourse, all the initiatory and intervening acts, instrumentalities, and dealings, which directly bring about the sale or exchange. Thus, though the sale or exchange is a commercial act, so also is the solicitation of the drummer whose occupation it is to bring about the sale or exchange. The whole transaction, from initiation to culmination, is commerce. When commerce, thus broadly defined, is between parties dealing from different States, to be effected so far as the immediate act of exchange goes by transportation from State to State, it is "commerce between the States," within the meaning of the Constitution and the statute known as the Sherman Act.

Turning from the general principle thus lucidly stated to the combination of the packing-houses, the Court finds that both in the purchasing of cattle and in the sale of meat the houses engage in inter-State commerce. Inasmuch, therefore, as they are indicted for requiring their purchasing agents not to bid against each other, for bidding up, through their agents, the price of live stock for a few days to induce large shipments and then ceasing from bids when the shipments arrive, for agreeing upon prices, cartage charges, and the like, and for making agreements with transportation companies for discriminating rates, Judge Grosscup holds that their combination is within the reach of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and must be enjoined pending a trial as to the truth of the averments in the indictment.

❀

Judge Grosscup's Address

Judge Grosscup, who rendered this decision, has recently delivered before the students of the University of Michigan an address which seems to us to constitute both a new and a valuable contribution to the solution of our industrial problem. This address is so compact that it is difficult to give anything more than a hint as to its suggestion, which is what we here attempt to do:—A process of industrial consolidation is going on, in which the control of industry is rapidly narrowing, and the mass of the people are coming to be lookers-on or participants in industries in which they have no proprietorship. At the same time the people are growing in wealth—that is, in financial ability to have a share in the proprietorship. This is shown by a comparison of the growth of population, the growth of general wealth, and the growth of bank deposits. For example, from 1880 to 1890 the growth of population was about 20 per cent., the growth of general wealth about 25 per cent., the growth of bank deposits about 73 per cent. Again, from

1890 to 1900 the growth of population was about 20 per cent., of the general wealth about 23 per cent., of the bank deposits 85 per cent. "Can any one explain this disproportion of the growth of uninvested capital—a disproportion beginning with activity in consolidation, and rising rapidly as consolidation increased—except upon the inference that the people, having little confidence in existing trust organization, have been thus cut out from ownership in the industries of the country? . . . Showing as they do that the people at large are withdrawing from ownership in the industries of the country, they point to a time in the near future, if the present methods of consolidation go on, when, barring the shopkeeper, the farmer, and the owner of city real estate, and barring the man who is willing to take chances upon an unknown venture, there will be but comparatively few proprietors among the run of citizens who ordinarily would be interested in the country's industries." It is true that these bank deposits furnish most of the capital upon which modern consolidation depends. But this does not give the people control of the industries. They are simply lenders of the capital on which the industries are carried on, and they get no other interest in the country's advancing prosperity except the interest on their deposits, which is less than was ever paid before. These facts are giving rise to widespread and increasing discontent among men of moderate capital, a feeling that somehow they have been deprived of their fair share in the rewards of industrial enterprise, and a growing inclination toward some form of Socialism, involving to a greater or less extent public ownership of most if not all means of production and distribution—a scheme which, in Judge Grosscup's opinion, is opposed to the fundamental and underlying conception of American life, and the secret of its real prosperity, the principle that "the man is everything, the State only an instrument for his protection and advancement." Thus "the separation of labor from proprietorship—the separate mobilization of these two forces as enemies instead of their commingling in common interest—is the most unrepublican and menacing fact that now confronts the American people." For if consolidation leading to monopoly is destructive of the Republic, in one way, Socialism, or the public ownership and the political organization of industry, is destructive in another. Socialism would "merge business into politics, and transfer industrial leadership from the men who think to the men who can pull wires and play the demagogue."

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The Remedy The remedy for these perils, according to Judge Grosscup, lies, not in the destruction of our industries, not in the arresting of their development, not in the transfer of industrial activities to the State, making them a political function, but in a process which will—to coin a word—"peopleize" the industries. This can be done by bringing the industries under such Government supervision and control as will make them safe subjects for public investment. "I believe that once corporate organization and management is cleared of thimblerigging and pitfalls, so that the fortunes of an enterprise will be bound up, not in an overstrained organization, but solely in the vicissitudes of the business itself, the American people will be found ready to take up again their share in the proprietorship of the country." This belief is founded on the following considerations: It is instinctive with the American people to acquire property. It was this instinct, as much as the desire for civil and religious liberty, that brought our fathers across the ocean, and has made their sons pioneers in building up the West. The instinct is "innate, persistent, unconquerable." The people have the means which would enable them to become the proprietors of the great industries. In the savings bank alone are accumulated nearly three billions of dollars. "This means that there is now, in the hands of the people, uninvested capital nearly sufficient to buy out, at the valuations of 1890, the existing manufactories, or the existing railroads, or one-half of the farm property of the country. It constitutes nearly one dollar in ten of all the dollars that measure the country's entire wealth; and what is more, it is available at any moment to enable the people at large to re-enter the proprietorship of the country." The owners of this capital are not afraid to invest. The fact that they

have deposited this money in the savings banks shows not only that they possess the capital, but that they have faith in corporations to safeguard and to return interest on the capital. They have faith in these corporations because they are under government regulation and subject to government supervision—that is, the rights and interests of the people in them are adequately protected. All that is necessary, therefore, to transfer these deposits or a considerable proportion of them from the banks to the industrial corporations, and so transfer the control of the industrial corporations from the few capitalists to the great mass of the people who are the lenders, is to secure a recognized, uniform basis for corporate organization, a guarantee that the stock and bonds represent the real value of the corporation assets, not a fictitious value put upon them, and a provision for governmental visitation, through some proper department, so that it can guard the interests of stockholders, as they are now guarded in the National banks. The legislation already enacted by Congress is not adequate for this purpose, though it may be regarded as a movement in this direction. It is not necessary for us here, in reporting Judge Grosscup's address, to do more than add in the simplest phraseology our hearty indorsement. The churches, the schools, the government—that is, the religious, the educational, and the political institutions of the United States—are democratic in their structure. All the people are alike interested in them, all the people share in their control. What is necessary for the solution of our industrial problem is that all the people should have an interest and should share in the control of our industrial organizations. The method which Judge Grosscup has indicated seems to us far more hopeful of right results, and it is far more in accordance with the American spirit, than that State Socialism which finds its chiefest exponents in Germany.

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Macedonia and Bulgaria

Last week the Austro-Russian note outlining a programme of Macedonian reforms was approved by the various European Cabinets and submitted to the Sultan. The suggestions contained in this joint note should have due effect upon Abdul Hamid, since they are insisted upon by the unanimous action of the Powers. They are not as drastic as those suggested by M. Steeg, the French Consul at Salonika, which formed the basis of the note. His plan was: (1) That a Christian Governor should be appointed for Macedonia with full powers; (2) that soldiers should receive regular pay, so as no longer to be compelled to rob the inhabitants; (3) that tax-gatherers should be paid for their services, and their operations controlled; and (4) that both Christians and Muslims should be employed on the police and tax forces in such proportions as to correspond with the prevailing religion in each vilayet or district. The note as finally framed strikes out all reference to Macedonia; it was considered that the designation of one part of the country by name might increase the anti-foreign agitation which the Powers are professedly seeking to check. The note is generalized so as to cover all the localities where Christians reside. The protection of the lives and the complete safeguarding of the interest of the Christians form the chief features of the paper. Abdul Hamid will undoubtedly feel more inclined to grant these requests than those in M. Steeg's plan. That scheme had commended itself to the Powers because it would not have exceeded in cost the revenues of Macedonia, or would not have infringed upon the Sultan's territorial prerogatives, or even tended to dismember his Empire. The French Consul's plan had the further merit of not placing the Bulgarians in Macedonia above the Servians or the Greeks there. So great is the jealousy among these three classes of Christians that some of the Greeks have even declared their preference for the Turkish rule rather than the Bulgarian. With his customary cunning, Abdul Hamid has long played off these jealousies of one against another, and has believed, as do many Christians, that such animosities would make it impossible to constitute out of Macedonia an independent State, as the Powers had done with Bulgaria. Indeed, Bulgaria remains nominally a tributary State of the Turkish Empire under European protection, although created a quasi-independent principality in 1878 by the Congress of Berlin. It is

from Bulgaria that nine-tenths of the present incitement to rebellion comes. Probably acting under pressure from the Powers, the Bulgarian Government last week arrested certain Macedonian revolutionists on Bulgarian soil, carefully not executing their arrest, however, until the most prominent had managed to escape. It would seem imperative to the welfare of Bulgaria that the Powers should remain without any doubt in regard to Prince Ferdinand's intention to keep the Macedonians within his borders quiet and orderly, and really to help the Powers in carrying out whatever scheme of pacification may be proposed. The good faith of the Bulgarian Government, since the arrests, has been not unnaturally questioned by the revolutionists, who have hitherto enjoyed a certain indirect countenance from it, and who now protest against its action. In Macedonia they have provoked a more serious conflict than any which has yet taken place. According to report, the disturbance occurred near Dubeny, and ninety Turkish soldiers were killed.

In Venezuela The disputes with the allies now seem in a fair way of settlement, and Venezuela points to an award just made by Venezuelan courts in favor of the claims of American citizens as a proof of her desire to treat foreign creditors fairly. The blockade has been removed, and the captured gunboats are to be given back; as to this last matter President Castro has shown needless irritation at the delay of Germany in handing over the vessels. President Castro's action in increasing customs duties by thirty per cent., because thirty per cent. of the receipts are to be given to foreign creditors, seems at first almost humorous, but while it is improbable that the full amount needed can thus be raised, it is probable that Venezuela's net receipts may be increased to some extent—at the expense, of course, of the consumer and taxpayer. But while Venezuela's foreign outlook is brighter, her internal strife seems to be becoming even more serious than it has been—and for at least two years it has been serious enough. It is now reported that a revolutionary army, estimated at 2,800 men, has reached a point about twenty miles south of Caracas, that the revolutionists and the Government troops both occupy strong positions, and that a decisive battle is probable. The revolution begun by General Matos during the course of the blockade of the Venezuelan coast by the allied war-ships has been reorganized, it is said (all reports about revolutionary movements in South America are likely to be flatly contradicted by the next mail), and three armies have been formed. Elsewhere in this issue will be found an article from The Outlook's correspondent in Venezuela, Mr. James Barnes, which gives an illuminating view of political methods and popular indifference in that country.

The Pope's Jubilee Last week Leo XIII. celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the Pontificate, an occasion of interest not only to Roman Catholics but also to Protestant Christians. "It seems impossible that it is twenty-five years since I have been there!" was his exclamation as he looked from the window of his apartments early in the morning into the sunlit Piazza of St. Peter's. Although the cathedral of St. Peter's is considered a part of the Vatican, the Piazza, or large oval square in front, is not; and the Pontiff was referring to his long term of self-imposed imprisonment, during which he has never gone beyond the Vatican's bounds. The Pope held his jubilee in the Hall of Beatification, situated above the portico of St. Peter's, and also the adjoining Sala Ducale and Sala Regia. It was estimated that the three rooms held five thousand persons. Many more thousands crowded the great cathedral below, where simultaneously a solemn thanksgiving service was held. Leo XIII. was dressed in full Pontifical robes, and wore on his head the triple crown. He was carried in the *sedia gestatoria* by eight men clothed in red brocade, preceded by the Sistine choir, and was surrounded by the Noble Guard, whose presence was really necessary for protection, on account of the intense desire of the faithful to touch the hem of the Pope's gown. The Pontiff has never been received with greater or more genuine enthusiasm. The ceremony included the reading of an address by Cardinal Respighi, Vicar of Rome, offering to the

Pope a gold tiara (the twenty-five-thousand-dollar jubilee present of the Roman Catholic world), together with a purse of forty thousand dollars. Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, read an address and presented the gold, silver, and bronze commemorative medals. A third address was read by Cardinal Boschi, who presented the symbolic keys and another purse of forty thousand dollars. In reply, his Holiness expressed satisfaction at the manifestation of which he is the object on the part of the faithful; but especially that, for the second time in a century, "Christ has wished to glorify his Vicar on earth by allowing him to reach the years of St. Peter." Protestants as well as Roman Catholics will join in the wish that a century of years may be granted to Leo XIII., in many respects the most distinguished and useful Pope who has ever filled St. Peter's chair.

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Professor Delitzsch and the Emperor of Germany

Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, son of the late Professor Franz Delitzsch, has been for some time carrying on explorations in Assyria, with the sanction of the German Emperor, who has subscribed to the funds by which these explorations have been carried on. Professor Delitzsch's discoveries have excited marked interest; but his deductions from these discoveries have excited still more opposition and apprehension. Like some others of the same school, he has shown a tendency to draw very large conclusions from small premises, and also to depart from scientific exploration and enter the domain of dogmatic theology. These tendencies would probably have no great concern to the orthodox but for the impression that he is indorsed by the German Emperor, who is the head of the Church. This impression has led the Emperor to define his position in a published letter which is of no inconsiderable importance to the world at large as well as to the Established Church of Germany. He criticises Professor Delitzsch for the tendencies to which we have referred, and expresses his radical dissent from certain of Professor Delitzsch's theological deductions, especially the denial of the divinity and the Messiahship of Jesus Christ. He very truly says, "We prosecute excavations and publish the results thereof in behalf of science and history, not to confirm or attack religious hypotheses with Professor Delitzsch, the theologian who has run away with the historian." It is a pity that Professor Delitzsch had not realized that, to be truly valuable, his investigations should have been made, and their results reported, in this non-polemical, non-theological, scientific spirit.

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The Emperor's Definition of Revelation

The Emperor then goes on to define his own views respecting revelation, in a paragraph which indicates his possession of a theological thoughtfulness and acumen which have not generally been attributed to him:

I distinguish between two different kinds of revelation—one progressive and, as it were, historical; the other purely religious, as preparing the way for the future Messiah. Regarding the former it must be said—for me, it does not admit of a doubt, not even the slightest—that God revealed himself continuously in the race of men created by him. He blew into man the breath of his life, and follows with fatherly love and interest the development of the human race. In order to lead it forward and develop it he reveals himself in this or that great sage, whether priest or king, whether among the heathen, Jews, or Christians. Hammurabi was one; so was Moses, Abraham, Homer, Charlemagne, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, and Emperor William the Great. These he sought out, and endowed with his grace, to accomplish splendid, imperishable results for their people, in their intellectual and physical provinces, according to his will. How often my grandfather pointed out that he was only an instrument in the Lord's hands! The second form of revelation, the more religious, is that which leads to the manifestation of our Lord. It was introduced with Abraham, slow but forward-looking and omniscient, for humanity was lost without it. Now begins the most astonishing activity of God's revelation. Abraham's race and the peoples developing from it regard faith in one God as their holiest possession, and, it follows, hold fast to it with ironlike consistency. Split up during their Egyptian captivity, the divided elements were again welded together by Moses, ever trying to hold fast to their monotheism. It was the direct intervention of God that caused the rejuvenation of this people, thus proved through centuries, till the Messiah, heralded by prophets and psalmists, finally appeared, the greatest revelation of God in the world, for he appeared in the Son himself. Christ is God—God in human form. He redeemed us and inspires us, entices us to follow him. We feel his fire burning in us. His sympathy strengthens us. His discontent destroys us. But, also, his intercession saves us. Conscious of victory, building solely upon

his word, we go through labor, ridicule, sorrow, misery, and death, for we have in him God's revealed word, and He never lies.

The New York "Sun," which has heretofore regarded all doubts of the infallibility of the Scriptures as incidentally leading to infidelity if not as constituting the essence of infidelity itself, seems to have undergone a sudden change of convictions as the result of this letter of the German Emperor. Connecting it very properly with the act of the Pope, last October, constituting a commission for the special study of the Bible in a free and scientific manner, making use in their study of "authors outside the Church, especially in matters of criticism," the "Sun" takes the occasion to declare that "in the Protestant world almost every scholar of distinction, and the vast majority of learned theologians, are on the side of the new critics," and recognizes, we are glad to see, that "a very great change, a tremendous religious revolution, is involved in this new view and new method of criticism of the Bible so generally accepted on the authority of science and scholarship, and even of teachers of religion and theology themselves." It is clearly worse than futile for clergymen to insist that there is no such revolution; clearly their duty to prepare their congregations to meet it, by showing them that the religious life is not identified with or dependent upon the old unscientific view of the Scripture as an infallible rule of faith and practice, and as constituting, not merely a supreme minister to faith, but the foundation on which faith must rest.

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The Bachelor's Degree at Harvard

President Eliot's annual reports are always interesting because they bring one or two aspects of the educational condition into striking prominence. The report this year comments at length upon two facts which are of special interest to the country at large. It is significant that, within a very few months, the Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia Universities have all spoken on the question of the length of the college course, the value of the bachelor's degree, or the standard of requirements for admission to the professional schools. These topics are the focal points of discussion in the academic world of to-day. President Eliot emphatically declares that at Harvard no step will be taken in the direction of lessening the requirements for the bachelor's degree. Reviewing the recent steps by which the requirements for that degree have been brought to their present state, President Eliot says: "It is obvious from this review that the three years' course for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard University is intended to demand as much work and as high attainments as are demanded in the four years' course;" and he adds that the governing boards and faculty of Harvard have no intention of permitting the requirements for that degree to be lowered, although they have made it possible for students to attain the degree in three or three and a half years instead of four. "Harvard University," he continues, "has no sympathy with any efforts to lower the plane of the degree of Bachelor of Arts, or substitute for it an inferior degree." After giving the percentage of men who hold preliminary degrees and are now in the professional schools in nine American universities, ranging from 78.1 in Harvard to 12.3 in Cornell, President Eliot declares: "There is no more important question in the higher education in America than this: 'Shall the professional schools in university towns be open to uneducated persons, or persons of very slight education, or shall all require for admission a preliminary degree in the arts or sciences?'" Harvard University, he declares, has definitely determined to require for admission to its professional schools a preliminary degree, and has already applied this policy to all its professional schools except the dental schools, with the result of securing a striking improvement in these schools.

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Does the Educated Class Reproduce Itself?

The subject which will interest the greatest number of people in President Eliot's report is that of the vital statistics of six Harvard classes more than twenty-five years out of college. These figures show that the average number of children born to the members of these classes is about two in each family. In the case of one class the number of children is exactly twice the number of married members, while in two other classes the number of children is within one of twice the number of married

members. "If it be assumed that the surviving children are about one-half males, it follows that these six classes have by no means reproduced themselves. . . . They have, indeed, fallen 28 per cent. short of it." President Eliot reaches the conclusion that the highly educated part of the American people does not increase the population at all, but, on the contrary, fails to reproduce itself. This is due in part, he thinks, to the late postponement of marriage on the part of educated young men; a postponement which is compelled by reason of the protracted education now a requirement of entering the scientific and learned professions.

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Editorial Changes The death of Mr. Edward Perkins Clark, for eighteen years a member of the editorial staff of the "Evening Post," of this city, marks the end of a professional life of unusual intelligence and devotion. Mr. Clark was the son of a Congregational clergyman, and received a thorough New England education at Phillips Academy and Yale College. He began his career as a journalist in the office of the Springfield "Republican," was later a member of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia "Times," and still later acted as Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press" and the Springfield "Republican." In 1881 he became associated with the Milwaukee "Sentinel." A year later he came to New York and became connected with the Brooklyn "Standard Union," where he remained two years. His association with the "Evening Post" dates from 1885. To his work on that influential journal Mr. Clark brought thorough journalistic training. He had considerable experience in his profession; he had American political history at easy command, and he knew the public lives of men of several generations. He studied local political movements with the utmost attention, and had at all times a minute knowledge of the political situation in different parts of the country. The thoroughness with which his journalistic work was done was evidenced in the skill and persistency with which he fought against the Blair bill, which proposed to organize and conduct public education in the South at the expense of the Federal Treasury, and with which he uncovered years ago the abuses of the pension system. He was a man of unblemished integrity, of indefatigable industry, and full of delicate consideration for others. A further change in the staff of the "Evening Post" is made by the retirement of Mr. Horace White from the position of chief editor, and the promotion of Mr. Rollo Ogden to that position. Mr. Ogden is a graduate of Williams College, and has been for nearly twelve years a member of the editorial staff of the "Evening Post." He brings to his delicate and difficult work thorough scholarship in several departments, trained literary judgment and skill, and a rare degree of independence of opinion and action. The accession to a position of such influence of a man of Mr. Ogden's personal character and intellectual qualities is a very gratifying evidence of the fact that journalism in this country still offers great prizes to men of high capacity.

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Mr. Conried and the Opera Lovers of music are deeply gratified by the selection of Mr. Heinrich Conried, manager of the Irving Place Theater in this city, to succeed Mr. Maurice Grau as manager of the opera for the next five years. Mr. Conried possesses the double qualifications necessary for a thoroughly successful high-class management of the opera: he is a business man of large experience, who has demonstrated his practical sagacity by his success, and he is also a man of artistic education and taste, who has treated the drama as literature and not simply as a means of making money. The performances given under his direction at the Irving Place Theater have been conspicuous, not only because actors of first-class ability have appeared in them, but because all the details have been supervised with the utmost care, and everything possible has been done to give the plays artistic harmony and completeness. This is precisely what the opera at the Metropolitan Opera-House has lacked. New York has had at times the most brilliant singing to be found in any city in the world. It has had, not only stars of the first magnitude, but constellations—groups of artists of the highest rank; but the details of the opera have been sadly overlooked and undervalued,

and the performance has therefore lacked, so far as the management is concerned, thorough artistic treatment and artistic feeling. It is precisely these qualities that Mr. Conried will undoubtedly introduce into his management. He has had very large experience in studying the resources of the drama abroad and in negotiating with foreign artists, and this experience will serve him in good stead when he transfers his work from the dramatic to the operatic stage. The public may confidently look, not only for the appearance of great singers in the Metropolitan Opera-House, but for careful and artistic stage management; for the treatment of the opera as one of the great arts, and not simply as an instrument of pleasure or a means of making money. Mr. Grau, who is a man of great energy and persistence, has laid a strong financial foundation on which Mr. Conried will be able to build up an artistic success. Mr. Herz, who will remain at the Opera-House, is an admirable conductor; and the reputation of the house is such that the best singers in the world are very glad to form engagements with its manager.

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Musical Aims and Business Principles

The Chicago Orchestra has been, ever since its establishment, one of the notable agencies contributing to the musical life of the United States. Theodore Thomas, who has done as much for the development of American musical taste as any other man, has been its conductor, and by means of it has done much to create and foster the higher life of the city. Successful though the orchestra has been, it has not been self-sustaining. Its experience has been that of almost every institution genuinely devoted to the cultivation of art or education. The trustees of the organization, having faced a deficit each year, and recognizing the fact that the sinking of money in the payment of an annual deficit "does not appeal to the average imagination," have issued a letter to "the patrons of the Chicago Orchestra." The soundness of the business principles they there set forth, and the genuineness of the high artistic aims they assert, are rare in combination. In this letter they make known the fact that at the close of last season they had formally resolved to disband the orchestra unless adequate endowment could be secured. In this they had the hearty approval of Theodore Thomas. They declined to consider putting the orchestra on a so-called "business basis" by reducing salaries and lowering the standards of quality in the selection and performance of music. Regarding the orchestra they say that they "have carried it on hitherto as an art and educational institution worthy of endowment, and would courteously decline to take further interest in it if it is to become a mere amusement enterprise." They announce that a subscription of $750,000 is needed. Of this amount $100,000 has already been raised. A lot for the site of a building has been purchased, where it is hoped a permanent home for the orchestra will be erected which will stand as a center of musical life. Disbandment or endowment is, therefore, the issue. It is to be hoped that the danger of disbandment will not last long. In comparison with the action of the trustees of the Chicago Orchestra, the action, or rather the deliberate inaction, of the New York Philharmonic Society, of which Theodore Thomas was conductor before he went to Chicago, affords a disheartening contrast. It is not necessary here to recount details. It is enough simply to say that Walter Damrosch, who undertook to vitalize the orchestra, has found its members unwilling to be vitalized, and therefore has made his decision to withdraw at the end of the present season.

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The Continued Assault on the Tenement Law

As the readers of The Outlook know, several bills changing the present requirements as to the building of tenement-houses have been introduced into the New York Legislature. The provisions of these bills are so indefensible that the only pretense at defense of them that has been made has taken the form of personal and virulent attack upon those who have brought about the present most salutary law. It is very evident that these disgraceful measures have been proposed simply in order to frighten the supporters of the present law into making some concessions. It is likely that the practical withdrawal of the nefarious Marshall bill will be followed by the withdrawal of its fellows. But these with-

drawals are in turn likely to be followed by the introduction of other amendatory bills which will appear mild by comparison, but which will nevertheless be utterly pernicious. This policy that has been followed by the assailants of the tenement-house law can have but one effect upon people of self-respect. It will stiffen them against any kind of change. For it has made it impossible for any change to be made without the effect of concession. When the forces that are at work for disease and death are making an assault upon public health and life and character, it is no time for concession. The present, therefore, is no time for any change whatever. Citizens of New York State who do not believe in spreading tuberculosis and social evil by law should protest against whatever change has been or may be proposed. They can do so by writing to Governor B. B. Odell, Jr., Albany, N. Y., Mayor Seth Low, New York, N. Y., and to the Hon. Horace White and the Hon. Jean L. Burnett, Chairmen of the Cities' Committees of the State Senate and Assembly respectively, and to their own Senator and Assemblyman.

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Unparalleled Impudence

One of the most significant documents in the extraordinary campaign now being waged between J. Edward Addicks and the State of Delaware is a mandate issued by Mr. Addicks and signed by his initials. It will not bear condensation:

On the Republican side there are but two things the bolters can do.

First—The ten men now voting against J. Edward Addicks can come into a common caucus of thirty-one Republicans. In this case Mr. Addicks will withdraw and his twenty-one friends will nominate two Union Republican Senators as near to Mr. Addicks as possible, and the whole thirty-one will elect them. Of course, if the bolters can find any way whereby ten men can beat twenty-one, they can nominate one of the Senators.

Second—Each side can elect one senator without dictation from the other side. In this case Mr. Addicks will be the choice of the Union Republicans. No dictation will be permitted by the Union Republicans.

On the Democratic side the Democrats can join the bolters and elect anybody the coalition pleases. This cannot be prevented by the Union Republicans, and they would not lift a hand to prevent it.

As to the future position of the Union Republicans—in no event will any more notice be taken of the bolters in Newcastle County. No more common primaries will be tolerated which would be binding on honorable Union Republicans and not binding on bolters. *No man who refused to vote for J. Edward Addicks in the Legislature will ever be allowed to hold any office in Delaware, nor will any bolter sympathizers be permitted to come to the front.* Union Republicans will nominate a straight ticket in Wilmington and throughout the State in the long future. As to the appointments—Congressman Ball cannot get a Federal appointment. After March 4 the appointments, according to custom, ought to go to the Chairman of the Union Republican State Committee and the National Committeeman, J. Edward Addicks. We will see where the power will lie.

The first impression produced by this letter is its extraordinary effrontery. Never, perhaps, in the history of attacks on free institutions has there been a piece of more brazen insolence than the attempt of a man who has no place in the government of a State, who is a private person of such record and character that no office ought to be open to him in any decent community, to dictate the policy of his own party and the political fate of the members of the Legislature. Such a document issued by the Czar of Russia would call forth sharp criticism throughout Europe; and the Czar is not only an absolute ruler, but a man of the highest personal character; such a document issued by a private citizen of Mr. Addicks's record, in a State governed by popular suffrage, in a country governed by a popular constitution, is an anomaly which foreign students of our politics will be greatly perplexed to explain.

More important, however, is the searching light which this letter throws on the system of appointing office-holders under the National Government. When Mr. Addicks declares that no man who refuses to vote for him in the Legislature will ever be allowed to hold any office in Delaware, and no bolter sympathizers will be permitted to come to the front in that State, he plays the part of a boss clothed with absolute power; but when he declares that after March 4 the appointments ought to go to the Chairman of the Union Republican State Committee and the National Committeeman, J. Edward Addicks, and adds, "We will see where the power will lie," he brings into striking relief the un-American, unbusinesslike, and corrupt and corrupting system which now, by tra-

dition, and by what is called the courtesy of the Senate, has made the President of the United States, in his best estate, the servant of a party, and has made of the United States Senate—the highest legislative body in the country—a brokerage office for the distribution of patronage. It is well known that there are many Senators who make it their principal business, not to attend to public affairs, to examine public questions, discuss public problems, or to consider public interests, but to watch the lists of office-holders, note every death, resignation, or removal, and promptly apply for the vacancy. Sent to the capital to represent a sovereign State, they use their position simply for doing a brokerage business in the distribution of Federal offices. So thoroughly has this system been organized, so highly developed has it become by expert practice, that it is now an automatic machine. The President of the United States, charged solely to care for the interests of the people of the country and to appoint men to care for those interests, is expected to consult the Senators from each State, and the Senators are expected to recommend men who are known as "regular;" that is to say, men who have always stood for their party, and can be counted on to do party work. If the President ventures to make an appointment of an eminently fit man on his own motion, or to refuse to appoint an eminently unfit man, he is confronted by both parties in the Senate, one party standing by the other as a matter of "Senatorial courtesy," and in order to preserve a system which degrades the Senate, which has seriously impaired its prestige, which makes the representatives of sovereign States in the National capital the hired men of political organizations, and which reverses the real method and the true intent in the appointment of public officers. Mr. Addicks has served at least one good purpose, as men of his character and reputation often do: he has, in his own life and actions, illustrated in the most concrete way the worst vices of our political system; he has shown how heinous and offensive they are when they are brought from under cover; and he has now made clear, as it has never been made clear before, the prostitution of the public service to the system of patronage.

Lenten Meditations

The Divine Companion

A desert. Far as the eye can see, a waste of sand. No house, nor tree, nor refuge from the hot sun in all the extended plain. Two figures—a boy and his mother: cruelly exiled from their former home by the father, at the demand of the jealous and more cruel wife; friendless, homeless, wanderers. The water in their gourd is spent; the boy lies by the side of a desert shrub, in the poor shelter which it furnishes from the burning sun, breathing out his life through parched lips. The mother sits weeping at a little distance, as it were a bow-shot, that she may not see him die. And close by his side, feeding the roots of the shrub, the secret of its life, is a hidden spring, the secret of his life also if he did but know it.

So, with infinite pathos, men lie dying close to the source of life and know it not. The Great Companion is by our side and we see him not. He speaks our name and we hear him not. Or, if we think of him as present, it is but to fear him—worst fate of all: to fear the Great Companion, the dearest and most patient Friend. As a child, frightened by its own dreams, repels the mother who would clasp it to her arms, and imagines her the monster whose shadowy form has terrified it, so we add to the terrors of our life by an unreasoning terror of Him who would give us courage to overcome at once our fears and our foes. We are afraid of the voice of God in the garden, and hide ourselves because we are naked and ashamed; we know not that He comes to clothe us.

"I will not leave you orphans." What is an orphan? One from whom the Father has departed. The son looks back across the years to the faded memory of a father gone; forward through the years to a dim hope of a father to be met again in the celestial land. But there is no father here, to counsel, to encourage, to inspire, to provide. Alas for the orphaned Christians who look back nineteen centuries to a time when God lived with men and talked to them; forward through the vista of the years to a distant time, in some other land than this, when they hope to see God face to face; but who are now

uncounseled, unencouraged, uninspired, unprovided! To such, God is a fading memory or a dim hope; they know not the Great Companion. They believe in him as the God of Abraham but not of Governor Bradford, the God of Moses but not of Lincoln, the God of David but not of Browning, the God of Paul but not of Phillips Brooks. They even have to reinforce their faith in a God that was and is to be, by theistic arguments, as if Hagar should argue that there must have been a spring of water once or the shrub could not have grown; and all the while she had but to scrape away the sand in order to find it there, a fountain of life for her and her child.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Companion, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth in you, and shall be with you."

God is not a vision: he is an experience. Call not this voice of conscience commanding "Thou shalt not," this voice of aspiration calling "Follow me," the voice of your better nature. It is the voice of the Divine Companion; it is the voice of Jehovah, the voice of Jesus Christ. Mount Sinai and the Mount of Beatitudes are both within our own souls. It is He who speaks to us. And we hear Him not. How can the gold-seeker in Alberich's cavern see the sunlight in which is life? How can the prisoner working in the mines hear the voice of the lark? Nay! how shall even Elijah, in the midst of the wind, the earthquake, and the fire, hear the still, small voice? We are called by many an exhortation to the strenuous life; and this is right. But if we are to live the strenuous life well and wisely, strongly and bravely, we need also the silent life. "Be still, and know that I am God."

Why should these wakeful hours in the night worry you? Why should you toss wearily on your bed? or rise and read, that you may banish wakefulness and recover sleep? These are the best hours of all the twenty-four, if you did but know it. So the Psalmist found them:

My soul shall be satisfied
As with marrow and fatness;
And my mouth shall praise thee
With joyful lips;
When I remember thee upon my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night watches.

The Great Companion is not dead; he is not departed. Cry not aloud; for he is not talking, nor pursuing, nor on a journey, nor sleeping, that he must be awaked. He is the living God. We need no argument to prove that He is; not more than do the fishes to prove the water in which they swim, or the flowers to prove the sunlight from which they take their colors and their fragrance. In Him we live and move and have our being. The world seeth Him not; but we see Him, because He lives and we also live.

The Department of Commerce

In the special interest which has attached to the anti-trust legislation, and the powers conferred by it upon the new Secretary of Commerce, the significance of the act creating the Department of Commerce, with a rank equal to that of the other Departments of Government, has been lost sight of. But it is significant of a very great revolution which has been accomplished in American public sentiment since the days of Jefferson. The object of this bill is in general terms well defined by President Roosevelt in his first message to Congress, in calling for the creation of such a Department. He says:

It should be the province of the head of such a department to deal with commerce in its broadest sense, including, among many other things, whatever concerns labor and all matters affecting the great business corporations and our merchant marine. The course proposed is one phase of what should be a comprehensive and far-reaching scheme of constructive statesmanship, for the purpose of broadening our markets, securing our business interests on a safe basis, and making firm our new position in the international industrial world, while scrupulously safeguarding the rights of wage-worker and capitalist, of investor and private citizen, so as to secure equity as between man and man in this republic.

The adoption by Congress of this recommendation is a distinct recognition of the fact that the Nation, *as a Nation*, has commercial interests, which it is the duty of the Federal Government to take cognizance of and protect and promote.

Roughly speaking, there are three

theories of government, which may be respectively designated as paternalism, individualism, and fraternalism. According to paternalism, it is the duty of one man or of a few best men in the community to take care of the interests of the many, as of the father to take care of the interests of his children. According to individualism, it is the duty of government to govern, and to do little or nothing else. When it has protected persons and property, and done a few absolutely necessary things, such as to provide a postal system for intercommunication and to build lighthouses to make harbors safe, its duty is ended. It must leave every individual to take care of his own interests, without interference from or supervision of government. Fraternalism is the theory that a community is a brotherhood; that it has common interests; that it may wisely by common action provide for these common interests; that governing, that is, protecting the natural rights of the individual, does not exhaust its powers nor fulfill its duties. It may therefore, *as a community*, provide education for all the children of the community; it may by legislation protect and promote industrial development by excluding foreign competition; it may, in the case of a city, provide, own, and if necessary operate the systems of lighting, water supply, and transportation; it may own and operate the telegraph as in England, or the railroads as in Germany, or the express business as in Switzerland.

The creation of a National Department of Commerce is a recognition of this principle of fraternalism applied to commerce; by it the Nation says to itself, We the people of the United States have industrial and commercial interests, which are other than and may be opposed to the real or supposed interests of the individuals who control and carry on the industries and the commerce of the country, and we propose to have an officer appointed to look after these interests of ours, and, in so far as it becomes necessary, we propose to make these individual interests subservient to the public welfare. Those who believe that the individualism of Jefferson is the final stage in political progress will look on this creation of a Department of Commerce with regret as perilous to individual liberty and individual progress. Those who, with The Outlook, believe in fraternalism will welcome the creation of a Department of Commerce, as a valuable and important recognition of a sound principle of political action and a wise and important step in our development toward a greater industrial and commercial homogeneity, and a subordination of purely egoistic and personal interests to those of the great body of the people. The President could not well have found a man better fitted to have charge of this experimental Department than Mr. Cortelyou, who as private secretary to President McKinley and President Roosevelt has shown rare ability as a judge of men, a power of sustained application to service that is remarkable, and sound judgment in public affairs. The appointment of Mr. James R. Garfield as the Commissioner of Corporations in the new Department is a deserved recognition of his effective work on the Civil Service Commission.

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The Better Way

Society has its moods of exaltation and depression precisely as individuals have such moods. Bad quarters-of-an-hour come to nations as they come to individual men and women, and from the same causes—some outgoing of energy, some decline of power, some sickness of mind or body, some great experience which for the moment benumbs or overwhelms. These moods of depression, although they are at times inevitable, ought always to be regarded as passing, as abnormal, and as unwholesome if one stays in them too long. Even the greatest sorrows have their lessons of strength and sweetness, and the man or woman who has real spiritual health sooner or later gets the strength and passes out of the depression.

The first half of the last century was in many respects a time of exaltation, of high hopefulness; the last half of it was a period of spiritual reaction and of the depression which comes from the decline of hope. This mood of hesitation, of doubt, sometimes of despair, has continued so long, has expressed itself through so many of the arts, has penetrated so much thinking and feeling, that a good many people have come to regard it as the normal attitude towards life.

Poetry and fiction have long been full of the misery, the uncertainties, the disappointments of life; fiction has dealt continually, though by no means exclusively, with the diseases of society and of men, with morbid passion, morbid psychology, morbid character in all its phases. The hard and apparently cruel side of nature has been emphasized in many ways by many writers, until many have come to believe that nature is a vast and heartless mechanism stained by blood and dominated by cruelty.

Commenting upon this impression conveyed by some writers on nature, President Eliot has said that the fact that such a notion should find acceptance to-day and make people miserable "only illustrates the curious liability of the human intelligence to sudden collapse;" and he adds this great and significant fact, which such people are constantly forgetting: "The great solid conviction which science within the past three centuries has enabled thinking men and women to settle down on is that all discovered and systematized knowledge is as nothing compared with the undiscovered, and that a boundless universe of unimagined facts and forces interpenetrates and encompasses what seems the universe to us. In spite of this impregnable conviction, people distress themselves because, forsooth, they cannot discern the moral purpose or complete spiritual intent of this dimly seen, fractional universe which is all we know. Why should they discern it?"

Professor William James, in one of his books, used a striking illustration of the misconception into which partial knowledge constantly leads men, and from which they would be delivered if they could go a single step further. He imagines the feelings of a dog who is laid on the vivisection-table and surrounded by surgeons who seem to him to be monsters of cruelty bent only on torture. If the dog could go a step further, he would know that the men who surround him are eager observers, trying to make discoveries in order to prevent and relieve the causes of pain. If it be true, as some people insist, that we have no right in any way to affirm the character of an unknown universe, then the pessimists are as illogical as the optimists. They have no more foundation for their gloom than cheerful souls have for their brightness; but with this immense difference, that pessimism is an intolerable working theory of life, while optimism is not only the most cheering and helpful theory of life, but it fosters and brings out the highest energy, noblest purposes, and the best spirit of men. Ultimate hope has its own foundations; but, to put it on the lowest basis, if one has to choose between hopes that he cannot demonstrate and fears that he cannot prove, it is wiser to go with one's hopes and turn one's back on one's fears.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

X.

April 24.

A QUIET day at sea; to-morrow we bring our yachting experiences to a close, bid good-by to the Prinzessin, and disembark at Naples for six weeks in Italy. This will be a good time to put down here one or two general impressions corncerning this trip, such as belong to no particular date or place. There is certainly a peculiar charm in this way of seeing the world. Our voyage has been so planned that we have generally sailed at night, arrived at our next port in the early morning, have had the day for sightseeing, have had our luncheon on shore, and have returned to the yacht in time to dress for dinner. That ocean travel sometimes grows monotonous for want of topics for conversation every ocean traveler recognizes. But since we entered the Mediterranean there has been no dearth of topics for conversation. We exchange with one another our views and experiences of the preceding shore excursion, get our neighbor's impression and fasten our own impression on our mind by giving him ours in turn. There is no lack of conversation in the smoking-room, the social hall, on deck, or at the dinner-table. We have a very pleasant contingent of passengers; since we left Genoa, where many Americans went on shore and

many Germans came on board, we have a little over a hundred Germans and a little less than fifty English and Americans. There is plenty of drinking—it is astonishing how much beer a German can consume—but no drunkenness: I believe others of our party one day saw two young men the worse for liquor, and I have seen some more as the result of a shore experience in Russia, but this is all; there is card-playing, but I have seen no gambling. I think it may be fairly said that we have no swells, no cads, and no bores on board; the "fast lot" are conspicuously absent. Since we entered the Mediterranean on the 24th day of March, a very pleasant feature of our life has been afternoon tea and coffee, served at a table on the promenade deck. Forty or fifty passengers, perhaps more, gather about the table about half-past four o'clock, and the informal gathering furnishes a very good occasion for making a new acquaintance or for brief, scrappy conversation with those already made. Ernest, the chief deck steward, presides at this table with the courtesy of a host, and serves his guests as though it were his delight, not merely his business. He is first on the deck in the morning, the last to leave it at night, is never ruffled, never hurried, never brusque, always affable. I wish I might hope to continue on shore some of the very pleasant acquaintances I have made on shipboard; but I am well aware that steamship fellow-passengers are "ships that pass in the night," and acquaintance formed on a steamer is generally sundered on disembarking. We have none of the worry of travel, no trunks to unpack and repack, no railroad time-tables to consult, no tickets to buy, no problems to solve respecting our accommodations at hotels, no perils to digestion in constant changes of diet and irregularity in meals. Our steamer is our home; to it we come every night as we would to our hotel on shore, and very welcome we find our home-coming. It is true that we often wish that our yacht would remain longer in port. I would have liked a full day more in Genoa, at least three days in Palermo, and I cannot tell how many would have contented me at Athens; but other of our passengers would probably have liked three days at Monte Carlo. If it were my private yacht, I could remain in any port as long as I chose; but I should certainly have a party of a dozen or twenty friends on board, and it would be impossible to suit them all; some would be impatient to go on, others would wonder why we sailed so soon. On the whole, I think I prefer the restfulness of being under orders to the responsibility of giving them. I am inclined to consider this an ideal way of seeing so much of the world as lies near to navigable waters.

I am thankful that I was endowed by nature with some sense of humor, for I have gotten a good deal of fun out of what otherwise would have driven me distracted. I have been the treasurer of our little party, and have had to keep accounts in nine different currencies: American, German, Portuguese, English, Italian, French, Turkish, Russian, and Greek. I hope our purser has also a sense of humor, for it is a part of his business to keep an exchange office for the whole ship's company, which he does with a good nature which nothing can disturb, and a promptitude of reckoning which is a perpetual surprise to me. The library steward, who sells postage-stamps and postal cards, takes with equal facility money from every land under the sun, and hands out the postage-stamp which is called for, quite indifferent whether the coinage offered is of the country which issues the postage-stamp requested. On board the boat I find employment for my leisure hours in reducing my cash account to one coinage, generally French, so as to distribute the expenditures correctly; but on shore this is more difficult. In Athens I went out in the evening to buy some oranges, inquired the price, had no idea of the meaning of the answer, took two oranges, handed out the smallest coin I had, fully expected to have the vender call for another, and, on the contrary, had him give me back half a dozen or more still smaller coins. I wonder what I really did pay for those oranges! In Italy the currency problem is further complicated by the fact that most of the currency is paper, that gold is at a premium, and that the premium is liable to change every day, so that one can never tell what is the purchasing power of his ten-lire gold piece nor what his ten-lire Italian note will be worth to him if he has one left over when he is ready to

leave Italy. There is a postal union; why not a currency union? America, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, and Greece—I am not sure as to Portugal and Turkey—have a decimal currency; it would require but very little modification in the weight and value of coinage to make them all conform to one standard. The Italian lira and the French franc are now substantially if not exactly equivalent. One would think that the German mark and the American quarter might be changed in weight and value from twenty-five to twenty cents, so as to be equivalent to the franc, and the Russian rouble from fifty-four cents to fifty—two francs and a half—or, better yet, to forty cents, that is, two francs; with these changes the gold coin of any country would soon circulate freely in any other country, and the silver coinage would go without difficulty in all border towns. I suppose there is no hope that conservative England will ever substitute a decimal currency for her cumbrous pounds, shillings, and pence. It is, by the way, a significant fact that American greenbacks are quite generally taken in the larger cities—at least so I am told—at their face value in gold. This was not so formerly. I suppose it is a result of our adoption in America of the gold standard.

The changes in time are almost as interesting and quite as perplexing as the changes in currency. Of course our steamer time changes every day; a sharp blast on the whistle notifies us when it is twelve o'clock, and certain of the passengers set their watches accordingly every day. I have too much respect for my faithful friend to meddle with him to this extent, and I keep my watch unchanged and make my calculations by a mental comparison of my watch with the ship's time. But when we are in port we generally have three times—ship's time, local time, and railroad time, to which I must in my own case add my own time, which is quite frequently neither. In fact, I kept New York time till we reached Genoa; since then I have kept central Europe railroad time. Without changing my watch, I am getting back to that standard again, and expect to find myself quite accurate when we land in Naples. But it is in Turkey that the time problem becomes really complicated, very irritating to him who takes it seriously, very funny to him who enjoys a joke. To begin with, there are four years in Turkey—a Mohammedan civil year, a Mohammedan religious year, a Greek or Eastern year, and a European or Western year. Then in the year there are both lunar months depending on the changes of the moon, and months which, like ours, are certain artificial proportions of the solar year. Then the varieties of language in Turkey still further complicate the calendars in customary use. I brought away with me a page from the diary which stood on my friend's library table, and which is customarily sold in the Turkish shops to serve the purpose of a calendar; and I got from my friend the meaning of the hieroglyphics, which I record here as well as I can remember them. This page represents one day. Numbering the compartments in it from left to right, it reads as follows:



1. March, 1318 (Civil Year).
2. March, 1320 (Religious Year).
3. Thirty-one days (Civil Year).
4. Wednesday.
5. Thirty days (Religious Year).
6. 27 (March: Civil Year).
7. (March: Religious Year).
8. March, Wednesday (Armenian).
9. April, Wednesday (French).
10. March, Wednesday (Greek).
11. Ecclesiastical day (French R. C. Church).
12. March, Wednesday (Russian).
13. Month Day (Hebrew).
14. Month Day (Old Style).
15. Month Day (New Style).
16. Ecclesiastical day (Armenian).
17. Ecclesiastical day (Greek).
18. Midday, 5:35, 1902; Midday, 5:21.

I am not quite clear in my mind now as to the meaning of the last section, but

I think it is that noon according to European reckoning is eighteen minutes past five according to Turkish reckoning. For there is in Turkey, added to the complication of year, month, and day, a further complication as to hours. The Turks reckon, not from an artificial or conventional hour, but from sunrise, and their reckoning runs for twenty-four hours. Thus, when the sun rises at 6:30 our noon will be 5:30, Turkish time. The Turkish hours, therefore, change every day. The steamers on the Bosphorus run according to Turkish time, and one must first look in the time-table to see the hour and then calculate from sunrise of the day what time by his European clock the boat will start. My friends in Turkey had apparently gotten used to this complicated calendar, with its variable years and months and the constantly changing hours, and took it as a matter of course.

April 25.

My classical knowledge is like the ancient frescoes on remnants of walls Pompeian and others—very dim and very fragmentary. Among the few figures which possess some distinctness is that of Ulysses, and the clearness of his figure is due, not to any definite memory of college studies, but to recent reading and rereading of Professor Palmer's translation of the Odyssey. When I found that we were to pass between Scylla and Charybdis at daylight this morning, I asked my steward to see that I was called. When I went on deck, the sun had not risen; the shore loomed dark and indistinct on either side in the gray light, and the lights of a town of considerable size shone through the disappearing darkness, witness that its guardians did not think daylight was yet sufficiently advanced to trust to it. There were perhaps half a dozen passengers on deck, and one or two appeared later; I was the only one of our party with sufficient classical enthusiasm to fulfill the purpose of the night before. Here, however, was the young woman doctor, graduate of the Pennsylvania Medical College, and here Miss ——, one of the best types, I thought, of English girls, and here, to my surprise, the kindly-hearted cynic who disdained to be interested in anything, and here the retired New York dry-goods merchant, who I had supposed was interested only in the markets, and here the Massachusetts judge, who at seventy had retired from the bench, but was young enough to be up before daylight to see the famous Straits of Messina. I see my half-dozen is an underestimate; there must have been twice as many. One realized that Homer made full use of his imagination in depicting the feats of Ulysses, but the whirlpool was very evident on the one side, and the rock on which the giant stood when he plucked the sailors out of the boat was plain enough on the other. I could well understand, when I saw how crooked was our channel, the statement made to me by a fellow-passenger, that even now sailing vessels avoid the straits when the winds are uncertain, and the fact that our own steamer lay still an hour or so in the night to avoid passing the straits before daylight.

The day opened dark and lowering, with occasional dashes of rain, and we gave ourselves up to the disappointment of approaching Naples in a rain-storm. But after luncheon the clouds broke away, the sun came out, and at two o'clock we found ourselves approaching what is perhaps the most beautiful bay in all this beautiful world, in weather as peaceful as even Italy can give when Italy does her very best. For three hours or thereabouts we were in groups on the forward part of the deck, glasses in hand, looking, enjoying, those to whom all was new getting information and sometimes misinformation from those to whom all was measurably familiar, till our eyes ached and our heads swam. The long, bold, mountainous promontory; the famous Amalfi Road, plainly to be seen along the cliff even without the glasses; the villages scattered along the water's edge or climbing up steep declivities well toward the top; the island of Capri rising, precipitous, out of the sea; Sorrento charmingly situated on the green slope of the hill, but well above the sea, and saying to us as eloquently as golden silence can speak, Come over here and rest; Vesuvius, the smoke rising straight up into the clear evening air from her chimneyed summit; Naples in the ever-lessening distance; above us a blue sky, beneath and all about us a blue sea—in the presence of such a scene of beauty as this, all that painting, sculpture, and architecture can do to delight the

eye or inspire the heart seems small and tame. If I could have followed my inclination, I would have taken train next morning for Sorrento, found quarters there overlooking the sea, and spent a week wandering over the hills or sitting at the window and simply looking at the scene of beauty.

May 5.

Naples is built upon a segment of a great amphitheater. The stage is the blue sea; the scenery is Vesuvius and her companion mountains, with Sorrento at their feet at one side, the promontory of rocks jutting out into the sea on the other side, the island of Capri in the center and rear of the stage; the commercial part of the town occupies the floor or pit of the amphitheater, the residences, shops, and public buildings occupy the tiers of seats which rise in a somewhat precipitous slope from the floor; the Castle of St. Elmo and the Convent of San Martino are at the top, occupying the center of the "gallery of the gods." Our hotel was half-way up the slope; we occupied front rooms; it was an ideal resting-place: to sit here in our window, or stand in our balcony and simply look down on the city below us or off at the stage and the scenery perpetually changing in the ever-changing light, was employment enough for a party somewhat wearied with six weeks of travel and of constant change. One night—the night before we left—Vesuvius lighted her torch for our benefit. What else did we do? Not much. Naples is very interesting, but there is not much of interest in Naples: cathedrals, palaces, picture galleries, museums, are conspicuously absent. There is one museum which contains by far the best collection of Pompeian remains—frescoes, inscriptions, coins, curios—and a few fine pieces of sculpture, notably the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull—perhaps more than a few; but only a few impressed themselves on me in my short visit and rapid view. There is an Aquarium, I believe the finest in the world It is sustained by international contributions; the United States shares with other nations in supporting it. I believe it contains only extraordinary specimens of sea life; certainly it contains some that are extraordinary. Among them I recall the wonderfully beautiful collection of coral and coraline forms; the curious fish that plays hide-and-seek, burying itself in the sand and using its flippers to cover itself over and conceal itself from view; the robber crabs carrying the castles of the tenants whom they have driven out, and other crabs in partnership with sea-anemones, which they carry on their back, the two hunting in couples; the winged fish whose fins look like wings and seem to play a similar part in the water to that played by the wings of a bird in the air; the enchanting devil-fish or octopus, who uses all his half-score or so of arms with a supple grace which suggests long practice under a Delsarte teacher, and who, when he looses his tentacles from the rock and swims straight toward me, as though he were about to enfold me with a dozen arms, as the serpents their victims in the Laocoön, gives me the most delightfully creepy sensation. There is the Corso by the bay, and the band, and the crowd of carriages, and the soldiers in uniform, and the nurses in far more gorgeous uniform, and the babies looking at me out of a cloud of fluffy material indescribable by masculine pen. There is old Naples, with its narrow streets, its unventilated shops, its people cooking, knitting, eating, washing, drying their clothes, in short, conducting all the operations of life, in the street, much as they used to in Pompeii eighteen or nineteen centuries ago; there are the unbitted horses, whose curious headstalls are simply fastened about the nose and who are guided and controlled as by a halter instead of a bit; there are the donkeys, gayly caparisoned, and dragging after them carts swarming with a family party—the Italian peasant's quiver is full of arrows; there are the cows driven through the streets by the Neapolitan milkmen to be milked at the door of the tenement, and the herds of goats driven up three or four flights of stairs to be milked at the doors of the rooms, a guarantee against dilution and adulteration: two or three times I have seen a woman from an upper story letting down a mug or pitcher to be filled from the udder of the cow which was standing in the street below; there is a drive on the top of the hill which half environs Naples, a hill hardly wide enough, at points, for the road, with a beautiful panorama of mountain, valley, bay, sea, and island on either side of us; there are winding streets composed

of stairs up ascents too steep for a carriage roadway—I counted three hundred steps one day in climbing up to the convent which is perched on the hill above us; there are donkeys saddled and waiting at the foot to take up the passenger who wishes to ride; there is Pompeii, which surprised me chiefly because everything seems on such a diminutive scale—streets, squares, temples, forum, as though they belonged to a play city for children; and, not least of all, there is always the view from our hotel window of the bay, with Vesuvius and Capri in the background, a view not less beautiful because continually changing with the changes of weather in a very fickle season.

Of all the cities I have yet been in, Naples is the best in which to rest. Its life is the antipodes of strenuous. It seems like a city at play. The people are not idle; they are industrious; but their industry is like that of the swallows whose play is work and whose work is play. With their unstrenuous spirit and their picturesque costumes goes, naturally enough, an accompaniment of perpetual music. Two boat-loads of singers met our steamer as we came into the bay and sang Italian airs—opera and other—and extemporized a contribution box by holding an umbrella upside down to catch the coppers thrown to them from the deck. From that day to our leaving, the hours have been filled with music. A street band plays or a street impresario sings before our hotel every evening, and generally there is another—or is it the same?—in the afternoon. There is a band of Italian musicians—young men with guitars, violins, and voices—who come after dinner into the hall of our hotel, where we take our coffee, and who interest us no less by their operatic costumes and their child-like gestures than by their music, which is very good. The motto of the hotel, painted in large letters above the door of this hall, interprets the spirit of Naples: *Sit nox cum sono, sit sine lite dies* (Let the night be with song; let the day be without strife). This music of Naples is not merely professional. The children go singing to their schools; the sound of song mingles in the crowded lanes of old Naples with the ceaseless rumble and hum of the great city; the first sound we hear in the morning is a duet, or trio, or chorus of workingmen going to their work and singing as they go; the soldiers, as they march by, sing, and keep step to their singing; the very street cries of the peddlers are all musical—a song, a chant, an intonation. This universal song fits in with an air of *bonhomie*, of kindly feeling, of good-fellowship, of sweet contentment, of serene and placid happiness, which seems to pervade the city. All the service at hotel and restaurant and shop has an air of uncommercial spontaneity. The cab-driver easily becomes one's friend if one will but let him be so, and plucks for us some of the flowers by the wayside, which are as abundant as the music. One readily falls into the spirit, and gives the *pour-boire*, not as an added price exacted, but as a sign of good fellowship. One of our party is a trifle ill; the terrible tragedy of a year ago at Naples makes us perhaps over-anxious; the extra service needed is smilingly rendered; and the English doctor whom we summon becomes at once our friend as well as our physician—he is presently going to England to the Coronation, and cordially invites us to call on him there and renew the acquaintance.

So passes the time, until the two or three days I had allotted to Naples have grown to ten, and even now I regret to leave. Its quaint customs and costumes, its artistic shops, its great arcade, to my thinking more imposing than the perhaps more famous one at Milan, its wonderfully beautiful scenic setting, the excellence of its hotel, the dramatic interest of its life, the naïve unreserve of its people, its physical climate, its social atmosphere, its happy-go-lucky spirit, and, above all, its general quality of good comradeship, make the memory of Naples a most attractive one. I forget the brief anxiety; I recall only the enforced rest. I remember that we took our sightseeing very easily; I forget the reason that compelled us to do so. Happy forgetting! It is Monday. May 5th; we have given good-by to the hotel; our baggage has been weighed and paid for and ticketed, and we are in an American Pullman sleeper, a section of which I have secured, and are started for Rome.

L. A.

A Glimpse at Venezuelan Politics

By James Barnes

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in Venezuela

PEOPLE, as a rule, are not given to talking politics here in Venezuela. It is certainly not fashionable of late, and under some circumstances it is scarcely safe. It did not take me long to ascertain this evident fact, for I found it hard to excite the slightest interest in the subject, although on many occasions I attempted to question people. But at last it was my pleasure to meet a Caracas merchant—a man, educator, and traveler—who, despite his pessimism, had all a Venezuelan's pride and affection for his country, and, strange to say, was not averse to talking.

I congratulated myself that I had brought up the subject with no little diplomacy and finesse. I had remarked upon the lack of concern in political questions among important people who held no government position, and expected him to agree with me that this was a sad mistake. I ended with a somewhat trite quotation from a well-known writer on American politics, which was in substance this: "Whenever we see iniquity in our American public life, and whenever scandal smirches the fair name of our institutions, the cause has been always the acquiescence in the mischief that comes from a citizenship which will not stir itself to assist in the government."

I thought this would stir him up—and it did, in an unexpected manner.

"No," he replied; "you will pardon me, but you have not got the idea. It is impossible to judge from the outside in my country. You cannot stay here three weeks and go away and explain why things are so and so. Already you suggest remedies. It is what you Americans always do. I tell you, your political remedies are no good in my country."

"Have you given them a trial?" I asked.

"It is impossible; they cannot be tried," he replied. "Stay here longer, you will believe me. Then you may hear some people talk who now will say nothing."

"I may be here some time longer," I replied. "You forget the blockade."

"Oh, yes, this foolish blockade, we forget it. How soon we get used to things!"

"But don't lose sight of our subject," I persisted. "Don't you think something can be done?"

"Quien sabe? tomorrow, perhaps, next month, next year, something will happen. Now we can do nothing."



A LAUGHING SKELETON

What Venezuelans think of Venezuela's political state is shown by this cartoon published in "La Prensa" of Caracas, with the following explanation: "Venezuela is a corpse—and is laughing. She is suffering and is a skeleton—but she has spirit and lives. Like the phœnix, she rises from her ashes; in this her force lies. Vainly do men try to humble her; she meets every emergency with sparkling vigor. Dying, she sings and dances. Her spirit will be her salvation."

It was rather pathetic. In fact, the keynote of affairs, politically speaking, in Venezuela is one of pathos, and yet the sympathy that may be enlisted is mingled, perforce, with a flavoring bordering on disgust, if not of a certain contempt.

The acceptance of the hopelessness of an omnipresent situation without an effort, an organized effort, to relieve it perma-

nently, revolts the average foreigner's mind. It is like seeing a man with plenty of water and brooms ready to hand, who will not clean his stable yard, or his front doorsteps, for that matter, apparently for the simple season that they soon will get dirty again. So he prefers to sit idle and watch a horde of mangy scavenger dogs—as he watches those canine pariahs that swarm the Caracas streets—and flocks of ill-omened birds, like those that ceaselessly circle the sky above the ill-smelling city—he prefers complacently to watch them live off his self-permitted disorder.

If the dogs should change to wolves and the vultures to birds of prey, one is led to believe, he would accept them both as part of the situation, and acquiesce in the resultant robbery as he acquiesced in the primary dirt. Should they grow strong enough to threaten, he might rob his family to appease their possible fury.

Now, to most casual observers the remedy is obvious: a cleaning up is necessary, to begin with. There is plenty of water and brooms. A fair proportion of the people are tired of the dirt and disorder; many would work manfully in the process, perhaps, if some one would start the fashion. The whole country is tired of the national curses—revolution and political corruption, political corruption and revolution; their struggles and exactions are sapping the dwindling strength of the nation.

Having formed these astute opinions in the course of the three weeks or more so slightingly referred to by my friend the merchant, I ventured to put them into the somewhat mixed metaphor above recorded. He seemed to understand it. He even acknowledged, to a certain extent, the justness of a few of the implications. When I came to the broom proposition, he demurred.

"You will have to use guns first," he stated, firmly.

"All right," I replied, "granted. Use all the guns you want."

"They would be very hard to get into the country," he replied, taking the question literally for a moment (for all I know, he spoke from personal experience). "And then," he went on, going back to [illegible]or again, "you must know that [illegible] dogs or hyenas or wolves, or [illegible] want to call them, might belong to respectable families; they have run so long with the others that you can hardly tell them apart; their families let them come into their houses at night. If you should shoot one of these"—he shrugged his shoulders—"well, the family might shoot at you, and then you would shoot at the family, and then"—he gave up in despair. "Just another revolution, that is all, no matter what good you want to bring about. And the wolves would get all the best places, trust them for that! And if they did not, they would start another revolution—that is the way they live."

"Their only visible means of support, eh?" I suggested.

"Exactly—the politicians. Some one has to feed them, or they will take what they can get—I mean they will take what they can take. When they lose this power or capacity, the change is sudden. I can show you three ex-generals sitting in rags in the Plaza Bolivar, one an ex-Minister. But," he added, "they have no right to complain; they have had their day."

"But couldn't all the people who have the liberty and welfare of the country at heart unite and go to the polls?"

"Unite! Go to the polls—the voting-places!—stay a little longer, Señor. Unite! and fight or go to prison! Some one would kindly give the government a list, and I can tell you the prisons would be crowded. Property would be confiscated. I do not care to lose my property or be separated from my family. The polls, you say. A few years ago we went to vote for a good man—at every place a crowd of strangers! Countrymen with arms and machetes—they belonged to the government. I went back home—played chess all day with my uncle."

"But wasn't there a revolution that time?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, there was a revolution all the time, but it was not ours. It soon followed, was defeated, and our candidate went to prison."

"But this state of affairs cannot continue," I exclaimed. "Are there not some honest patriots in the field, some people who would serve their country honestly?"

"Oh, yes, I dare to say in both the rank and the file. But they are not the most, and they would get all the poor places in the division—perhaps they would get nothing."

"But supposing a real patriot was at the head of a revolution?"

"If he succeeded, he would have to provide places for his friends who helped him—he would have pledges to redeem. But they all talk the same. See here, Señor, here is the latest bulletin from the Revolution, sent from Curaçoa. They have been sent to all prominent people; it is no crime to get one, but you must not boast of it! See! it quotes from a New York paper, to begin with, an article against the present Government. Now read this, or listen:

"'To all true Venezuelans!'"

It was an appeal couched in language that is generally known as "highfalutin." It called upon all who loved liberty, freedom, justice, and all the various virtues of good citizenship, to unite and drive the usurping dictator (the present President) and his crowd of corrupt hirelings (the Government officials) from power. It conjured all who valued the ties of hearth and home to gather under the standard of General Manuel A. Matos and prove themselves "true Venezuelans and patriots" by—well, to be short, by killing every one who did not share the same political allegiance.

"It sounds very fine," said I.

"It sounds," rejoined the merchant, "like all the rest. Now here is the speech of the President—this little gamecock of ours. I will read a translation. It is fine too. He made it after the battle at La Victoria a few weeks ago. So listen again to a translation as literal as it can be made.

"'Chiefs, officers, and soldiers! My words to you are not and cannot be merely congratulatory for the triumphs obtained; these are so brilliant, so consequent with the historical bravery of our people and the ardent aspirations of our patriotism at the present moment, that I hold it a sacred obligation of my conscience to offer the deep and sincere homage of admiration and gratitude to the greatness of your heroism! Yes, I respectfully bow before the distinguished defenders of the right and honor of the Republic. . . . Yesterday's rout was decisive. The principal group of that revolt, which was immoral, criminal, and worthy of condemnation, before God and our country, fled in terror before the points of our bayonets and eaten to the root by the red viper of anarchy. . . . Blood has flowed in impetuous currents—Venezuelan blood, always so generous on the altar of sacrifice! The two great semicircles of the lines of battle are marked by the sad and unheard-of number of badly dug graves and unburied remains, a sort of dolorous path that we hope will lead us in the road from to-day, not indeed to Calvary without Tabor, as those who are responsible for this way have desired, but to the resplendent Tabor, to the highest summit of our national illimitable perfection!'"

The merchant paused; I could say nothing. Yes, I thought; and there lie the unburied bodies now, torn apart by dogs and vultures. For days the badly wounded wandered in the dense bushes and deserted fields, uncared for and unsought, until death came and found them. As the victors danced and sang at the town of La Victoria, the groans of these poor fellows welled up from the hills and hollows a mile or two away.

I told him I had seen part of the battlefield and possessed some photographs of the horrible results of the really desperate fighting.

"But let us read a little more," said the merchant. "We skip a little and come to this:

"'Let our hearts be filled with the memory of our fallen comrades and the hour approaching of sad rejoicing for their widows and orphans; let us correspond with their self-denial and martyrdom with offerings of painful and affectionate gratitude.'

"You smile," said the merchant, "but here is the peroration:

"Thus united [by all that has gone before] in the ample bosom of national confraternity, the work will sprout and bloom, and the manifestations of our culture will shine eternally with its own light in Time and History.

"La Victoria, November 3, 1902.

"CIPRIANO CASTRO.

"Hoop la!" said the merchant, with amusing sarcasm. In all truth it was pathetic, and yet it could not be otherwise; it was amusing, but I abstained from comment, for it was needless.

"But, judging from my own short period of observation," I said at last, "the country seems ripe for a change of some sort."

"They are always *ready* for it," was the

reply; "they expect it even if it does not come. Let us see—since '98 we have had, first and last, great and small, eight revolutions. But the present one is not well led, nor is it popular. I speak, of course, from my personal standpoint and opinion. Many people fear that the old Guzman Blanco régime would return to power and that there would, besides, be a great fostering of German influence. We have had enough of the Blanco crowd—they have long been waiting their opportunity."

"But if Matos should succeed?"

"Then Castro would have to flee; an ex-President is a political refugee, but always wealthy, never less than three or four millions. But it would be the same thing over again—I suppose we would decorate our houses, some surely would, and all the soldiers left behind would turn out as a guard of honor and welcome the revolution."

"But tell me," I persisted, "is there no party that stands for peace and honest government? Is there no man the people trust who might lead them?"

"Yes," said the merchant, slowly. "There is such a party and there is such a man; he has behind him two-thirds of all the people. The *puello* [common people] love him. General José Manuel Hernández, the leader, the god I might say, of the Nationalists. He is the man I would have voted for."

"The day you played chess?" I suggested.

"Yes; but what chance had we then? What chance have we now? We have no arms, little money. Our leader is a man of peace now; all he wants to see is peace and to see Venezuela pulled out of all this mud abroad and trouble at home. We have little hope."

"But you could raise money, and money will—"

"Get arms! Ah, you see now you talk like a Venezuelan yourself. It would be risky; they put irons on you in prison, my friend! It would be a big revolution, though; but, you see, it is the same thing over again."

"But you believe that one honest election under the Constitution would solve matters?" I suggested.

"Ah!" The merchant's exclamation and the gesture conveyed much meaning.

"How will we get it? Will your Government lend us ten thousand troops for three months, sometime? It would mean six years of peace—perhaps always peace. There, now, is a practical remedy."

"No," I replied, "I am afraid my Government would not."

"Well, what are we to do?"

I confessed I could not tell, but I expressed a feeble hope that something might happen that might lead to better things. It was the least I could do.

"Quien sabe?" replied the merchant, and the subject changed, as subjects will when the limit of suggestion and explanation has been reached and no argument is needed on one side or another.

That is just the trouble. The political situation in Venezuela is an impossible one. Immediately you come to facts you meet several well-nigh insurmountable obstacles in the way of hopeful reasoning. The people have become used to it, and have surrendered to what they consider the inevitable. Placidly they submit, at times, to conditions and to impositions that no other people on the face of the earth, no king-ridden, Czar-governed people, would submit to for an instant, without rising for the right. They have accepted it for years, and yet in no land has the cry "To arms!" so often sounded, and nowhere has the catchword "liberty" been worn so threadbare. What, then, are the obstacles?

First, unquestionably, is the race, with its inheritance of national traits—the mixed blood, the religion such as it exists, and the lack of real religious belief which unquestionably is lacking, the division of the people into castes, the entire lack of national republican ideas, the dearth of education among the masses, and their intense conservatism.

Secondly, the existence of the professional semi-military politician—one day a guerrilla chief, the next a minister of affairs; a president or a dictator one moment, a political refugee the next. The rules that govern the reigning class are simple. There is an ingrained, popular, and accepted belief that a public office is a private opportunity, the political maxims being: To the victor belong the spoils; Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

Thirdly, the apathy, the almost cowardly apathy, of the best class of the people, who apparently have no political affiliations, and who submit to the grinding of the millstones with the resignation of a proud despair. Micawber-like, they are continually waiting for better times. They would accept almost anything. The prospect of a foreign invasion that failed to unite two warring political factions struggling for the mastery of the government control, *i. e.*, the budget and the emoluments of office, fails, with good reason, to excite in them any expression of patriotism. Many believe, and in all truth and justice they are right—deny it who may—that foreign control would be better for the country than the present state of things. Peace, continued peace, is what this blood-soaked, unhappy, long-robbed land is needing.

Fourthly, the rotten state of the courts of law, the judiciary who are but tools of the party that may be in power, and the press that must voice its sentiments or shut up shop, with the government seal on its doors and the editors in prison. There is no *habeas corpus*. A man may be thrown into confinement and his family given no explanation and hardly a chance to communicate with him by line or word.

These, then, are a few of the obstacles. Let us look at the present, the actual situation.

Here is a great country, a magnificently great country, with every possibility of wealth, health, and happiness, with a population less by many thousands than it had twenty years ago, utterly bankrupt, ruined, blockaded. No bread or flour in the city of Caracas, and yet the band plays in the plaza, the multi-colored population hang lazily about the corners. The Government levies forced loans to support its luxuries. It squeezes the last drop from the almost dry lemon of internal trade. The situation is well expressed in the cartoon in to-day's "La Prensa"—*Diario de la mañana*—"Venezuela is a corpse that laughs."

Caracas, Venezuela.

The Growth of Reciprocity Sentiment

By John Charlton, M.P.

MANY circumstances seem to warrant the belief that public sentiment in the United States is rapidly assuming a more liberal attitude towards the question of reciprocity with Canada. Reliable information as to the trade conditions existing between the two countries is being widely disseminated, and is producing such modification of views upon the reciprocity question as accurate information is calculated to develop. No respectable authority upon economic questions has ventured to assert that the conditions that for one hundred and twenty years have made free trade between all the States of the American Union a blessing to all concerned, do not apply to the question of trade between the United States and the Canadian Provinces; and we are yet to be shown why the area of free trade between kindred States inhabited by the same race, and with practically the same institutions, should not be extended.

The National Reciprocity Convention which met at Detroit December 10, 1902, was a notable gathering. Its resolution asking Congress to move in the direction of reconvening the Joint High Commission for the purpose of treating with Canada in the matter of trade arrangements, on the basis of reciprocity in natural products, reached the root of trade difficulties between the two countries. A little more than a month later substantially the same position was taken by the National Board of Trade at Washington, and concurrence in these views has been expressed by various branch Reciprocity Leagues, and by commercial organizations in various parts of the United States.

It is beginning to be realized by public men in the United States who are giving the question their attention that Canadian trade matters have reached a stage that renders delay in action inadvisable. Thirty-six years ago a treaty that was rapidly attaching Canada to the United States by the ties of mutual interest, and of dependence for market and outlets to markets, was abrogated, and Canadian efforts to secure renewal of the treaty,

with an enlarged free list that would have increased Canadian dependence and American ascendency, were denied. Eight years later Canadian persistence in the desire to get under the wing of the American eagle led to the negotiating of the Brown Draft Treaty of 1874, so called, which provided for reciprocity in natural products and the free admission of an extensive list of American manufactures, and which also provided for the construction of a canal from the St. Lawrence River, a few miles above Montreal, to Lake Champlain, of the same depth as the Welland Ship Canal, so that Canada might have increased facilities for reaching New York, then supposed to be her most desirable seaport. This treaty was refused ratification by the United States Senate. The animus of the Senate may have been hostility, it may have been the expectation that Canada would be forced to seek admission into the American Union, it may have been the mistaken belief that American interests would be promoted by a policy of repression. Whatever was the impelling motive, the practical outcome of the action certainly could not have been foreseen. No longer does Canada feel a sense of dependence upon American markets. New conditions have arisen. Unexpected results have been developed. Canada has overcome commercial difficulties that seemed insurmountable, has developed a vast trade in new lines, and now every nerve in the national organism tingles with a new-born sense of attainable independence, of difficulties overcome, and of commercial achievements and conquests realized. In this connection a statement showing the unexpected changes in the movements of Canadian farm products will be instructive.

CANADIAN EXPORTS OF FARM PRODUCTS

To the United States.	
1866	$25,041,000
1902	7,027,000
To Great Britain.	
1866	$3,544,000
1902	79,545,000

This most remarkable reversal of trade conditions as relates to farm products, amounting to over twenty-two-fold increase in the exports to Great Britain, and a diminution of over two-thirds in the exports to the United States, marks a change in conditions the effect of which upon Canadian interests and sentiments should not be passed over lightly. It proves conclusively that the Canadian farmer is no longer dependent upon the American market. He has entered the lists and become a keen competitor of the American farmer in foreign markets. A careful study of the tastes of his English customer has enabled him to distance the American farmer in various lines, and especially in cheese and bacon, while there looms up before his expectant gaze the rapid development of the great wheat belt of the Canadian Northwest, and the near approach of the command of the markets of the world for that cereal. He is not now a suppliant for free entry into a market the value of which is only a matter of history to him, and is content to push the trade with the mother land in the development of which he has secured such satisfactory results. Secure for him the coveted boon of preference for colonial food products in the home market, and he will be content to see his export of farm products to the United States sink from $7,000,000 to nothing.

For some years past the importation of farm products from the United States to Canada for consumption has greatly exceeded the export of farm products to the United States for the same purpose. Canada admits hides and skins, wool, broom corn, hemp undressed, Indian corn, flaxseed, tobacco leaf, and many minor articles free of duty. In 1902 the importation of farm products from the United States for consumption was $15,487,000. In 1901 it was $20,750,000. The largest item in the list of importation was corn, and the falling off in 1902 as compared with the previous year was chiefly due to the short corn crop of 1901 and resultant high range of prices. With the importation of two or three times as much farm products for consumption from the United States as the export of Canadian farm products to that country, under practically the same duties in each country, except in the case of the above enumerated articles upon the free list, it is probable that with free trade in natural products the import of farm products by Canada from the United States for consumption would nearly equal the export of Canada to the United States in the same line for consumption. In wheat, flour, and other articles of which both

countries have a surplus for export the movement to the United States would be heavy, provided that country could secure the carrying trade and the handling of these products as a middleman; but the more extensive the importation of such products, the more extensive would be the volume of American export trade, the greater the earnings of American transportation routes, the larger the profits of American factors and middlemen, and all without effect upon the prices of these articles in the American market.

TOTAL VALUE OF EXPORTS TO GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

Great Britain, 1866	$16,826,000
Great Britain, 1902	117,320,000
United States, 1866, including estimated short returns	$44,143,000
United States, 1902, produce of Canada	66,567,000

Of the exports to the United States the lately revised tables show that $23,378,000 consisted of coin, bullion, gold dust, nuggets, and silver concentrates, leaving the exports aside from precious metals $43,189,000, which is nearly $1,000,000 less than in 1866.

TOTAL VALUE OF IMPORTS FOR CONSUMPTION FROM GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

Great Britain, 1866	$40,062,000
Great Britain, 1902	49,206,000
United States, 1866	$28,572,000
United States, 1902	120,814,000

These returns show an increase of importations from Great Britain of but 23 per cent. since 1866, while the increase of importations from the United States is 422 per cent., or ten times greater, in the same period. Canada therefore finds herself confronted by the following conditions. Free access to the British markets and energetic development of trade on her own part have raised her exports to Great Britain from $16,826,000 in 1866 to $117,320,000 in 1902, while her imports from that country during the same period, notwithstanding the operation of preferential duties for four years of that time, have only carried up her imports from $40,062,000 in 1866 to $49,206,000 in 1902, leaving a balance of trade against Great Britain and in her favor in 1902 of $68,114,000; or, in other words, Canada last year sold to Great Britain nearly two and a half times more than the amount of her purchases from that country. In the case of the United States, eliminating precious metals from the volume of her exports to that country, her sales were $43,189,000, her purchases for consumption $120,814,000, or two and a half times more than her exports, and the actual balance of trade against her, not including precious metals exported, was, as per revised figures of trade returns, $77,625,000.

The amount of free and dutiable imports for the same years were as follows:

IMPORTS FROM GREAT BRITAIN, 1902

Free goods	$14,143,000
Dutiable goods	$35,069,000
Rate of duty on total imports	17.06
Rate of duty on dutiable imports	24.05

IMPORTS FROM UNITED STATES, 1902

Free goods	$60,632,000
Dutiable goods	$60,181,000
Rate of duty on total imports	12.54
Rate of duty on dutiable imports	25.18

The condition of trade relations between the two countries as thus set forth is one that the United States could well afford to allow to remain intact. It excites surprise, however, that Canada should have allowed these conditions to continue in operation so long, and at last a change is imminent, a change the character of which the United States will be permitted largely to decide. Either her own policy towards Canada will be made more liberal, and the Canadian will be permitted to exchange his own products for his enormous purchases in the United States, or the policy of Canada will be remodeled upon the present American lines, and liberal purchases from a foreign country will be treated as dangerous to domestic interests, and will be carefully minimized by repressive legislation.

The value of Canadian trade to the United States may be illustrated by a comparison with the trade of the United States with Latin America. Last year the excess of Canadian imports from the United States for consumption, over the exports of the United States to all of Latin America from the northern boundary of Mexico to Cape Horn, was $36 800,000, and over all of Latin America, including the West India Islands except Cuba and Porto Rico, was $19,796,000.

Canada is the largest customer for manufactures that the United States possesses. A table giving the imports from the United States for the last five years

will show the extent and the rapid growth of this branch of Canadian import trade:

CANADIAN IMPORTATION OF MANUFACTURES FROM THE UNITED STATES

1898	$41,510,000
1899	49,362,000
1900	60,473,000
1901	62,463,000
1902	69,536,000

In 1902 the Canadian import of manufactures from Great Britain was $41,675,000; excess from the United States, $27,861,000. Of the import of manufactures from the United States in 1902, $21,195,000 was on the free list, which included binder twine, fishing nets and twines, brass, copper, steel rails, mining machinery, steel and iron in various forms to the extent of over $3,000,000, tin, barbed wire, etc.

The need for a revision of the trade policy of the United States towards Canada must be apparent to any disinterested and candid man who will carefully weigh the facts. At last the great obstacle to the continuance and completion of the work of the Joint High Commission has been removed through the reference of the Alaskan boundary question to another tribunal. Provided this treaty is ratified, the way is now open for the Commission to resume its labors. Is it worth while for it to reassemble? Better, without doubt, not to do so than to have another fiasco. Considerable progress was made by the Commission with the trade question at its Washington session in 1899. Matters have to some extent changed since then. Concessions that were then offered by the American Government were at that time considered insufficient, and would clearly fall short of what would be found necessary now. With the great market for food in British Columbia and the Yukon region, which can be most readily furnished from Washington and Oregon; with the greater market for food in the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, for which supplies will naturally come from the seaboard cities of the United States; with the market for grain and meats which will be furnished by the lumbering and mining regions of Ontario and Quebec; with a free list of $60,632,000 of imports from the United States—more than ten times greater than the American free list of Canadian imports, and $21,000,000 of which is manufactures—and with a present importation of American farm products for consumption more than double the export of Canadian farm products to the United States, the present Canadian tariff, the rates under which are about half the rates imposed by the American tariff, and the present trade conditions, would seem to warrant the request for free trade in natural products, provided the British preference, so far as it affects the United States, was repealed.

The manufacturing interests of the United States are becoming fully alive to the importance of the Canadian market, and are nearly ready for a reciprocity treaty with fair and equitable conditions. The American farmer and lumberman, however, are troubled with fears that free natural products will depress prices in the United States. Canada desires free trade in lumber and farm products, not for the purpose of breaking prices in the United States markets, but for the purpose of securing higher prices in Canada through the addition of the duty to the price now received. The export to the United States of lumber and farm products for consumption bears an insignificant proportion to the amount of each produced in the United States for consumption. In lumber the importation does not amount to two per cent. of the total American production. The same conditions hold good in relation to farm products of the kind that both countries do not raise a surplus of for export; and with regard to products of which each country has a surplus, American and Canadian producers meet as competitors in foreign markets. One statement with regard to the egg trade will illustrate the groundlessness of American apprehension about reduction in prices of farm products resulting from free trade. Eggs at one time were free, and were one of the most important in value of the list of exports from Canada to the United States. A duty of five cents per dozen has practically excluded them from the American market for many years, and the Canadian producer has found a market for this article in Great Britain which is said to be as satisfactory as was the market formerly furnished by the United States. Last year the export of eggs from Canada was, to Great Britain, 11,397,000 dozen; to the United States, 237,000 dozen—a

total of 140,608,000 eggs, or less than two eggs annually for each inhabitant of the United States. With free trade in eggs the export to the United States, it is evident from the above statement, would bear so small a proportion to the production in that country for consumption that no appreciable effect upon prices could be produced; and the same thing would hold true, practically, with regard to the prices of all farm products imported into the United States from Canada for consumption.

Of late years a marked change has come over public sentiment in Canada regarding reciprocity with the United States, and the feeling of indifference which exists is increasing. The knowledge, as yet only partial, of the great resources of Canada and the boundless possibilities of the great Canadian Northwest has aroused aspirations for national development. The policy of fostering Canadian industries and interests is appealing more strongly day by day to the sympathies of the Canadian people, and the idea of a high protection tariff and the inauguration of a distinctively Canadian system is growing in favor, and will sweep the country at the next general elections if not headed off by a successful reciprocity movement. This feeling is closely allied to the Imperialistic sentiment which aspires to some form of organic union between Britain and her colonies, and indulges in day-dreams of Imperial trade preference for the colonies, or an Imperial Zollverein, coupled with a system of Imperial defense, in the cost of which the colonies are to bear a considerable share. All of these phases of Imperialism and extreme protection are the legitimate offspring of the selfishness of the American trade policy towards Canada, and will gradually disappear when a radical change of that policy takes place.

The Canadian economic and political forces opposed to reciprocity are, the manufactering interests, which have attained considerable development and stand resolutely for high protective duties against the United States and all other countries; the Imperialistic sentiment, which sees in reciprocity a deadly foe to its scheme for a united Empire and the destruction of colonial autonomy; the preferential trade policy, which looks for the enlargement of our British export trade through the application of preferential duties in favor of the colonies, and all the scattered elements, Tory in instinct and anti-republican in conviction, which look upon the expansion of the power of the great Republic as a menace to the divine right of kings and all the safeguards of conservative stability. In addition to these, the transportation interests centering in the St. Lawrence route look upon reciprocity with suspicion, if not with hostility, fearing that more liberal trade arrangements will tend, through the removal of custom restrictions, to draw trade to American canals and railways and to American seaports. Against these forces and influences we may set the lumberman, the mine-worker, and the fisherman, all of whom ardently desire reciprocity, and the farmer, whose views range from active desire down to passive realization that two markets must be better than one.

In Canada it is objected to reciprocity that it will lead to annexation to the United States. This objection would prove an argument in favor of the policy in the United States. Reciprocity thirty years ago would have been a working force in the direction of political union of the most powerful character. Since then conditions have materially changed, and it is useless to speculate as to whether increased intimacy in trade relations and the establishment of great mutual interests would have a commanding influence upon political relations. It may, however, be affirmed without the slightest hesitation that the continuance of the present trade relations between the two countries will have a powerful and ever-increasing tendency to render political union impossible.

The time to attend to the reciprocity issue is now. The Liberal Government now in power at Ottawa is favorable to the consummation of a reasonable treaty, and has the support in the Canadian House of Commons and Senate to secure its ratification. At the general election two or three years hence this Government may be succeeded by a Conservative, high protection government, and the failure to secure a reciprocity treaty before that time will go very far to secure the change. If this change should take place, all hope of securing a reciprocity treaty will be

gone. The opportunity will have departed, and the evils of a tariff war will be intensified through the adoption by Canada of a policy as distinctly wide of good sense and recognition of true economic principles as the one with which the United States in her dealings with Canada has for the last thirty years invited the scorn of future generations of economists.

John Redmond[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Story of Gladstone's Life," etc.

JOHN EDWARD REDMOND is one of the leading men in the House of Commons just now. He is one of the very few really eloquent speakers of whom the House can boast at the present time. His eloquence is, indeed, of a kind but rarely heard in either House of Parliament during recent years. The ordinary style of debate in the House of Commons is becoming more and more of the merely conversational order, and even when the speaker is very much in earnest, even when he is carried away by the fervor of debate, his emotion is apt to express itself rather in an elevation of the voice than in an exaltation of the style. Among members of the House who may be still regarded as having a career before them I do not think there are more than three or four who are capable of making a really eloquent speech—a speech which is worth hearing for its style and its language as well as for its information and its argument. John Redmond is one of these gifted few; Lloyd-George is another. I have heard some critics depreciate John Redmond's eloquence on the ground that it is rather old-fashioned. If it be old-fashioned to express one's meaning in polished and well-balanced sentences, in brilliant phrasing, and with melodious utterance, then I have to admit that John Redmond is not, in his style of eloquence, quite up to the present fashion, and I can only say that it is so much the worse for the present fashion. It is quite certain that Redmond is accepted by the House of Commons in general as one of its most eloquent speakers and one of its ablest party leaders.

Redmond has already been some twenty years in the House of Commons. He was a very young man when first chosen to represent an Irish constituency in the House. I have noticed that our biographical dictionaries of contemporary life do not agree as to the date of Redmond's birth. Some of the books set him down as born in 1851, while others give the year of his birth as 1856. I think I have good reason for knowing that the latter date is the correct one. Perhaps it ought to bring a sense of gratification to a public man when a dispute arises as to the date of his birth. It may give him a complacent reminder of the fact that certain cities disputed as to Homer's birthplace.

John Redmond comes of a good family, and his father was for a long time a member of the House of Commons. I can remember the elder Redmond very well, and he was a man of the most courteous bearing and polished manners, a man of education and capacity, who, whenever he spoke in debate, spoke well and to the point, and was highly esteemed by all parties in the House. John Redmond was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, studied for the law and was called to the bar, but did not practice in the profession. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1881, and became a member of that National party which had been formed not long before under the guidance of Charles Stewart Parnell. From the time when he first took part in a Parliamentary debate it was evident that John Redmond had inherited his father's graceful manner of speaking, and it was soon discovered that he possessed a faculty of genuine eloquence which had not been displayed by the elder Redmond. John Redmond had and still has a voice of remarkable strength, volume, and variety of intonation, and he was soon afforded

[1] This forms the tenth of a series of articles on living British statesmen. Subjects already treated are: Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Lord Aberdeen, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Other articles will have as subjects John Burns and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

ample opportunity of testing his capacity for public speech. It was a great part of Parnell's policy that there should be a powerful Home Rule organization extending itself over all parts of Great Britain, founding institutions in all the principal cities and towns, and addressing audiences indoors and out on the subject of Ireland's demand for domestic self-government. John Redmond soon became one of the most effective organizers of this new movement and one of the most powerful pleaders of the cause on public platforms. The first time I ever heard him make a speech in public was at a great open-air meeting held in Hyde Park. He had to address a vast crowd, and I felt naturally anxious to know what his success might be under such trying conditions for a young speaker. He had then but a slender frame, and his somewhat delicately molded features did not suggest the idea of great lung-power. After his first sentence I felt no further doubt as to his physical capacity. He had a magnificent voice, clear, resonant, and thrilling, which made itself heard all over the crowd without the slightest apparent effort on the part of the speaker. I could not help being struck at the time by the seeming contrast between the boyish, delicate figure and the easy strength of the resonant voice.

During his earlier sessions in the House of Commons Redmond did not speak very often, but when he did speak he made it clear that he had at his command a gift of genuine eloquence. He held office as one of the "whips" of the Irish National party—that is to say, as one of the chosen officials whose duty it is to look after the arrangements of the party, to see that its members are always in their places at the right time, to settle as to the speakers who are to take part in each debate, and to enter into any necessary communications with the whips of the other parties in the House. Redmond was a man admirably suited for such work. He had had an excellent education; he had the polished manners of good society; he belonged to what I may call the country gentleman order, and could ride to hounds with a horsemanship which must have won the respect of the Tory squires from the hunting counties; and he had an excellent capacity and memory for all matters of arrangement and detail. He attended to his duties as one of the party whips with unfailing regularity, and could exercise with equal skill the influence of persuasiveness and that of official command.

In the early days of the Parnell party there was not, to be sure, any great demand on the marshaling power of the whips over the rank and file of the little army. For a considerable time the whole Parnellite party did not consist of more than ten or a dozen members. These members, however, were compelled to do constant duty, and to maintain the great game of Parliamentary obstruction revived by Parnell at all hours of the day and the night. It was quite a common thing for a member of the party to deliver a dozen or fifteen speeches in the course of a single sitting, and John Redmond had all his work to do in endeavoring to keep exhausted colleagues up to their business and to see that they did not leave the precincts of the House until Mr. Speaker should have formally announced that the day's sitting was over. Redmond's services were of inestimable value during such a period of trial. As the days went on, the Irish constituencies became more and more aroused to the necessity of increasing as far as possible the number of thoroughgoing Parnellites in the House by getting rid, at every election, of the Irish members—Irish Whigs as they were called—who did not go in thoroughly, heart and soul, for the policy of Parnell. Under such conditions the influence and the eloquence of John Redmond were of the most substantial service to his party in the work of stirring up the national sentiment among the Irish populations in the cities and towns of England and Scotland. Before many years had passed, John Redmond was one of the whips of an Irish National party in the House of Commons which numbered nearly ninety members. The increase of official duties thus put upon him and his brother whips did not seem to trouble him in the slightest degree. He was always on duty in the House, unless when he had to be on duty at some public meeting outside its precincts; he was ever in good spirits; could always give his chief the fullest and most exact information as to the conditions of each debate, and the best methods of getting full use of the numbers

and the debating strength of the Irish party at any given moment.

During the greater part of this time he had not had much opportunity of cultivating his faculty as a debater, for the whip of a party is understood to be occupied rather in putting other men up to speak than in displaying eloquence of his own, and it was for several years not quite understood by the party that John Redmond was qualified to be and was destined to be one of its most commanding spokesmen. I ought to say that among other duties discharged by John Redmond was the trying and responsible task of traveling on more than one occasion over the United States and Canada and Australia to preach the Home Rule gospel to the Irish populations in those countries and to all others who would listen, and thus to obtain the utmost possible support for the great movement at home. For many sessions, however, John Redmond was regarded by his colleagues in the House as a speaker best heard to advantage on some great public platform outside the Parliamentary precincts, and very few of them indeed had yet formed the idea that he was also qualified to become one of the foremost orators in the representative chamber itself.

I may mention here that Mr. Redmond's intimate knowledge of the rules and practices of the House and his thorough acquaintance with its business ways were, in great measure, due to his having held for a time a place in one of the offices belonging to the House of Commons. He was appointed, before he became a member of the House, a clerk in the Vote Office, a department which has to do with the preparation of Parliamentary documents, the distribution of Parliamentary papers, and other such technical work. The clerkships in these offices are in the gift of the Speaker, are an avenue towards the highest promotions in the official staff of the House, and are usually given to young men who, in addition to high education and the promise of capacity, can bring some Parliamentary or family influence to bear on their behalf. John Redmond had some experience in this Vote Office, and it made him a thorough master of Parliamentary business. I had enjoyed his personal acquaintance for some time before he came into the House as a member, and I had been in the House myself some two years before his election. I remember often seeing him and exchanging a word with him as he stood within the House itself, just below the line which marks the place where the bar of the House is erected when there is occasion, for any public purpose, to admit a stranger thus far and no farther, in order that he may plead some cause before the House or present some petition. Officials employed in any of the offices belonging to the House are allowed the proud privilege of advancing up the floor of the chamber as far as the chair occupied by the Sergeant-at-Arms, the point at which the bar would be drawn across if occasion should require. Thus I had the opportunity of conversing with John Redmond on the floor of the House itself, before he had yet obtained the right of passing beyond the sacred line of the bar.

I am quite certain that Parnell himself did not, until the great crisis came in the Irish National party, fully appreciate the political capacity of John Redmond. Parnell always regarded him as both useful and ornamental—useful in managing the business of the party, and ornamental as a brilliant speaker on a public platform. But he did not appear to know, and had indeed no means of knowing, that Redmond had in himself the qualifications of a party leader and the debating power which could make him an influence in the House of Commons. The speeches which Redmond made, or rather was "put up" by his leader to make, in the House had often for their object merely to fill up time and keep a debate going until the moment arrived when Parnell thought a division ought to be taken. But when the great crisis came in the affairs of the party, then Redmond was soon able to prove himself made of stronger metal than even his leader had supposed. The crisis was, of course, when the Parnell divorce case came on, and Gladstone and the Liberal leaders generally became filled with the conviction that it would be impossible to carry a measure of Home Rule if Parnell were to retain the leadership of the Irish National party. I need not go over this old and painful story again; it is enough to say that the great majority of Parnell's own followers found themselves compelled to believe that it would

be better for Ireland if Parnell were to resign the leadership and retire into private life for a certain time. This Parnell refused to do, and, in opposition to the earnest wishes of the majority of his followers, he published a sort of manifesto in denunciation of Gladstone. Then came the famous meetings of the Irish party in Committee-Room No. 15—one of the committee-rooms belonging to the House of Commons—and, after long days of angry and sometimes even fierce debate, the great majority of the party declared that they could no longer follow the leadership of Parnell. The minority made up their minds to hold with Parnell for good or evil.

I am willing and always was willing to render full justice to the motives which inspired the action of the minority. They did not feel themselves called upon to justify every act of Parnell's private life, but they took up the position that his private life had nothing to do with his political career, and that they could not abandon the leader who had done such service to Ireland merely because his name had become associated with a public scandal. On the other hand, the majority of the party, of whom I was one, held that their first duty was to their country, and that if the continued leadership of Parnell rendered it impossible for Gladstone to carry his Home Rule measure, they had to think only of their country and its national cause. During all these debates in Committee-Room No. 15, John Redmond took the leading part on the side of the minority. He became the foremost champion of Parnell's leadership. This position seemed to come to him as if in the nature of things. I well remember the ability and eloquence which he displayed in these debates, and the telling manner in which he put his arguments and his appeals. The course he took was all the more to his credit because Parnell had never singled him out as an object of especial favor, and, indeed, in the opinion of many among us, had not done full justice to his services in the House of Commons. Then came the formal division of the party. The majority met together and reconstituted the party with a new Chairman, while the minority associated themselves with Parnell as their leader for the purpose of going over to Ireland and endeavoring to organize the country in his support. When the end of the fierce open controversy was brought about at last by Parnell's sudden death, John Redmond was made the leader of the minority, and from that time forth he began to give more and more distinct evidences of his capacity for a Parliamentary leader's position. He and his group of followers kept themselves in the House of Commons entirely apart from their former colleagues. John Redmond had often to take a part in the debates of the House, and every one could see that the serious responsibility imposed on him was developing in him qualities of leadership, and even of statesmanship, which very few indeed had previously believed to be among his gifts.

Meanwhile the state of things created in Ireland by the split and the setting up of two opposing parties was becoming intolerable. Every man of patriotic feeling on either side of the controversy was coming to see more keenly every day that the maintenance of such a division must be fatal to the cause, for at least another generation. Some efforts were made by leading men on both sides to bring about a process of reconciliation. John Dillon on the one side, and John Redmond on the other, lent every help they could to these patriotic efforts. John Dillon had by this time become leader of the more numerous party, having been chosen to that position when the leader elected after the severance from Parnell had been compelled by ill health to resign the place. Every reasonable man among the Irish Nationalists, inside and outside Parliament, was coming more and more to see that there was no longer any occasion whatever for further severance, and that the country demanded a return to the old principle of union in the National ranks. John Dillon became impressed with the conviction that it might tend to smooth matters and to open a better chance for reconciliation if he, as one of the most conspicuous anti-Parnellites, were to resign his position, and to invite the whole party to come together again and elect a leader. Dillon was strongly of opinion that, as all matter of controversy had been buried in the early grave of Parnell, it would be better for the cause of future union that the new leader should be

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chosen from among the small number of men who had always adhered to Parnell's side. Dillon prevailed upon most of his friends to adopt his views on this subject. It was the custom of the Irish National party—indeed, of both the parties—to elect their leader at the opening of each session, and John Dillon had been re-elected more than once to the position of command in his own party. Accordingly, at the close of a session Dillon announced his intention to resign the place of leader, and he added to the announcement that he would not then accept re-election, even if it should be offered to him by a vote of his party. This patriotic course of action was most happy in its results. The Irish National members met together once again as a united party, and the leadership was conferred on John Redmond as an evidence alike of the confidence which was felt in his capacity and his sincerity, and a proof of the desire entertained by the majority for a thorough and cordial reunion of the whole party.

John Redmond was therefore the first leader of the whole party since the events of Committee-Room No. 15. John Dillon and his immediate predecessor had been only leaders of a majority, and now John Redmond was chosen as the leader of the whole party representing the Irish National cause in the House of Commons. He settled down at once to his new position with a temper and spirit admirably suited to the work he had to undertake. He seemed to have put away from his mind all memory of disunion in the party, and he became once more the friend as well as the leader of every member enrolled in its ranks. Many of those who formed the majority had in the first instance yielded to the persuasion of John Dillon and others in the election of Redmond as leader only because they believed that by such a course the interests of the cause could best be served just then. But I know that some of these men accepted with personal reluctance what seemed to be the necessity of the hour, and looked forward with anything but gratification to the prospect of having to serve under the new chief. John Redmond, while defending the cause of the still living Parnell, had shown in the service of his chief an energy and a passion which few of us could have expected of him, and was often utterly unsparing in his denunciation of the men who maintained the other side of the controversy. It was not unnatural that many of his former opponents should feel some doubt as to the possibility of working harmoniously under the leadership of a man who had been but lately so bitter an opponent. I had, at the time of the new leadership, been compelled by ill health to give up all active part in public life, but I talked with many members of the majority in the Irish party who told me frankly that they feared it would not be possible to get on under the leadership of John Redmond. Before long, however, these same men spontaneously assured me that they had changed their opinions on that subject, and were glad to find that they could work with Redmond in perfect harmony, and that his manner and bearing showed no sign whatever of any bitter memories belonging to the days of internal dispute. Redmond devoted himself absolutely to the House of Commons and the business of leadership, unless indeed when some pressing national interests compelled him to leave his place in St. Stephen's in order to see to the organization of the National cause in Ireland or in the United States. At the time when I am writing this article he has but lately returned from a visit of that kind to some of the great cities of the American Republic.

Fortunately for his country as well as for himself, John Redmond is a man of private means, is not compelled to earn a living, and can devote the whole of his time to the service of the National cause. He is always to be found at his post while the House of Commons is sitting, and I believe that his morning ride in Hyde Park with his wife every day is one of the few recreations in which he allows himself to indulge. I had not long ago a visit from a well-known member of the Irish Parliamentary party who holds one of its official positions and was at the time of the internal dispute an uncompromising opponent of Parnell's continued rule. This friend of mind I know was decidedly opposed at first to the election of John Redmond as leader, for the reason that he did not believe that such an arrangement could possibly work with smoothness and satisfaction to the party. But when I saw him lately, he assured me that he had

entirely changed his opinions and that he did not believe that any party could possibly have a better leader than John Redmond had already proved himself to be. He had nothing but praise for Redmond's bearing and ways, for the manner in which he appeared to have banished from his mind all memory of past disunion, and for the unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the work of the party inside and outside the House of Commons.

Since then I have heard and read nothing but good accounts of the manner in which Redmond has reorganized the party. It has under his guidance become once again a powerful force in political life. The House of Commons, as a whole, has thoroughly recognized Redmond's position, influence, and capacity. The Prime Minister has given many proofs of the importance which he attaches to Redmond's decisions and movements. The new leader of the Irish party has won a much higher rank as a Parliamentary debater than he ever had attained to in the days before he had become invested with a really grave responsibility. The newspaper critics on all sides of political life are agreed in describing him as one of the foremost living debaters. Indeed, there are but three or four men in the House of Commons who could possibly be compared with him for eloquence and skill in debate, and there is a quality of grace and artistic form in his style of eloquence which often recalls the memories of brighter days, when the art of oratory was still cultivated in Parliament. The success with which he has conducted the movements of his party has compelled Ministerialists and Opposition alike to take serious account of Redmond and his followers when the chances of any great political measure are under consideration. Only quite lately, during the passage of the Education measure, he adopted a policy which at first greatly puzzled his opponents, and at the last moment succeeded in impressing the Government and the Ministerial party generally with the conviction that Redmond understands when and how to strike a decisive blow.

Of course we hear sometimes, and of late rather often, about differences in the Irish party itself, and about a threatened secession from John Redmond's leadership. The Tory papers in England, and even some of the journals which are professedly Liberal, made eager use of this supposed dissension, and endeavored to persuade themselves and their readers that Redmond has not a full hold over his followers and over the Irish people. I may tell my American readers that they will do well not to attach the slightest importance to these stories about a threatened secession from the lately reunited Irish National party. In the first place, I never heard of any political party which did not inclose in its ranks some men who could not always be reckoned on as amenable to the discipline which is found necessary in every political organization. There is a considerable number of Liberal members who cannot be counted on to follow at all times the guidance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. There are many Ministerialists, and some of them very clever men, who have lately been proving that at times they would just as soon vote against Arthur Balfour as with him. But in regard to the Irish party and the members who do not always fall in with the wish of its leader, the actual facts are peculiar. The only members of the party who have lately been showing a tendency to mutiny are, with one exception, men of no account whatever in Ireland's political life. I do not wish to name any names, but I can state with deliberation that almost every one of the mutinous members just now is a man who has not the slightest chance of ever again being sent to represent an Irish constituency in the House of Commons. These men had long since forfeited the confidence of their constituents and their fellow-countrymen. They are perfectly aware of this fact; they know quite well that the next general election will see them put out of Parliamentary life; and, in despair of re-election, they probably think that they might as well make the most of the opportunity for rendering themselves conspicuous or for indulging in eccentricities which now can do them no further harm. It may be taken for granted that at the next general election the National constituencies of Ireland will send to the House of Commons no men who are not prepared to work in complete union with the National party, and to recognize the authority of the leader who has the

confidence of his people. I do not care to waste many words on this subject, but I think it right to assure my American readers that they need not attach any serious importance to the doings of five or six men, most of whom are either mere "cranks" or are driven to desperation by disappointed personal ambition.

John Redmond has the confidence of his countrymen in England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland, and we have seen that within the last few months he has obtained full assurance that he enjoys the confidence of his countrymen in the United States, in Canada, and in Australasia. I feel all the more ready to bear my testimony to his merits and his success because of the fact that I was, during a crisis which lasted for some years, in direct opposition to the policy which he felt himself conscientiously bound to adopt. The change of events has released him from any obligation to adhere to such a policy, and I do him the justice to believe that he accepted with the sincerest and most disinterested good will the first genuine opportunity that offered itself for a complete reunion of Irish Nationalists. John Redmond is still young enough to have a career before him, and I feel the fullest confidence in his future.

The Public Library a Paying Investment

By F. M. Crunden

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

IN his introduction to a recent book Mr. Carnegie says: "The most imperative duty of the State is the universal education of the masses. No money which can be usefully spent for this indispensable end should be denied. Public sentiment should, on the contrary, approve the doctrine that the more that can be judiciously spent, the better for the country. There is no insurance of nations so cheap as the enlightenment of the people."

Now, there is no institution so intimately, so universally, so constantly connected with the life of the whole people as the free public library—no instrumentality that can do so much to civilize society. The public schools alone cannot accomplish the task of elevating mankind to even the most modest ideal of a well-ordered society. As to the grade of our present boasted civilization, Sutherland, in his "Origin and Growth of the Moral Instinct," divides mankind into nine grades: lower, middle, and upper savagery; lower, middle, and upper barbarism; and lower, middle, and upper civilization. He says that the most advanced nations of the world are now in the stage of lower civilization, and predicts the arrival of the middle stage in about five hundred years. Can any one with ideals behold throughout the world the hand of man against his brother and take issue with this view?

Our public schools have been the chief source of the greater general intelligence, and hence of the industrial superiority, of our citizens over those of other countries. "The initiative, alertness, and fertility of resource which the American is nowadays credited with displaying, though partly a climatic, is chiefly an educational, product." But the public schools cannot accomplish impossibilities. They are not to blame for the fact that they can reach the great majority during only six or eight years, or that only one and one-half per cent. of the children in the United States go through the high school. But wherever there is a public library, the teachers are to blame if they do not graduate all their pupils, at whatever age they may leave school, into the People's University.

The educational world is, as it has been at all times, divided on various questions relating to methods and curricula—whether or to what extent the classic languages should be taught, what is the value of mathematics, what is the best method of teaching history, composition, literature, as to the value of manual training, etc. The public library furnishes a common rallying-ground. No teacher or intelligent layman can fail to agree that all students should be led to this storehouse of all knowledge, this fountain source of all inspiration, the library. No improvement in public-school methods that has been made or can be

made can surpass in importance the recent introduction of literature into the regular work of the school. It is the application, in an elementary way, of university methods, and gives greater assurance of a continuous course of self-education than any other plan could offer. Every one will recall the noted dictum of Carlyle, "The university of these days is a collection of books." This view has been recently amplified and emphasized by President Harper. In an article published in the "North American Review" he says:

"The place occupied by libraries and laboratories in the educational work of to-day, as compared with that of the past, is one of commanding importance. Indeed, the library and the laboratory have already practically revolutionized the methods of higher education. In the really modern institution the chief building is the library. . . . It is the center of the institutional activity. . . . That factor of college work, the library, fifty years ago almost unknown, to-day already the center of the institution's intellectual activity, half a century hence, with its sister, the laboratory, almost equally unknown fifty years ago, will have absorbed all else, and will have become the institution itself."

The all-essential character of the library as an instrumentality of higher education is so obvious that no one nowadays would think of taking issue with Carlyle and Dr. Harper; but its equal necessity as a factor in elementary education is not yet universally accepted. I have not space to go into a detailed argument, but must rest my case on a quotation from Sully's Psychology, and on strong statements made by two of the highest educational authorities in the country, and on positive testimony from the experience of some twenty grammar-school principals in St. Louis.

Sully says: "The habitual narration of stories, description of places, and so on, is an essential ingredient in the rudimentary stages of education. The child that has been well drilled at home in following stories will, other things being equal, be the better learner at school. The early nurture of the imagination by means of good wholesome food has much to do with determining the degree of imaginative power, and, through this, of the range of intellectual activity ultimately reached."

In an address before the American Library Association in 1890 Dr. Harris said:

"What there is good in our American system points toward this preparation of the pupil for independent study of the book by himself. It points toward acquiring the ability of self-education by means of the library."

Space forbids more than a few samples of the replies returned by the principals above mentioned to three questions asked them regarding the results of the use of sets of books (thirty copies of the same book in each box) sent to the schools by the Public Library:

1. What value do you attach to literature and supplementary reading in connection with the school curriculum?

2. What effect has the general reading done by the pupils of your school had on their progress in their studies?

3. Do you find the books supplied by the library an aid to discipline?

I.

"The cultivation of a taste for good literature should be, it seems to me, one of the chief aims of the school curriculum. The development of a higher morality and a truer culture and refinement—which, after all, is the final aim of education—can best, and perhaps only, be accomplished by the encouragement of a closer and closer acquaintance with our best literature. I attach to well-directed general reading as high a value as to any subject taught in the schools.

"I consider supplementary reading as good in itself, and therefore cannot regard with favor the conscious use of it as a means for maintaining discipline. Nevertheless, like any subject which thoroughly interests the children, it leads them into voluntary application, and so assists in cultivating that spirit which, in the end, eliminates the problem of discipline."

II.

A principal of long experience in one of the poorest and most crowded districts writes:

"Of immense value to all our pupils, but especially to the poor child that can attend school but a very few years.

"Assists their progress in their studies,

awakens and deepens their interest in the subject, adds to thought and information, and changes dry studies into the exchange of ideas, the answering of aroused curiosity, and fixes facts more permanently in the memory.

"The books supplied by the library *are* an aid to discipline. They change the current of pupils' thoughts, and put them in a better and happier state of mind—more conducive to study and improvement."

III.

"The literature furnished by the library has put a life into the reading exercise that it did not have before. It has made reading the principal study in the course.

"Yes, an aid to discipline, decidedly."

IV.

Here is a brief extract from another letter:

"There can be no doubt of the helpfulness of the public library reading sets in the school. It is the universal experience with us that pupils who do most and best supplementary reading succeed best in all of their work."

V.

The head assistant in the Columbia School sums up by saying:

"Supplementary reading, especially in the lower grades, is worth all the rest of the school work."

The principal of the same school writes:

"We make no parade of 'literature work' or of supplementary reading. The latter term is a misnomer; it is misleading; what others term supplementary reading in my school is *the whole thing.*"

He adds that his experience has shown "that those who read most widely accomplish most in other forms of school work; that the effect upon conduct is most salutary, showing in no case a bad result from the reading habit; that the ordinary nature-study books do not appeal to children strongly enough to secure voluntary reading as wholes; that the 'classics' tend to supplant everything sensational or weak; that children who are natural make as few errors in selecting for themselves as their elders make in selecting for them; that the 'bad' books generally appear but once; that a book is, on the whole, good or bad as determined by the attitude of the mind toward it."

President Eliot sums up the subject in this paragraph:

"From the total training during childhood there should result in the child a taste for interesting and improving reading, which should direct and inspire its subsequent intellectual life. That schooling which results in this taste for good reading, however unsystematic and eccentric the schooling may have been, has achieved a main end of elementary education; and that schooling which does not result in implanting this permanent taste has failed."

The public-school education, except for the insignificant number who take the high-school course, is, without the library, a mere bread-and-butter course (for most children dry bread only). Without the library it makes merely breadwinners, not men. But, supplemented by the library, it starts its pupils on a lifelong course of self-instruction which will make them, men and women, worthy citizens of the Republic. How can a boy graduating from the grammar school at fourteen (and remember that the vast majority leave before that)—how can a boy who has merely finished the curriculum of the grammar school know anything about the lessons of history? What comprehension can he have of his rights and duties as a citizen? Even if from his earliest years he has been using the library he can know little; but through the library, he will have been started on the path of self-education, and that is the best that high school or college can do. What has the average boy who leaves school with a positive distaste for books, because he has known none but text-books—what has he to guide him in the discharge of his political duties? How is he to know logic from sophistry? What is to keep him from supporting policies that the past has tried and found wanting? How is he to distinguish the honest advocates of real reform from the artful demagogue? We cannot grow citizens on the husks and shells of arithmetic, spelling, geography, and grammar, with a few dry bones of history added for the few who can stay long enough in school to get them. The public library must be made to supplement the public school, and in such a way as to lead to a continued course in the library, no matter at what age the school

career is closed. In his farewell address, Washington gave to his countrymen this wise injunction, which has lost none of its importance:

"Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that this should be enlightened."

"*Education!*" exclaims Mazzini; "and my whole doctrine is summed up in this grand word."

A man, or his family acting for him, does not stop to count the cost of what will save his life. Society should not count the cost of an agency necessary to its preservation and progress. If the public library cost ten times as much as it does, it would still be a profitable investment. Let me briefly recapitulate what it does for a community:

1. It doubles the value of the education the child receives in school, and, best of all, imparts a desire for knowledge which serves as an incentive to continue his education after leaving school; and, having furnished the *incentive*, it further supplies the *means* for a lifelong continuance of education.

2. It provides for the education of adults who have lacked, or failed to make use of, early opportunities.

3. It furnishes information to teachers, ministers, journalists, authors, physicians, legislators, all persons upon whose work depend the intellectual, moral, sanitary, and political welfare and advancement of the people.

4. It furnishes books and periodicals for the technical instruction and information of mechanics, artisans, manufacturers, engineers, and all others whose work requires technical knowledge—of all those persons upon whom depends the industrial progress of the city.

5. It is of incalculable benefit to the city by affording to thousands the highest and purest entertainment, by substituting the reading-room for the bar-room, and thus lessening crime and disorder.

6. It makes the city a more desirable place of residence, and thus retains the best citizens and attracts others of the same character.

7. More than any other one agency, it elevates the general standard of intelligence throughout the great body of the community, upon which its material prosperity, as well as its moral and political well-being, must depend.

Finally, the public library includes potentially all other means of social amelioration. A man who founds a hospital does a good act; yet the benefits of his beneficence reach comparatively few. An art museum is a very useful institution in a community; yet how limited is its influence compared with that of a public library! And, above all, the hospital is only a hospital; it is a definite, a limited good; it is a finished structure, a marble shaft; it cannot reproduce itself. A library, on the other hand, is a living organism, having within itself the capacity of infinite growth and reproduction. It may found a dozen hospitals and art museums and inspire to noble deeds of every kind, all the while imparting intelligence and inculcating industry, thrift, morality, public spirit, and all those qualities that constitute the wealth and well-being of a community.

With all this work to its credit, can the public library be other than a profitable investment? On the first item alone—and we have conclusive testimony that the statement is a just one—the public library might fairly claim an equal appropriation with the public schools. Too much can hardly be paid for doubling the value of the education given by the public schools. But the library, for that one item of its work, does not call for one-tenth of the public-school revenue. It is, indeed, well satisfied if it receive one-tenth of the public-school appropriation for *all* its work. It seldom, if ever, is allowed that much. That is one of the notable features of the public library, that it is so well balanced a machine, so well adapted to its purposes, that it supplies more force with less fuel than any other mechanism yet devised for the melioration of society. The service costs $25 or more a year for each child that attends the public school. Once matriculated in the public library, it costs the community but $1 a year. As Stanley Jevons says: "In omitting that small expenditure in a universal system of libraries which would enable young men or women to keep up the three R's and continue their education, we spend the £97, and stingily decline the £3 really needed to make the

rest of the £100 effective." It is as if a man should cheerfully pay $20 for an overcoat and refuse an additional half-dollar for buttons to make it thoroughly serviceable.

My argument has been mainly on the material side. I have sought to show that even in direct material returns the public library is a paying investment. The argument is so plain that it may be summed up in a syllogism, the major premise of which is a truism, and the minor premise an unquestionable fact:

General intelligence is the necessary foundation of prosperity and s cial order.

The public library is one of the chief agencies, if not the most potent and far-reaching agency, for pro..oting general intelligence.

Therefore, money devoted to the maintenance of a public library is money well invested by a community.

So much for the public library as a factor in material prosperity. But the moral problem is of greater importance and more arduous solution than the material. "The slow moral progress of this nation," says President Eliot, "is due to the reading of poor books by the children." Yes, and to reading no books at all. To put books into idle hands, and ideas and ideals into empty heads, to substitute good books for poor among children—this is the most important function of the public library. It can, however, be but imperfectly performed without the earnest co-operation of the teacher. I have cited convincing testimony to the value of literature in the regular instruction and discipline of the school. Still greater is the aid it gives to moral education.

"If I were king of the world," says Dr. Stanley Hall, "I should have an examination of teachers as to their ability to tell a good story. It is the one hypnotic influence that tends for morals."

Morals cannot be successfully taught dogmatically. The greatest teacher of morals is the power of example, the life of an individual lived under our eyes. It is the peculiar privilege of the literary artist, whether novelist or biographer, to give us this opportunity for observation as we can never enjoy it in our own circle of acquaintance; for here we cannot know the inner life, and through the impassive, or the smiling, countenance we get no glimpse of the dormant passions, the hidden sorrows, the inner trials and triumphs, which might profoundly interest and affect us. All this the novelist discloses to us; and that is what makes a great novel the most powerful of all teachers.

Besides the moral influence it exercises directly and indirectly through the reading of its books, the public library furnishes in itself, as well as through its books, an excellent school of manners, which have been defined as minor morals. These functions should be added to my brief list of the benefits of a public library.

Franklin was able, in a few years, to note the obvious effect of the subscription library movement started by him. "These libraries," he says, "have improved the general conversation of Americans, and made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen in other countries."

The Ben Franklin of to-day—I think it will be generally admitted that for practical sagacity the country has not seen his equal since the death of Franklin—has shown beyond question his opinion of the supreme value of the public library. It is significant, and a strong argument for the utility of the library, that the two men who, in the history of this country, stand most eminent for shrewdness and practical wisdom, are the *first* founder of a library in America and the *greatest* founder of libraries the world has ever seen. I think most persons will agree that no one is a better judge of what constitutes a good investment than Andrew Carnegie.

We cannot go far in the discussion of any high theme without coming upon the original and fundamental question of the origin and destiny of man and the end and aim of his earthly activities. Individual men work with numerous different ends in view; the great mass, sad to say, with no other thought than physical existence. But the divinity that shapes our ends has, beyond doubt, a definite design. As we get glimpses of the undeveloped pattern in the loom of time, and as we view larger sections pictured in the visions of poets and prophets, we are led to believe that the design is a constant approximation to a perfected man in a perfected society. We may hasten this

process or we may retard it. It seems to be a phase of our destiny that we are at intervals seized with sudden accessions of madness; it seems to be a part of the plan of the Weaver to allow us, occasionally, to unravel the product of a toilsome quarter-century; but the work is resumed, and the fabric grows in length and breadth and beauty of design.

As I have said, we generally get what we really pray for. "It was the wise Goethe," quotes Mr. Henderson in his "Education and the Larger Life," "who said, 'Be careful what you pray for in your youth, lest you get too much of it in your old age.'

"If we pray for profit and wages and all sorts of messes of pottage, we shall get them. If we pray for outward conformity and stock education, we shall get them. If we pray for ugliness and squalor and sweatshops and the tenement-house of a hundred sorrows, we shall get them.

"But suppose that we changed our prayer. Suppose that we prayed for health and beauty and accomplishment and power and social fellowship, for that human wealth which will go all round, for the wealth of individual integrity and of social well-being. Surely as come the seed-time and the harvest, we should get these things too."

The purpose of all man's activities is the making, the improving, the uplifting of man himself; and that is the highest type of community that furnishes to every individual member the best environment, the most favorable opportunities, for this main end and purpose. As Channing says: "The glory and happiness of a community consists in vigorous efforts, springing from love sustained by faith, for the diffusion, through all classes, of intelligence, of self-respect, of self-control, of thirst for knowledge and for moral and religious growth. . . . It is a plain truth, and yet how little understood, that the greatest thing in a city is man himself. He is its end. We admire its palaces; but the mechanic who builds them is greater than the palaces. . . . You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here?"

Or, as Ruskin tersely put it, "That is the richest community that nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy souls."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Anno 1870. By Detley von Liliencron. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 138 pages.

Century of Sonnets (A). By S. B. Herrick. R. H. Russell, New York. 6×7¾ in. 109 pages. $2.60, net.

A very taking little quarto, bound in white vellum tastefully stamped in gilt, containing a selection of sonnets, beginning with Wordsworth and ending with William Watson and Philip Bourke Marston, prefaced by an introduction which defines the sonnet, describes it, and gives a brief historical résumé of the development and practice of the art.

Circle (The). By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages. $1.50.

An English novel of singular character and some promise. It follows the life of the daughter of an exile in London, and carries her around the "circle" of solitude, ambition, activity under trying conditions, and a voluntary return for a time at least to the shadows of obscurity. It has one or two improbabilities, and is sometimes keyed a little too high. A love motive runs through and governs the story.

English Language (The): An Introduction to the Principles which Govern its Right Use. By Frederick Manley and W. N. Hailmann. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. 5×7⅜ in. 447 pages. 75c.

Irrigation Institutions: A Discussion of the Economic and Legal Questions Created by the Growth of Irrigated Agriculture in the West. By Elwood Mead, C.E., M.S. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 492 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Jonathan: A Tragedy. By Thomas Ewing, Jr. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 148 pages. $1.

The author has imbued himself with the Bible narrative and other portions of the Hebrew literature. He has, however, happily, not attempted to reproduce archaic diction. His style is at once natural and dignified. The dramatic movement centers, not about the exaltation of David, but about the tragic career of Jonathan. It is not unlikely that many who read this tragedy will find their interest in the Biblical narrative decidedly

quickened by seeing its human traits from this new point of view.

Lady of the Lake (The). By Sir Walter Scott. Edited by George Rice Carpenter. (Longmans' English Classics.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 191 pages. 75c.

Little Green God (The). By Caroline Atwater Mason. (Second Edition.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 146 pages. 75c.

A satire on the religious fads that are sometimes cultivated by "society people," even by those within "church circles." It is the story of a missionary from India, who, on a visit to the United States, is "wounded in the house of his friends," and returns to the missionary field where to him life is simpler and kindlier. There is not one thrust in this book that is too severe. Its great defect, however, is its choice of types for characters. The missionary is too shabby; the daughter and wife of his clerical host are too frivolous.

Making of Our Middle Schools: An Account of the Development of Secondary Education in the United States. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 547 pages. $3.

Both the special student and the general reader who is at all interested in what is commonly called high-school education will find this both an attractive and a valuable work. Treating his subject historically, Professor Brown recognizes three distinct periods: the first, identical with that of our colonial history; the second, extending from the Revolutionary to the Civil War; the third, from then till the present time. In the first the general type of secondary education was that of the old "grammar," or "Latin," school derived from English models; in the second the academy and in the third the high school are the representative type. In the treatment of the problems, old and new, which the expanding field of secondary education presents, the history of its gradual development here presented is a desirable illuminant of the onward way. The glimpses given of the colonial grammar schools, and of their successors the academies, are sufficiently anecdotical for the curious and instructive for the thoughtful reader. We have improved upon their methods, but whether we have improved upon their product in point of fitness for a career is more open to question. The influence that the growth of democracy has had on the development of our educational system is large, and is amply recognized in these pages. What the whole movement has led up to, and is pointing to, is considered in the closing chapters. The bibliographical notes appended to successive chapters, and the multifarious information embodied in the appendices, round out the subject completely.

Master of Warlock (The): A Virginia War Story. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 433 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Eggleston's latest story, like its immediate predecessor, has value as showing the Confederate side of the Civil War. Even to the reader who does not care much about history, the fact that every page bears evidence the writer's first-hand knowledge is of value. The tale is not only charming because of exact local color, but is also lifelike as to the character-drawing.

Murillo. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 67 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Mystery of Sleep (The). By John Bigelow, LL.D. (Second Edition, Rewritten and Enlarged.) Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 216 pages. $1.50.

A second edition, rewritten and enlarged, of Mr. Bigelow's very suggestive and thoughtful discussion of the significance of sleep.

Negro in Africa and America (The). By Joseph Alexander Tillinghast, M.A. (Publications of the American Economic Association.) Published for the Society by the Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 231 pages. $1.25.

A valuable pessimistic monograph. The author apparently does not believe that religion or education or political rights can lift American negroes above the level of the lowest whites, although among whites these forces have lifted to the very highest level of civilization families and races once as despised as the negroes. Negroes are to him a race apart, and he does not compare their achievements with those of whites having the poorest environment, but with the general achievements of our race, which also stands as a thing apart, as if all its members sustained its standards. For this reason his figures as to negro crime are utterly misleading, and his figures as to negro industrial progress are, if possible, worse. Indeed, he denies negro industrial progress since the overthrow of slavery, which institution, however, he somewhat inconsistently condemns as an anachronism. Nevertheless, despite the limitations due to want of human sympathy with the race investigated, the volume is a valuable contribution to the literature of the negro problem. Its spirit is scientific, and the facts which it presents, though partial, are true and significant, and ought to be known to the friends of the negro race, as they are already known to those who would abridge its rights.

New Boy at Dale (The). By Charles Edward Rich. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 294 pages. $1.25, net.

The story of a boy stolen from home who gets into circus life, then goes to school, has boyish sorrows and joys and exciting adventures, becomes an athlete, and finally takes part in an exciting boat race. There is vivacity in the telling. Few more interesting boys' books are published.

Notre Dame de Paris: A Short History and Description of the Cathedral. By Charles Hiatt. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 107 pages. $1.

Mr. Charles Hiatt, who has already written interestingly and instructively of Westminster, Chester, and Beverley, has now published a capital account of Notre Dame at Paris. The work is commendable from every point of view; the architect and the student of architecture will find suggestion in it, and the stranger in Paris will gain from it what he cannot find in the ordinary guide-book. Lastly, the lover of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de

Paris" ought to have Mr. Hiatt's volume at hand during the next reading of what many consider Hugo's masterpiece. For, with Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi" and Scott's "Quentin Durward" and Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," the "Notre Dame de Paris" of Victor Hugo is a book which should be read and read and read again, even to the exclusion of present-day production of so-called historical novels.

Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck. By Sidney Whitman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8½ in. 346 pages. $1.60, net. (Postage additional.)

To his "Imperial Germany," "Teuton Studies," "The Realm of the Hapsburgs," and "The King of Rumania," Mr. Sidney Whitman now adds a book which in appeal to all who are interested in the personal rather than in the political may find a greater welcome than that which has attended the publication of the other works. Mr. Whitman was one of the few persons who had frequent access to Prince Bismarck and who knew him well. This Boswell-like description of the Iron Chancellor, therefore, bears on every page the mark of first-hand knowledge. This is emphasized by the Introduction, which fits the reader to understand Mr. Whitman's train of thought and his standpoint as compared with the thought and standpoints of others who have written appreciations of the Iron Chancellor. It will take more than this book, however, completely to convince Americans that the Bismarckian ideal of politics was the loftiest. No matter how Titanic Bismarck's genius for centralization and organization, there was still in his character a latent element of uncouthness and boorishness. Compared with such statesmen and contemporaries as Gladstone, for instance, we seem somehow let down from the spiritual to the material. Yet, as we also learn from Mr. Whitman's pages (and as other biographers—Mr. Stearns, Mr. Jacks, Herr Busch, and M. Andler, for instance—have already shown), the task which Bismarck had to do needed a rough-and-ready "boss." Present-day tasks do not need so much roughness, although they need more readiness. That they are being accomplished, in some respects better than the old Chancellor would have accomplished them, cannot be doubted by those who have admired the notably strong actions of Chancellors Caprivi, Hohenlohe, and Bülow. If Bismarck laid only a rough foundation for the great German Empire which he unified, he did at least lay the foundations strong, so that they cannot be moved. His was not a builder's hand for the superstructure.

Pride of Tellfair (The). By Elmore Elliott Peake. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 400 pages. $1.50.

While there is a good deal that is rather trivial and crude here, while the construction is inchoate and the writing often careless, it remains true that the author gets very close to the people he is portraying; the characters are live human beings with real fun in them, people who seem natural because they have little faults and inconsistencies and attractions, as well as more serious qualities. There are many amusing side incidents and minor characters—the grumpy old squire and the jovial oldest inhabitant, for instance. The "hero" ("leading young man" would be a better phrase) is a shrewd, able, persuasive young country lawyer, and the "heroine" is a charming and sweet girl. The total result is a photographic picture of a typical small town of the Middle States, its oddities, amusements, gossip, and love affairs.

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1902. The Government Printing-Office, Washington, D. C. 6×10 in. 229 pages.

Romance of Cinderella (The). Done in Rhyme by Ella N. Boult. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 6½×10 in. 146 pages.

This volume should find its place among the lavishly illustrated and superbly bound books for children, and yet there is in text and illustration a great deal which will appeal to the reader of larger growth. Both text and illustration are abundantly worthy of the publisher's superb setting.

San Francisco and Thereabout. By Charles Keeler. Illustrated. The California Promotion Committee, San Francisco. 6×9¼ in. 97 pages.

Short History and Description of the Church and Abbey of Mont S. Michel. By H. J. L. J. Massé, M.A. Illustrated. (Bell's Handbooks to Continental Churches.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 138 pages. $1.

This is the latest addition to Bell's "Handbooks to Continental Churches," and is the history and description of the Church and Abbey of Mont St. Michel, with a brief account of the town. The history is condensed, and the book is generously supplied with admirable illustrations.

Sir John Everett Millais. By A. L. Baldry. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 64 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Thirsting for the Springs. By J. H. Jowett, M.A. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 4½×7½ in. 208 pages.

The Outlook has had occasion to speak warmly of the preceding volumes which have introduced Mr. Jowett to American readers. The present volume includes two dozen sermonettes, originally published in the "Examiner," on themes of every-day religion, devotional and practical, and here collected in response to many requests for their republication. The pulpit of Carrs Lane, Birmingham, has been filled for a century by men of power. These short sermons exhibit the qualities by which Mr. Jowett, the successor of the late Dr. Dale, maintains its attractiveness and influence unimpaired.

Watteau and His School. By Edgcumbe Staley, B A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 160 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Works of Jane Austen (The). Hampshire Edition. In 5 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4×6¾ in. $5.

An altogether desirable and pleasing small volume edition.

Correspondence

Gifts to Institutions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook remarks anent the recent discussion of "Tainted Money" in its pages that "it apparently leaves President Bascom alone in his contention that trustees of benevolent institutions are to sit in judgment on the moral character of the transactions by which the money has been made which is offered to them for public use." You do not wish to devote more space to this discussion; but will you permit me to say how emphatically I indorse President Bascom's words, to express the opinion that were a free and full discussion possible, he would be found to be one of a great company, and to add that were this not true the future of the American church and college would, in my judgment, be black indeed. May I also say that I can find no such condemnation of President Bascom's position and indorsement of your own in President Pritchett's letter as your comment upon that letter implies. Surely President Pritchett does not mean to say that if Tweed, in the case supposed of the gift of a million dollars to Columbia for a school of politics, had said nothing about the school bearing his name, it would have been right to take it. His point, as I understand it, is that, while an institution cannot trace back each gift to its origin, and while the dishonestly earned million from a repentant sinner should certainly be accepted, the million from a notorious sinner still in the midst of his sinning cannot be accepted at all by an institution which would maintain moral leadership. That there may not be confusion left in this matter, the seriousness of which The Outlook surely recognizes as clearly as I and others do, will you kindly inform your readers whether we are correct in understanding you to hold that it would have been right for Columbia College to permit Tweed in the heyday of his career to found its school of politics, provided it did not bear his name, and that it would be decent for Delaware to-day similarly to accept from Mr. Addicks, whose "holding of a State" Mr. Kennan chances at moment to be exposing in your pages, a million dollars for a new school of politics or religion at Wilmington?

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, February 7.

[We cannot better answer this question than by repeating the statement in our original editorial "If there is a reasonable suspicion that conditions exist in the mind of the donor which are not expressed, there may be occasions on which it would be legitimate for the board of trustees to avoid misunderstanding by some explicit statement." In the two cases to which our correspondent refers, it might be very proper for the trustees explicitly to declare to the donor their condemnation of his character and course, and, if he was still willing that the gift should stand, with this public condemnation coming from them, we see no reason why the money should not be taken and devoted to beneficent purposes. The objection to the doctrine that a board of trustees may constitute itself a counsel, prosecuting attorney, judge, and jury, and try, convict, and condemn a donor of money without a hearing, and punish him for his real or supposed offense by refusing to accept his gift, is clearly and well put by the "Evening Post" in the following paragraph: "If a college should refuse to accept their surplus wealth, an honest man should decline to buy their products, a Christian should scorn to receive their pay, a conscientious investor should see that no securities tainted by their management shall enter his strong box. In fine, no taint attaches to the beneficence of a wealthy ill-doer which does not infect all his other activities. The college president who accepts an endowment from him is technically no more *particeps criminis* than the clerk who draws his pay from him."—THE EDITORS.]

A Statesman's Valedictory

To the Editors of The Outlook:

At this time, when the unscrupulous portion of the press is endeavoring to embitter popular feeling against Germany, the farewell address of Ambassador White at the banquet tendered to him by the German-American Society in Berlin, last November, is not only wholesome but

desirable reading. In this address Dr. White made an extended review of German-American relations in education and politics, in peace and in war. One passage must be quoted here: "When some of my fellow-citizens have endeavored in these latter days to reproach Germany with anti-American feeling in a more recent military struggle between our country and another power, I have reminded them that this more recent estrangement is infinitely outweighed by the fact that, in that life-and-death struggle for the very existence of our Nation, Germany was the only great country in which all classes, from first to last, stood by us through evil report and good report."

This address, wisely quenching the coals of strife, deserves to be read throughout the land. The "Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn., is, so far as I am aware, the only journal that has published it in full—some nine columns. It is given in the "Weekly" for January 14, and can be procured for ten cents.

W.

Country Schools

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Matson says (in The Outlook for December 27 last), "The methods used in the average country school are much the same as they were two or three decades ago." The rural school teachers know this to be a misstatement, an honest one, no doubt. The day has passed when the country school was "let out" to any little girl of fifteen who "stood high" in her class, provided she would run the school for the least money. To-day nearly all rural schools have college, normal, or training school graduates for teachers; these graduates, trained in the latest educational thought, are not likely to go backward, and to look up, at great cost, the grandmother methods.

Then, they are too independent to be tied to any precedent, and too well supervised not to go straight on toward the newest—a walk which their inclination usually approves. Western Massachusetts has made a special way to place her small schools in line with the large town schools, by offering to teachers of the former two dollars per week extra wages, the one condition being that the towns thus favored shall employ only well-graduated and naturally well-equipped teachers.

Throughout New England several small schools unite in choosing a superintendent in common for their twenty-five or thirty schools. At intervals of three weeks or less each school receives an official visit. The superintendent, often a former grammar or high school teacher, is alive, and he imparts life to the children in his charge; his teachers are required to fill in, from their own mental resources, a well-defined outline of study; if they fail in this, they are dismissed from the service.

In towns where there are both the one-grade and the multigrade schools the same course of study is strictly followed by the two classes of schools, so that a pupil studying in the fifth grade in his school, numbering eight, could step on any day into the fifth grammar grade of a town school.

We quote from authority: "The education of the children in the small rural schools is as carefully considered, the standards of work are as fixed, the supervision as thorough, the results as good, as in the grade schools of our large towns and cities."

A. C. S.

For the Boys

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The rallying-point of all the boys' clubs of one New York neighborhood is found in the block on East One Hundred and Fifteenth Street between First and Pleasant Avenues. Congregated in back rooms and in cellars, mostly under saloons, clubs of from twenty-five to thirty boys pass the evenings playing a few games, making some speeches, and doing a great deal in the way of boxing and amateur prize-rings.

The Home Garden recently purchased the house at 419 East One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, in the midst of this community of clubs. It was soon whispered abroad that there were games and warm, well-lighted rooms inside, and as a consequence many eyes were turned towards the comfortable-looking little red brick house.

Already many of the boys come in the afternoon to play games and read, and it only awaits volunteer workers or money to pay regular workers for the evenings to see a wholesale desertion of cellars and back rooms; for, as one boy expressed it,

"the clubs don't last long, for somebody swipes the money; then the club busts."

The managers of the Home Garden recently held their second anniversary, and all were enthusiastic over the progress of the work which had such small beginnings.

The Play-school is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and stands in need of financial help in carrying on the work. All communications may be addressed to the Superintendent, Miss Anna C. Ruddy, The Home Garden, 419 East 115th Street, New York.

The Child and the Bible

A correspondent writes: "I am reading the Bible to a girl of twelve years. How can I explain the attitude of the Lord toward his chosen people, the Jews, in the first two books of the Old Testament? I do not believe the Lord gave such personal instructions as is assumed, or that he favored inhuman measures of any kind. I do not like the child to get the idea that these things really occurred, but I am at a loss how to satisfactorily explain it myself."

We counsel the utmost frankness. It is certainly not right to give children certain ideas of truth which they will in after years learn are false. On the other hand, there is almost equal danger in trying to deal with the mind of a child as if it were the mind of an adult. The questionings that come to you are not the questionings that come to a child; and till that questioning spirit arises, it is not well to arouse it. As soon, however, as the child begins to question whether really God did command certain cruel things to be done, the child ought to be treated with the same fairness with which you would treat yourself. Thus, for instance, the naïve belief in fairies and in sprites, which is so characteristic of young children, is something which we would not on any account drive out of them; but when the time comes in the child's life for that belief gradually to be dissipated, it belongs to the parent to see that true conceptions—conceptions in accordance with actual facts—are put in the place of such belief. So it is with regard to the Bible. It may be added, care should be taken that in this process too much emphasis be not placed upon the negative side, and greater attention, for that reason, should be given to the moral and spiritual teachings which underlie even those stories which repel us the most.

Fighting Tuberculosis

The New York City Charity Organization Society's Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis now has one hundred families in charge, in each of which there are one or more victims of the disease. Among these there are not less than twenty for whom care in sanatoria or board in private families in the country is regarded by their physicians as absolutely essential. All of the sanatoria are filled to overflowing, and most have waiting lists. The Committee is therefore obliged to accept the alternative of boarding these patients, who are in the early stages of the disease, in suitable private boarding-houses. There has been much difficulty in finding boarding-places in which a suitable and sufficient diet can be assured. For the remaining patients, who cannot be removed from their homes, special diet and other forms of relief are required in an amount which cannot easily be supplied from existing relief agencies.

Under these circumstances the Committee asks for an immediate special fund of five thousand dollars for the special relief of cases under its care. It is desired to rent, in a suitable location, a farm-house, and to equip and maintain a modest boarding-house, in which accommodations can be provided, under medical supervision, for from twelve to fifteen young women, whose removal from their present unfavorable surroundings is most imperative. A portion of this sum should also be available for paying board, pending the completion of the plan above suggested, and the remainder for relief of those who must remain at home.

For the expense of its general work the Committee last summer appealed for ten thousand dollars, in response to which appeal eight thousand dollars have been received. The remaining two thousand asked for will barely be sufficient to carry through the current year the important work which the Committee has undertaken. The Secretary of the Committee is Mr. Charles M. Johnson. Contributions may be sent to him at 104 West Twenty-second Street, New York.

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VOL. 72 NO. 10

The Outlook

Saturday, March 7, 1903



Illustrated Magaz
Number for Ma



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The Outlook

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IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 73 March 7, 1903 No. 10

Vacation Experiences: Announcement of Prizes

The Editors of The Outlook have been very much gratified at the interest shown in the Prize Competition for the best account of vacation experiences written by subscribers or members of their families, and illustrated with original photographs, drawings, or sketches. Omitting a few articles which did not comply with the conditions of the contest as announced, there were received altogether one hundred and eighty articles. Manuscripts came from India, Persia, Germany, France, England, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Canada, and from nearly all the States and Territories of the United States. In deciding upon those which seemed most worthy of the prizes there was, naturally, some hesitation because of the necessity of judging upon the merits of both articles and pictures. In not a few cases pictures of very high merit accompanied distinctly inferior articles, and vice versa. The names of competitors were not known to the Committee. By the final decision reached, the First Prize of One Hundred Dollars is awarded to Miss Jane B. Reid, 227 East 18th Street, New York, for the article entitled "A Sketcher's Vacation in Shottery;" the Second Prize of Seventy-five Dollars is awarded to Mr. Isaac Ogden Rankin, Peekskill, N. Y., for the article entitled "The Lure of the Sea;" and the Third Prize of Fifty Dollars to Miss Vida D. Scudder, 350 Otis Street, West Newton, Mass., for the article entitled "Footprints of St. Francis."

The Committee also name as worthy of honorary mention, for the merits either of the article or the pictures, or both, those sent in by Mr. Norton Adams Kent, Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis.; Mr. Willis Bardwell, 60 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. T. E. Stutson, Fountain Street, West Newton, Mass.; and Mr. Cullen Bryant Snell, 24 Chadwick Street, Bradford, Mass.

The President and the South

With the directness and frankness in meeting criticism which have always characterized him, President Roosevelt has written a letter to the editor of the "Atlanta Constitution," Mr. Clay Howell, in which the President's position in regard to Federal appointments of negroes in the South is fully stated. The position taken is that ascribed to him a few weeks ago in The Outlook, in an editorial entitled "The President and the South." Mr. Roosevelt declares that in making appointments he has always sought to consider the feelings of the people of each territory, so far as he could consistently do so without sacrificing liberty:

> The prime tests I have applied have been those of character, fitness, and ability, and when I have been dissatisfied with what has been offered me in my own party lines I have without hesitation gone to the opposite party.

And he adds:

> I certainly cannot treat mere color as a bar to holding office, any more than I could so treat creed or birthplace—always providing that in other respects the applicant or incumbent is a worthy and well-behaved American citizen. Just as little will I treat it as conferring a right to hold office.

Mr. Roosevelt emphatically denies that the recent appointments in Charleston and Savannah, or his action in upholding the law at Indianola, have anything whatever to do with such questions as the social equality of the negro, or "negro domination." As was shown in the editorial to which we have referred, Mr. Roosevelt has appointed white office-holders to succeed colored office-holders quite as often as he has done the reverse, and the number of his appointments of colored men is less than that under the administration of Mr. McKinley. In fact, as he tells us now, the proportion of colored men among the new appointees is only about one in a hundred. It is not surprising, in view of these facts, that the President declares himself to be surprised and somewhat pained at what seems to him the "incomprehensible outcry in the South about my actions," but he shows very plainly that his course in this method has been dictated throughout by what seem to him essential principles of justice, and he declares that he does not propose to swerve one hair's-breadth from this course in the future. We do not see how he can, if he is to be consistent with the essential principles of justice, with the repeatedly affirmed declarations of the Republican party, and with his own essential character and lifelong course.

The Statehood Bill Sidetracked

The Omnibus Statehood Bill was definitely defeated last week. While the bill commanded a numerical majority of the Senate, the opposition to it was more insistent than its support, and more ready to assume the responsibility of an extra session by keeping the bill before the Senate to the exclusion of other measures. Party discipline also aided the opposition. Nearly two-thirds of the present Senate is Republican, and the Republican party is manifestly responsible for legislation. The fact that about two-thirds of the Republican Senators opposed the Statehood Bill, therefore, made the Republican minority favoring it anxious to reach a compromise with their party colleagues. Such a compromise was reached last week. By its terms the Republican Senators at the next session of Congress are to bring in and pass a bill for the admission of two States instead of three—Arizona and New Mexico being joined together in a single State until the section now known as Arizona has a population of three hundred thousand and the people of both sections assent to division. To the Democrats this compromise was unacceptable for party reasons, as the present overwhelming Republican majority in New Mexico would overcome the small Democratic majority in Arizona and make the new State Republican. They also urged that the proposed single State would be of unwieldy size—joining districts as remote from each other as Maine and Indiana—and that the union of the two Territories was unsatisfactory to the people now resident in them. This Democratic opposition, of course, made impossible the immediate passage of the compromise Statehood Bill, and Senator Quay stood ready to pass his original measure as a rider on one of the appropriation bills. The Democratic Senators, however, after some consultation, decided not to lend their support to this objectionable method of securing legislation. On Saturday of last week three Democratic

Senators—Bacon, Martin, and Tillman—voted with thirty-nine Republicans to set aside the Statehood Bill in favor of the Aldrich Currency Bill. Only Senator Quay and seventeen Democrats voted against this disposition of the measure.

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The Currency Bills The Aldrich Currency Bill is thus given the right of way in the Senate. It may add in the neighborhood of one hundred million dollars to the currency of the country. This bill, it will be recalled, allows the National banks, with which Government money is deposited, to secure these deposits by means of State, county, city, and railroad bonds. By the present law the banks receiving these deposits must give Government bonds as security, and at the present time one hundred and twenty-five millions of Government bonds are now in the Treasury as security for these deposits. By allowing the banks to substitute other bonds they may use their Government bonds as the basis for issuing an additional one hundred and twenty-five millions of bank notes. The fact that the Aldrich bill requires the banks receiving Government deposits hereafter to pay one and one-half per cent. interest upon them, instead of receiving them without interest as at present, makes the bill exceptionally satisfactory to the Democrats—though Senator Bailey, of Texas, has broken with his party colleagues by championing the request of the bankers in various sections that no interest be required of them. The chief objection urged against the Aldrich bill is that it permits railroad bonds, as well as public bonds, to be used to secure deposits, and excludes the public bonds of new counties and small cities from such use. In the House of Representatives Chairman Fowler, of the Committee on Banking and Currency, has amended his bill so as to permit National banks to receive public deposits up to seventy-five per cent. of their capital without giving any security, and he would require the banks henceforth to pay two per cent. interest on their Government deposits. It is not likely, however, that his bill can be accepted, as the Republicans are not united for it and the Democrats will fight relentlessly against his original and main proposal to allow banks to issue currency based on their assets and unsecured by Government bonds. In this opposition The Outlook heartily agrees. No supposed advantage from a larger or a more flexible currency can countervail the disadvantages of a currency less secure, in all times of panic as well as of prosperity, than our present currency. The Aldrich bill provides for a great expansion of the currency without altering the basis of issue. All of our currency will still be guaranteed by the Government.

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Legislation Impeded in Both Houses Hardly was the Statehood Bill out of the way in the Senate before legislation was obstructed by a party wrangle in the House. The occasion of the House dispute was the attempt of the Republican majority to unseat in the last fortnight of the session a Democratic member from St. Louis, Mo., who had a majority of over three thousand votes on the face of the returns. Although there were evidences of corruption sufficient to vitiate the whole election, the Democrats denounced the attempt to seat the contesting Republican at the close of the session as a deliberate "theft" of ten thousand dollars from the public treasury, and left the chamber so as to break up a quorum. Undeterred by these tactics, the Republicans seated their man, apparently going somewhat further than Speaker Reed in their methods of counting a quorum. The Democrats thereupon began to carry out their threat to filibuster against further legislation if their member was unseated, and proceeded to make every dilatory motion permissible under the House rules. These, however, as a natural consequence, were further amended so as to enable the majority to do business, and the net outcome seems to be a further diminution of the already attenuated privileges of the minority in the House. The prospects, as we go to press, are that the appropriation bills will pass both houses of Congress at this session, and also the Immigration Restriction Bill, but little other legislation is probable. Even the Immigration Bill has been rendered practically worthless by the insistence of Senator Elkins and a few others that the educational test be dropped. Senator

Fairbanks, of Indiana, openly asserted that Senator Elkins's obstruction was due to his determination to get cheap labor of whatever quality for the mines and railroads of his State. The hope of passing the Panama Canal Treaty at this session is practically dead, as Senator Morgan is willing to take the responsibility of defeating it, and Senator Rawlins, of Utah, and Dubois, of Idaho, who are openly opposed to the construction of any canal to divert traffic from their States, are supporting him in prolonging the debate. The probabilities are that President Roosevelt will call an extra session of the Senate immediately upon the adjournment of Congress, to secure action upon both the Panama and Cuban treaties.

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The Anti-Lottery Decision

The Sepreme Court of the United States has decided that Congress has a right under the Constitution to prohibit the carriage of lottery tickets by express companies from one State to another. Congress first prohibited the use of the mails for this purpose. Then the express companies were used, and the lottery tickets continued to be sold and sent throughout the Union. Then Congress enacted a law prohibiting all sending of lottery tickets from one State to another. A Mr. Champion was in Chicago, representing what was known as the Pan-American Lottery of Paraguay. He was arrested on the charge of delivering a box of lottery tickets to the Wells-Fargo Express Company in Texas for shipment to California. He was arrested in Chicago to be taken to Texas, but sued out a writ of habeas corpus, which the Federal Circuit Court sitting in Chicago refused to grant. He appealed from that decision to the Supreme Court, and it is this appeal which has now been decided adversely to him. The case has been three times argued before the Court, the lottery and express companies being represented by ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle, James C. Carter, and William D. Guthrie, of the New York bar. Assistant Attorney-General James M. Beck represented the Government. It cannot, therefore, be doubted that the question has been very thoroughly considered. It is conceded that under the Constitution Congress has no police power to prohibit lotteries in the States; the question was whether, under the clause of the Constitution giving Congress power over inter-State commerce, it had a right to prohibit such commerce in lottery tickets. The Court decided, by a vote of five to four, that it had such power. The opinion of the Court was presented by Mr. Justice Harlan; the dissenting opinion by Chief Justice Fuller.

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The Significance of This Decision

The direct importance of this decision is very considerable. It puts an end, probably forever, to all general lottery business, though it still leaves open the door to quasi-lotteries, such as gift enterprises and guessing contests. Its indirect importance is possibly even greater. It is thought in certain circles to sustain the contention of Attorney-General Knox that Congress can prohibit commerce in all trust-made articles, and can thus indirectly strike at monopolies which it cannot directly prohibit. No doubt it gives a basis of hope for such a decision to those who agree with Attorney-General Knox; but this is all that can be said. A decision of a court decides nothing beyond the principle *necessarily* involved in the case before the court. The line which divides the decision of a court from the opinion of the judge or judges delivering the decision has been thus defined by the Supreme Court itself: "It is a maxim not to be disregarded that general expressions in every opinion are to be taken in connection with the case in which those expressions are used. If they go beyond the case, they may be respected, but ought not to control the judgment in a subsequent case when the very point is presented." In this case the Court does not decide that Congress may determine, without qualification, for what purposes the instruments of inter-State commerce may be used; it simply decides that it may prohibit their use for purposes which it regards as immoral. The point decided is thus clearly and definitely stated by Mr. Justice Harlan:

> The whole subject is too important, and the questions suggested by its consideration are too difficult of solution, to justify any attempt

to lay down a rule for determining in advance the validity of every statute that may be enacted under the commerce clause. We decide nothing more in the present case than that lottery tickets are subjects of traffic among those who choose to sell or buy them; that the carriage of such tickets by independent carriers from one State to another is, therefore, inter-State commerce; that under its power to regulate commerce among the several States, Congress—subject to the limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the exercise of the powers granted—has plenary authority over such commerce, and may prohibit the carriage of such tickets from State to State; that legislation to that end and of that character is not inconsistent with any limitation or restriction imposed upon the exercise of the powers granted to Congress.

All, therefore, that can be said is that the decision looks in the direction of very large powers of Congress over the subject of inter-State commerce. It indicates a probability that the Supreme Court will decide, whenever the question is presented, that Congress may prohibit the use of inter-State commerce for any articles so controlled that the conditions of their sale are oppressive and work injustice to the people; but this has not been so decided as yet.

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Municipal Railways in G eat Britain

The National Convention on Municipal Ownership held in New York City last week under the auspices of the Reform Club had a good deal of the character of a national convention for municipal ownership. This was no part of the plan of the meeting, which provided for the bi-partisan discussion of each phase of municipal business activity under consideration; it was due to the fact that the audience which gathered and those speakers who were not definitely secured to oppose municipal ownership were remarkably favorable to its extension. At the first day's sessions the most interesting discussion was that upon the public ownership of street railways. The affirmative side of this question was presented by Mr. Charles R. Bellamy, the General Manager of the Municipal Street Railways of Liverpool, who had come to this country to attend the conference. In his introduction Mr. Bellamy said that the criticisms of English municipal enterprise came chiefly from Americans. In Liverpool, he said, results had demonstrated the wisdom of the change from the private to the public ownership of street railways. It had taken place in 1897, because of public dissatisfaction with the private company, whose lease had still several years to run. The city was compelled to pay nearly three million dollars for the horse traction plant, which it discarded, and it provided a new electric plant with a much greater mileage for six million dollars additional. It reduced fares nearly one-half—making the rate two cents within the old city and four cents if the ride extended to the suburbs. It increased the pay of the workmen, giving them a ten-hour day instead of a thirteen-hour day. The gain to the employees last year through the changes made in their favor was $200,000; the gain to the traveling public through lower fares was $1,600,000; and yet, despite these concessions, the municipal railway had gross profits equal to $855,000, or nine and one-half per cent. on the total investment. This not only provided for interest payments and sinking fund payments sufficient to extinguish the debt in twenty-five years, but left a balance of over $300,000, which was in part set aside as a general reserve fund and in part used to the relief of local taxes. This paper read by Mr. Bellamy was followed by one forwarded by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, declaring municipal transportation a failure in England and urging in general terms that it was "ridiculous to think that a municipality could run a railroad economically or wisely," because the people as a whole know nothing about railroads. The argument was not suited to the temper of the audience, which evidently believed that in the management of public franchises, as well as of other public affairs, the people could select agents capable of rendering satisfactory service.

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Municipal Railways in Amcrica

In America the municipal operation of street railroads has had no important trial—except the highly successful one in connection with the Brooklyn Bridge—but municipal ownership is now on trial in the new subway system of New York, which is merely leased to the constructing and operating company. Mr. Edward M. Shepard, of the New York Rapid Transit Commission, gave the Con-

vention a most interesting account of the history of the leasing of the New York and Brooklyn routes. The New York statute, he recalled, forbade the city to furnish the money for the construction of the system unless a responsible private company would lease the roads for fifty years at a rental sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds issued and pay off their principal by the end of the term. When the Commission, he said, went to Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Gould, and Mr. Clark (the President of the New Haven road), all of these railroad experts treated with the utmost contempt the suggestion that the subway could be made financially profitable. It was a distinct public triumph, therefore, when the Commission found a responsible contractor willing to accept the terms required by the statute. Yet so great has been the advance in the prestige of rapid transit enterprises during the past few years that when the Commission wished to construct the Brooklyn route, a responsible bidder was willing to do the work for less than one-fourth of the engineer's estimate in order to get a lease limited to thirty-five years. Mr. Shepard believed that in future contracts the term of the lease could be reduced ten or fifteen years more and still find acceptance by responsible contractors who would pay the interest on the bonds and hand the road over to the city free of debt at the end of the lease.

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Other Municipal Enterprises

After municipal transportation, municipal lighting was discussed, and this discussion brought out the statement of President Ingram, of the Detroit Electric Lighting Commission, that the initial success of the municipal plant had been exceeded with each succeeding year. Last year the average cost per street light (including a liberal estimate for loss of taxes through city ownership) was only $64, as against $132 in 1897 under the last contract with a private company. In the discussion of municipal telephones, Mr. Bethell, the General Manager of the Bell system in New York City, made a convincing statement as to the general superiority of privately owned telephone systems in America to the publicly owned systems of Europe, but Professor Parsons put in an equally conclusive way the general superiority of the publicly owned systems abroad to the privately owned systems abroad. As to this country, Professor Parsons's figures to show the possibilities of municipal ownership were based upon the remarkably low rates established in Rochester, N. Y., and many Western cities by companies competing with the Bell system. The one field in which there was no argument for private ownership was that of water supply. In some respects the most remarkable paper of the Convention was that of ex-President Hill, of the American Water Works Association, describing the recent substitution of a public system for a private system in Syracuse, N. Y., and the lower water rates, lower insurance rates, and lower death rates which have followed. Ex-President Hill's paper was the best answer given to the conservative aphorism of Mr. August Lewis, near the opening of the Convention, that if American municipalities would be "faithful over a few things," he was willing to make them "ruler over many things."

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Law Enforcement in West Virginia

The most serious of recent strike riots took place last week in the New River coal mining district of West Virginia. The strike in the district had practically failed, but the new men were the subjects of intimidation on the part of the strikers whose places they had taken. Saturday before last a Federal marshal who attempted to serve a blanket injunction against the strikers was ordered out of the district by armed miners, and the county sheriff, who attempted to make arrests for violations of State law, was treated in a similar way. Returning to Charleston, the Federal marshal was instructed to serve his processes at all hazards, and the sheriff met the resistance offered him in the same determined spirit. The two joined forces, and, with a hundred deputies at their command, surprised a camp of strikers. A conflict took place, in which three of the strikers were killed outright, two others mortally wounded, and sixty-three taken prisoners by the sheriff and ten more by the marshal. According to the reports, the State as well as the Federal authorities are determined to secure the speedy trial of

the arrested men, and the execution of the law upon all violators. The State of West Virginia is to be congratulated on having, apparently both in its State officers and its Federal officers, men of resolute purpose and unflinching courage. Whether the injunction issued by the Judge was right or wrong, just or unjust, it is wholly immaterial to inquire. This decision was the law of the land until it was reversed by peaceful proceedings. It was the duty of all good citizens to obey it. When men leagued themselves together to prevent obedience and to protect from arrest the men who had disobeyed, they became to that extent rebels against the Government of the State and of the United States. Every such act of rebellion ought to be put down with a strong hand. The country has been altogether too patient with or too indifferent toward such acts of rebellion. In a Republic like ours, it is the duty of every citizen to submit to the law until by peaceful process he can accomplish a change in the law. Violent resistance to law is justifiable only under conditions which justify a revolution—that is, the overthrow of the government. Does any reader ask, What, then, becomes of the doctrine of the Higher Law, of which so much was made in 1850–1860? The answer is very plain. If law inflicts on the individual injustice, he is to submit to the injustice; if it requires him to do an act of injustice, he is to refuse, and is to submit to the penalty. In either case he is to submit, and if he declines to do so voluntarily, then all the resources of the government must, if necessary, be called into requisition to compel his submission involuntarily. The sooner mob rioters learn this lesson the better, not only for the rest of the community, but also for the rioters themselves.



The National Guard and Trades-Unions

We are glad to report that in the case of William Potter, of Schenectady, the local Painters' Union has been persuaded by the officers of the International Painters' Union to reinstate Potter, who will remain a member of the militia also; the boycott against Potter's employers will be removed. But this is no reason for not pushing forward to a vote the bill pending in the Legislature of New York, providing imprisonment and fine for any person or association that shall discriminate against a member of the National Guard for the purpose of preventing him from securing employment. This bill has been opposed by some representatives of labor unions on the ground that the bill, if enacted, would make it possible for non-union laborers to join the National Guard and then compel union laborers to work with them. From the point of view of the general public, this is not a very serious objection to the bill. The right of union men to prohibit non-union men from working with them is very dubious. Still, a law ought not to attempt to secure by indirection what it does not attempt to secure directly, and if the Hughes bill is so framed that no member of the National Guard can be discharged from his Union or from employment, its phraseology ought to be changed. The fact that a man is a member of the National Guard is not of itself ground for keeping him either in a shop or a Union; but the State ought not to permit him to be discharged from the shop merely because he is a member of the Guard. The principles involved seem to us very clear and very simple, though there may be some difficulty in giving them adequate expression in legal enactment. They are as follows: Any Association has a right to determine the conditions of membership within the Association, providing those conditions are not immoral. A Quaker meeting has a right to excommunicate a man for joining the army; on the same principle the Union has a right to exclude a man for joining the National Guard. But no organization has a right to exclude, or endeavor to exclude, a man from employment because he has joined the National Guard and taken up arms for the protection of persons and property either from domestic violence or foreign foes. There is no evidence, so far as the public knows, that the Guard in this or in other States has been used for illegal purposes, or to aid capitalists or employers against labor unions, or to coerce men into work which they do not wish to undertake, or to shoot down unarmed and innocent persons. These charges, though made, seem to us so preposterous as not to require refutation. Certainly no [illegible] has been

given in support of them. The National Guard has simply been employed to protect persons and property against violence. This Legislature ought not to adjourn until it has done whatever may be necessary to protect the right of the State to have a militia, and the right of the militia to earn an honest livelihood.

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A Bad Bill

A bill has been introduced into the State Legislature by Senator Barnes, of Albany, and Assemblyman Morgan, of Brooklyn, providing for abolishing the State Reformatory for women at Bedford, N. Y., and the conversion of the buildings into a hospital for the insane. Prior to the establishment of this Reformatory the women were being constantly arrested and fined, or given short sentences in the district prison, jail, or workhouse, where they were associated with those older in years and crime. In these prisons no reformatory methods were in use, and upon dismissal they easily fell victims to the dive-keepers. It was to separate them from the older criminals, to place them in a different environment, to educate and train them in industries which would render them self-supporting in after life, that the plan of this Reformatory was conceived. It took nine years of unceasing effort to secure the passage of the bill, and nine more passed before the institution was ready for occupancy. It was finally opened in May of 1901, and now, after the expiration of twenty months, has a census of 197 women, a large proportion of whom give promise of becoming law-abiding citizens. A number are already out on parole, and thus far have proved themselves worthy to be trusted. Commissions sent from Connecticut and New Jersey to visit the various Reformatories of the Eastern States found the methods employed at Bedford superior to those elsewhere, and have taken it for their model. It is difficult for us to understand why Mr. Barnes should have introduced a bill to abolish this Reformatory, or why any Senator or Assemblyman should vote for it. We appeal to all members of the Legislature to refuse it their support until they have become acquainted with the history of the Reformatory; if they do become acquainted with its history and work, they will not consent to its abolition.

Tenement-House Reform in Manhattan and Brooklyn

Every week, since the introduction into the New York Legislature of the bills devised to weaken the present legal requirements concerning tenement-houses, has seen the protest against these bills become more vehement. This protest, too, is coming from those whose very lives will be imperiled by a relaxing of the present law. An organization of janitors on the East Side of Manhattan has unanimously declared that the present law has made it easier to keep the tenements clean and wholesome and that the proposed bills would, if enacted, undo the reform so far achieved. These janitors know what they speak of; they not only live in the tenements, but they know from the nature of their business the difficulties involved in tenement-house life. In Brooklyn, people who want this question decided on a basis not of mere dollars and cents have found in Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis an able and eloquent spokesman. His statement is the most cogent and pertinent we have seen concerning the bearing of these amendments upon Brooklyn. The following, which we quote from the address, puts the issue as it especially affects that borough:

> There is one provision in the proposed law that appeals to every citizen of Brooklyn. It is proposed to leave the law that safeguards the tenement-houses of New York, but to legalize the bad features of the tenement-house for Brooklyn. It is said that landlords will then be able to build tenement-houses that will rent for $7 a month. Rents in New York will be higher. The ignorant, the weak, sometimes the vicious, will come to Brooklyn as a consequence. London learned years ago what Brooklyn will learn if this new law passes. London permitted certain cheap tenement-houses in an exempt region, and it was the home of ignorance, filth, squalor, and vice. There are a hundred old houses near Fulton Ferry, in Furman Street, and on the edge of Brooklyn Heights, that the householders on the Heights could afford to burn down, in the certainty that their own property would be enhanced in value sufficiently to pay the cost and derive a higher gain. For one, I believe that those who have supported this new law have done so without the full realization of the risks that are involved.

Do the people of Brooklyn want a law which will allow brownstone fronts to be turned at the will of the landlord into five-family tenements, and the slums driven out of the Borough of Manhattan to be welcomed with open arms to the Borough

of Brooklyn? To this question they ought to give a prompt and explicit answer.

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The Typhoid Epidemic at Ithaca

The outbreak of typhoid fever during February at Ithaca, the seat of Cornell University, has been the subject of many sensational reports. Ithaca consists of plateau, slope, and flats, through which flow three streams into Cayuga Lake. They are named respectively Fall, Cascadilla, and Six Mile Creek, the latter supplying the city water-mains. There are no dormitories on the campus, and the male students board in the city. Hence it has been impossible for the University authorities to exercise hygienic control. The long-agitated question of securing sufficient and pure water was complicated by the question of private or municipal ownership of the works. Six Mile Creek drains a valley fringed with dwellings, but hitherto the inspectors of the city Board of Health had no control of the area of supply or the elements making for contamination, nor had the water been dangerous. Indeed, Ithaca was noted for its salubriousness. In October, however, the water company imported gangs of Italians and Huns to build a dam for water storage. Early in January it was reported that among these strangers, who were about leaving, typhoid fever had broken out. This attracted little or no attention, especially as the dam was abandoned and the laborers had left. Late in the same month, immediately after an inundation, a hundred cases of "low" fever were reported, and soon the typhoid epidemic was revealed. The University infirmary and the city hospital were at once crowded. For the most part those most poorly fed or least careful of themselves were struck down first, and all were drinkers of Six Mile Creek water; no case was known on the campus, fed from Fall Creek, or among those drinking well-water, or even boiled water from Six Mile Creek. In reality, as the five weeks' experience shows, those who have applied science and boiled their water have been immune. Science teaches that typhoid fever "enters by the mouth" only. Public-spirited men and women both inside and outside of the University summoned physicians and nurses, provided comfortable quarters, bored artesian wells to furnish free drinking-water, and pledged the boarding-house keepers to vigilance and care in using only boiled water. The masterful energy with which President Schurman and the trustees coped with the situation is worthy of all praise. A new filtration plant costing $150,000 to be built with money loaned by the University, and rigid inspection by the city Board of Health—now clothed with State powers—will secure a speedy and permanent supply of pure water. The outcome for the University will probably be seen before long in campus dormitories, securing hygienic supervision. The epidemic is now thought to be under control and abating, and the mortality is below the average. Of the eighty or more cases among the students, who relatively have suffered most, twelve have died. Surely this incident points not only the moral of hygiene, but also of social science. As a living commentary on the truth that "no man liveth unto himself," it could hardly be excelled. In a city famous for learning and beautiful for situation, even while the people were boastful of healthy conditions, the neglect of the stranger within the gates brought calamity.

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The Methodist Mass-Meeting in New York

This year marks the bicentenary of the birth of John Wesley. Although the anniversary occurs on June 28, the Methodists of New York City have already celebrated the event by a great mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall. The day set, February 26, was chosen to suit the convenience of President Roosevelt, who was invited to make the principal address. Although the meeting was held under the auspices of the New York Thank-Offering Commission of the Methodists, having in charge the project of raising one million dollars with which to pay certain mortgages and debts and to endow certain philanthropic enterprises, no appeal for money was made at the meeting, unless a statement printed on the programme could be so termed. In its stead, eulogy of John Wesley and the interpretation of the religious movement which he inspired occupied the attention of the speakers and the audience. In introducing President Roosevelt the Chairman of the meeting asserted that the

Methodist Church, especially in the West, not only "converts men to the knowledge of the Saviour" and makes "good Methodists," but also is making "good Republicans." Though this is an undoubted fact—for the Methodist Church has not yet outgrown the traditions of anti-slavery times—President Roosevelt courteously but unmistakably protested that he came to address the people there assembled, not as representatives of a party, but as fellow-Americans; and this protest was greeted with a genuine burst of applause. The President's speech was a brief but illuminating statement of the historic force which Methodism has been in the development of America. He characteristically lauded the positive and aggressive virtues of the missionary preachers who gave impulse and guidance to the growth of the West. His address was thus not only a tribute to Methodism, but also a plea for the stalwart kind of Christianity which has made Methodism effective. Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, who followed President Roosevelt, made a very significant address, the burden of which was the exaltation of the spirit of progress. The danger to Methodists, he declared, was "in trying to insist upon holding on to old forms." He applied this to scientific study and Biblical scholarship, to ecclesiastical methods, and to regulations of moral conduct. Bishop Andrews's historical survey, in the closing address, was in harmony with these principles. No intelligent hearer could have failed to perceive the bearing these two addresses had upon issues with which the Methodist Episcopal Church has recently been dealing.

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Missionary Dangers in China

During the past month disquieting information has come from the province of Szechuan in western China, the provinces of Kansu and Shensi in the north, the province of Chekiang in the east, and the provinces of Kuangtung and Kuangsi in the south. In each of these provinces there has been a recrudescence of anti-Christian and anti-missionary feeling. In the far west Boxer emissaries have been leading a crusade against foreigners and [illegible]tians, calumniating them as [illegible]e the rebellion of 1900 by the same absurd stories of the desecration of graves and the killing of young children by missionaries. In the northwest General Tung is arming and drilling ten thousand soldiers and buying large quantities of grain and fodder for horses. The provincial military commander seems to be powerless to prevent this assembling of so large a force; indeed, his own army of four thousand men is said to have joined the insurgents. Rumors obtain that Tung is really acting under the authority of the Empress Dowager, although she refuses openly to countenance him. The feeling in Shensi, a province where the prejudices of centuries still survive in nearly all their original force, is so threatening that officials friendly to the foreign missionaries are advising them to leave at once before the trouble comes to a head. In Chekiang a secret society called the Pichu Chiao has made an armed demonstration against some of the Roman Catholic converts, and the provincial troops have been unable to control the situation. Reinforcements have been sent from Hangchau, the capital, to put down this quasi-religious propaganda of ignorant people, which has now developed into a general plundering expedition. The inhabitants of an entire prefecture have been indiscriminately pillaged, their houses as well as the churches, chapels, and houses of converts being ruthlessly burned. The roads leading to Hangchau have been full of men, women, and children fleeing thither for refuge. The insurgents, according to the North China "Daily News," muster about twenty thousand adults. In many places in the province anti-religious placards have been posted calling on the masses to rise and resist the insurgents. Along the Yangtse there is a growing bitterness, and the British Consul at Hankau has advised missionaries within his jurisdiction to leave their outlying stations and go into the city. Finally, in the south, the French-fomented insurrection has not been put down, although the Imperial forces have been able to keep it from making very notable progress during recent weeks. The nature of the risings in these widely separated parts of China would seem to point to some central disorganizing force. Attentive observers on the ground incline to the opinion that the revolts are being secretly directed by one

man, Jung-Lu, a prime favorite of the Empress. In view of the return of some danger to our missionaries, unusual attention will be paid to the announcement of the Conference of Foreign Mission Boards in the United States and Canada of a week of prayer for missions. The time selected is, appropriately enough, Holy Week. The period which ends with Easter Sunday is indeed a proper time for simultaneous prayer on behalf of missions.

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Mr. Balfour's Victory Last week Mr. Balfour, British Prime Minister, gained a notable parliamentary victory. His War Minister, Mr. Brodrick, had been severely criticised in Parliament, without respect to party affiliation, on account of his so-called "inept army scheme." By Mr. Brodrick's plan of army reform, as first proposed, at a cost of $5,000,000 extra to Great Britain and $4,000,000 to India, it was expected that fifty thousand recruits would be secured yearly; also a reserve of over one hundred and seventy thousand men. The scheme also embodied proposals for the formation of reserves of volunteers, yeomanry, and militia. Six army corps were planned, the result of which, in Mr. Brodrick's words, would be to make an army "for the first time in the memory of man above its supposed full strength in every branch except the infantry." Mr. Brodrick's critics in general, and Mr. Winston Churchill in particular, declared the army corps scheme to be a "sham" and only introduced with the object of militarizing England. Mr. Churchill, indeed, who resembles his late father, Lord Randolph Churchill, in an entire freedom from bashfulness, in a certain picturesqueness in expression, and in a decided independence of conduct, took his position largely on the ground of economy, an issue which reminds one of the issue which led to Lord Randolph's abandonment of office in one of Lord Salisbury's Cabinets. Mr. Brodrick's defense showed little art in covering the weak points of the reorganization scheme, but he made good use of the facts respecting the increase in recruiting and the militia and yeomanry reserves. The Prime Minister, in closing the debate, indicated that the success of the vote of censure would mean not only Mr. Brodrick's fall, but the Government's. Of course, said Mr. Balfour, the British fleet stood first as defense, but there were limits to the uses of a fleet. It was impossible to bring a war to an end with a fleet which could not even strike a heavy blow at most enemies with which Great Britain might be engaged without strong attacking forces of soldiers, and it would be folly to deprive the country of the means of offensive action in an emergency. Mr. Balfour then showed that the proposed army corps were necessary for work outside the Empire; and so effectively that, when the division was taken in an excited house, the amendment was rejected by a vote of 261 to 145. Once again Mr. Balfour has shown himself equal to the situation.

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The Tariff on Books The recent ruling of the Treasury Department changing the basis of the import duty on books has given rise to a great deal of discussion and protest, and Mr. George P. Brett, of the Macmillan Company, has made a forcible plea for the abolition of the duty on books. He says, in brief, that while a duty on books may have been needed in the early development of our country for the purposes of revenue, for the protection of certain trades, or to foster original work from native writers, the necessity for such duty no longer exists. So far as the question of revenue is concerned, the duty on books is so small in comparison with the cost of collection that, in Mr. Brett's opinion, if exact statistics were obtainable, it would be found that it exceeded the amount of the duty collected. So far as printing and other allied trades are concerned, there is no longer any necessity for protection, because these industries are so firmly established that they need no help. As a matter of fact, the great printing establishments in this country are now unable to meet the demands for work which are laid upon them. Least of all does our native literature stand in need of any artificial protection by the imposition of what has been called "a tax on knowledge." Under the beneficent operation of the International Copyright Act, American authors have profited much more than foreign authors; and American books are not only read far more widely than ever

before in the history of the country, but they are being exported in great and rapidly increasing numbers. The figures which Mr. Brett has collected with reference to the importation and exportation of books are extremely significant. The imports of books into the United States in 1899 were a little less than $1,500,000; in 1900, $1,600,000; in 1901, $1,700,000; while for the eleven months of the year 1902 ending with November they were a little over $1,600,000. The export of books from the United States in 1899 amounted to $2,700,000, and in 1902 they amounted to $4,364,000—an increase of nearly 150 per cent. Whether the Treasury ruling, which has materially advanced the duty on English books by changing their valuation, is wise or unwise, the time has evidently come for removing a tax for which there no longer exists any justification.

Compromise in Delaware

The Senatorial deadlock in Delaware was broken last Monday afternoon by the election to the United States Senate of J. Frank Allee, Addicks Republican, and Dr. L. H. Ball, anti-Addicks Republican. Senator Allee was elected for the long term, which runs until 1907, and Dr. Ball fills the short term, expiring in 1905. The compromise between the Addicks and the anti-Addicks forces which has resulted in this election was brought about largely through the influence of National Republican officials at Washington. Congressman Dick, Secretary of the Republican National Committee, personally visited Dover, and is believed to have urged the compromise under instructions from Senator Hanna, Chairman of the Republican National Committee.

For the moment Addicks has been beaten and has been compelled to yield to the force of public opinion in Delaware. Dr. Ball's election is a victory for those who have been so long and so courageously fighting Addicks and the powers at his command. On the other hand, the election of Senator Allee is only one step removed from that of Addicks himself. Senator Allee is reputed to have made money through his alliance with Addicks in speculative and corporate enterprises, and is known throughout the State as "Addicks's man." He will represent in the United States Senate, not the State of Delaware, but his employer. We do not think it probable that he will resign in order to give his place to Addicks by possible gubernatorial appointment; but since his election he has said, "I certainly regret that I have to fill the place that 'belongs' to Mr. Addicks." Addicks, already forgetting the futility of previous mandates and statements issued by him, is now saying that he proposes "to help elect a majority of the Legislature in 1904 favorable to my candidacy for the United States Senate." The methods that he will probably employ to accomplish this purpose are a matter of common notoriety, not only to Delaware, but to the country at large. In the meantime we congratulate the honest citizens of the State that they will have in Senator Ball a representative on whom we believe they can count for efficient aid in the fight which they must continue with renewed resolution and vigor against Addicks and his corrupt methods.

The Beecher Memorial

The movement initiated by Dr. Hillis, the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to erect a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher, in connection with that church, has reached such a stage that on next Sunday, March 8, the sixteenth anniversary of Mr. Beecher's death, a meeting is to be held in the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, to present more fully the plans. This movement has already attracted National attention; to its indorsement and support a number of eminent men in different parts of the country have readily lent their names, including President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland; the popular response already made to Dr. Hillis's appeal is itself a gratifying evidence of the respect and affection in which Mr. Beecher's name is held throughout the country; we hope that the financial support may be equally general, and that funds may be forthcoming adequate for a worthy memorial to one who served the Church and the Nation with unquestionable genius, unselfish devotion, and unflinching courage; and who, in the purity of his character and the consecration of his life to God and humanity, was greater than the work he wrought.

Sufficient time has elapsed since Mr.

Beecher's death to make possible a just estimate of the man and his achievements. The present generation is not dazzled by the brilliance of his genius, nor is its vision of him obscured by the smoke of the battle in which he took so prominent a part. A statue has been erected by citizens of Brooklyn to commemorate him, and stands in City Hall Park facing the court-house where he faced the traducers who would fain have destroyed his good name, which he valued more than life, a perpetual monument to their failure. A Congregational church, erected through the labors of his lifelong and loyal friend and co-laborer in Plymouth Church, the Rev. S. B. Halliday, bears his name, and contains many personal tributes to his memory from various friends. But the church which he built, in which the forty most fruitful years of his life were passed, whose platform he made a National forum, whose doors became through his ministry an entrance into the divine life of faith and hope and love, directly or indirectly, for unnumbered thousands, remains as he left it. When it was built, few if any churches in America were better equipped for the varied work of a modern city church. Now many surpass it in equipment. It is high time that those who confess their indebtedness to Mr. Beecher for spiritual services received at his hands should co-operate in the endeavor to give improved equipment to the work which he initiated, which in some sense he still inspires, and which, so long as it lasts, will be identified with his name.

Mr. Beecher's greatness conceals his greatness. The more apparent but less substantial elements of his character have veiled from the public those qualities which give his influence its permanence. His elocutionary skill, his suppleness and power in gesture, his sometimes too exuberant rhetoric, his vivid pictorial imagination, his instinct for dramatic impersonation of any character he portrayed, his irrepressible humor, his emotional power, made men forget his accuracy of observation, his wideness of general knowledge, his grasp of great principles, his insight into and understanding of the hidden currents of life, and his forecast of coming events. Other men in that epoch (1847–1887) were as brave, as outspoken, and as devoted to liberty as he; other men surpassed him in particular qualities; but we doubt whether any man equaled him in distinctively prophetic gift. In 1850, when the compromise measure was first proposed in Congress, in that famous editorial in the New York "Independent" he laid down the fundamental principles for the solution of the slavery problem—loyalty to the Constitution and the Union, frank recognition of the rights of the States, coupled with firm resolve against the extension of slavery to new States and Territories—six years before the Republican party was formed to advocate those principles, and ten years before Abraham Lincoln was elected as their representative. In 1861, when war was threatened, and many men who voted for Mr. Lincoln were ready to retreat, and Union-savers were busy hunting for a basis of compromise, and radical abolitionists were counseling that the erring sisters should be allowed to depart in peace, he preached that ever-memorable sermon on the text, "Go Forward," pointing out that secession, if acquiesced in, meant perpetual war, and compromise, if effected, meant abandonment by the Nation of free labor, free schools, free speech, everything that made the Nation sacred and great. When men on this side of the Atlantic were, not unnaturally, hot with anger against England, whose Government had gone as far as it dared to go in sympathy with and aid for the Confederate States, he recognized the unrepresented common people of Great Britain, who were at that time without either a ballot or an organ; went across the sea; braving hostile mobs, spoke both to and for the silent constituency; enlisted democratic England against feudal England, the England of the Puritan against the England of the Cavalier, the England of the plain people against the England of the aristocracy; made English intervention in the American conflict impossible; and both foresaw, foretold, and prepared for that impalpable alliance between England and America which promises in the future to give justice and liberty to the whole world. Lincoln was a greater statesman, Seward a greater politician, Charles Francis Adams a greater diplomat, Charles Sumner a greater scholar; but no man of his time so nearly resembled the old

Hebrew prophets as Henry Ward Beecher; no one so truly foresaw coming events; no one had so great power to create by voice and pen the public sentiment which, in a democracy, must underlie all efficient public policies; no one had such power to give it efficient expression as he.

So true is this that to most men Mr. Beecher is known chiefly as a reformer. But he was not chiefly a reformer; he was chiefly a Christian minister, a preacher of the Glad Tidings of Jesus Christ. Under his ministry, Plymouth Church grew in those forty years from a membership of twenty-one to a membership of over twenty-five hundred. Under his ministry nearly or quite three thousand learned in that church of the love of God and pledged their lives in loyal service to him; how many received a new life indirectly through his printed sermons no census can ever disclose. For, great as was his direct influence, his indirect influence was far greater. Mr. Beecher was not a musician, yet no musician of his time did more than Mr. Beecher to change the character and habit of church music in America. He was not a theologian; yet no theologian of his time did more than he to change the current conception of God in the Puritan churches, from that of a Moral Governor to that of a Father. He was not an evangelist; yet, excepting Dwight L. Moody, no evangelist of his time brought more men than did he to a knowledge of God as the Father of men through a knowledge of Jesus Christ as the Friend of sinners. This was his great work; this his passion; to this he gave himself with an ever-consuming, an ever-unsatisfied, desire. All that he knew of art or literature or music or history or life was made tributary to this one end. All that he did in social reform, in temperance, in the anti-slavery cause, grew out of this one dominating purpose. He was not a preacher *and* a reformer; he was a reformer because he was a preacher. In the midst of the Civil War, as he was about to sail for Europe, where presently he was to undertake that ever-memorable English mission, when he bade farewell to his people, this is what he said to them:

> Among the earliest, the deepest, and the stro[ng]ses of my ministry was the [co]nviction that it should be a ministry of Christ. Nothing could be further from my heart than to make this pulpit the clustering point of a number of reforms. I never would have consented to serve in a church that was merely what is called a reformatory church. I felt in my soul that all power in moral reforms must spring from a yet deeper power; and for that I struck. And I remember how, in the very beginning, night and day, without varying, through all the early months of my ministry here, I had but one feeling—to preach Christ for the awakening of men for their conversion. My desire was that this should be a revival church—a church in which the Gospel should be preached primarily and mainly for the re-creation of man's moral nature, for the bringing of Christ as a living power upon the living souls of men. My profound conviction of the fruitlessness of man without God was such that it seemed to me gardening in the great Sahara to attempt to make moral reformation in a church which was not profoundly impressed with the great spiritual truths of Christ Jesus. I have no doubt that there are many in this land who would think it an extravagant thing to hear it said that the keynote of my ministry among you had been the evangelization of the soul or the awakening of men from their sinfulness, and their conversion to the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been; and if you had taken that out of my thoughts and feelings, you would have taken away the very central principle of my ministry. By far the largest number of my sermons and the most of my preaching has been aimed at the conviction and the conversion of men.

The monument to the reformer stands in City Hall Park. The monument to the preacher has yet to be erected. What shall it be?

Not a shrine; not a tomb. Mr. Beecher does not lie in Greenwood. Mr. Beecher cannot be removed to Orange Street. He is not coffined with his moldering bones. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" To build a tomb adjoining Plymouth Church to hold his ashes would be to erect a monument to bear perpetual testimony against his lifelong teaching concerning death and immortality. It would be as if Plymouth Church itself should be draped in black on the anniversary of his death. It would be to tell all the world that Plymouth Church loves the man and repudiates his message. The day of sacred relics, of veneration for the bones of a saint, has passed—certainly for all Protestant Christendom, even more assuredly, if that were possible, for all who accept Mr. Beecher's faith in the continuity of life. Nor should that memorial be a mere decorative ornamentation of Plymouth Church. That church is a

New England meeting-house. It was made so with deliberate design. It cannot be converted into a cathedral. It cannot be made cathedralesque. Whatever beautifying the old meeting-house is capable of receiving it may well receive; but the changes should be designed and furnished by an architect who realizes the simplicity of Puritanism and knows how to preserve that simplicity. The memorial to Henry Ward Beecher should be the preservation and perpetuation and enlargement of his work—the work of bringing men to acquaintance with God through his Son Jesus Christ, and so into Christ-likeness of life and character. It should be a permanent endowment, or a better equipment, or both, for the work of saving men from sin and arming them for righteousness. It should be such an equipment as Mr. Beecher to-day might desire for carrying on the work of to-day. It should be such an equipment as he would counsel who wished to have the Bethel Mission furnished more royally than his own meeting-house, because the Bethel Mission was for the poor. It should be such an equipment as he would counsel who pleaded for coffee-rooms, and gymnasiums, and bowling-alleys for young men, when there were no coffee-rooms, few gymnasiums, and bowling-alleys were believed to belong to the devil. It should be an equipment for Christian service, and its motto might well be, "That your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Beyond this, what it should be it is not for us, because it is not for the general public, to say. That question must be left to be answered by the present pastor of Plymouth Church, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, and by the officers and members of that church. They know, as the general public cannot know, what equipment is needed by Plymouth Church for the preservation and enlargement of its Christian work. When they have decided that question, if every one who has received some inspiration from Mr. Beecher to a better and larger life, and every one who recognizes what Mr. Beecher did to make larger and better the life of the Nation, contributes even a little, there should be no difficulty in erecting a memorial which will not only show that Mr. Beecher has not been forgotten by the community which he served so well, but which will also perpetuate his service in new forms, for future generations.

Lenten Meditations

The Living Vine

Is the Church of Christ decadent? Is is passing into the old age whose decrepitude is premonitory of a not distant death? Is it among the things to be shaken as of things that are made? Is it among the things that are seen and are temporal? Is the time of its usefulness drawing toward its close?

What Church? Which Church? The Roman? or the Anglican? or the Puritan? or the Methodist? If either one of these is the Church of Christ, it may be temporal, it may even now be losing its power and passing away. For the world lived before these churches were born, and would live were they dead. But neither of these is the Church of God.

I am the Vine; ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for separated from me ye can do nothing. If one abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch; and men gather them, and cast them int the fire, and they are burned.

To the Jews Israel was Jehovah's Vine, of which Jehovah was the life. Henceforth, says Christ, my Church is the Vine, of which I am the life. The Roman and Anglican and Puritan and Methodist Churches are not the Church; they are churches. They are not the Vine; they are branches. They may be among the things to be shaken as of things that are made. They may become fruitless and die, and may be cut off from the Church, and may be burned as with fire and reduced to ashes, and the Church be all the stronger for their destruction.

The Church of God began when Abraham built his altar to the unknown God and gathered his household about it for worship. It became the Jewish Church when Moses came down from the Mount with the Tables of the Law and brought to encamped Israel the promise that God would be their God and they should become a nation of priests. It became

the Christian Church when the disciples, after the crucifixion of their Lord, gathered in an Upper Chamber and waited for the revelation of the resurrection. The Church is as old as human history; as universal as the social order; as vital as religion. So long as God is God and man is man, so long men will unite to seek and serve their God; and this union of men with one another, because they are one with God, is the Church of the living God. The Church is the bride of Christ. Not until humanity is divorced from Christ, and has forgotten his love and has ceased to love him, will the Church cease to be. The Church is the body of Christ. Not till Christ has forgotten humanity, and ceased to live with men and no longer loves them, will the Church cease to be.

The Church is more than the creed on which it sometimes seems to depend; as a vine is more than the trellis to which it clings. The Church is more than the worship it employs to express its life; as the Vine is more than the blossoms which fill the air with their fragrance. The Church is more than all the churches; as the Vine is more than all its branches. The Church is Christ ministering to the life of men, through the life of men. It is the Republic of God. It is the visible organ of an invisible life. It is the corporate life of God on the earth. The Church of Christ has a divine origin: it was born in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It has a divine message: it is the herald of a Healer and a Helper, who for us men and our salvation has come down to earth. It has a divine life: the life of God in the experiences of his children. It has a divine authority: the authority of the Divine Companion abiding in devout souls.

Religion is more than individualistic; it is also organic. As the tree is more than fibers of wood bound together, as the river is more than drops of water flowing together, so the Church is more than individual Christians uniting together in Christian work and worship. If religion is the life of God in the soul of man, then the Church is the organic life of God in human history. What unites these individuals and makes of them this organism is not the creed they believe, nor the ritual they use, nor the order under which they arrange themselves; it is the divine life of faith and hope and love which they share.

The greatest river in the world has no banks. No earthy bonds confine it; no mountain peaks give it birth; no drought lessens its flow; no floods increase its volume. It rises in the Gulf of Mexico, flows northward through the Atlantic Ocean, melts and converts into its own current the icebergs which venture into its warm embrace, and, spreading fan-like along the coast of Europe, blesses the lands it touches, and gives them the grape, the apricot, the peach. Such a river is the Church of God, bound together by the warmth of its own members; flowing through the centuries; bearing summer on its bosom; blessing and to bless.

A river whose waters make glad the city of God
And the most High in His habitation.
God is in the midst of her,
Therefore she shall not be moved.
God helps her, when the morning dawns.

Justice to the Philippines

In a brief message the President communicates to Congress the following cable despatch from Governor Taft:

Necessity for passage House tariff bill most urgent. The conditions of productive industry and business considerably worse than in November, the date of last report, and growing worse each month. Some revival in sugar and tobacco prices, due to expectation of tariff law. The interests of Filipinos in sugar and tobacco extensive, and failure of bill will be blow in face of those interests. Number of tobacco factories will have to close, and many sugar haciendas will be put up for sale at a sacrifice if the bill will not pass. Customs receipts have fallen off this month one-third, showing decrease of purchasing power of islands. General business stagnant. All political parties, including labor unions, most strenuous in petition for tariff bill. Effect of its failure very discouraging.

Very succinctly the President describes the calamities which have befallen the Philippine people: the devastation of war; an epidemic of rinderpest destroying the cattle; a peculiar Oriental horse epidemic; the destruction of the rice crop by locusts; and, as a result, "imminent danger of famine in the islands." He adds that—

the indispensable and pre-eminent need is the resurrection of productive industry from the prostration into which it has been thrown by the causes above enumerated. I ask action in

the tariff matter not merely from the standpoint of wise governmental policy, but as a measure of humanity in response to an appeal to which this great people should not close its ears. We have assumed responsibilities toward the Philippine Islands which we are in honor bound to fulfill. We have the specific duty of taking every measure in our power to see to their prosperity.

Senator Thomas M. Patterson, of Colorado, is the recognized leader of the opposition to the proposal for the reduction of the Philippine tariff. We have asked him to submit to our readers the grounds of this opposition, that they may have both sides of the question fully before them. He courteously complies with our request in the article which follows.

On Senator Patterson's own showing, no *immediate* damage is to be expected to American industry from lowering the tariff on Philippine products; but the *immediate* result to the Philippines of not lowering the tariff will be starvation to them, and consequent return to brigandage if not revolution. For when men are starving they steal; and when the government allows them to starve, they rise in revolt. On the conditions in the Philippines the testimony of Governor Taft and General Wright is conclusive as against Senator Patterson's opinions. Whether America *ought* to have assumed responsibility for the Philippines it is immaterial in this discussion to inquire. She *has* assumed that responsibility. For her to leave her wards to starvation, lest by opening her markets to them now she injure her own industries in the future, appears to us wholly unworthy of National honor. We cannot believe that the State of Colorado, which Senator Patterson represents, desires so ungenerous and unjust a policy to be pursued toward the people across the sea who are dependent on our action, not only for their peace and prosperity, but for life itself.

The Philippine Tariff

By Thomas M. Patterson

United States Senator for Colorado

ANSWERING your telegraphic note asking me to state the objections to Filipino tariff reduction, I beg leave to reply:

I have little or no objection to the measure except as it affects sugar and tobacco. Indeed, the measure is intended to affect only sugar and tobacco. Practically every other article reached by the measure is already on the free list, and the authority the bill confers upon the Philippine Commission to repeal export duties on articles products of the islands the Commission already possesses. The measure is cunningly devised as an entering wedge to ultimately place Philippine sugar and tobacco with all other Philippine products on the free list.

The reduction of sugar duties is intended to promote the cultivation of sugar in the Philippines. The land laws for the Philippines as enacted by Congress at its last session make it easy for a small group of men, by organizing themselves into as many different corporations as they can invent names for, to secure title to Philippine lands by the hundreds of thousands of acres, although nominally a corporation can purchase not more than 2,500 acres. Governor Luke Wright told me in the Senate committee-room that five or six million acres of the islands were well adapted to the raising of sugar. An expert in Philippine lands—one who visited the islands for a syndicate to investigate the land and sugar problems—told me that at least 8,000,000 acres were good sugar lands. I believe they do not overestimate their quantity.

Most of these lands are as productive for sugar as the sugar lands of Cuba or the Hawaiian Islands. The concurrence of expert opinion is that the average of Philippine lands will produce from two to three times as much of the products common to the islands and the United States as will the lands of the United States.

Corporations and syndicates are already formed, and continue to be formed, to exploit these islands. Within a few years they will have a monopoly of the best lands in the islands upon which to raise sugar and tobacco. The Sugar Trust is

not the least formidable of those who are already in the field. It is chiefly their work, this reduction of tariff on Philippine sugar and tobacco. It means millions and millions of dollars to them in the future. With one-fifth of the lands suitable for sugar culture in the islands put to raising sugar, more sugar would be annually produced than is now annually consumed in the United States. Within ten or fifteen years sugar-raising in the United States—both cane and beet—would be driven out, and the much cheaper Philippine sugar take its place.

Statistics demonstrate that the Philippine sugar, owing to the productiveness of the soil and peon labor, can be produced at a fraction above sixty-two cents per one hundred pounds. The American farmer is now paid for the sugar beets he raises a fraction over $2 per one hundred pounds for the sugar in them. This, with the cost of manufacturing the beet sugar, storage, insurance, transportation, etc., makes the cost of the American article well on to $3 per hundred. The distance that Philippine sugar must be transported is no protection to the American farmer—fifteen or twenty cents per hundred will cover transportation charges.

Considering the above data with active exploitation of the Philippines for sugar production, how long will it be, if our ports are thrown open or her present tariff reduced, before Philippine sugar will supplant American sugar in every American town and upon every American table?

The proposed tariff reduction for Philippine sugar is a broad, roaring farce if considered as a measure of relief from the present distressing conditions in the islands. The largest amount of sugar imported from the islands into the United States since 1890 was in 1896. It amounted to 145,075,343 pounds. The proposed tariff reduction of 25 per cent. would reduce the duties paid upon that amount less than $726,000. The next largest amount imported from the Philippines was in 1899. It amounted to 51,625,280 pounds. The saving in duties upon this quantity would be about $258,126. The smallest amount of sugar imported from the Philippines was in 1901. It amounted to 4,693,333 pounds. The saving in [illegible] his amount would be less [illegible] The reduction in amount of duties paid upon tobacco would be much less than upon sugar.

How intelligent men can preserve straight faces while they claim that the proposed measure will bring present appreciable relief to the islands is past understanding.

The moving spirit behind the Philippine tariff bill is not grief for the present sufferings of the Filipinos, but the spirit of greed—the same spirit that has proved so overpowering in Government circles in connection with Cuban sugar. It is the spirit of the modern sugar trust.

It is true that the measure would not appreciably affect the American sugar industry for a few years; but, unless a halt is called, and called now, within ten or fifteen years a great and growing American agricultural industry will be destroyed, and to this I am unalterably opposed.

I am not a modern protectionist. I believe the tariff needs revising and reducing, and needs it badly. When revision is undertaken, I am quite willing that sugar shall bear its proportionate reduction, but I am distinctly opposed to any trust or other organization of greed dictating upon what particular American industry the tariff shall be removed, that its gains may be increased at the expense of that industry.

It is a little singular that the Administration has lately focused its attention in two noted instances upon sugar and tobacco for tariff reduction. Of course New England and Pennsylvania and other States similarly situated heartily second the attacks. But if some iron or cotton or woolen industry were to be the sufferer, the White House would be made too hot for its present occupant.

I recognize the fact that the United States should succor the unfortunate Filipinos. We killed their best men, devastated their fields, created conditions that bred pestilence, left ruin in the tracks of our armies, in effecting their subjugation—a subjugation that is the outcome of as base a betrayal of National honor as history records. But don't destroy one of the most promising and at present one of the most prosperous of American agricultural industries in an effort at succor that in fact will bring no relief to those who need it.

United States Senate,
Washington, D. C., March 1, 1903.



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The New German Ambassador

Baron Speck von Sternburg arrived in Washington as the representative of the German Government just in time to be plunged into the Venezuelan controversy. It is understood that he is already exercising his great influence and power in the direction of bringing this controversy to a satisfactory conclusion. It is not his first official residence in this country, as he was formerly connected with the German legation and embassy at Washington. He also has an American wife. Before he reached this country, Baron von Sternburg remarked that he regarded the work of extending German friendship in the United States as delightful, and especially so because the policy of the present Administration was absolutely open-hearted and honest, and President Roosevelt was always open to argument.



THE FAMOUS FLATIRON BUILDING

The strong line of light at the left was made by the Broadway trolley cars; the fainter light turning off at Twenty-third Street was made by the Lexington Avenue cars; the two parallel lines in the foreground were made by an automobile, which came up Broadway and stopped in front of the Flatiron Building for one minute and then continued up Broadway.



WHEN THE LAMPS ARE LIGHTED

BY ARTHUR HEWITT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN night falls on the city of New York, all the way from the hand of the Statue of Liberty to Harlem millions of lamps are lighted—lamps of all kinds, from the simple glimmer in the window of poverty to the radiant and almost painful brilliance of the street light; and then truly is a scene of beauty and enchantment created.

To see downtown New York at night, mount on the roof of a sky-scraper, as I did the other evening, when I made the accompanying photograph of Brooklyn Bridge, and a varied panorama is at once with you. In one direction huge buildings looked in the distance like illumined castles in some mystic fairyland. Another view showed me Broadway, City Hall Park, and the domed World Building; while the composition of the picture was completed with quaint old-fashioned chimney-pots in the foreground, standing out dark and black against the brightness of the street below.

Turning round and walking to the other side of my vantage-point, I saw Brooklyn Bridge sweeping across the East River, its massiveness somewhat dimmed by smoke and fog, yet curiously alive with the moving head-lights of a thousand cars ever crossing and recrossing.

Then there were other downtown scenes. Standing in City Hall Park about six o'clock, Newspaper Row is well worth studying, every window showing its light in each great structure—a semicircle of buildings ablaze. On Broadway, again, one saw the beautiful spire of Trinity, very dark and very black, yet plainly silhouetted against the well-lighted building beyond it.

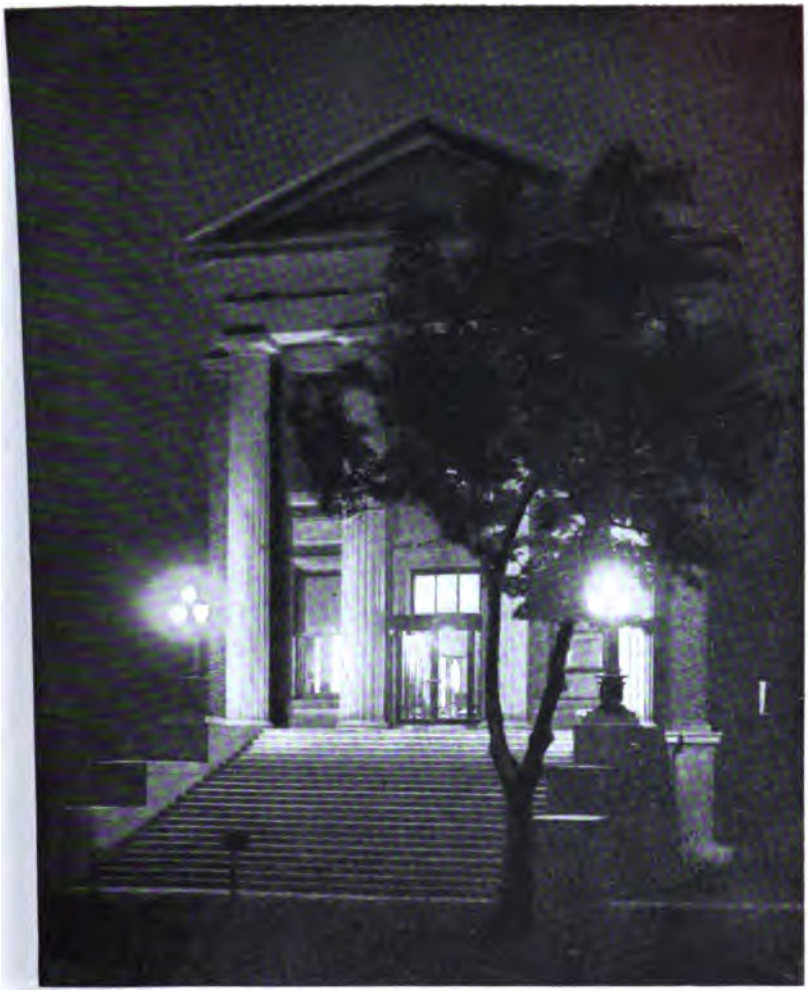
After seven o'clock the office windows one by one grow dim, as the workers go home. Now is the time to go uptown, where all is aglow. There you will meet with still more varied scenes. Advertisers are busy there at night, and you will see their gigantic signs with the glare of a thousand hidden lights thrown on them until they look like giant colored transparencies. Then there are the immense name-plates set with electric lamps. These are away up on high, and blazon out their message in letters of gold against a black sky, to the throngs tramping the streets below. Here and there a sign is made more impressive by the fact that the illuminated words are constantly changing and interchanging by some mechanical device. Then here again is a sign in letters of red, another in some fantastic shape. Verily, everything is ablaze; there are illuminated clocks, street signs in purple, and even the outlines of the great department stores themselves are studded with lights.

Wander in Herald Square, and from there up or down town, east or west, and



BROOKLYN BRIDGE DURING THE EVENING RUSH HOUR

The picture, exposed for twenty-one minutes, was taken when the fog was so thick that the nearest pier of the bridge could not be seen. The strong white line was made by the trolley cars coming across the bridge from Brooklyn. The lights on the other track show that there was a blockade



AN EVENING VIEW AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE

all this will be apparent. Go to this part or that of the great city and you will ever see this universal illumination. Even the rivers are flanked with the names of the various railroads, each vying with the other, in these days of tremendous competition, by shouting long and loud through these advertisements of the night.

Conditions of weather and atmosphere have a very great deal to do with viewing lighted New York. If you are impressed with it on a clear night, doubly so will you be in the rain. For then reflected lights on the bepuddled streets will abound everywhere, deep in tone and rich in high lights, and edged with charming wavy lines, increasing the general illumination tenfold.

In a fog or in a blizzard totally different aspects are to be seen. Great lights appear to be clamoring to fight through the haze, and there are curious and weird effects. What was ablaze on another night now appears like some overhead vaporous ghost. In the snow, of course, everything changes. The trees in the parks cast dark, hard shadows, moving in rhythmic time with the swinging lamps which make them.

It is on just such nights of fog, rain, and snow that I have found that the most effective photographs are to be made. Take, for example, my snow scene at Fifty-ninth street. I took this after a recent snow-storm. Wet and clinging, it had charmingly decorated the trees, one of



LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE

The face of the clock shows that it took a three minutes' exposure to make this photograph. The white streaks at the right of the picture were made by the lights of passing cabs.



NEW YORK CITY HALL AT HALF-PAST SIX IN THE EVENING

This photograph was exposed for five minutes, during which time hundreds of people were passing through City Hall Park

which I chose for my foreground. The plate for this picture was exposed for a minute and a half. In night work all moving objects—people, cabs, etc.—have no effect on the plate. You will notice, however, in the picture that I have just been describing, two carriages are clearly seen at the hotel entrance, simply because they happened to remain stationary during the entire exposure.

Devotees of the camera who essay night work need patience, dogged perseverance, and a good deal of indifference to discomfort. Well I remember the taking of the picture of the famous Flatiron Building. I had previously arranged the night for a photograph with the owners of the building, as they had kindly consented to light up the entire structure. A strong and bitter wind was blowing when I set up my camera on the roof of a neighboring building. It required a stout heart and strong determination to go ahead with my work; for after a few moments (one cannot well work the mechanism of a camera with gloves) my hands were numb with cold. I recollect that the wind was so strong that it obliged me to hold my camera, to steady it, during the entire six minutes of the exposure; a movement would have spoiled everything, so I had to cling ruthlessly on, in spite of the bitter cold; and I cannot remember a longer six minutes in my life. To add to the general discomfort, I was standing on a mixture of loose boards and all sorts of electrical wires, and necessarily leaning against a newly painted advertising sign, which I found, on my arrival home, somewhat reflected on my overcoat.

Regarding this particular picture, you will notice the curious zigzag lines of light in the center of the streets; these are caused by the lights of the moving cars. On the left, again, of the picture, starting from the foreground, you will see two faintly traced parallel lines leading to two brighter spots close to the Broadway sidewalk, then again tracing themselves on into the distance. All this can be easily explained. An automobile had passed with its electric side lights, had halted a



A WET NIGHT IN MADISON SQUARE

This picture shows one of the illuminated advertising signs so familiar to New Yorkers.

moment, causing the brighter spots, and then gone on.

When I have been working with my camera in the city streets, I have been surprised at the attitude of passers-by. People seemed, as a rule, quite ignorant of night photography and its possibilities. There were some who asked many questions; others looked serious, tapping their foreheads and saying in a compassionate way to their companions something about a "crazy man;" others, again, stood motionless, stared for a few moments with a stolidity and perseverance that were astounding, and then passed on.



ONE OF NEW YORK'S FAMOUS CAFÉS AT TEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING

With regard to the history of night photography, I should like here to mention that it was Paul Martin, of London, who in 1896 first discovered its possibilities. His photographs of "London by Night" showed the picturesque beauties of the streets of a great city under electric light. "A Corner of Trafalgar Square" and "A Wet Night" were revelations as to the opportunities available. W. A. Fraser, of New York, shortly after made some superb street scenes here, in which he improved on Martin's work by introducing life into the pictures.

Returning to my illustrations, the Madison Square picture was taken, as will be readily seen, on a wet night. During the seven minutes' exposure I was careful to cover the lens each time a car passed up or down Broadway, otherwise there would have been a discordant streak of light in the wake of the headlights right across the picture, as was unavoidably shown on the Brooklyn Bridge and Flatiron Building photographs.

No rule can be given regarding the time of exposure; each subject requires special thought and a careful previous review of the light conditions. While I gave the bridge picture twenty-one minutes' exposure because there was fog and comparatively little illumination, the Broadway store had only one minute; so with every phase of this fascinating work, it is a matter of judgment rather than of rule,



AT THE ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK

This picture was taken after one of the heavy snow-storms of the winter.

and experience will prove the best guide. If, for instance, you give a picture too long an exposure, you will find in your result that you have entirely lost the true night effect, and the result will appear in many particulars to have been made in daylight. Again, if the exposure is too short, you will get nothing but a great blackness studded here and there with ···ecks of light. All of the delicate detail in the shadows, so necessary to the pictorial value, will have been lost. I advise any one, before he goes out to attempt this kind of work, to study very thoroughly the conditions of light.

The ability to see is everything in photography—especially in night photography. If there is little illumination, there will be little good in making a picture. If, again, there is light from a variety of

sources, one should learn how to use it to the best advantage. I will make this clear by an example. In the Madison Square wet night scene, I carefully took my point of view, placing my camera so that the shapely tree in the foreground just obliterated one of those painfully bright clear-glass arc lights. Had I not done this, the general effect of the picture would have been destroyed by violent contrast and a d cordant note.

To encourage to further effort tho who have so far failed in this branch photography, let me say that it was n until after five nights of worthless tria that I made the picture used on the prece ing page, and perhaps some twenty nigh in all were required to secure the set.



A FINE WINDOW DISPLAY ON BROADWAY
This picture was taken at nine o'clock in the evening, when the sidewalk was crowded with passers-by.

The Path of Roses

By Priscilla Leonard

Before some happy feet
The roses blossom all along the way
In fragrance summer-sweet.
O careless path of joy!—yet happier they
Who, toiling on alone
Where never has the road been aught but rough,
And never rose has grown,
Find, even in their stumbling, strength enough
To plant with patient hand
The seeds of gladness, till behind them spring
Flowers in the desert land,
Roses more rich than careless joy can bring!



THE GRAY LOWERY DAY

Painted in 1877. In the Thomas B. Clarke sale of 1899 this picture was sold for $10,150.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN S. BENNETT, N. Y.

George Inness

By John C. Van Dyke

Professor of the History of Art in Rutgers College

A MAN of the business world, knowing nothing of the peculiar manifestations of the artistic temperament, would be very apt to wonder over the mental make-up of a George Inness. An artist's way of looking at things is never quite sensible to the man in the street. It is too temperamental, too impulsive; and Inness was super-temperamental even for an artist. When he expressed himself in paint, he was very sane; but when he argued and talked, his auditors thought him erratic. And not without some show of reason. He was easily stirred by controversy, and in the heat of discussion he often discoursed like a mad rhapsodist. His thin hands and cheeks, his black hair and piercing eyes, his dramatic action as he walked and talked, seemed to complete the picture of the perfervid visionary. He was always somewhat hectic. As a boy he was delicate and suffered from epilepsy. His physician had nothing to recommend but fresh air. As a man one of his hearers at table one day, after listening to his exposition of socialism or some allied theme, said: "Mr. Inness, what you need is fresh air." Inness himself used to tell this story with a little smile as though conscious of having appeared extravagant. As for "fresh air," he knew more about it than all his business acquaintances put together; but in the sense of its clearing the vision so that he could see things in a matter-of-fact light it was wholly unavailing. He was born with the nervous organization of the enthusiast. It is not the best temperament imaginable for a practical business man.

And yet Inness certainly thought that

his views about life, faith, government, and ethics were sound and applicable to all humanity. Art was only a part of the universal plan. In his theory of the unities everything in the scheme entire dropped into its appointed place. He could show this, to his own satisfaction at least, by the symbolism of numbers, just as he could prove immortality by the argument for continuity. All his life he was devoted to mystical speculations. He had his faith in divination, astrology, spiritualism, Swedenborgianism; and he was greatly stirred by all social questions. During the Rebellion he volunteered to fight for the freedom of the slave, but was rejected on physical examination; and later he became interested in labor problems, believed in Henry George and the single tax, and had views about a socialistic republic. He never changed. When nearly seventy years of age, he was still discoursing on Swedenborg, on love, on truth, on the unities, with unabated enthusiasm. To expect such a man to be "practical" would be little less than an absurdity; and to expect a practical man to understand him would be almost as absurd.

But the fever of intensity that burned in Inness and his visionary way of looking at things were the very qualities that made him great as an artist. There is something in the abnormal view—one hardly knows what—that makes for art. Certainly the "practical" work of the camera gives only a statement of fact, where the less accurate drawing of a Millet or a Corot gives us something that we call artistic. The lens of the camera records mechanically and coldly, which may account for the prosaic quality of photography; but the retina of the artist's eye records an impression enhanced by the imagination, which may account for the poetry of art. Whichever way it may be put, it is the human element that makes the art. The painter does not record the facts like a machine; he gives his impression of the facts. Inness, with his exalted way of seeing, was full of impressions and was always insisting upon their vital importance. "The true purpose of the painter," he says, "is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a scene has made upon him. A work of art is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. Its real greatness consists in the quality and the force of this emotion." And he practiced this preaching. Such nervous manifestations as enthusiasm, emotion, and imagination, working together and producing an impression, were the means wherewith he constructed pictures in his mind. They made up his mental equipment, and without them we should have heard little of George Inness the painter.

It was no mean or stinted equipment. In fact, Inness had too many impressions, had too much imagination. His diversity of view often opposed singleness of aim. While he was trying to record one impression upon the canvas, half a dozen others would rush in. That is one reason why he was never satisfied with his work, why he was always altering and amending, why he painted pictures one on top of another until (it is recorded) one canvas contained twenty different landscapes. The late William H. Fuller used to tell a story of his buying a landscape in Inness's studio one afternoon, and the next day, when he went to fetch it, he found an entirely different picture on the canvas. To his protests Inness replied: "It is a good deal better picture than the other."

"Yes; but I liked the other better."

"Well, you needn't take it—needn't pay for it."

"Yes; but it is not a question of losing money; I have lost my picture; it is buried under that new one."

Even when he was not bothered by many impressions, Inness had difficulty in contenting himself with his work. It was never quite right. There was a certain fine sentiment or feeling that he had about nature and that he wished to express in his picture; but he found that when the sentiment was strong the picture looked weak in the drawing, had no solidity or substance; and when the solidity was put in with exact textures and precise lines, then the sentiment fared badly. Inness knew where the trouble lay. "Details in the picture must be elaborated only enough fully to reproduce the impression. When more is done, the impression is weakened and lost, and we see simply an array of external things which may be very cleverly painted and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of an artist is to combine the two, namely,



MIDSUMMER

Painted in 1875. In the collection of James W. Ellsworth, Esq.

to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression. Meissonier always makes his thought clear; he is most painstaking with details; but he sometimes loses in sentiment. Corot, on the contrary, is to some minds lacking in objective force. He tried for years to get more objective force, but he found that what he gained in that respect he lost in sentiment."

This is Inness's own statement of the case, and if we apply it we shall understand why many of his later canvases were vague, suggestive, indefinite, often vapory. He was seeking to give a sentiment or feeling rather than topographical facts. When



WINTER EVENING

Painted in 1857. Sold for $3,650 in the Thomas B. Clarke sale of 1899.

the canvas looked too weak, he tried to strengthen it here and there by bringing out lines and tones a little sharper, and with the result of making it look hard and cold. After several passings back and forth from strength to weakness, from sentiment to fact, the canvas began to show a kneaded and thumbed appearance. Its freshness was gone and its surface tortured. Inness was hardly ever free from this balancing of motives. It is a plague that bothers all painters, and no doubt many of them would agree with Inness in saying: "If a painter could unite Meissonier's careful reproduction of details with Corot's inspirational power, he would be the very god of art."

But Inness was more allied to Corot than to Meissonier. He never was the "perfect master of the brush" that we have heard him called, though he was an acceptable and often a very satisfactory technician. In his early days there were no art instructors in this country, and he was virtually self-taught. He had some instruction in engraving, and a few lessons from Gignoux in New York, but they amounted to little. In 1851 he went to Italy and spent several years, and there he first saw real pictures. He improved greatly by foreign study; and later on, when he came to know the work of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon men, he found himself in complete sympathy with it. Rousseau improved his *technique*, and Corot taught him the law of sacrifice; but he never became what one might call a perfect technician. He was frequently a little lame in drawing, and his pictures were often perplexing in their planes and lights. Nor was he always satisfactory in his textures and surfaces. Color was undoubtedly his strongest feature. He saw his landscapes as related masses of color rather than in linear extensions; and as he received the impression so he tried to place it upon canvas, holding the color patches together with air and illuminating the whole mass by light and shadow.

It was with color, light, and air that Inness scored his greatest successes. Almost all of his pictures will be found to hinge upon these primary features. He was very fond of moisture-laden air, rain effects, clouds clearing after rain, rainbows, mists, vapors, fogs, smokes, hazes—all phases of the atmosphere. In the same way he fancied dawns, dusks, twilights, moonlights, sunbursts, flying shadows, clouded lights—all phases of illumination. And again he loved sunset colors, cloud colors, sky colors, autumn tints, winter blues, spring grays, summer greens—all phases of color. And these not for themselves alone, but for the impression or effect that they produced. Did he paint a moonlight, it was with a great spread of silvery radiance, with a hushed effect, a still air, and the mystery of things half seen; did he paint an early spring morning, it was with vapor rising from the ground, dampness in the air, voyaging clouds and a warming blue in the sky; was it an Indian summer afternoon, there was a drowsy hum of Nature lost in dreamland, and with the indefinable regret of things passing away. His "Rainy Day, Montclair" has the bend and droop of foliage heavy with rain, the sense of saturation in earth and air, the suggestion of the very smell of rain; his "Delaware Water-Gap" shows the drive of a storm down the valley, with the sweep of the wind felt in the clouds, the trees, and the water; his "Niagara" is not topographical in any sense, but rather an impression of the clouds of mist and vapor boiling up from the great caldron, and struck into color-splendor by the sunlight.

Every feature of landscape had its peculiar sentiment for Inness. He said so often enough and with no uncertain voice. Here is one of his utterances about it: "Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds—all things that we see—can convey that sentiment if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth. Some persons suppose that landscape has no power of conveying human sentiment. But this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant."

That last passage about the "civilized landscape" is well worth noting, because this was exactly the landscape that Inness painted. His subjects are related to human life, and possibly our interest in his pictures is due to the fact that he shows thoughts, emotions, and sensations comprehensible of humanity. He tells things that every one may have thought but no



THE CLOUDED SUN

Painted in 1891. In the collection of Thomas B. Clarke, Esq., until 1899. Sold for $6,100 to the Carnegie Art Gallery of Pittsburg, Pa.



THE WOOD GATHERERS

Painted in 1891. Formerly in the collection of Thomas B. Clarke, Esq.



THE DELAWARE VALLEY

Bought in 1899 for $8,100 by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

one before him so well expressed. In other words, he brings our own familiar landscape home to us with truth and beauty. This, it may be presumed, is the function of the poet and painter in any land. It was the quality that made Dante and Goethe great, and may account for the fame of Hobbema, Constable, Daubigny—yes, and Inness.

He was no follower of tradition in this. What he had to say was distinctly personal; and even his technique was largely of his own invention. When he was young, there were traditions of the Hudson River school in the air. The "mappy" landscapes of Cole and F. E. Church, with their crude color and theatrical composition, held the place of honor. Inness may have been overawed by their size at first, but he soon discovered their emptiness. They had no basis in nature, they were not the landscapes we see and know. The "Heart of the Andes" and the "Course of Empire" were only names for studio fabrications. The truly poetic landscape lay nearer home. Inness all his life painted it from his studio window or from his dooryard. This was what he called the "civilized landscape," the *paysage intime*, the familiar landscape—the one we all see and know because it has always been before us. Perhaps its very nearness has blinded us to its beauty. It is difficult for us to believe that the true poetry of the world lies close about us. We keep fancying that the romance of life is not in our native village, but in Rome or Venice or Cairo; and that the poetic landscape is not that of the wood-lot behind the house, but that of the snowy Andes or some Hesperidean Garden far removed from us. Emerson has noted that at sea every ship looks romantic but the one we sail in. Yes, but there is plenty of romance in our own ship if we have but the insight to see it; and there is abundance of poetry in the wood-lot if we have the intentness of purpose to study it out and understand it. Any one can admire the "view" from a mountain top, but it takes some imagination to see beauty in the quiet meadow. And after you have seen it, it takes a great deal of labor and skill to tell what you have seen. Wordsworth and Constable made more failures with it than successes. Just so with Inness. He shot wide of the mark innumerable times; but when he hit, it was with very decided effect.

The love for the familiar landscape was with Inness from his boyhood. To be sure, there was a period when he coquetted with the classic. When in Italy, he saw much of Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa; but it is difficult to see any trace of them in his pictures. He was, possibly, impressed, but he did not wish to follow. In 1854, when he first saw the Fontainebleau-Barbizon pictures, he was decidedly enthusiastic. Millet he thought a demi-god, Daubigny and Rousseau were the perfect recorders of the impression, and Corot he believed the epitome of fine sentiment. How did it happen that Inness was so taken with these French painters? Because they were painters of the *paysage intime*; they had done in France just what he had sought to do in America; they had abandoned the grandiloquent classic landscape and put in its place the familiar landscape of Fontainebleau forest and the plain of Barbizon. Naturally enough, there was affinity between the American and the Frenchmen. They were striving for similar results. Had Inness been born in France, no doubt he would have been a member of the Rousseau-Dupré group.

But the point is worth emphasizing that he did not belong to that group, that he did not follow them or copy them in any way. The aim was a common one, in that they all opposed the spectacular landscape in favor of "the civilized landscape;" but Inness, for his part, did not work after the French formulas. His manner was not that of Rousseau or Corot or Daubigny, but of Inness. The theme, the work, and the worker were all original, all of the soil, and all sufficient unto the designed purpose.

We are now, perhaps, in a position to answer that oft-asked question, "What does Inness stand for in American art?" The answers to it have been many and various. Some painters, perhaps, think him great because he composed or handled in a certain way, or used certain colors or canvases or brushes; others may think he holds high rank because they have heard him called "the master," and fancy he was an exceptionally fine technician; but possibly those who come hereafter may think of him as a leader, the one man who painted and established the *paysage intime*, the familiar landscape, here in America. This was the supreme service that Rousseau, Dupré, and Daubigny did for France and French landscape. And as they are ranked there as the discoverers of Fontainebleau and a new world in landscape, so Inness must be ranked here as the discoverer of the American meadow and woodland—a new realm of beauty. It is possibly his most lasting title to fame.

And, in flat contradiction of theories about the cosmopolitan quality of modern art, all the Fontainebleau men were really provincial in what they produced. Corot painted Ville d'Avray, Rousseau and Diaz did Fontainebleau, and Daubigny the Seine and the Marne. None of their work will stand for the south or east of France, none of it will travel beyond France. It



SUMMER SILENCE

Painted in 1892. Now in the collection of James W. Ellsworth, Esq.

is localized about Paris. Just so with the work of Inness. It is emphatically American, but limited to the North Atlantic States. The moods and appearances of nature which he portrayed are peculiar to the region lying east of the Alleghanies. In his pictures the light and coloring, the forms and drifts of clouds, the appearances of air, mists, hazes, the trees and hills, the swamps and meadows, may be recognized as belonging to New Jersey or New York or New England; but none of them belongs to Minnesota or Louisiana or California. He pictured the American landscape more completely, perhaps, than any other painter before or since his time; but his *paysage intime* is, nevertheless, limited as regards its range of subject.

Nor would we have it otherwise. All the masters of art have been provincial so far as subject goes. Titian and Velasquez, Homer and Boccaccio, Burns and Wordsworth, never cared to go beyond their own bailiwicks for material. And Inness—though he may not rank with those just mentioned—found all the material he needed within fifty miles of New York. It was the original discovery of this material, his point of view regarding it, what he did with it, and what he made us see in it, that gives him high rank in the history of American art.

The Hand that Rules the World

By J. F. Farrell

NATURE was never a finical housekeeper; and when she was setting the continent in order for the family to move in, she forgot to clear up a great windrow of refuse swept aside by one of her brooms, which extended in a long ridge of boulders and gravelly drift from nobody knew where, across the Mason farm and into the Ten-Mile Woods farther than the three Mason boys had ever followed it.

All the gravel, clay, and small stones had been washed out where the ridge crossed the river, and only the large boulders remained tumbled together in the river-bed. The river talked pleasantly as it flowed among these rocks; and the Masons could tell just what kind of weather was coming by the sound of its voice, and ever so many other things. When the water was low in summer-time, it was easy enough for an active boy with a jumping-stick to cross the river on the boulders at the upper edge of the rapids; and who was going to walk a mile and a half down to the bridge and a mile and three-quarters back again on the other side when you could skip straight over in five minutes?

Of course it was dangerous; but it was not Mrs. Mason's way to worry about the boys and lay grievous commands on them that they would be cruelly tempted to disobey. Even if she had felt afraid of the shadow of imaginary dangers, she would not have engaged in a perpetual struggle to maintain her authority. But instead of an enemy the river appeared to her a valuable friend and ally. Before the boys could walk she tied them to the end of the clothes-line and threw them in the river every day, when the water was not freezing cold, and laughingly encouraged them to splash and paddle to their heart's content; and when they were old enough to stray away from the dooryard they were as much at home in the water as on the land.

It was the same with guns and shooting. Living on the edge of the Great North Woods, where all sorts of small game still abounded, the boys wanted guns long before it was safe for them to handle deadly weapons or to stray into the wilderness, where one could travel a hundred miles in some directions without seeing a house.

So she set up a target, and kept the score for them; and when Enoch Smith and Johnny Hill and Billy Thompson heard the Mason boys banging away against the face of the ridge, they would rush wildly for such firearms as they were allowed to use and come over on the run. If there were disputes, Mrs. Mason settled them so justly according to the law and the evidence that all six of the boys were satisfied, and this led to the establishment of a sort of primitive court of appeals.

"Well, I don't care what you say, I'm

going to ask Mrs. Mason," got to be the wind-up of nearly all the disputes among boys of twelve or under in the scattered neighborhood. And Mrs. Mason was never too busy to sit right down, wherever she was, and listen to the story. When she was in possession of all the facts, "Now let's see what the principle is that you are trying to set up, Jimmy," she would say; and when the principle was disentangled and clearly stated, her "Do you think that is right?" or "Would you want Enoch or Billy or my Benny to do that way by you?" settled the business on the spot. Generally the claim, when clearly stated and applied to something else, was so preposterous that everybody laughed; the aggressor shamefacedly protested that if he had seen it in that light he wouldn't have insisted on it, and the dispute evaporated. If a boy was stubborn after the others were all convinced that he was wrong, he simply was made to take his own medicine—the principle was applied to him in all possible ways—which speedily brought him to terms.

The farm was not very productive, and the father had always been obliged to follow other pursuits. He was a stonemason by trade, and in summer-time was employed at the quarries, twenty-five miles away, just over the line, and it was not convenient for him to come home, except to stay over Sunday once in five or six weeks. In the winter he "went into the woods" with all the other able-bodied men of the township; and his family saw him no more till the rafts came down in the spring. So the mother had to be father as well, and the boys very early in life had to learn to work, in order to help her with the chores. There were the cows and sheep and hens to feed, water to draw, wood to bring in, and fifty other tasks that they were ambitious to be doing as soon as they were big enough to walk steadily with a two-quart pail or reach around one or two sticks of wood. They helped her, and then she played with them at mending fences or weeding the garden. And, oh! what splendid days they had when the wild berries ripened and a harvest had to be gathered to dry for the whole year! Tramps had never been heard of, and it was safe to leave Grandma Mason alone several hours when there was no fire in the house.

She was almost blind; and the boys led her about the place for exercise every day. This was such an honor that they had to be assigned in routine for the duty, like little soldiers; else they fought behind the shed when one crowded into place at her side too often. Once there he was safe, for nobody would disturb Grandma by quarreling at her elbow. But vengeance waited for the selfish one who stole the other's turn too frequently. So the mother took the matter in hand, and appointed them regularly to serve in turn, and after that there was peace.

In the late autumn, after the flurry and excitement of the father's fitting out and departure for the lumber camps, they all fell to and battened up everything tight and snug for the long winter siege, for unless there was a thaw and a sudden freeze to form a snow-crust they were likely to be snowbound for two or three months.

Deacon Smith's house, where Enoch lived, was the only one in sight; and it was understood that if Mrs. Mason hung out a red flag from the gable that notched the drifts among the cedars and spruces over on the ridge, her neighbors were to break a road and bring the doctor forthwith; for Grandma Mason was old and feeble, and something might happen to her any day. Sickness for the rest of the family could scarcely be imagined.

But something else happened one winter. That was the year when there was a failure or embezzlement or some kind of rascality or bad management at the quarry, and the father lost nearly all of his summer's work. The provisions gave out in midwinter; and there was no money. Credit, of course, could have been asked, with no danger of refusal—for everybody knew Nathaniel Mason would pay his debts, if he sold himself into slavery—but how could he recover from the setback of his loss, if all he earned in the woods had to go for grocery bills in the spring?

There was corn in the crib, with a few bushels of beans, and Nat could fish through the ice successfully when he could get down to the river. The cows went dry. The hens stopped laying—all but one who knew Grandma *must* be provided for. Could they live on such rations for ten or twelve weeks and keep their health?

Mrs. Mason watched the boys anxiously; but one week, and two, and three, went by with nothing but bean-broth and bannocks, hulled corn, and an occasional baked fish; and they were as fat and healthy as little cubs. So her scruples vanished, and no signal for communication with the outside world was hung out at the attic window.

Mrs. Mason had foreseen how it would be; and she had saved a small quantity of fine white flour, a few pounds of meat, some sugar and tea, and a little jar of preserves; and Old Speckle's eggs were hoarded like diamonds. Grandma must not know. Spartan fare was not good for her, and she would have divided the last morsel of her goodies—would not have eaten a bit of them if she had supposed the others did not fare as well.

About the first of March Deacon Smith waded and wallowed through, somehow, and stood in the shed, caked and powdered with snow to the shoulders, while the boys brushed off the thickest of it with brooms. Then he went into the kitchen and solemnly unloaded the most amazing quantity of cookies, doughnuts, gingerbread, and *cake* with *raisins in it*, out of the many pockets of the two great coats that he wore. The boys looked. They almost forgot; for they had been weeks and weeks without sweets. Then they fled to the barn, and cuddled in a warm hay-nest till their mother called them in to take leave of their visitor. When he was gone Mrs. Mason divided the doughnuts, which were not good for Grandma, evenly between them, and ate her share honestly with the rest. With this welcome addition to their supplies they got through the time till the maple sap began to run, and one of the cows found a bossy-calf that generously divided his rations with his playmates, and the hens laid eggs enough to exchange for other things that were needed. And Grandma never knew a word about the hard times.

But of all the anecdotes that were passed on to me about Aunt Sophia Mason, as everybody called her, I think the one in regard to Benny's accident made the most vivid impression.

One summer the boys had to clear a certain piece of ground. The large timber had all been removed, and they could readily handle the saplings and underbrush that remained. But the clearing was some distance from the house, and there is always danger in chopping wood. So Mrs. Mason gave each of the boys a strong bandage rolled tightly around a wad of lint. Then she put them through a drill of make-believe accidents ever so many times before sending them out to work in the clearing.

Benny was needed to chop wood at the house one day, and when Nat and Rodney had shouldered their axes, with a fine manly air, and disappeared over the ridge, he fell to work at the woodpile before the shed. Perhaps he hurried too fast, for he wanted to finish the task his mother had set him as soon as possible, in order to work with his brothers; but axes will glance sometimes in the hands of veteran wood-choppers. Benny's ax glanced that morning, he never knew why or how, and laid open the side of his bare foot.

"Oh, mother, *mother!*" he screamed, bounding into the kitchen, "I've cut my foot! It's bleeding awful!" and, seizing her apron, he tried to drag it off to wind around his foot.

"There, there, Benny! Don't make such a fuss." The voice was exactly as usual. "It's lucky you did it here instead of out yonder in the clearing. Where's your bandage? Sit down and do it up the way I showed you."

Benny sat down obediently, and snatched the roll of bandage from his pocket.

"Quiet, Benny! Don't lose the pins."

He stuck the two large pins in a crack between the boards of the floor, for he had been told not to lay them down.

"Now the lint. Put it in the cut, Benny."

The boy had never seen blood run like that—in little spurting jets, and there was such a lot of it. The puddle was stealing away across the floor, and his mother had to pull three braided rugs out of the way. He could smell it, too, and it made him deathly sick. His hands faltered; the bandage dropped in a loose coil; the wad of lint fell from his slackening grasp.

"Oh, mother! You do it up. *I* can't."

He looked up appealingly. Was that his mother, with blazing, wrathful eyes, so white that her face shone, two terrible

lines between the black brows gathered in an ominous frown? But more terrible than all was the calm mouth, quietly and accurately closed, not excitedly clenched and puckered; there was no occasion for excitement. How coolly she spoke!

"My son, must I tell your father when he comes home that you are a coward?"

The word stung like the cut of a whip. Benny shut his teeth hard, jammed the lint home, wound and wound the length of bandage around his foot, felt blindly for the pins, and stuck one of them solidly in place. Then he fell back; but he did not reach the floor. He was twelve years old, but his mother swept him to her bosom as though he had been a baby.

How she mothered him then! Her brave, brave Benny! Her own precious, splendid, manly boy! Other battles were fought and won in the years that followed, and their rewards were good to his soul; but when Benny was gray I heard him tell this story, and he declared that no reward for well-doing had ever seemed quite so all-sufficient as that generous outpouring of hoarded mother-love.

All of those boys became greatly distinguished men. Nat and Rodney went "out West," as their admiring former neighbors will tell you; and, seemingly without effort, just by being what they were, they won the highest honors in the gift of the great commonwealth where they lived and wrought. Benny became a great preacher, and he was regarded as easily first among the brilliant divines of a large city.

But sorrow came to him, and grief sat as a familiar guest at his fireside all the closing years of his life. He did his work faithfully to the end, though many times he must have set his hand to the present duty and accomplished it by sheer force of will, while the hot blood was pouring from gaping wounds in his soul, wounds such as only they of his own household could have inflicted, and he felt as he did when he bandaged that foot in the kitchen of the little old farmhouse among the cedars on the ridge.

Morning and Evening

By Bliss Carman

When the morning wind comes up the mountain,
Stirring all the beech-groves of the valley,
And, before the paling stars have vanished,
The first tawny thrush disturbs the twilight
With his reed-pipe eerie, calm, and golden—
The earth-music marvelous and olden—

Then good fortune enters at my doorway,
And my heart receives the guest called Gladness;
For I know it is that day of summer
When I shall behold your face ere nightfall,
And this earth, as never yet in story,
Ledge to hillcrest dyed in purple glory.

When the evening breath draws down the valley,
And the clove is full of dark blue shadows
Moving on the mountain-wall, just silvered
By the large moon lifted o'er the earth-rim,
At the moment of transported being,
When soul gathers what the eyes are seeing,

Sense is parted like a melted rain-mist,
And our mortal spirits run together,
Saying, "O incomparable comrade!"
Saying, "O my lover, how good love is!"
Then the twilight falls; the hill-wind hushes;
Note by note once more the cool-voiced thrushes!

HEROES of the SURF



By JOHN R. SPEARS

With pictures by CHARLOTTE WEBER

THIS is a story for a stormy night. For while the reader listens to the splash of the sleet and the howl of the gale, the men of the life-saving service—our heroes of the surf—in a procession that is almost unbroken, are patrolling the storm-swept beaches from Quoddy Head to Cape Fear, from Oswego to Duluth, and from Peterson's Point to the Golden Gate. And it is when the storm is most deadly—when the sands are slippery with ice, or clogged with snow—that the life-savers are most alert. In the annals of all the Nation there are no stories more full of interest than those of the men whose life is given to this work.

The story of the organized life-savers begins in 1786, when Noyes, the blind physician of Boston, invited some of his fellow-townsmen to the "Bunch of Grapes Tavern," and there induced them to organize the "Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," with the Hon. James Bowdoin as President. This Society was distinguished in various ways. On the desolate beaches of Massachusetts, beginning on Lovell's Island, in 1786, it built small huts in which people who escaped ashore from wrecked ships might find shelter, and in these huts it placed fuel, blankets, and food. It built lifeboats, and placed the first constructed at Cohasset, in October, 1807. It also gave rewards to every person who especially distinguished himself in saving human life.

This Society was composed of people who were the social leaders of the Commonwealth and of the Nation. Once a year a public meeting was held in some church, and after a sermon, the Society, with invited guests, visited the rescue huts on the islands in the harbor to see that the supplies were in order. This cruise was the chief social event of the year. The Legislature adjourned to attend it, and the harbor forts fired cannon in honor of the Society. Perhaps I may be permitted to observe, aside, that the chief annual social event of modern days in New York is not a meeting of a humane society.

The date at which a lifeboat was placed at Cohasset is notable, because it was not until seventeen years later (1824) that "The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck" was organized in England. The people of Massachusetts led the civilized world by seventeen years in the organized work of this kind. I believe that the Chinese (heathen that they were) had well-organized life-saving stations floating on their rivers some hundreds of years earlier, but it is pleasant to think that Americans led all civilized peoples in this matter.

It is also pleasant to note that the Massachusetts Society gave medals to the heroes who risked life to save the shipwrecked—it appealed to and cultivated the love of honor. But, sad to relate, the people of Massachusetts had a monopoly of this kind of work in the United States for thirty years.

On the morning of Jauuary 2, 1837,

the bark Mexico, loaded with immigrants, drifted ashore on Hempstead beach, Long Island. The courageous people of that region, under the lead of Raynor Rock Smith, launched a fishing-boat, and, pulling through the mush ice that clogged the breakers, rescued seven men and a boy. The remainder of the ship's company, to the number of 115, were driven on deck by the water that filled the hold. When on deck, the spray turned to ice as it fell upon them, and they all perished while gazing at a huge fire that was kindled on shore.

No wreck has ever stirred the people as that of the Mexico did. A lifeboat, built by popular subscription, was placed on Rockaway Beach a few months later. Engravings portraying the scene were on sale from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. The story of the wreck was discussed in Congress ten years after it occurred, and on February 25, 1847, at the instance of Robert McClelland, of Michigan, an item of $5,000 was added to the Lighthouse Bill, in order to furnish "lighthouses on the Atlantic coast with means for render-



SURFMAN HATCH RESCUING THE SAILORS FROM THE SCHOONER MINCH



THE LIFEBOAT TAKING SAILORS FROM A WRECK

ing assistance to shipwrecked mariners." It is worth remembering, too, that when arguing in favor of the item, McClelland appealed solely to the humanity of his fellow-Congressmen. The appropriation, he said, "would save annually from fifty to one hundred lives. Was *this*, in the gentlemen's view, a matter of no importance?"

Congressman William A. Newell, of New Jersey, took up the idea in 1848, and on August 9, 1849, got a bill through Congress by which the sum of $10,000 was appropriated to provide "surf-boats, rockets, carronades, and other necessary apparatus"—such as had been found useful in Massachusetts—for the Jersey beach. A reference to the wreck of the Mexico was one of the arguments used to pass the bill.

In this way, by providing apparatus for the use of volunteer life-savers, the National Government began work in the storm surf. Ship merchants and seafaring people became greatly interested. With additional appropriations, boats were distributed freely along the coast. But in time the boats were found to be too heavy. Many had been placed where they could not be reached when most needed. Wrecks occurred between lifeboat stations (the Powhatan on April 15, and the New Era on November 13, 1854, for instance), and hundreds of lives were lost. It became apparent, eventually, that the system was little better than worthless; but in the meantime Congress had authorized the Treasury Department to employ a keeper for each regular station, on a moderate salary, and the politicians had found the keepers useful. Consequently the system remained alive, if moribund, until 1871, when it was reorganized. A superintendent (Sumner I. Kimball) was appointed, and in the course of a year crews of trained men were employed under salary at several stations.

Immediately the alongshore politicians proceeded to fill the crews with heelers. Men who could not handle an oar—cripples and degenerates even—were placed on the rolls; but by 1876 a non-partisan and merit-only system, established by the superintendent, prevailed, and from that time on the United States has employed thoroughly trained men to save life.

With the inauguration of the merit system the heroic deeds of the life-savers began. The annual reports of the service, published as separate volumes, number twenty-six. Bound in coffin black, and placed on a library shelf, their appearance is forbidding; but one may search the libraries of the world without finding twenty-six other volumes containing as many hero tales as do these reports of the United States Life-Saving Service.

Consider the story of Surfman Hatch, of the Cleveland crew, at the wreck of the schooner Minch, on the night of October 3, 1883. The schooner sank in shoal water off Cleveland, and after exhausting labor, lasting nearly all night, all the crew save two were taken from the icy fore rigging by means of the breeches-buoy. The two remaining men were in the mizzen rigging. It was impossible for the life-savers to go aft along the deck to the mizzenmast, because the deck was under water and the storm waves were sweeping across it. They could not go aft by means of the stays because there were no stays from the mizzen mast to the main. It was a case so desperate that all of the life-savers except Hatch gave it up in despair and went ashore.

But in those desperate conditions Hatch found his opportunity. Going over the stays to the mainmast, Hatch found that the mainsail had been lowered, and that the main boom was swaying to and fro with the roll of the schooner as each wave passed. He knew that the end of the boom passed close to the mizzen rigging. Working his way out on that boom, in spite of the wind, Hatch rose up as it swayed toward the lee rail, and, leaping into the night, caught the mizzen rigging. And he arrived just in time to save the two sailors there from falling overboard. By lending a hand and by rousing their courage, Hatch sustained the sailors until daylight came, when a line was fired to the mizzen rigging and all were taken ashore in the breeches-buoy.

When the schooner H. P. Kirkham was wrecked on the Rose and Crown shoal, fifteen miles out to sea from the Caskata station, Nantucket, on January 21, 1892, the off-shore gale that was raging was so fierce and the sea so ugly that an ocean-going tug, after steaming some distance out toward the wreck, turned back to port. But the Caskata life-savers launched forth

with their surf-boat, took off the crew of the Kirkham, and then, anchoring on the shoal, waited until the tide turned to start for home. It was a midwinter gale. Those who have seen the Nantucket shoals at such a time may be able to imagine the plight of these men in a boat that was now overloaded, but no one else can. Yet, to the surprise of the old whalemen of Nantucket, they reached home, and but one life-saver died from the effects of the exposure.

Then there was the wreck of the schooner A. B. Goodman, on the Diamond Reef, off Cape Hatteras. Two currents meet off Cape Hatteras, and the broken water on the off-shore bars in a whole-sail breeze only is enough to dismay an ordinary seaman; but when a gale rages, the swirling plunge of the surf is appalling even to stoutest hearts. As they looked away across those seas at the Goodman, the life-savers believed that death awaited them. One of their number was therefore chosen to remain on shore, and to him each of the others made his will orally. Then they pulled out to sea, and they saved the crew of the Goodman and themselves.

One of the most picturesque incidents in the history of the service on the Great Lakes occurred during the famous gale of November 17, 1886. The steamer Robert Wallace and the huge tow-barge David Wallace stranded at night in the breakers six miles east of Marquette, where the waves made a clean breach over them, and each wave left a coating of ice as it passed. The next day people of Marquette who braved the storm in order to look at the breakwater and the light-house that had been wrecked by the seas during the night saw the stranded vessels through rifts in the storm, and rescuers were soon on their way, with boats and ropes and materials for a fire.

These rescuers included some of the bravest and most experienced sailors of the lakes—vessel officers who had passed through wreck experiences themselves. With unsurpassed zeal they strove all day long to reach the wrecks, but the wind, and the clinging mush ice, and the curling breakers foiled them. Even a powerful tug that tried to approach from the sea failed, and the crews were left freezing on the crumbling hulks.

Finally, toward night, one man, Captain John Frink, remembered that a life-saving crew was stationed on the west side of the peninsula that projects into the lake half-way to Duluth. The life-savers were six miles from the town of Houghton, but Houghton was connected with Marquette by rail. Seeing that the people in the two wrecks would inevitably perish if left there much longer, Captain Frink went to the railroad station, wired to Houghton for a messenger to go after the life-saving crew, and then arranged with the railroad officials for a special train to bring the crew and their apparatus to Marquette.

It was 7:40 o'clock at night when a tug brought the life-savers through the driving blizzard to the dock at Houghton, but a train, with the safety-valve of the engine lifting, was in waiting, and a throng of men stood by to jump the apparatus to the car. In five minutes from the arrival of the tug the conductor leaped aboard the moving train, and it fled away at top speed, literally in a race with death. It was a race 125 miles long, and the tracks became clogged with snow, but the life-savers won. They arrived at Marquette at 11:30 o'clock, and, going to the beach, they drove their boat through the mush ice and reached the wrecks in time.

When the schooner J. O. Moss stranded four miles north of the Grand Point au Sable station, Lake Michigan, though a fierce gale was blowing, not a breaker, scarce a dash of spray, reached the shore. For the surf was covered and weighed down with mush ice—a vicious liquid, a sullen gray horror that heaves and rolls and grinds, but never splashes on the beach. To whatever it touches it clings in masses, yet Surfman Stillson waded shoulder-deep into the searing mass off the Lake Michigan beach that he might save a sailor who had tried to bring a line ashore from the stranded vessel. He came out clogged with ice, but he saved the sailor. It was not a singular case, however; many surfmen have done the same thing, though not all have escaped with their lives.

The first surfmen to lose their lives while striving to rescue a shipwrecked crew with National apparatus were John F. Jones and R. D. Parker, who were drowned at the wreck of the bark Tasso



WORKING A PRIMITIVE BREECHES-BUOY THROUGH THE SURF

on the Jersey beach in 1856. The first to lose their lives in the reorganized service were the Jones Hill crew on Currituck beach. They were trying to rescue the crew of the bark Nuova Ottavia, stranded March 1, 1876, and were upset by the sailors who jumped on them in a mob as soon as the surf-boat came to the wreck. All these life-savers (seven in all) were lost.

From that time until March 17, 1902, when the crew of the Monomoy Station were lost on Handkerchief Shoal, the list of the dead who have lost their lives in efforts to save others has grown from year to year. A summary of the statistics for eighteen years shows that " the self-righting boat lost one life to every 136 saved, the surf-boat one to every 158 saved."

One might write an article solely on the shore perils of the surfmen, for they are

knocked down and even tossed about by the hurricane gusts that they have to face, while on more than one occasion the sea has invaded stations, and in one case on record a crew climbed into their boat and rowed out of the station on the back of a wave that crushed open the station doors and left them no other resource.

It is a strenuous life that the men of this service live—most strenuous. Scores of vessels are warned away from reefs by the danger signals of the night patrol men every year. Hundreds of people are rescued from stranded vessels every year. One may ask, as did Congressman McClelland, "Is *this* a matter of no importance?" To that may be added the less important statement that property worth millions is saved from the wrecks with the aid of the life-savers.



RUNNING OUT THE LIFEBOAT

After All, What is the Sunday-School?

By the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D.

IT is the Church co-operating with the Family and the Pulpit in wisely conducted conversations with individuals in the attempt to illustrate and apply the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. It is not a place for "preaching." It is not a place for the critical study of Scripture as literature. It is not a school of sacred linguistics; nor of Christian apologetics. It is not a seminary of systematic theology. Its teachers should enjoy as far as possible the best fruits of all these fields of study; but the Sunday-school is simply one of the departments of church activity that supplements the work of the family and the pulpit in the application and enforcement of the ethical and spiritual contents of the Holy Scriptures, for the promotion of a true spiritual life; and all this through personal conversation, and by the most thorough teaching processes.

It follows from this theory of the Sunday-school that the teacher should be well prepared; that he should account himself an assistant pastor; that he should know as intimately as possible the parents and the home life of his pupils. And these pupils he should know and love. His work being spiritual, he should be earnest and prayerful. To command the respect of his pupils and their parents, he should be a man of knowledge. He must be thoroughly social, since his work is chiefly conversational both in the class and in his pastoral calls. He must care for each individual, since his best work is with units. Their personal needs and peculiarities he *must* know.

A group of children, or youth, or adults in self-forgetting, absorbing devotion, as they engage in a free, fervent, practical conversation with their teacher on the theme of the day's lesson—this is a picture that fitly sets forth the simple, beautiful, and worthy mission of the Sunday-school.

Is the standard "not high enough"? I frankly confess that I know of no situation and service that require more knowledge, more resources, more tact, more earnestness.

May these church-conversation ministries be multiplied!

THE SLOVAK AND THE POLE IN AMERICA



BY EDWARD A. STEINER

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the crescent-shaped Carpathian mountains shut in their diverse Slavic families in complete isolation from one another and from the outer world. Only the young men who had been drafted into the king's army knew of that strange world which began at the margin of the village pasture and ended in some distant province of the empire. Railroads were a far-off wonder, the telegraph a myth or a mystery, and America farther away than heaven. About twenty-five years ago I saw the first Slavic emigrants returning to their native country from America; about a dozen stalwart men stepped from a third-class railway carriage at Oderberg, each one carrying a trunk trimmed with brass after the manner of the American trunk. A large delegation of peasants awaited the travelers, and had they stepped from Paradise they could not have been received with greater awe. Their trunks, their clothes, and, above all, their huge silver watches and heavy chains, were viewed by the crowd, which asked all manner of questions and received but scant replies, for our Slovaks were traveled men and rich, and could not be spoken to by every Yan, Martzin, and Pavel—the Slovak equivalent for Tom, Dick, and Harry. These first venturesome peasants came from the most impoverished and crowded portions of Hungary, populated by Poles and Slovaks, and the wealth they brought with them was real wealth, which incited others to leave home a while to gather the dollars on the other side of the Atlantic.

The wages in Hungary then were about fifteen cents a day, with long idle winters in which the "wolf" came very near the door of every mud hut in the village, and the report of about ten times as much a day, with bread, beans, onions, and even meat for daily diet, made the timid Slovaks bold enough to climb over the mountains which shut in their native valley to seek their Eldorado, America. The coal-mines of Pennsylvania, the steel-mills, coke-ovens, and limestone quarries of Ohio, needed their muscle, their patience, and their unvarying industry, and constant calls were made for new recruits, until the present number in this country is not far from 200,000 Slovaks and 300,000 Poles.

On board ship they are the most patient passengers, for hardships are not new to them, and the bill of fare, meager though it is, contains not a few luxuries to which their palates are strangers; if it were not for the seasickness, they would consider their ocean trip as much of a pleasure as do those of us who cross the sea for a wedding trip or a vacation. I have crossed the ocean with them ten times at least, and I have never heard a word of complaint, although their more refined traveling companions say much about their untidiness, rudeness, and other marks of semi-civilization. I have never seen one of them read a newspaper; only one man do I remember who read a book, and that was the prayer-book of the Greek Church. They leave their picturesque garb at home, and lie on the deck in all kinds of weather in all kinds of dress and undress, the women being barefooted even in winter. In conversation with the men I can never go beyond the facts that they are going to work, earn money, pay off a mortgage on a piece of land at home, or save enough money to send for Katchka or Anka to be their wedded wife. If the Slovak feels any great emotions when he reaches New York, he never expresses them; he is usually dumb from wonder and half frightened as he faces this new and busy world in which he will be but an atom or just so much horse-power. In spite of the contract labor law, he is billed to an agent in New York or taken to Pennsylvania, where his new life begins and too often ends in a coal-mine.

His home is one of many, and all alike are painted green or red—shells of buildings into which from fifteen to twenty people crowd, who are taken care of by one woman, whose husband may be the foreman of a gang and the chief beneficiary of their labor. Their competitors in the field of labor accuse them of filthiness, yet, after having walked through hundreds of these shanties, I can say that the report of untidiness among them is exaggerated; for the majority of homes are cleaner than their crowded condition would warrant, while there are not a few in which the floors are scrubbed daily, and fairly shine from cleanliness. Just as uncomplainingly as into the life on board ship, the Slovak fits into the new work, whatever it may be, and no animal ever took its burden more patiently than he does as he faces unflinchingly the hot blasts of a furnace or the dark depths of mines. He can be worked only in gangs directed by one of his number who has gathered a few crumbs of English, and who seasons them freely by those words which are usually printed in dashes. Such a thing as rebellion he does not know, as his whole past history testifies; in our strikes he is a very convenient scapegoat and not seldom a sheep led to deeds whose consequences he has not measured. In nearly every case of violence which I could trace and in which he took an active part, he was inflamed by drink which interested persons had given him.

He is considered by the tradesmen of his town to be their most honest customer, and one merchant who has dealt with the Slovaks for twelve years, who has carried them from pay-day to pay-day, and through strikes and lay-offs, told me that he had not lost one cent through them, while his losses on the other miners were from fifteen per cent. to thirty-five per cent.; and, with but slight variations, this is the testimony of all the merchants.

In no small measure this is due to their fear of law, for in Hungary every debt is collectible, and not even the homestead is exempt from the executioner. There is also no petty thieving in communities where they have lived for twenty years, and they have never been accused or even suspected of theft. As one common accusation against them is that they spend very little in this country and send most of their earnings abroad, I examined this



A TYPICAL POLISH LABORER OF BUFFALO



GOING HOME FROM MARKET

matter very carefully, interviewing every merchant and every class of merchants, the postmasters, and even the saloon-keepers, and they all agree that these people are fairly good customers. In visiting their homes I found that they are not lavish as to house-furnishings; the front room, which in the American household would answer for the parlor, is filled by the trunks of the boarders, and in a few cases has that beginning of American civilization, the rocking-chair. A stand with a white cloth cover holding a few knickknacks is a rarity, but exists in about five per cent. of the houses I have visited; carpets I have seen only twice, but the lace-curtain fashion has not a few imitators. Upon his bed the Slovak lavishes a great deal of money, making it his costliest piece of furniture, while his imported feather beds keep out entirely the more sanitary mattress and blankets. He does not stint himself in his food, as is commonly supposed, for he eats a good deal, although his steak, being cut from the shoulder, is cheap, and is always called "Polak steak." He eats quantities of beans, cabbage, and potatoes, and about eight dollars a month covers the board bill of an adult. He drinks too much, but drinks economically, preferring a barrel of beer for the crowd to the more expensive glass, and he carries a bottle in his hip pocket as invariably as the cowboy is supposed to carry a pistol. Instead of whisky he takes alcohol and water, which may, after all, be the same rose by another name. In buying clothing I am told that he buys the best which is fitted for his work and for his station, and to see him after working hours, cleanly washed and dressed in American fashion from the boots up to the choking collar, one would not suspect him of miserliness. He does save money, for out of an average earning of forty dollars a month he will send at least fifteen dollars to Hungary, and on pay-day the money-order window in the little post-office is crowded by these industrious toilers who have not forgotten wife, children, old parents, and old debts.

Many of them claim that they would buy houses in this country if they were assured of work, and in many places they plead that they cannot buy property because the company owns all the real estate and prefers to rent all the houses falsely called homes. The one thing

which divides the Slovaks and Poles, and which agitates them very much, is their religion, and they cling tenaciously to that form of Christianity in which they were born, regarding all other people as heretics and infidels. The Poles are all Roman Catholics; the majority of Slovaks belong to the same Church; a smaller number are in the Greek Church, while the fewest are Lutherans. Many of the Roman Catholics belong to the Greek rite, and are that portion of the Church in Austria which united with Rome after the division of Poland, and which was permitted to use its own Slavic ritual and retain its married clergy. Only a portion of the Greek Church entered this union, so that nearly every community has a number of Rus-



A TYPICAL POLISH WOMAN
From a photograph taken in her home.

sian Greeks, who look upon the Roman Greeks with a great deal of scorn. In Marblehead, on Lake Erie, where these Slovaks are engaged in the limestone quarries, this division was discovered after all the Greeks had built one church, that of the Roman Greeks. A few of the wiser ones who arrived in this country later were dreadfully shocked when they saw this, and in Peter Shigalinsky's saloon plans were made to gain possession of the church for the only true Greeks, the Russian; many pitched battles were fought, a long and fruitless litigation followed, and finally Peter Shigalinsky built next to his saloon a new church, whose orthodoxy is emphasized by one of the horizontal pieces of the cross slanting at a more acute angle than that of the Roman Greek church, in which of course there can be no salvation. Where they have no church of their own they worship with the English or Germans if they are Romanists, but in many cases the priests told me that they are not wanted and must keep to one corner of the building. There are not priests enough to shepherd them, and those they have are in many cases unfitted for the task. It is asserted that the Lutheran pastors are no better, and count for little or nothing in making these people Christians and citizens. Various denominations, notably the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, are engaged in the difficult work of evangelizing these people, and it is a gigantic task undertaken with little money, but wherever it is successful it means the winning of men for America and for the kingdom of God. They are naturally suspicious of strangers, but grateful for every kindness, and once a door is opened to their hearts it is never closed again. Unfortunately, their speech shuts them out from the touch with American people of the same community, but there are avenues of approach in which only one language is spoken—the language of love and kindness; one noble American woman whom I know ministers to them by nursing them and suggesting simple remedies when they are ill, and has thus become no small factor in their social and religious redemption. Thousands of such doors are opened which are closed to the professional missionary, although many men of common sense, or, as in many cases, women of consecrated common sense, have accomplished much, and are daily enlarging the kingdom of God on earth.

Of literature little or nothing enters the mining villages; a Slovak weekly comes to one or two homes and that is all. The Slovak lives an isolated life, sublimely ignorant of "wars and rumors of wars;" his breakfast is not spoiled by the glaring headlines of the daily paper, nor does the magazine or novel press upon him the problems of human society. He knows his camp, his mine, his shop, and though he lives in America and in the most busy States in the Union, his world now is not much bigger than it was when its horizon touched his village pastures. As yet he is not a factor politically, though the political "boss" finds him the best kind of material, for he is bought and sold without knowing it, and votes for he knows not whom. At Braddock, Pa., it was told me that he is sold first to the Democrats and then to the Republicans, and afterwards is naïve enough to come back to the Democrats and tell of his bargain, willing to be bought back into his political family. Like almost all foreigners, he is a Democrat by instinct or by association, one scarcely knows which, although he is usually anything that a drink of liquor makes him. I asked one his political faith, "Are you a Democrat?" "No, me Catholic—Greek, not Russian," was the reply. "What are your politics?" I asked a number. "Slovak," was the invariable answer. Not twenty per cent. of those I interviewed knew the name of our President, not two per cent. the name of the Governor of the State in which they were residing. The Slovak does not know the meaning of the word citizen, and the limited franchise in Hungary is exercised for him by those wiser than himself; he is just force and muscle, with all the roots of his heart in the little village across the sea, and with his brain wherever the stronger brain leads him. As a rule, he does not plan to remain in this country, and I doubt whether the number of those who expect to do so exceeds six per cent.

He is quiet and peaceable except on feast days or when Yanko and Katchka have their wedding day, and then you may hear the voice of the bridegroom lifted in a song about the "sweetheart he



A POLISH LABORER IN A DYE WORKS IN BUFFALO

is so glad to have and wouldn't sell to any one," while the hoarse violin, the squeaky clarionet, and the grunting bass-viol come in lingeringly, " No, not to any one, to any one." If you enter the house of the bride, you will find it full of sweltering humanity, while within a small circle a dozen couples dance a mazurka, up and down and down and up, while the bridegroom sings and the fiddler plays about the " sweetheart he is so glad to have and wouldn't sell to any one, no, not to any one."

They dance thus three days at least, the wedding having taken place after the first day's dancing; the ceremony is performed in the little Greek church, with



POLISH WOMAN SEWING IN HER HOME

At the right of the picture one can see the shrines of patron saints.

the whole mining camp as interested spectators. The priest who marries them has no easy task, as he has to move both bride and groom bodily from one place before the altar to the other and fairly squeeze the responses out of them. The ceremony over, the wedding dinner is served, and never in all the Carpathian mountains was there such feasting as there is in the Alleghanies. "Polak" steak, cabbage with raisins, beets, slices of bacon, links of sausages, sweet potatoes, and, "last but not least," the great American dish, conqueror of all foreign

tastes—apple pie. It is a glorious sight to see them eat, their faces buried in these unheard-of luxuries. Beer flows as freely as did milk and honey in the promised land, and again the little band plays, this time a new tune, and the bridegroom sings a new song.

"Beer oh! beer oh! beautiful beer,
And who then will drink of it
When I am down in the pit?
Beer oh! beer oh! who'll drink it then?"

While he is singing about the future and the crowd dances to this melancholy tune, the present takes care of itself, as barrel after barrel is emptied, until the pyramids of Egypt have small rivals in those built entirely of empty beer-barrels in the Pennsylvania mining town. Many of the drinkers fall asleep as soundly as Rameses ever did after he was embalmed, while others are making ready for the end of the feast—the fight, for "no fight, no feast" is the proverb. Somebody calls a Slovak a Polak, or vice versa; some young man casts glances at some young maiden otherwise engaged—and the fight is on. I have never discovered just the reason for the fight, and one might as well search for the cause of a cyclone or for the eruption of Mont Pelée, but the results are nearly the same: furniture, heads, and glasses all in the same condition—broken; everybody on the ground like twisted forest trees, while one hears between long black curses the peaceful snores of the unconscious drunk. The next day and the next the programme is repeated, and this is the Slovak's only diversion, unless it be a saint's day, when history repeats itself and he once more practices his two vices, drinking and fighting. Sexually he is virtuous, and no scandal taints these mining camps, where one woman cooks for fifteen or twenty men, who respect her as the wife of one man, while she respects her own virtue and would fight if necessary to remain loyal to her husband. There is much coarse, indelicate talk and much crudeness, but among no other foreigners is there such virtue.

The Pole who emigrates to this country comes from nearly the same region as the Slovak, and lives very much the same life, although in many things he is his superior. He has greater self-assertion, is not so submissive to the Church, chafes



A FINE POLISH CHURCH IN BUFFALO
It stands out in marked contrast to the dwelling-houses of the Polish laboring peop'

much under restraint, has more of a literature in America, and calls himself an infidel as soon as he begins to think. In Chicago over 100,000 Poles live near the stockyards, engaged in menial tasks, yet not a few of them have gained positions of trust and influence. Politically they, too, are herded, and vote as Poles and not as Americans. I became acquainted with a saloon-keeper on Ashland Avenue in Chicago, who conducts a dance-hall, shoe store, lumber-yard, and real estate office in connection with his saloon, and who is said to control five thousand Polish votes. I tell his story in nearly his own words. "I worked in the stockyards until I said to myself, You big fool, go in the saloon business, and make money big; so I went to the beer-brewer and told him, and he gave me a corner, and put a mortgage on it. One barrel of whisky and one barrel of beer I had, and I sold all kinds of drinks out of them. I told the boys to come in and dance on Saturday night, and they came; one day a big policeman came into my saloon and say, 'Sam, have you got a license?' and I said, 'None of your business,' and he wanted to shut me up, so I went to the alderman, and he shut him up, and he come round no more."

In this dance-hall there is a fight every Saturday night, and a Polish fight is less harmless than that of the Slovak. This is the low water mark of the Poles in Chicago, but these Poles are not altogether fair examples, for there are fine representatives of that race in this country, men and women of culture, but they are rare and far removed from this class, which needs them and which could be influenced by them. In Detroit an American Protestant layman has thrown himself into the work of uplifting this mass of 40,000 Poles socially and spiritually, and the small measure of success which he has met so far is due only to the fact that small means are at his command. America has a Slav problem, but not a Slav peril, unless no leaven is introduced into this mass, which is in greater need of it and more prepared for it than we think.

The Day's Work

By Charles P. Cleaves

The sun's gold path has crossed the sky;
  Beneath the orchard's glowing haze
A lone bee takes his last flight home;
  The day has passed as other days.

The ship swings to the waiting dock,
  A boy climbs to the tapering mast;
From factories grim beneath the hill
  Gaunt streams of workers straggle past.

The orchard's fruit has riper grown,
  The bee has stored the clover's sweet;
The boy's heart beats with manlier tone,
  The weaver's web is more complete.

What I have done none can undo,
  Though slowly wrought with trace of pain—
By hand or heart, by speech or thought,
  By irksome toil that seemed in vain.

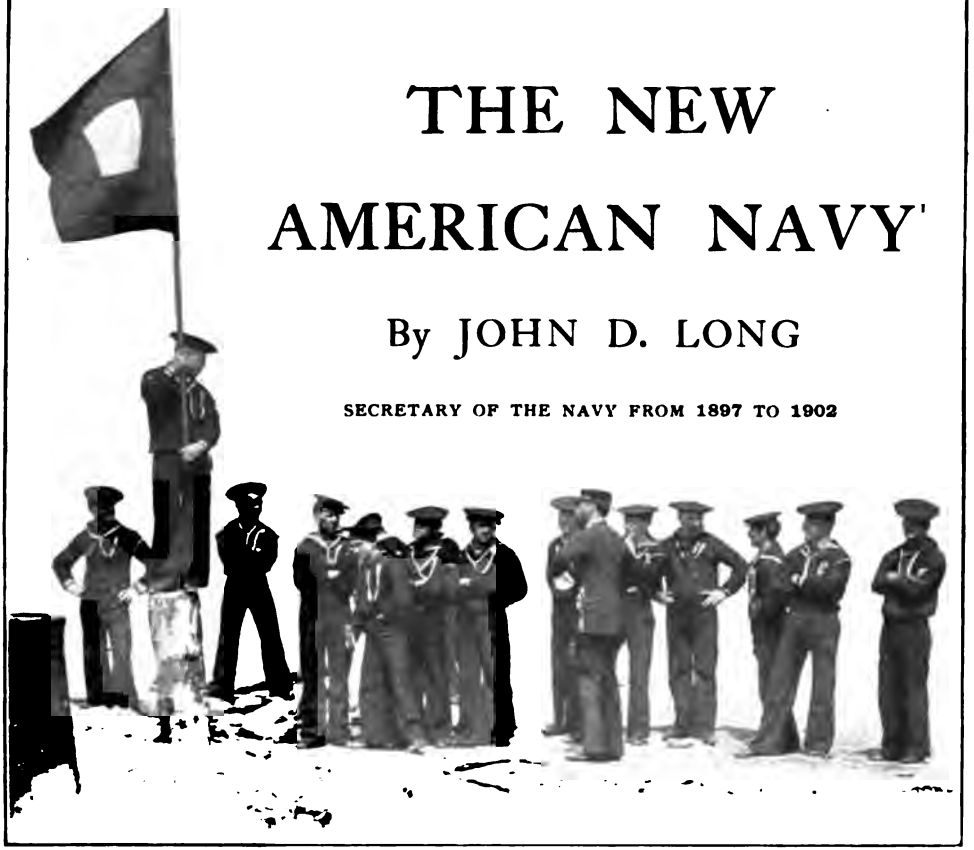
As I have learned, so now I am—
  The hand more skilled, the soul more free;
The truer thought, the kindlier heart—
  So God and man have fashioned me.

The fresh breeze draws through chanting trees,
  The twilight's music steals about;
The peace of God falls as the dew.
  I sit and watch the stars come out.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY[1]

By JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902



WIGWAG DRILL BY THE SIGNAL CORPS

PREPARING FOR THE WAR WITH SPAIN

CUBA projected a sinister shadow across the foreign relations of the United States at the time when William McKinley was inaugurated President, March 4, 1897. Rebellion had raged in the island for years. The sound of the crack of its rifles and the swish of its machetes reached across the sea and grew more and more audible in the ears of the great Republic which for more than a century has been the ideal of freedom to all oppressed people.

Throughout the United States were manifested deep sympathy for the insurgents and a general wish for their success in their struggle. This feeling was intensified by the inhumane and barbarous methods of warfare employed by Spain to crush the revolt, and by the injury to American citizens and their industrial and commercial interests attendant upon the destructive operations of both insurgents and Spaniards. Responding to the loudly expressed demand of the people for some action on our part, President Cleveland, on April 4, 1896, tendered to Spain his good offices for the pacification of the island. The national pride of the Castilians in the integrity of their possessions rejected the offer. The note of the United States, however, had hardly reached the Spanish Government before our House of Representatives, answering the National insistence, concurred, by an almost unanimous vote, in a Senate resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Republic of

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This is the fifth of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Battle of Manila Bay, The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.

Cuba. As they lacked the attributes of belligerents, President Cleveland declined to grant the insurgents recognition of belligerency. When President McKinley entered the White House, he found the Nation enthusiastic in the cause of Free Cuba, and the Congress feverishly seeking a means to further it.

With that infinite tact and diplomacy characteristic of President McKinley, he immediately addressed himself to the task of holding the people and their representatives in check, and at the same time accomplishing by negotiation the restoration of peace in disturbed Cuba, under conditions that would satisfy the just aspirations of the fighting patriots. He initiated his foreign policy with a declaration of amity toward all nations, which perhaps contributed to cause Spain to listen more considerately to the proposals submitted by John Sherman, as Secretary of State. The inaugural address of the President contained this significant statement:

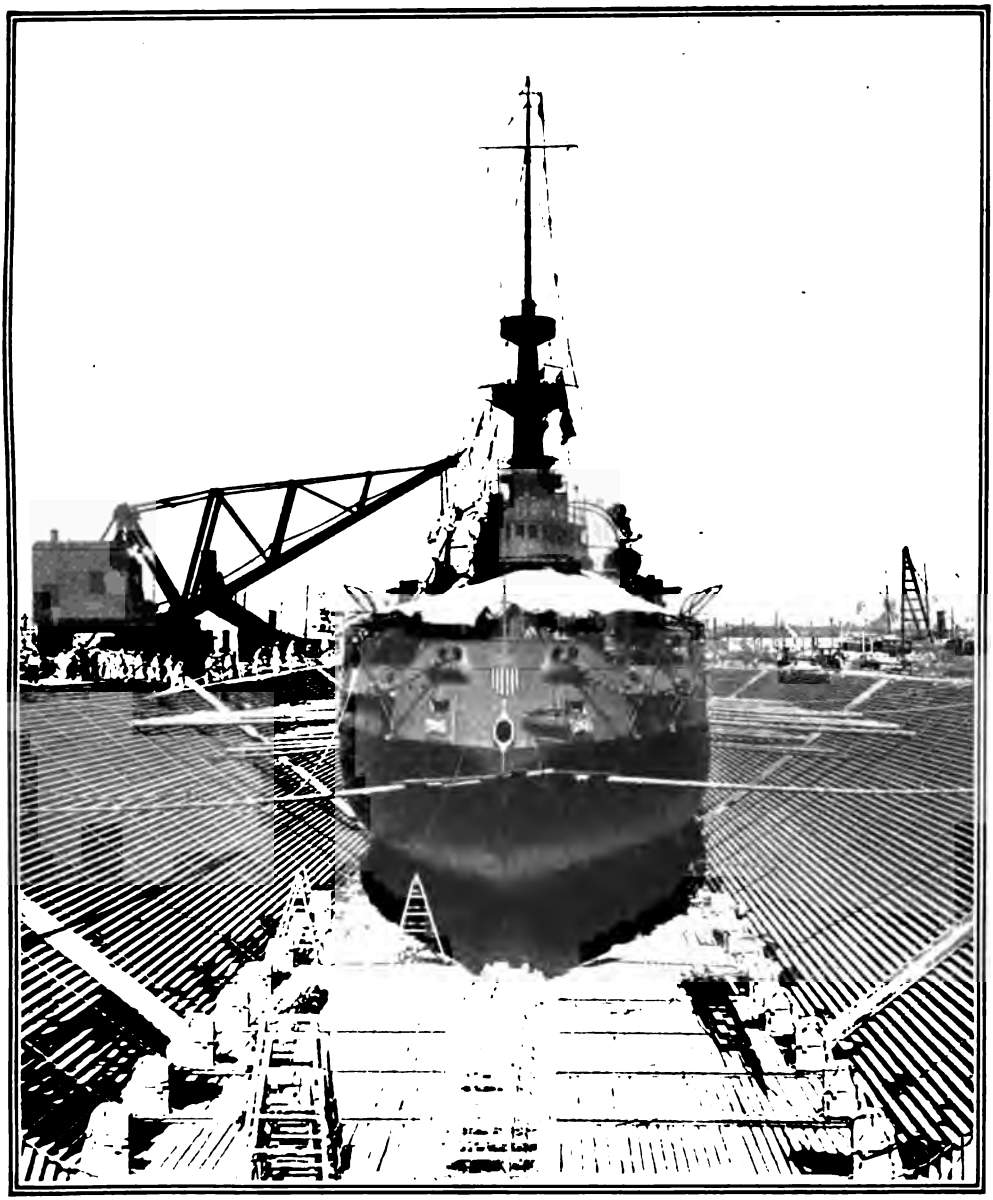
"War should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed; peace is preferable to war in almost every contingency."

Judicious as were these words, they yet failed to restrain the Senate, and that body, in the extra session called to enact the Tariff Bill, passed a joint resolution in behalf of Cuban independence. The Republican House, less headstrong than the Senate, stood by the President, and, in spite of public clamor, refused to take action which at once would have precipitated war and which certainly would have gravely embarrassed the diplomatic correspondence then pending.

Looking back over the negotiations conducted with Spain, one cannot but remark the high plane upon which they were placed; how the nobility and prescience of McKinley made humanity and civilization the cardinal principles of his policy—protection of American interests secondary thereto. In dealing with the Cuban question he let no selfish desire for territorial aggrandizement taint the treatment he gave it. Spain was sovereign in Cuba; her rights as sovereign must be respected. The obligation which we, as a friendly nation, owed to her, no less than the necessity of preventing the reproach that we were assisting the insurrection, led President Cleveland to establish an extensive marine patrol of our Atlantic and Gulf coasts. The same reasons actuated President McKinley in continuing it. Filibustering expeditions reached Cuba, it is true, but, annoyed as Spain was, she found herself unable to substantiate the claim that the United States failed to observe that "due diligence" which international law requires of a neutral.

The revolution, known as the Ten Years' War, which began in Cuba in 1868, was brought to a close in 1878 only by the exhaustion of Spain and her rebellious subjects. When President McKinley and his Cabinet began the study of the Cuban question, the conclusion was quickly reached that a policy of exhaustion had been adopted alike by each party to the later conflict, the one to vindicate its sovereignty, the other to achieve independence. Spain had sought to crush the rebellion in its incipiency by quartering two hundred and fifty thousand men on the island. The effort was futile. Acquainted with the soil, acclimated and hardy, the Cuban volunteer demonstrated that he was a match for the soldier of the Peninsula. The sword proving ineffectual to suppress the insurrection, Spain resorted to the blunter weapon of starvation. The rural folk were compelled to abandon their homes. Males too weak or too old to have joined the insurgents were herded with women in camps of concentration where lack of food and unsanitary surroundings begot frightful mortality. A conservative estimate of the result of this method of conducting war has been put at half a million deaths. The country, rid of its residents, was laid waste by the torch. Determination to make the war expensive to Spain caused the insurgents to vie with her soldiers in the work of devastation. The island, upon which nature lavishes her richest bounty, was transformed into a smoldering desert in which want and misery stalked. Years of work and of American capital and industry had been necessary to lift Cuba from the enfeebled condition caused by the drain of the Ten Years' War; the revolution of 1895 was forcing it back to the unhappy state of 1878.

The unfortunate situation of the Cuban



PHOTOGRAPH BY ENRIQUE MULLER

THE OREGON IN DRY-DOCK

Preparing for her long cruise.

people and of American interests and investments in the island provoked the President to action. In the name of humanity and civilization, an earnest protest was offered against the inhuman tactics enforced, and demand was made that the war be conducted in accord with the military code of civilized nations. Small concessions were made to the just expressions of our horror, but the policy of concentration was only completely abandoned under the spur of our indignation. The right to care for its own is an inherent right of every nation. President McKinley obtained from Congress an appropriation for the relief of American citizens in Cuba brought to destitution and sickness by the devastation policy pursued in the

island. This money, judiciously expended, succored many who were starving. The good it wrought was an indication of the greater good which could be accomplished by affording relief to the victims of the reconcentration camps. On December 24, 1897, the eve of the birth of the Master who taught the blessed lesson of charity, President McKinley appealed to the American people to give of their plenty to the suffering Cubans. The response was generous. His own personal contribution, of which few knew, was far beyond his means to give. Distribution of the money and supplies collected caused immediate alleviation of distress, and thousands were saved from death. The President's action was humanitarian in conception and execution, as it was also specially characteristic of his own generous nature, but it was also internationally significant, for it marked the beginning of American intervention in Cuba.

Temporary amelioration of the condition of the Cuban sufferers was the immediate object of the Presidential appeal for contributions for their sustenance. Eradication of the evils in the political system of Cuba, which made such a condition possible, was the only remedy which could prevent its return. Moreover, the United States owed it to itself and to its people to insist upon the termination of a situation which was productive of disaster to American capital, industry, and commerce, which caused constant irritation and disturbance of domestic, social, and business affairs, and which menaced the health of the Nation through the danger of the introduction of infectious diseases from the reconcentration camps of the island. These obligations were far more pressing upon the President than, and in fact superseded, the obligation to respect the sovereignty of Spain. The first step in their observance was intrusted to General Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, who was appointed Minister to Spain. On September 18, 1897, General Woodford tendered to the Madrid Government, on behalf of the President, the most kindly offices of the United States. This offer was couched in language decidedly more emphatic than that employed by Secretary Olney seventeen months before. "I cannot disguise the gravity of the situation," General Woodford said, "nor conceal the conviction of the President that, should his present effort be fruitless, his duty to his countrymen will necessitate an early decision as to the course of action which the time and the transcendent emergency may demand." This was practically the text of the instruction given to General Woodford before his departure for his post, and carefully considered by the President and his Cabinet during the hot summer days of the preceding July.

Spain suffered a Cabinet crisis eleven days after the presentation of the American note, and a new Ministry was formed, with the Liberal Señor Sagasta as its President. Sagasta appreciated the power of the United States and the temper of our people. The note of General Woodford, our able Minister to Spain, was answered by the announcement that an autonomist government would be established in the island. The innovation was one that to the President and his Cabinet indicated a hopeful change of policy on the part of the Spanish Crown. But though autonomy was established in Cuba within limited areas and with evidence of good faith on the part of Spain, it promptly developed its insufficiency to restore peace to the belligerent island. Those loyal to Spain derided it; the insurgents contemptuously refused to accept it.

Americans must review these negotiations with a feeling of satisfaction, for they clearly show that every opportunity and ample time were given to Spain to meet the demands of our President, and to effect a settlement honorable and right to herself and her rebellious subjects. During the consideration of the notes exchanged, I was often struck by the concern manifested by President McKinley and his advisers of the Cabinet to be considerate of the susceptibilities of the Spanish people, and at the same time to attain the one object in view—the permanent pacification of Cuba. It was of vital importance that the Navy Department should be advised of every development in the negotiations, as the maintenance of the naval anti-filibustering patrol was in its charge, the protection of American life and property in foreign lands was the first duty of our men-of-war, and there was, finally, the



REAR-ADMIRAL MONTGOMERY SICARD
Of the Naval War Board.



REAR-ADMIRAL A. S. CROWINSHIELD
Of the Naval War Board.

probability that war—especially involving the navy—might be the ultimate result.

His conscientious view of the situation had deterred President Cleveland from sending a man-of-war to Cuban waters, though consular officers had not failed to call attention to the advisability of such action. American citizens had been arbitrarily thrown into jail, and one, Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, died in prison under circumstances which indicated that he had been foully murdered. Energetic representations made by the State Department during the Cleveland and the first few months of the McKinley administration resulted in the release of all Americans confined in Cuban prisons. Nevertheless, General Fitzhugh Lee, our Consul-General in Havana during both administrations, found his representations in behalf of American property and commercial interests hampered by the absence of a naval force, and the known determination of the prior administration not to order a warship to Cuban waters. In the first meetings of President McKinley's Cabinet consideration was given to the suggestion to despatch a man-of-war to Havana. But because it was desirable not to arouse the suspicion that the United States was applying pressure to Spain to compel acceptance of the President's proposals for the termination of the insurrection, it was decided to defer such action. Time, however, only accentuated the gravity of the Cuban situation, and there were indications that Havana might become the scene of disturbances anti-American in character. Such demonstrations, especially if directed against the American Consulate, could only have had conse-



CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN
Of the Naval War Board.

quences disastrous to the peace of the two nations. As a measure of precaution, therefore, President McKinley, in October of 1897, decided that a war-ship ought to be stationed within a short distance of the Cuban capital. Instructions were accordingly given to the second-class battle-ship Maine to proceed to Port Royal, South Carolina. Early in December she was ordered to Key West, with instructions to open communication with General Lee, proceed to Havana at such time as, on notice from him, conditions in that city should warrant, and to grant an asylum to American citizens should they appear to be in danger. The wisdom of this action was proven by disturbances which occurred in Havana on January 12, 1898, as a result of the hostility of the Spanish royalists there to the plan of an autonomic government. General Lee cabled to the State Department that uncertainty existed whether the Spanish Captain-General could control the situation, and advised that ships be prepared to move promptly. Obviously, there was but one thing to do. Through Minister Woodford and General Lee the Spanish authorities had been advised of the purpose of the United States to have its war-ships resume friendly visits to Cuban ports. Carrying out this decision, the Maine went to Havana, and the cruiser Montgomery to Santiago de Cuba and Matanzas. Spain affected to see an ulterior motive in this action, and declared that the presence of American war-ships would obstruct autonomy and cause disorder, but responded to the announcement of the purpose to despatch war vessels to Cuban waters by declaring her appreciation of the proposed visits, and stating that she would return the courtesy by sending Spanish ships to the principal ports of the United States.

Several reasons were responsible for the selecting of the Maine for service at Havana. She was a second-class battle-ship, really an armored cruiser, sufficiently powerful to impress the Spanish troops and loyalists, and at the same time capable of making a good defense in case of an attack by shore batteries and their supporting ships in the harbor. She was under an officer in whom the Department had confidence—Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, who had been ordered to command her in April, 1897. A few months before the Maine was sent to Key West, Captain Sigsbee had shown good judgment in avoiding in the East River, New York, a collision with an excursion steamer loaded with women and children. Captain Sigsbee's conduct in Havana demonstrated that the Department had justly estimated his character. He was as punctilious as the Spaniards in official courtesies. He diplomatically refrained from involving himself in Cuban politics. At the same time, he served as the eyes and ears of the Navy Department, and transmitted to it all the information he could collect concerning political and military conditions in the island.

When the Maine was ordered to Havana, it was not intended that she should remain for a long time. In the judgment of the medical officers of the Department, sanitary reasons forbade a protracted stay. Political necessity demanded, however, that the advantage gained by the despatch of a vessel should not be lost by her immediate withdrawal. General Lee expressed the opinion that conditions required the presence of a war-ship; that the retirement of the Maine and neglect to order another ship in her place would aggravate them, and that to counteract the Spanish estimate of our navy a first-class battle-ship should be sent in case the Maine were relieved, and with it a torpedo-boat to preserve communication with the Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron. General Lee's views prevailed. The Maine remained in Havana Harbor, and the torpedo-boat Cushing conveyed despatches to and from her to the Commander-in-Chief at Key West.

While representatives of the United States, diplomatic, consular, and naval, were according to Spain the courtesy due to a friendly nation, the Envoy of the Spanish Government in Washington, Enrique Dupuy de Lome, committed an unfortunate breach of etiquette and propriety. In a letter to a friend in Havana the Minister referred to the President in coarse and abusive terms. The letter, brought to light, was submitted to the State Department. The usefulness of its author ceased at once. His recall was demanded, but before the demand was presented he anticipated it by tendering



THE BROOKLYN—ONE OF THE FLYING SQUADRON

Photographed from the Brooklyn Bridge by Enrique Muller. Copyright, 1901, by Enrique Muller.

his resignation. Desire to preserve its agent from humiliation prompted immediate acceptance of the resignation, but the Spanish Government subsequently expressed regret and disclaimed the views expressed in the objectionable missive. Nevertheless, unjustifiable criticism of our President by the representative of Spain and the revelation he had made of Spanish insincerity aroused indignation and distrust, and added further irritation to a situation already brimful of dangerous possibilities.

The widening rift in the relations between the United States and Spain seemed to have no effect upon the treatment of the Maine by the Spanish authorities. Captain Sigsbee reported an evident inclination on the part of Spanish officials to limit their relations with him to those prescribed by official etiquette, but he experienced no discourtesy, and the Maine's arrival and stay produced no appreciable excitement. A few days later the vessel was made fast to the buoy designated by the captain of the port, from which she never moved. Captain Sigsbee, to show his good relations with the island, attended a bull-fight with some of his officers, but while returning from the exhibition a small printed sheet vehemently protesting against the visit of the Maine was placed in his hand. The following is a paragraph: "And, finally, these Yankee pigs, who meddle with our affairs, humiliate us in the last degree, and, for a still greater taunt, order to us a man-of-war of their rotten squadron, after insulting us in their newspapers with articles sent from our own home."

As circulars containing unexecuted threats against the life of General Lee had been frequently received by that officer, no attention was paid by Captain Sigsbee to the paper delivered to him; nor was it possible of belief that Spain, with many noble traditions, could descend to the depth of authorizing the destruction of the ship of another nation, with which she was still at peace, lying peacefully within one of her harbors. Captain Sigsbee had naturally taken precautions for the care and safety of his command, without making his action offensively obvious to the Spanish authorities, but his procedure related entirely to internal administration and could not extend to external surveillance. Spain's international duty required her to protect the Maine from outside injury. The same duty imposed upon the United States the preservation from harm of the Spanish cruiser, the Vizcaya, during her visit to New York. Though the Vizcaya lay in New York Harbor immediateiy after the destruction of the Maine, she rested in perfect security, guarded—unnecessarily—by tugs and launches, and she sailed undamaged to ultimate destruction in battle on the south shore of Cuba.

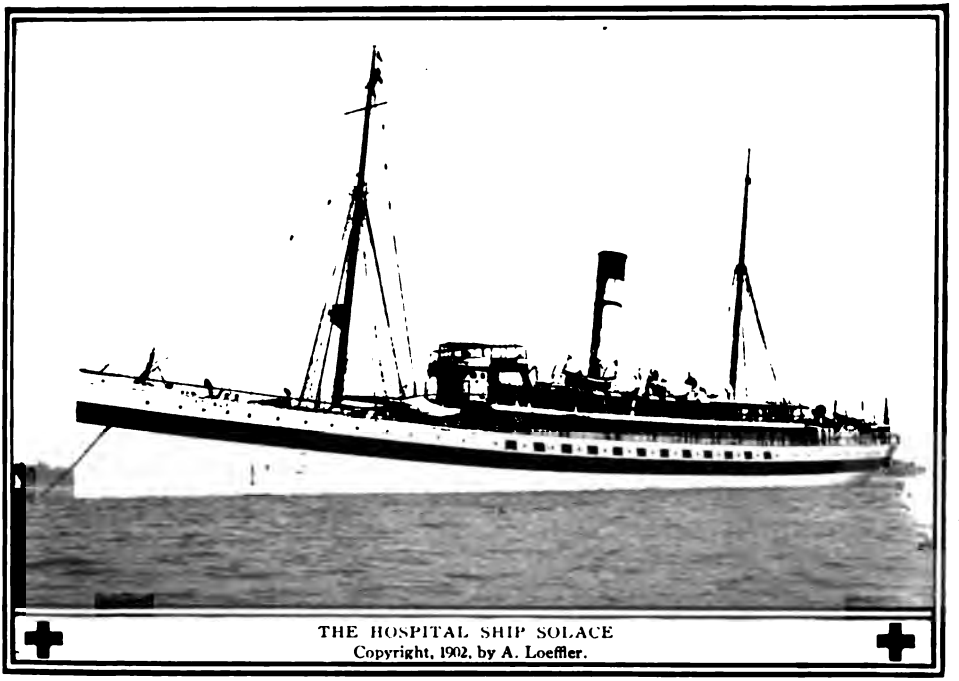


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CAPTAIN W. H. BROWNSON

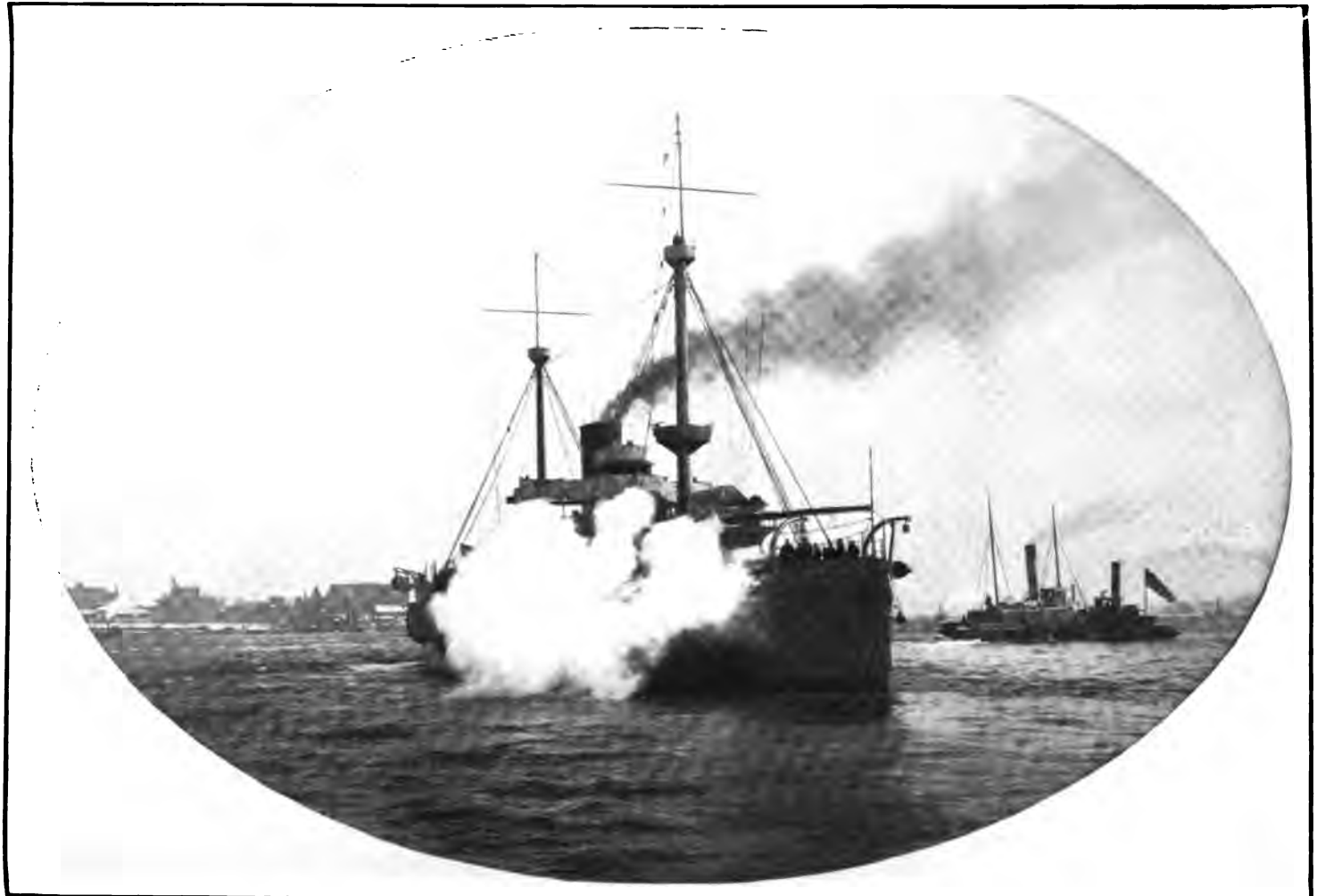
Who went abroad to purchase ships for the war. He is now Superintendent at Annapolis.

The Maine was blown up at forty minutes past nine in the evening of February 15, 1898. Two officers and two hundred and sixty-four enlisted men lost their lives in this catastrophe. I was awakened about two o'clock on the morning of February 16, by a despatch from Captain Sigsbee—shall I ever forget it, or the gentle hand that brought it?—briefly announcing the appalling disaster. It was a supreme moment, and that telegram was a spark that fired an explo-



THE HOSPITAL SHIP SOLACE
Copyright, 1902, by A. Loeffler.

sion of popular feeling throughout the country far more pregnant of death and destruction than the explosion of the Maine. The bright representatives of the press were at my door, and the news was swift upon the telegraphic wires. Commander Francis W. Dickins, Acting Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, was at once sent for and directed to notify the President. It was manifest that the loss of the Maine would inevitably lead to war, even if it were shown that Spain was innocent of her destruction. Time was necessary, however, to enable completion of our preparations for conflict. From every point of view hasty action was inadvisable. The President desired to give the civilized world no ground for criticising the American Republic. His policy had not changed from that declared eleven months before. He sought to preserve peace, but to be prepared for war in case it was forced upon him. In his despatch Captain Sigsbee had suggested that "public opinion should be suspended until further report." This advice from the commanding officer of the destroyed vessel was taken by the country to refer to the suspension of its opinion as to the responsibility of Spain for the act, and was followed in that spirit. With admirable poise, but with unrelenting determination to avenge an injury if it had been done them, the people, after the first outburst of horror and indignation, sternly and deliberately awaited the verdict of the Naval Court of Inquiry which had been ordered to make a full and thorough investigation. Appreciating the grave consequences apt to ensue from its decision, the personnel of the Court was selected with the utmost care. Captain William T. Sampson, commanding the battle-ship Iowa, was named as President; Captain French E. Chadwick, commanding, and Lieutenant-Commander W. E. Potter, executive officer of the New York, were appointed members, and Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix was ordered as Judge Advocate. These officers had high professional standing, and the President and his Cabinet believed that their findings would be accepted. Captain Sampson had served as Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and as head of the torpedo station at Newport. He was, therefore, well qualified to determine the question whether an internal or external explosive agent had destroyed the Maine. Prior to assuming command of the New York, Captain Chadwick had occupied the office of Chief of the Bureau of Equipment.



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THE TEXAS, IN WAR PAINT, STARTING FOR THE WAR

He was an expert in all matters relating to coal and electricity. Lieutenant-Commander Potter was an officer of technical experience and calm judgment. Lieutenant-Commander Marix had been executive officer of the Maine, and was familiar with the details of her structure and organization.

Conscious of the awful responsibility placed upon her by the destruction in her harbor of a friendly man-of-war, particularly one flying the flag of the United States, Spain at once gave assurance of sincere sympathy for the American Nation. The Queen Regent, whose attitude seems always to have been considerate, personally expressed profound horror and regret. The Spanish Government conveyed its condolence through our Minister Woodford at Madrid, and its Chargé d'Affaires at Washington. Governor-General Blanco and the Ayuntamiento of Havana declared their grief. From every nation and from every quarter messages of sorrow were received. The world was shocked by the disaster, and was prepared to hold the authors of it, if they could be discovered, to strict accountability. Spain's situation was most delicate. Her honor and her position in the family of nations were jeopardized by the investigation which the United States had set on foot. She proposed that a joint inquiry be made. The adoption of this proposal was impracticable. Then Spanish officers thought to throw obstacles in the way of our independent inquiry. A sharp protest ended this procedure. The wreck of the Maine was closely inspected by wreckers and divers and United States naval officers. Their discoveries and the evidence of survivors of the Maine and of persons who witnessed the explosion were heard by the court. On March 21 Captain Sampson and his associates submitted their report to the Department. They found that the Maine had been destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, but responsibility for her destruction was not specifically placed upon any person or persons. Unable to obtain a joint investigation, Spain ordered an independent one, which ascribed the catastrophe to internal causes. Spain subsequently suggested that an international court be convened to inquire into the Maine's destruction. The United States accepted neither this suggestion nor the Spanish findings. Immediately upon the receipt of the report of the Sampson court, Spain was advised of its character, and informed that the President did not permit himself to doubt that her sense of justice would dictate a course of action suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two Governments. However, the soon-following declaration of war terminated all negotiations in regard to the Maine. The mystery of her loss yet remains to be solved, but the facts will some day come to light, and it will probably be found that, so far as the Spanish Government itself was concerned, it was innocent of the design, though it is possible that some of its subordinates may have been responsible for the fact.

The destruction of the Maine severely aggravated the situation and precipitated the crisis. The certainty that war was inevitable in case Spain failed to grant generous concessions to the insurgents had caused the Navy Department for some time to maintain the navy on a semi-war footing. The measures to prepare the service for conflict were, as far as possible, of a nature not calculated to arouse public anxiety. Premature disclosure might have jeopardized pending negotiations; and it is a fact that unwise publications materially hampered the President and the Department in dealing with the Cuban question. As quietly, however, as it could be done, preparations were made. Ships under construction were completed and immediately commissioned; those undergoing repairs were finished and added to the fleet. The several squadrons, particularly those of the North Atlantic and Asiatic Stations, were required to engage in evolutions and target practice, so that, when confronted with an enemy, they would be able to maneuver as a unit, and shoot with judgment, rapidity, and precision. Plans of operations against Spain were devised, and all information regarding the Spanish navy that could be obtained was collected and considered in its various relations to hypothetical war situations.

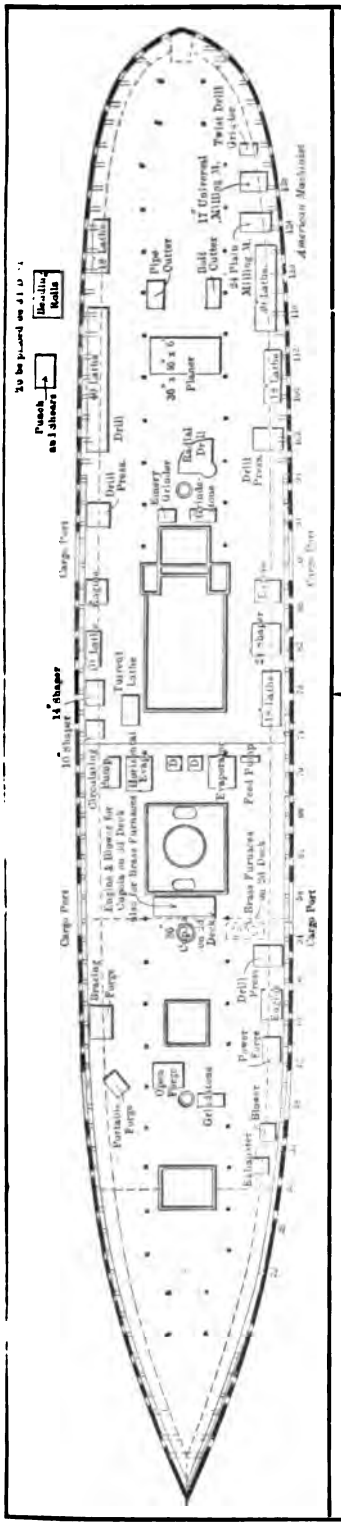
With the further development of the war cloud our preparations assumed larger proportions. Beginning with January 11, 1898, instructions were cabled to commanders-in-chief of the several squadrons

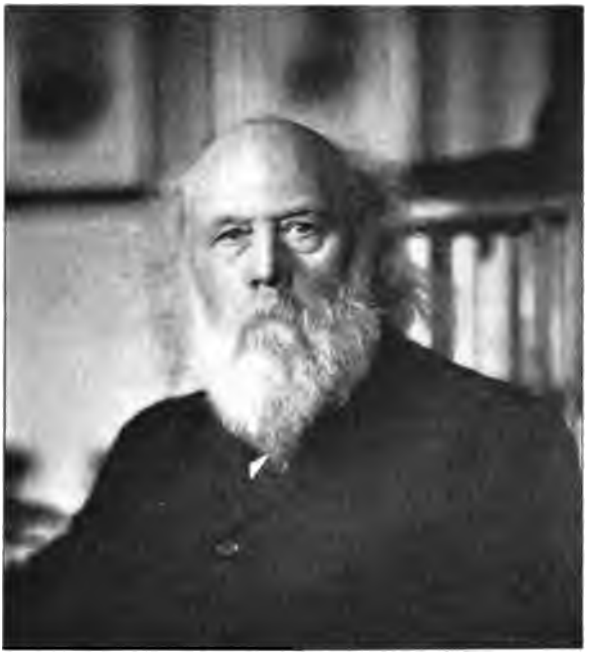
to retain in service men whose terms of enlistment were about to expire. The North Atlantic Squadron and a torpedo-boat flotilla were sent to the Florida drill-grounds. The gunboat Helena, *en route* to the Asiatic Station, was stopped at the Azores, subsequently was ordered to join at Lisbon the San Francisco and Bancroft, which comprised the European Squadron, and, after the destruction of the Maine, was brought to Key West. The Bancroft accompanied the Helena to the United States, putting in at Norfolk for repairs, and again saluted her on the Cuban blockade. The South Atlantic Squadron, consisting of the Cincinnati and the Castine, which were at Montevideo, was advised on January 17 that affairs were much disturbed in Cuba, and that it should, without causing comment, proceed to Para, Brazil. Two days after the destruction of the Maine the Squadron was directed to proceed north from Para, and reached Key West on March 26. The Wilmington, which had been assigned to the South Atlantic Station, was caught by cable at Guadeloupe, and diverted to La Guayra. She dropped anchor in Key West Harbor on the same day on which the Cincinnati and Castine arrived. The Annapolis, which was cruising in the West Indies, was also ordered to Key West. In this way the Department mobilized within ninety miles of Cuba a fleet ready, upon declaration of hostilities, to establish a blockade of the principal ports of the island, and to do battle with the hostile squadron of the Peninsular Kingdom whenever it should appear.

In preparing for war the Department did not confine its attention to the Atlantic Ocean. Commodore George Dewey, Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Station, was directed to assemble his squadron, with the exception of the unseaworthy Monocacy, at Hongkong. The Olympia, his flagship, had been ordered home for repairs, but this order was revoked as the certainty of war loomed upon the horizon. The cruiser Baltimore was at Honolulu. The Mohican, at Mare Island, was ordered to convey to the Baltimore a large quantity of ammunition, and after its transfer the Baltimore started at once to join Commodore Dewey at Hongkong, who was thus amply supplied with ammunition from the beginning. The battleship Oregon, which was at Bremerton, Washington, early in March, was directed to proceed to San Francisco and receive ammunition. On March 12 she was ordered to prepare for a long cruise, and on March 19 she started on that voyage back around the Horn which will be famous so long as the American Nation takes pride in gallant deeds. The gunboat Marietta, which was at San José de Guatemala, was ordered to precede the Oregon and arrange for coal and otherwise facilitate the battle-ship's passage to Key West.

Thus were the regular squadrons mobilized and augmented. New squadrons were formed. The armored cruiser Brooklyn, which was on detached service in the Caribbean Sea when the Maine was destroyed, was ordered from La Guayra to Hampton Roads, where were assembled the battle-ship Massachusetts, the second-class battle-ship Texas, and the commerce-destroyers Minneapolis and Columbia. These ships comprised the Flying Squadron which was held in readiness to defend any point on the American coast or to assail a port of Peninsular Spain. Though the Department felt assured that the West Indies were to be the theater of military operations, some of the Atlantic coast cities and towns were nervously excited over the possibility of an attack by a Spanish man-of-war, and to allay alarm the Northern Patrol Squadron, under Commodore Howell, was organized on April 20. The San Francisco, brought home from Europe, was made the flagship of this squadron, and attached to the flag were the cruisers Prairie, Dixie, Yankee, and Yosemite. The Columbia and Minneapolis and two auxiliary cruisers, Badger and Southery, were also from time to time attached to this squadron. It turned out that there was never any real need for its organization, although it patrolled the coast northward, and it was finally disbanded and the vessels comprising it assigned to more pressing duty.

The Department early appreciated that the work cut out for the navy was too comprehensive for it to perform without considerable augmentation. The Secretary had exhausted his legal authority in enlisting men and apprentices over and above the quota allowed by law. There





PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. MOORE, NEW YORK



REAR-ADMIRAL MELVILLE, CHIEF OF STEAM ENGINEERING. DECK PLAN OF THE VULCAN.
THE VULCAN OFF SANTIAGO IN SEPTEMBER, 1898

was not sufficient money, however, with which there was authority to buy material. On March 9 Congress, therefore, gave to Spain, and other powers not inclined to regard our policy with friendly eyes, a striking indication of our potential strength. It appropriated $50,000,000 of the ample funds in the Treasury "for the National defense." To show the confidence of the people, irrespective of political affiliation, in our President, this appropriation was placed at his disposal, to be spent in his discretion—which discretion he extended to his Secretaries. The President made allotments to the Navy Department which, in the aggregate, amounted to $29,973,274.22, all of which, with the exception of $618,447.17, was expended by it. Congress subsequently appropriated $25,000,000 for an emergency fund to meet unforeseen contingencies, and $3,000,000 for the organization and enrollment of the United States Auxiliary force. There was thus given to the Navy Department, for use at its discretion in strengthening the navy, the sum of $57,973,274.22. Of this amount there was unexpended on November 15, 1898, $25,056,131.21—practically the whole emergency fund, and more, which unexpended balance, of course, remained in the Treasury.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TAYLOR'S, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CAPTAIN JOHN R. BARTLETT

In command of the Coast Signal Stations during the War with Spain

All the money disbursed by the Department was honestly spent and every purchase made in good faith. Even before Congress granted its appropriation for National defense, the Department had given consideration to the question of purchasing foreign men-of-war. The navy list of every nation likely to sell had been scanned. Reports were obtained in regard to war-ships nearing completion in the private ship-yards of Europe. Captain W. H. Brownson had been sent abroad to pursue inquiry and initiate negotiations of purchase. Mr. Charles R. Flint, of New York City, through his large maritime connections, was also helpful. The Department swarmed with agents of foreign firms anxious to make sales to the United States. Sight was not lost of the fact that Spain, too, was anxious to buy, and that it was more desirable that we should pay a high price for a ship than to permit it to be incorporated into her service. As a result of the efforts of the Department and its agents, two protected cruisers, the Amazonas and the Abreu, both building at Elswick, England, for Brazil, also the gunboat Diogenes, belonging to the Thames Iron Works, of England, and two torpedo-boats, were purchased. These vessels were christened the Albany, New Orleans, Topeka, Manly, and Somers, respectively. The New Orleans and Topeka did excellent service in Cuban waters during the war; the Manly was attached to the auxiliary defense squadron at New York; the Albany was retained in England, not having been completed, until after the war.

The difficulty experienced in adding war-ships to the navy when the country was on the eve of hostilities shows the danger and folly of a policy which trusts to the last moment to make preparation. It was soon evident that foreign governments were not disposed to bring upon themselves the protest of Spain by selling vessels to the United States for hostile use against her, and practically the only Power which served us in this respect was Brazil, which authorized the sale to us of the Amazonas and the Abreu. In view of the inability largely to add regular men-of-war to the service, it became neces-

sary to improvise war vessels. Ninety-seven merchantmen were purchased and transformed into auxiliary cruisers, gunboats, and colliers; five vessels, one the City of Pekin, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and four, the St. Paul, St. Louis, New York, and the Paris, were chartered from the International Navigation Company; one iceboat and two yachts were loaned to the Department, and fifteen revenue cutters, four lighthouse tenders, and two United States Fish Commission vessels were transferred from their especial departments to the Navy Department.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PURDY

REAR-ADMIRAL FREDERICK RODGERS

President of the Board for inspecting newly acquired war-ships.

The labor of purchasing vessels devolved to a great extent upon the office of the Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Allen were successively efficient in procuring ships for the service and rendering other valuable service. Several hundred vessels were offered to the Department, some at extortionate prices. Little political pressure was applied to force purchases. Some American owners displayed far more greed than patriotism. Before competition became active, no doubt the Department paid a higher price than the vessels would have brought at private sale, and in one or two instances there was rank extortion; but when the honor and safety of the Nation were at stake, and time was of the greatest importance, and the ships must be had at any cost, the Department could not go without them. Once, however, the need of the Department became generally known, competition between shipowners grew energetic, with the result that vessels were obtained at reasonable prices. All the ships acquired were first inspected by a Board of which Captain Frederick Rodgers was President, or by special Boards, and the officers comprising them performed their duties with fidelity and care; thus the Department was assured by expert report that every vessel purchased was properly built and fitted to perform its part in the war.

The acquisition of vessels was followed by their transformation into war-ships. The Bureau of Construction and Repair utilized its plants at navy-yards and private ship-yards to convert them. The ships were strengthened to withstand the shock of discharge of guns, woodwork was ripped out, batteries installed, and they were docked and painted and supplied with proper equipments. The construction plants at five navy-yards, which in January, 1898, employed 2,200 men, furnished work for a maximum of more than six thousand during the war. Few of the vessels purchased had evaporators or distillers, appliances essential to continued service afloat, or proper outfits of engineering stores and tools, and many of them required overhauling in their steam departments. The Bureau of Steam Engineering performed this work satisfactorily and expeditiously. One novelty which Rear-Admiral Melville, the Engineer-in-Chief, introduced into the service was a floating steam engineering plant—a floating blacksmith shop. The vessel so transformed I named the Vulcan, and her service in North Atlantic waters showed the great value of having such an establishment attached to a fleet engaged in offensive operations. The Bureau of Equipment supplied auxiliary vessels with complete outfits of rigging, canvas, galleys and cooking utensils, boat supplies, anchors, chains, electric supplies, searchlights, binnacles, compasses, sextants, chronometers, charts and other instruments and appliances of navigation, sails, awnings, hammocks, bags, and many other articles. The best indication of the quantity of

supplies it distributed is furnished by the report made on the distribution charts. Up to the time when the preparations for war began, the quarterly output of navigation charts in time of peace rarely exceeded 6,600. During the Spanish emergency the division of Chart Construction issued 43,910 copies of charts. The Bureau of Equipment was also charged with the purchase and transportation of coal. Rear-Admiral Bradford, Chief of this Bureau, urged before the declaration of war that coaling stations be established in the vicinity of the passages about the Antilles, but this proved impossible, and the most that could be done was to direct the Bureau of Yards and Docks to construct a station at Dry Tortugas, off the coast of Florida, capable of storing twenty thousand tons of coal, which, however, was not ready for service during the war. Unable to establish coaling depots, the Department turned to the coasting fleet, which submitted numerous tenders for the transportation of coal. When war was declared, but one firm was prepared to carry out its proposal. Coal was vital to the success of naval operations, and steamers were purchased and transformed into colliers and armed and manned with naval crews. As indicating the state of efficiency reached in the matter of coal transportation, attention may be called to the fact that on one occasion 40,000 tons of coal were afloat at Hampton Roads ready to be sent at an hour's notice to any point the Department should designate. The Department was also confronted with the problem of supplying the ships with fresh water for steaming purposes, and it was necessary to purchase water, though the effort was made to meet this want by converting large steamers into a distillery and a tank-ship.

Five hundred and seventy-six guns were placed on board the vessels transformed into men-of-war. Besides purchasing many of these guns, the Bureau of Ordnance contracted for and obtained prompt deliveries of large quantities of powder, projectiles of all kinds and calibers, fixed ammunition, and small arms. To meet the demands of the service, the contractors were compelled to increase their plants and work without intermission. As a result of several years of study and development, a purely smokeless powder, combining the qualities of safety, permanency, and strength, was developed just prior to the war with Spain. The Department, however, was prevented by lack of time from supplying all its vessels with a complete outfit of this. In view of the fact that one gun using brown powder would with its smoke have nullified the effect of another of the same ship employing smokeless powder, it was necessary to move cautiously. Consequently, a few vessels only were given this kind of ammunition. The magazines of every ship in the service are now filled up with it. Just prior to and during the war the Bureau of Ordnance prepared gun-cotton mines and mining outfit; and launching-tubes for seventy-five torpedo-boats were manufactured.

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery made preparations for putting the medical departments of the ships in condition to care for the sick and wounded; and the hospital ship Solace, under the Surgeon-General, was a creation of mercy to those who suffered from war and disease.

The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, which was charged with making all purchases, upon requisition from the different bureaus, provided provisions and clothing for the men, and provided them with clock-work promptness. The lack of docking facilities, a matter of especial concern, was partially met for small ships by the purchase of the floating dock.

In other words, the splendid preparedness of our navy was due, as should never be forgotten, to the Chiefs of Bureaus who were charged with that duty in their respective lines. The attempt to persuade the country to a full appreciation of their desert in this respect is almost hopeless, for it rarely takes the pains to go beyond the picturesque and conspicuous, or to recognize in the plodding official at his desk and out of his uniform the man who does the work of preparation but shares none of the glory of achievement.

What has been stated shows that the Navy Department was buzzing with the activity of a beehive during the few weeks between the destruction of the Maine and the beginning of war with Spain, and this activity continued throughout hostilities. There has not yet been mentioned, however, one of the most important of the many important problems which con-

fronted the Department. That was the increase of the commissioned and enlisted forces of the navy to man the greatly augmented material. Additions to the crews of regular men-of-war were required. Crews were needed for the auxiliary navy and for vessels assigned to the defense of the coast other than those of the seagoing patrol squadron. These ships included monitors of the Civil War, converted ferry-boats, yachts, and tugs. Signalmen were required to operate the coast signal stations. At the time of the destruction of the Maine, the commissioned seagoing force of the navy consisted of 1,232 officers, distributed among the line, engineer, medical, and pay corps, and including chaplains and cadets undergoing their final cruise before graduation. The authorized enlisted force, including men and apprentices, numbered 11,750. Eight hundred and fifty-six volunteer or acting officers were appointed during the war, and there were innumerable applications of bright, eager, experienced men from all over the country, making the total commissioned force 2,088, while the enlisted strength reached a maximum of 24,123. More than 4,200 men were mustered in from naval militia organizations; while these had not had extended training and experience, their intelligence and education enabled them to make themselves quickly proficient in their duties, especially when associated with trained men-of-warsmen. The St. Paul, St. Louis, Harvard, and Yale were taken into the service on the condition that their crews should accompany them. They were placed under command of naval officers. The suggestion was made that some of the older organizations of the naval militia were competent to handle men-of-war, and Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, and Michigan were called upon to furnish officers and men for the Prairie, Yankee, Dixie, and Yosemite. The promptness with which the call was answered is shown by the fact that the New York naval brigade reported, uniformed, armed, equipped, and ready for duty, within six hours, and the Massachusetts naval brigade in similar condition within eight hours. Many of the organizations of other States, such as Illinois and others, were willing, with very creditable generosity, to be distributed among such ships as needed men.

In January, 1898, organizations of naval militia existed in fifteen States, and aggregated 200 commissioned officers and 3,703 petty officers and enlisted men. The Department had directed on March 23, 1898, the preparation of a scheme for a "mosquito flotilla" for coast defense, and while only a part of the plan had been worked out when war was declared, it was rapidly carried into execution, and the auxiliary naval force finally comprised 41 vessels, distributed so as to protect important strategic points of the United States, and to patrol the mine fields laid in the harbors.

As a part of the system of defense, a board was formed in October, 1897, to consider the establishment of coast signal stations. In accordance with the plan as outlined, arrangements for establishing the stations were made early in the following April. They were so complete that within two days after Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet began the blockade of Cuba, competent quartermasters, signalmen, and telegraph operators from the naval militia organizations started for the points where the stations were to be located, and many had reported their arrival. In two weeks all the stations, save two located at points on the Florida coast difficult of access, had been equipped. These stations during the war, under the direction of Captain John R. Bartlett, then on the retired list, cooperated with those of the life-saving service, the United States Lighthouse service and Weather Bureau system. By this means the Department had constantly on the lookout for suspicious craft a force of 2,526 men, most of whom were experienced and provided with exceptional facilities for reporting the appearance of vessels. Though no hostile man-of-war was sighted, yet the value of this system was demonstrated by the promptness with which the battle-ship Oregon was reported off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, after her famous run around the Horn.

Any description of the work of the Department in preparation for war would be lacking in an essential particular if reference were not made to the Naval War Board. Lacking professional experience, and the navy being without a general staff, it was necessary that the Secretary should have the assistance of such a board.

Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, Captain A. S. Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Captain A. S. Barker, and Commander Richardson Clover, Chief of Naval Intelligence, were asked to act in that capacity just before the war began; but it was only a few days before Mr. Roosevelt, Captain Barker, and Commander Clover were called to more active service. Thereupon Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard and Captain A. T. Mahan, of the retired list, were appointed members with Captain Crowninshield of the Naval War Board, and they acted as such during the war. It was eminently fitted to co-ordinate the work of the Department and the fleet, and to keep a general surveillance over the larger strategical and technical questions which could not be dealt with by the commanders-in-chief of the several squadrons. Rear-Admiral Sicard had commanded the North Atlantic Squadron, and, just prior to the war, had been compelled, because of ill health, to relinquish this position. He was thus well acquainted with the peculiarities and capabilities of each ship and the state of efficiency of the entire squadron. Captain Crowninshield, as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, was informed as to the distribution and movements of vessels. Captain Mahan is known as an authority on naval strategy. To my mind the Board possessed high intelligence and excellent judgment, and its service was invaluable in connection with the successful conduct of the war.

On April 15, four weeks before the arrival of Admiral Cervera's fleet in the Caribbean Sea, the New Navy was in condition to wage war against Spain. The ships of the service, which for months before had been scattered in all directions, engaged in works of peace, had been mobilized and fully manned and equipped and reinforced by auxiliary vessels. Two strong fleets were stationed at points which enabled both the assault of Spain's vital positions and the defense of our own shores. Four days before this state of preparedness was reached, President McKinley remitted the entire Cuban question to Congress. Released from the rein of the Executive, the two houses hastened to act. By the resolution approved April 20, 1898, Spanish withdrawal from Cuba was demanded. On the following day President McKinley issued instructions for the hostile movement of the fleets which, as a member of Congress and as President, he had aided in bringing into existence. And my telegram went to Acting Admiral Sampson to blockade Cuba at once.

All this time the enthusiasm of the country was at fever-heat. The Department was thronged with Congressmen and citizens at large. Tenders of service came in from every quarter; contributions of money were made, notably that of $100,000 by Miss Helen M. Gould. Private yachts were tendered. Officers whose duty held them on shore or at the Department pleaded with me with tears in their eyes for transfer on shipboard and to the scene of action afloat. The Cabinet was in frequent session, and daily and nightly those of its members who were more closely related to the war were in consultation with President McKinley at the White House. And all the while, with the tremendous responsibilities that lay on him, he kept his poise in serenity of spirit and clearness of judgment.

John Burns[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Story of Gladstone's Life," etc.

JOHN BURNS stands out a distinct and peculiar figure in the House of Commons. He is the foremost representative of that working class which is becoming so great a power in the organization of English political and industrial life. "Be not like dumb driven cattle," says Longfellow in his often-quoted lines—"Be a hero in the strife." The British workingmen were until very lately little better than dumb driven cattle; in our days and under such leadership as that of John Burns they have proved themselves capable of bearing heroic part in the struggle for great reforms. I can remember the time when the House of Commons had not in it any member actually belonging to the working classes. At that time the working classes had no means of obtaining Parliamentary representation, for it may be said with almost literal exactness that no workingman had a vote, or the means of obtaining a vote, at a Parliamentary election. The conditions of the franchise were too limited in the constituencies to enable men who worked for small daily or weekly wages to become voters at elections. In order to become a voter a man must occupy a house rated at a certain yearly amount, and he must have occupied it for a specified and considerable space of time, and there were very few indeed of the working class who could hope to obtain such legal qualifications. In more recent days the great reformers of these islands have succeeded in establishing what may be fairly described as manhood suffrage in these countries, and have also secured a lodger franchise, have established the secret ballot as the process of voting, and by these and other reforms have put the workingman on a level with his fellow-citizens as a voter at Parliamentary elections. My own recollection goes back to the time when the law in Great Britain and Ireland insisted on what was called a "property qualification" as an indispensable condition to a candidate's obtaining a seat in the House of Commons. I have known scores of instances in which clever and popular candidates got over this difficulty by prevailing on some wealthy relative or friend to settle legally on them an amount of landed property necessary to qualify them for a seat in the House. It was perfectly well known to every one that this settlement was purely a formal arrangement, and that the new and nominal possessor of the property was no more its real owner than the child who is allowed for a moment to hold his father's watch in his hand becomes thereby the legal owner of the valuable timepiece. In our days no property qualification of any kind is needed either for a vote at a Parliamentary election or for a seat in the House of Commons, and therefore the workingmen form an important proportion of the voters at Parliamentary elections and are enabled in certain constituencies to choose men of their own class to represent them in the House of Commons.

I have thought it well to make the short explanation of the changes which have taken place in the condition of the British workingmen during recent years as a prelude to what I have to say concerning that foremost of British workingmen, John Burns. It is only fair to say that the workingmen of these countries have made judicious and praiseworthy use of the new political powers confided to them, and have almost invariably sent into Parliament as the representatives of their class men of undoubted ability and of the highest character, men who win the respect of all parties in the House of Commons. Of these men John Burns is the most conspicuous. He has never, indeed, held a place in an administration, as two, I think, of his order have already done; but then John Burns is a man of resolutely independent character, and it would not be easy thus far to form even a Liberal Government which should be quite up to the level of his views on many questions of domestic and foreign policy.

[1] This forms the tenth of a series of articles on living British statesmen. Subjects already treated are: Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Lord Aberdeen, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and John E. Redmond.

John Burns would hardly be taken personally as a typical representative of the British workingman. He is short in stature, very dark in complexion and in the color of his hair, and a stranger seeing him for the first time might take him for an Italian or a Spaniard. His physical strength is something enormous, and I have seen him perform with the greatest apparent ease some feats of athletic vigor which might have seemed to demand the proportions of a giant. His whole frame is made up of bone and muscle, and although he is broadly and stoutly built, he does not appear to have any superfluous flesh. If I had to make my way through a furious opposing crowd, I do not know of any leader whom I should be more glad to follow than John Burns. But although Burns is physically made for a fighting man, there is nothing pugnacious or aggressive in his temperament. He is by nature kind, conciliatory, and generous, tolerant of other men's opinions, and only anxious to advance his own by fair argument and manly appeals to men's sense of humanity and justice. I have seen him carry a great big elderly man who had fainted at a public meeting and take him to a quiet spot with all the ease and tenderness of a mother carrying her child. But if I were an overbearing giant who was trying his strength upon a weaker mortal, I should take good care not to make the experiment while John Burns was anywhere within reach. He is an adept at all sorts of athletic sports and games, skating, rowing, foot-racing, boxing, cricket, and I know not what else. He is essentially a man of the working class, and has, I believe, some Scottish blood in his veins, but he is a Londoner by birth, and passed all his early life in a London district. He was born to poverty, and received such education as he had to begin with at a humble school in the Battersea region on the south side of London.

Now, I should think that a boy born in humble life who had in him any gift of imagination and any faculty for self-improvement could hardly have begun life in a better place than Battersea. The Battersea region lies south of the Thames, and is a strange combination of modern squalidness and picturesque historical associations and memorials. The homes of the working class poor stand under the very shadow of that famous church in Old Battersea where Bolingbroke, the high-born, one of the most eloquent orators known to English Parliamentary life and one of the most brilliant writers who adorn English literature, lies buried, and where strangers from all parts of the world go to gaze upon his tombstone. Everywhere throughout the little town or village one comes upon places associated with the memory of Bolingbroke and of other men famous in history. Cross the bridge that spans the Thames and you are in the Chelsea region, which is suffused with historical and literary associations from far-off days to those recent times when Thomas Carlyle had his home in one of its quiet streets. To a boy with any turn for reading and any taste for history and literature, all that quarter of London on both sides of the Thames must have been filled with inspiration. John Burns had always a love of reading, and I can easily fancy that the memories of the place must have been a constant stimulant and inspiration to his honorable ambition for self-culture. His school days ended when he was hardly ten years old, and then he was set to earn a living, first in a candle-factory and afterwards in the works of an engineer. Thus he toiled away until he had reached manhood's age, and all the time he was steadily devoting his spare hours or moments to the task of self-education. He read every book that came within his reach, and studied with especial interest the works of men who set themselves to the consideration of great social problems.

Burns naturally became very soon impressed with the conviction that all could not be quite right under a political and social system which made the workingman a mere piece of living mechanism and gave him no share whatever in the constitutional government of the country. At that time there was no system of national education in England, and the child of poor parents had to get his teaching through some charitable institution, or to go without any teaching whatever. So far as the education of the poorest classes was concerned, England was then far below Scotland, below Germany and Holland, and below the United States. As regards the political system, a man of the class to



JOHN BURNS

which John Burns was born had little chance indeed of obtaining the right to vote at a Parliamentary election, which was given only to men who had certain qualifications of income and of residence not often to be found among the working classes. The English system of national education is little more than thirty years old, and the extension of the voting power which makes it now practically a matter of suffrage is likewise of very modern date. It was natural that an intelligent and thoughtful boy like John Burns should, under such conditions, become filled with socialistic doctrines and should find himself growing into a mood of impatience and hostility towards the rule of aristocrats, landlords, and capitalists by which the country was then dominated. Soon after he had reached his twenty-first year he obtained employment as a fireman engineer on the Nigerian Africa and there he had a first experience of a new life and a life that was anything but

I have often heard it said that young men

employment in English steamers on the Niger he was known among his British companions as "Coffee-pot Burns," in jocular recognition of his devotion to total abstinence principles. He spent about a year in his African occupation, and during that time he had managed to save up a considerable amount of his pay, a saving which we may be sure was in great measure due to his practice of total abstinence from any drinks stronger than that which was properly contained in the coffee-pot. When he left Africa, he invested his savings in a manner which I cannot but regard as peculiarly characteristic of him, and which must have given to such a man a profitable return for his investment—he spent his savings, in fact, on a tour of several months throughout Europe. Thus he acquired an invaluable addition to his stock of practical observation and a fresh impulse to his studies of life and of books. He settled down in England as a working engineer, and he soon began to take a deep interest and an active share in every movement which had for its object the welfare of the classes who live by daily labor.

Obviously, there are many improvements in the condition of such men that could be brought about only by legislation, and John Burns therefore became a political agitator. His voice was heard from the platforms of great popular meetings held in and around London and in many other parts of the country, and he was one of the leaders of the great agitation which secured for the public the right of holding open-air meetings in Trafalgar Square. John Burns was meant by nature to be a popular orator. He has a physical frame which can stand any amount of exertion, and his voice, at once powerful and musical, can make itself heard to the farthest limit of the largest outdoor meeting in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square. But he is in no sense whatever a mere declaimer. He argues every question out in a practical and reasonable way, and although he has some views on political and industrial subjects which many of his opponents would condemn as socialistic, there is nothing in him of the revolutionist or the anarchist. His object is to bring about by free and lawful public debate those reforms in the political and industrial systems which he regards as essential to the well-being of the whole community. The Conservative party in this country used to have for a long time one particular phrase which was understood to embody the heaviest accusation that could be brought against a public man. To say that this or that public speaker was endeavoring to "set class against class" was understood to mean his utter condemnation in the minds of all well-behaved citizens. We do not hear so much of this accusation in later days, partly because some of the very measures demanded by those setters of class against class have been adopted by Conservative Governments and carried into law by Conservative votes. But there was a period in the life of John Burns when he must have found himself denounced almost every day in speech or newspaper article as one whose main endeavor was to set class against class. John Burns does not seem to have troubled himself much about the accusation. Perhaps he reasoned within himself that if the endeavor to obtain for workingmen the right of voting at elections and the right to form themselves into trades-unions for the purpose of bettering their lives were the endeavor to set class against class, then there is nothing for it but to go on setting class against class until the beneficent result be obtained. So John Burns went on setting class against class, with the result that he became recognized all over the country as one of the most eloquent, capable, and judicious leaders whom the workingmen could show, and his unselfishness and integrity were never disparaged even by his most extreme political opponents.

A remarkable evidence was soon to be given of the solid reputation which he had won for himself in public life. A complete change was made by Parliamentary legislation in the whole system of London's municipal government. The vast metropolis which we call London was up to that time under the control for municipal affairs of the various parish boards and local vestries, each of them constructed on some representative system peculiarly its own, and none of them, it may be justly said, under any direct control from the great mass of the community. The greater part of the West End of London was under the management of a body known as the Metropolitan Board of

Works; the City of London was dominated by its own historic Corporation; each other district of the metropolis had its governing vestry or some such institution. Apart from all other objections to such a system, one of its obvious defects was that no common principle was recognized in the municipal arrangements of the metropolis; there were no common rules for their regulation of traffic, for the levying of rates, for the management of public institutions, and a Londoner who changed his residence from one part of the town to another, or even from one side of a street to another, might find himself suddenly brought under the control of a system of municipal regulations with which he was totally unfamiliar. Appeals were constantly made by enlightened Londoners for some uniform system of London government, but for a long time nothing was done in the way of reform. At last, however, it happened—luckily, in one sense, for the community—that the Metropolitan Board of Works, which ruled the West End districts, became the cause of much public scandal because of its mistakes and mismanagement, not to use any harsher terms, in the dealing with public contracts. The excitement caused by these discoveries made it impossible for the old system to be maintained any longer, and the result was the passing of an Act of Parliament which created an entirely new governing body for the metropolis. This new governing body was styled the London County Council, and it was to have control of the whole metropolis, with the exception of that comparatively small extent of municipal territory which we know as the City of London. The members of the new County Council were to be chosen, for the most part, as are the members of the House of Commons, by direct popular suffrage. Some of the foremost men in England became members of the new County Council. One of those was Lord Rosebery, another was Sir Thomas Farrer (who since became Lord Farrer), a third was Frederic Harrison, one of the most eminent writers and thinkers of his time, and another was John Burns, the working engineer. I mention this fact only to show how thoroughly John Burns must have established his reputation as a man well qualified to take a leading place in the municipal government of London. Since that time he has been elected again and again to the same position.

When the great dispute broke out in London between the dock-laborers and the ship-owners, John Burns took an active and untiring part in the endeavor to obtain fair terms for the workers, and by his moderation and judgment, as well as by his inexhaustible energy, he did inestimable service in the bringing about of a satisfactory settlement. The late Cardinal Manning took a conspicuous part in the effort to obtain good terms for the workingmen, and he was recognized on both sides of the dispute as a most acceptable mediator, and I remember that he expressed himself more than once in the highest terms as to the services rendered by John Burns during the whole of the crisis. Burns made one or two unsuccessful attempts to obtain a seat in the House of Commons—or perhaps, to put it more correctly, I should say that he consented, in obedience to the pressure of his friends and followers, to become a candidate for a seat. In 1892 he was elected to Parliament as the representative of that Battersea district where his life began, and he has held the seat ever since. In the House of Commons he has been a decided success. It is only right to say that the workingmen representatives, who now form a distinct and influential section in the House, have fully vindicated their right to hold places there, and have, with hardly any exception, done honor to the choice of their constituents. John Burns is among the foremost, if not the very foremost, of the working class representatives. He has won the good opinions of all parties and classes in the House of Commons. He has won especial merit which counts for much in the House—he never makes a speech unless when he has something to say which has a direct bearing on the debate in progress and which it is important that the House should hear. He is never a mere declaimer, and he never speaks for the sake of making a speech and having it reported in the newspapers. The House always knows that when John Burns rises he has some solid argument to offer, and that he will sit down as soon as he has said his say.

The first time I had the honor of becoming personally acquainted with John

Burns was in the House of Commons, shortly after his first election, and I was introduced to him by my friend Michael Davitt. I could not help feeling at the time that it was a remarkable event in one's life to be introduced to John Burns by Michael Davitt. Both these men were then honored members of the House of Commons, and both had for many years been regarded by most of what are called the ruling classes as disturbers of the established order of things and enemies of the British Constitution. Davitt had spent years in prison as a rebel, and Burns had been at least once imprisoned, though but for a short time, as a disturber of public order. Every one came to admit in the end that each man was thoroughly devoted to a cause which he believed rightful, and that the true and lasting prosperity of a State must depend largely on men who are thus willing to make any sacrifice for the maintenance of equal political rights in the community. I have had, since that time, many opportunities of meeting with Burns in public and private and exchanging ideas with him on all manner of subjects, and I can only say that the better I have known him the higher has been my opinion of his intelligence, his sincerity, and his capacity to do the State some service.

John Burns has made himself very useful in the committee work of the House of Commons. The House hands over the manipulation and arrangement of many of its measures on what I may call technical subjects—measures concerning trade and industry, shipping and railways, and other such affairs of business—to be discussed in detail and put into working shape by small committees chosen from among the members; and these measures, when they have passed through this process of examination, are brought up for full and final settlement in the House itself. It will be easily understood that there are many subjects of this order on which the practical experience and the varied observation of a man like Burns must count for much in the shaping of legislation. Burns has genial, unpretending manners, and although he was born with a fighting spirit, he is not one of those who make it their effort to cram their opinions down the throats of their opponents. Although his views are extreme on most of the questions in which he takes a deep interest, he is always willing to admit that there may be something to be said on the other side of the controversy; he is ever ready to give a full consideration to all the arguments of his fellow-members, and if any one in the committee can show him that he is mistaken on this or that point, he will yield to the force of argument, and has no hesitation about acknowledging a change in his views. Fervent as he is in his devotion to any of the great principles which have become a faith with him, there is nothing of the fanatic about him, and I do not think his enemies would ever have to fear persecution at his hands. There is no roughness in his manners, although he has certainly not been brought up to the ways of what is generally known as good society; and his smile is winning and sweet. He has probably a certain consciousness of mental strength, as he has of physical strength, which relieves him from any inclination towards self-assertion. I should find it as difficult to believe that John Burns countenanced a deed of oppression as I should find it to believe that he sought by obsequiousness the favor of the great.

John Burns was, it is almost needless to say, an opponent from the very beginning of the policy which led to the war against the South African Republics. When the general election came on, about midway in the course of the war, the war passion had come upon the country like an epidemic, and some of the most distinguished English representatives lost their seats in the House of Commons because they refused to sanction the Jingo policy. Many men who were rising rapidly into Parliamentary distinction were defeated at the elections by Imperialist candidates. Nor were the men thus shut out from Parliament for the time all members of the Liberal party. In some instances, although few indeed, there were men belonging to the Conservative, the Ministerial, side, who could not see the justice of the war policy and would not conceal their opinions, and who therefore had to forfeit their seats when some thorough-going Tory Imperialists presented themselves as rivals for the favor of the local voters. So great was the influence of the war passion that even among the constitu-

encies where the workingmen were strong there were examples of an Imperialist victory over the true principles of liberty and democracy. But the Battersea constituents of John Burns remained faithful to their political creed and to him, and he was sent back in triumph to the House of Commons to carry on the fight for every good cause there. He took part in many debates during the continuance of the campaign, and he never made a speech on the subject of the war which was not listened to with interest even by those most opposed to his opinions. He has the gift of debate as well as the gift of declamation, and he knows his part in Parliamentary life far too well to substitute declamation for debate. The typical demagogue, as he is pictured by those who do not sympathize with democracy, would on such occasions have merely relieved his mind by repeated denunciations of that war in particular and of wars in general, and would soon have lost any hold on the attention of the House, which is, to do it justice, highly practical in its methods of discussion. John Burns spoke in each debate on the war when he had something to say which could practically and precisely bear on the subject then under immediate consideration—a question connected with the administration of the campaign, with the manner in which the War Office or the Colonial Office was conducting some particular part of its administrative task, with the immediate effects of this or that movement, and in this way he compelled attention nd he challenged reply. I remember, for instance, that when the spokesmen of the Government were laying great stress on the severity and injustice of the Boer State's dealings with the native populations of South Africa, John Burns gave from his own experience and observation instances of the manner in which African populations had been dealt with by British authorities, and demanded whether such actions would not have justified the intervention of some European State if the conduct of the Boer Government, supposing it to be accurately described, was a justification for England's invasion of the Boer territory. Whenever he took part in the debate, he met his opponents on their own ground, and he challenged their policy in practical detail, instead of wasting his time in mere declamatory appeals to principles of liberty and justice which would have fallen flat upon the minds of those who held it as their creed that Imperial England was free to dictate her terms to all peoples of inferior strength and less highly developed civilization.

John Burns has fairly won for himself an honorable place in the history of our time. If he had done nothing else, he would have accomplished much by demonstrating in his own person the right of the workingman to have a seat in Parliament. One finds it hard now to understand how the English House of Commons could ever have been regarded as the representative ruling body of England, when it held no members who were authorized by position and by experience to speak for the working populations of the country. I mean no disparagement to the other representatives of the working classes when I say that I regard John Burns as the most distinguished and the most influential among them. Others of the same order have rendered valuable service, not merely to their own class, but to the State in general, since they came to hold seats in the House of Commons; some have even held administrative office in a Liberal Government, and have shown themselves well qualified for the duties. Not any one of them, so far as I can recollect, has ever shown himself the mere declaimer and demagogue whom so many Conservative observers and critics used to tell us we must expect to meet if the workingmen were enabled to send their spokesmen into the House of Commons.

I do not know whether John Burns has any ambition to hold a seat in some future Liberal Ministry, but I venture to think that if such should be his fortune, he will prove himself more useful than ever to the best interests of his country. He has never sought to obtain the favor and the support of his own order by flattering their weaknesses, by encouraging them in their errors, or by allowing them to believe that the right must always be on their side and the wrong on the side of their opponents. I fully believe that he has good and great work yet to do.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

A B C of Stock Speculation (The). By S. A. Nelson. Published by S. A. Nelson, 16 Park Place, New York. 5×7 in. 232 pages.

We need hardly say that speculation is not an exact science, and that the man who knows least about it has in his ignorance a safeguard which he may well hesitate to throw away. Wall Street methods, terms, and ways of reasoning are here described clearly and evidently with thorough knowledge.

American Republic and Its Government (The). By James Albert Woodburn. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5⅛×8¾ in. 410 pages. $2, net.

Back to the Woods: The Story of a Fall from Grace. By Hugh McHugh. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4×7 in. 116 pages.

By the Ramparts of Jezreel. By Arnold Davenport. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 388 pages. $1.50.

A long and grandiloquently written story based on the Scriptural story of Ahab.

Biblical and Literary Essays. By A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Edited by Professor J. A. Paterson, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¼×8 in. 320 pages.

A few weeks since, the memorial volume containing a biographical sketch of Professor Davidson and some of his sermons was noticed in this column. The present volume is a fuller exhibition of his richly stored mind, at home in subjects as diverse as "Arabic Poetry" and "The Rationale of a Preacher." Deeply serious, Dr. Davidson can be sportive also at the expense of his American brethren in the work of the Revised Version, and sarcastic, too; *e.g.*, "In our day the number of sins has greatly diminished, and it is only particular classes that can fall into them. A clergyman may still be guilty of several; a trader, perhaps, of one; but an independent man of wealth or station cannot sin." Conservative enough he was, but would that all conservatives were as discriminating; *e.g.*, "The person who is not Christian is evil, but the nature which is not Christian may not be evil. It certainly is not perfect. But its products may be *good, because human.*" (The italics are ours.) The present exalted estimate of Biblical theology needs Dr. Davidson's judicious reminder that the principle of interpreting Scripture by Scripture must stop short of all forced reconciliations of opposing statements. Such antinomies he would state in their full strength and let them stand. "These opposite propositions in Scripture are usually akin to opposite principles in the human mind and in Providence, and our moral nature often demands their full statement. . . . Reflect," he adds, "that even in the economy of Providence no principles are carried to their full application, but there is an equipoise of forces." These essays are the work of a master.

Christian Science Cult (The). By J. J. Taylor, M.A., D.D. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 40 pages.

Church and the Ministry in the Early Centuries (The): The Eighteenth Series of the Cunningham Lectures. By Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¾×9 in. 398 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Coin of Edward VII. (A). By Fergus Hume. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 284 pages.

Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon and Other Buildings of Interest in the Town and Neighborhood. By Harold Baker. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 95 pages. 60c.

This volume is so fully described by its title that it is only necessary to add that the work is very competently done, the old church receiving very full treatment, as do also Guild Hall, Guild Chapel, the Grammar School, and other historical or interesting buildings in Stratford. The book contains nearly sixty illustrations from photographs admirably reproduced.

Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island, 1723-1775. Edited by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 434 pages. $5.

The official correspondence of these early Governors naturally relates chiefly to the external affairs of the colony. The work of the editor, particularly the historical essay with which the volume is introduced, is well done.

Der Talisman. By Ludwig Fulda. Edited by Edward Stockton Meyer, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 171 pages. 35c., net.

Dwellers in the Mist. By Norman Maclean. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 284 pages. $1.25.

This is a collection of stories or character sketches relating to the people of the Hebrides—plain, homely, shrewd folk who still talk Gaelic and have many old ways of living and thinking. There is a good deal of "red-veined humanity" in these incidents of a minister's life among these people, and some episodes of dramatic force and passion. Mr. Maclean's work has individuality and reality.

Employment of Women in the Clothing Trade (The). By Mabel Hurd Willett, Ph.D. (Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Vol. XVI. Number 2.) The Columbus University Press, New York. 6×9½ in. 206 pages. $1.50.

French Commercial Correspondence. By Charles Glauser, Ph.D. Arranged and Adapted by W. Mansfield Poole, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 287 pages. $1, net.

Germany: The Welding of a World Power. By Wolf von Schierbrand. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 376 pages. $2.40, net.

An important book on present conditions. Reserved for later notice.

Harmony of the Gospels (A). In the Revised Version, with New Helps for Historical Study. By John A. Broadus, D.D., LL.D. Revised by Archibald Thomas Robertson. (New Seventh Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 6×8 in. 289 pages.

Heart of John Wesley's Journal (The). Edited by Percy Livingston Parker. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5⅛×8⅛ in. 512 pages. $1.50, net.

In the delightful and eloquent "appreciation" reprinted in this volume as an introductory comment upon the Journal of John Wesley, Augustine Birrell declares that between the beginning and the end "there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured." He then proceeds to liken it to contesting an election, as the phrase is in England, for forty years. Two days, chosen entirely at random, may be taken as an example of the unremitting effort his life involved: these days are an Easter day and the following Tuesday. His first audience on those days he held in spite of the opposition of priests, until they came and drove the people away; the second audience he held in the street in competition with a cock-fight, to which the people had been thronging; and the third audience he held in spite of a storm of hail, "the greater part of them," he adds, "refusing his request even to cover their heads," and none going away until he had concluded his discourse. The record of these two days, which are typical of all, gives a glimpse not only of Wesley's telling power over men, but also of the secret of that power. This lay in a faith that was both simple and direct. In Wesley's case, at least, the style is the man. The simplicity and directness of Wesley's style can bear comparison with the greatest models of directness and simplicity—such as Defoe, Bunyan, the English Bible. In this fact is evidence, not commonly recognized, that the power of Wesley was not in that meretricious emotionalism that is frequently associated with the conduct of a religious revival. Wesley's entire Journal has never been published. Wesley himself made some selection for publication. The present volume is a selection wisely made from that selection; and is published this year in view of the bicentenary of John Wesley's birth. There is a brief introduction by the late Hugh Price Hughes. The volume contains a number of interesting illustrations, and is well indexed.

Hebraisms in the Authorized Version of the Bible. By William Rosenau, Ph.D. The Friedenwald Co., Baltimore. 5⅛×8¾ in. 283 pages.

This is an interesting and profitable book for students of our mother tongue. Specialists have observed the influence of the Bible on English speech. English-speaking people, whatever be now their case, have been in past time a "people of the book" only in less degree than Israelites; the Bible in their vernacular has been their most popular and familiar book. But many a Hebraism has thus passed into English, and, as Professor Moulton observes, the style of the Hebrew writers "has largely leavened the style of modern English." In the present work Dr. Rosenau, a pupil of Dr. Paul Haupt, exhibits this Hebrew element in the language of the English Bible; and it will seem surprisingly large to one not aware of it. Aside from the lexical and syntactical Hebraisms that are noted, those that will most attract the general reader are the proverbial Biblical passages in common use, the Biblical expressions in English literature, and the discussion of specimen expressions. A large part of the book is devoted to an alphabetical list of Hebraisms with their English equivalents, *e.g.*, "wise men who knew the times (Esther i. 13), *i.e.*, astrologers." Some of these have been modernized in the American Standard Edition of the Revised Version, *e.g.*, "sons of Belial" (1 Samuel ii. 12) is rendered "base men." Dr. Rosenau's interpretations are occasionally open to question, *e.g.*, "the living God (2 Kings xix. 4), *i.e.*, the invincible God." But his work is certainly a valuable adjunct to our apparatus for popular Bible study.

History of Pre-Clusian Botany in the Relation to Aster. By Edward Sanford Burgess. (Studies in the History and Variations of Asters. Part I.) Published by the Torrey Botanical Club, New York. 6×9 in. 447 pages.

Home Floriculture: A Practical Guide to the Treatment of Flowering and Other Ornamental Plants in the House and Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Illustrated. The Orange Judd Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 310 pages.

This book and Mrs. Ely's "A Woman's Hardy Garden" (the full title of which will be found in its alphabetical place in this department) are both practical books, the first being written, as Mr. Rexford tells us in his introduction, for amateur floriculturists by an amateur floriculturist, for the purpose of providing a plain, practical, and easily understood handbook, based upon personal experience, which does not assume to be a short cut to complete knowledge, but to put the amateur in the way of dealing intelligently with plants, and on the path to as intimate and full acquaintance as he desires to make. Mrs. Ely's book is modestly described as dealing very briefly with a few shrubs, hardy perennials, biennials, and annuals of simple culture; but it is a book, by reason of its simple directness, its adequate knowledge, its very pleasant style, and its beautiful illustration, to tempt the reader, if he has not already yielded to the temptation, to make a venture in the difficult world of gardening. Mrs. Ely strikes the note of her whole treatment of the subject when she says that the love of flowers and of all things green and growing is with many people a kind of primal instinct which expresses itself under the narrowest possible conditions and with the fewest materials when it cannot find wider range To those who are possessed with this instinct this book comes with a singular touch of sympathy. It is the work of a born lover of flowers, and any one who has to deal with flowers knows that love has as much to do with their prosperity as knowledge, and that those who love flowers have a singular and at times almost magical way of

making them thrive. It is the diffusion throughout Mrs. Ely's book of this quality which takes it out of the class of simple books of direction and makes it personal and individual. She presents a great deal of information about proper times for planting, the regulation by numbers with reference to space and effectiveness, the protection of plants from snow, frost, and insects; in short, she writes about the garden as if she knew it by heart from its earliest to its latest stages; and she writes for the people who have not scientific knowledge, but who love flowers, and have therefore the first qualification for dealing with them successfully.

Laboratory Manual of Physics (A). By Henry C. Cheston, Philip R. Dean, and Charles E. Timmerman. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 128 pages. 50c.

La Religion dans la société aux États-Unis. By Henry Bargy. Librairie Armand Colin, Paris. 4½×7½ in. 295 pages.

The author writes with an enthusiasm and a clearness that are both characteristically Gallic. He keeps the reader, if he is an American, in a continual state of pleased surprise at the really splendid qualities of a people who have succeeded in cultivating so fine a variety of religion. The fact is that the author of this very readable book can be clear and enthusiastic and yet very genuinely bent on saying the pleasant thing because he is willing not to qualify what he says. He selects certain traits that he finds in the religious life of America, and he concentrates his whole attention on these. And, as a matter of fact, the traits he has selected are those not only which he can praise, but also which we Americans like to have praised. M. Bargy begins by saying that all the churches of the United States have something in common, in contradistinction to their "Mother Church" of Europe—so much so that they form what might be called "the American religion." He points out the two chief traits of this "American religion." It is, on the one hand, social; it is a fraternal kind of Christianity; it has to do with the community life and the safety of the social fabric. On the other hand, it is human; that is, it lays emphasis on the practical rather than on the speculative and the so-called supernatural. He ingeniously maintains that these two traits mark the religion of America from Colonial times and have made of religion America's most original possession. He traces their development in different forms. He uses them as guides to the explanation of the Puritans, of Methodism, of the liberal movement and the Unitarians, of the type of Roman Catholicism peculiar to America, of the Society for Ethical Culture, of one or two notable churches (as St. Bartholomew's in New York and Berkeley Temple in Boston), and of the "religious peace," even between Christianity and the Jews, which, as a European, he finds remarkable on this side of the Atlantic. It decidedly strengthens one's faith in the soundness of American life to find this Frenchman discovering in what seems to us Americans very familiar and commonplace things proofs of fresh and vital religious life, even if one knows of a very different sort of religious life that is not mentioned at all.

Laurel Readers (The): A Primer. By W. N. Hailmann. Illustrated. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. 8½×7 in. 112 pages.

Literary Pilgrimages in New England. By Edwin M. Bacon. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 532 pages. $1.50.

Readers of Mr. Bacon's "Historic Pilgrimages" will find the same general methods here applied to New England authors, their homes and associations. In a measure the book is a compilation, but the material is deftly and pleasantly woven together, with plenty of anecdotes and talk about literary landmarks. We are sorry that the publishers thought it necessary to embellish the cover with the imaginary portraits of two very inane-looking literary pilgrims, and the printing of the cuts generally is far from satisfactory.

London Before the Conquest. By W. R. Lethaby. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 217 pages.

This appeals to the antiquarian rather than to the general reader. It deals with topography, ancient bounds, the few remaining monuments of London before the Conquest, and similar recondite matters.

Loyal Traitors: A Story of Friendship for the Filipinos. By Raymond L. Bridgman. The James H. West Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 310 pages.

An impassioned anti-imperialist tract rather than a novel. In the earlier chapters, at least, the characters are merely pegs upon which to hang anti-imperialist facts and figures. When, however, the scene shifts from Boston to the Philippines, and the "loyal traitors"—two of them deserters from the American army—risk their all in the struggle for Philippine independence, some of them fighting in the Filipino ranks, the interest in the story is quickened, and continues to gain to the end. The heroes of the story not only identify themselves with the Filipinos, but with the irreconcilable faction which refuses to lay down its arms while foreign troops are within the islands.

Manual of Short Daily Prayers for Families (A). Compiled by Rev. Samuel Hart, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 39 pages.

Man Visible and Invisible: Examples of Different Types of Men as Seen by Means of Trained Clairvoyance. By C. W. Leadbeater. Diagrams and Illustrations. John Lane, New York. 6×9½ in. 144 pages. $2.50.

This book tells how "a kind of film of rose-color covers the surface of the whole astral body," and gives pictures in colored plates of astral bodies of men, from the Maori to the lofty sort represented by one of the "Lord Buddha's" more advanced pupils! It is full of theosophical jargon which is designed to make great impression upon silly or shallow minds. The genuine army of books on psychical study are unfortunately discredited by the appearance of such a camp-follower in sham uniform.

Method of the Recitation (The). By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D., and Frank M. McMurry, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 359 pages. 90c., net.

Money and Banking: An Introduction to the Study of Modern Currencies. By William A. Scott, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 381 pages.

Negro Artisan (The): Report of a Social Study Made under the Direction of Atlanta University, Together with the Proceedings of the Seventh Conference for the Study of the Negro Problem, Held at Atlanta University on May 27, 1902. Edited by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Atlanta University Press, Atlanta. 6×9 in. 192 pages. Paper bound, 50c.

No student of the race problem, no person who would either think or speak upon it intelligently, can afford to be ignorant of the facts brought out in the Atlanta series of sociological studies of the conditions and the progress of the negro. These annual publications have won repeated praise from the Southern History Association, and from other most competent critics at home and abroad. The present volume is a historical and statistical study of the American negro as a skilled workman. The hand of the skilled and thorough investigator is conspicuous throughout. The Atlanta idea, embodied in this series, is as valuable in its way as is the Tuskegee idea in its way. Each is a way toward the light and the blessings of the light.

New York State Department of Labor Reports: First Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor. Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of Mediation and Arbitration, 1901. Nineteenth Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, 1901. J. B. Lyon Co., Albany, N. Y. 5½×9 in.

Nuggets from a Welsh Mine: Selections from the Writings of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Unity Publishing Co., Chicago. 5⅜×8 in. 127 pages.

These selections, brief paragraphs all, are classified under some fifteen heads, as the Home, the School, the Church, the City, Nature, Art, Religion, etc. Moral vigor and human sympathy, religious warmth, rational insight, and zeal for reality and truth are tersely and aptly expressed throughout.

One Divine Purpose (The); Through Evolutionary Processes Fulfilled in the Individualization of Substance, Life, and Intelligence in Man. By Meredith B. Little. The Glens Falls Publishing Co., Glens Falls, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 78 pages. 10c.

Oliver Goldsmith. By Washington Irving. (Longmans' English Classics.) Edited by Lewis B. Semple, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 296 pages. 50c.

Of these two volumes, the latest additions to Longmans's English Classics, Irving's "Oliver Goldsmith" is edited with notes and an introduction by Dr. Lewis B. Semple; and, with the exception of the correction of a few typographical errors, the text remains as the author left it. A chronological table and suggestions for teachers are added. The three selections from the "Idylls of the King" are edited with notes and introduction by Miss Sophie C. Hart, of Wellesley College, whose introduction is in part biographical and in part descriptive of the poems. Both volumes are supplied with notes.

Paris Sketch Book (The). (Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.) Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 356 pages. $1.

This volume carries still further towards completion the Dent edition of Thackeray, which The Outlook has already commended as possessing three valuable characteristics for the average reader—convenience of size, excellence of printing and binding, and an extremely low price. To this volume Mr. Walter Jerrold contributes a biographical note, giving some account of the articles in the Sketch-book, and Mr. Brock contributes a number of illustrations in his characteristic manner.

Path of Evolution Through Ancient Thought and Modern Science (The). By Henry Pemberton. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 374 pages.

Under this title the author has sketched the story of the progress of human knowledge in many different lines. Mr. Pemberton is a highly intelligent layman in science and philosophy. He has read widely and thought wisely. His story of the growth of science is profitable reading for those who would obtain a bird's-eye view of its present field and reach.

Philadelphians (The): As Seen by a New York Woman. By Katharine Bingham. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 227 pages. $1.25.

Pompeii of the West and Other Poems. By John Hall Ingham. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 173 pages. $1.25, net.

Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association (The). Vol. V. July, 1901, to April, 1902. Published by the Association, Austin, Texas. 6×9 in. 370 pages.

St. Augustine and His Age. By Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 516 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Sally Wister's Journal: A True Narrative. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 224 pages.

"Sally Wister's Journal" is the true narrative of a Quaker maiden's experiences with the officers of the Continental army in 1777 and 1778. Through the publication of such volumes as this we gain an insight into American society during critical periods which it would be quite impossible to gain from the sober histories. The present volume has been admirably edited, with notes, by Mr. Albert Cook Myers, who has also inserted many an interesting reproduction of portraits, silhouettes, manuscripts, and relics. The journal is addressed by its author to an intimate school friend, Deborah Norris, herself destined to become notable in later years. The two young ladies had apparently kept up a frequent correspondence until the British occupation of Philadelphia, when Sally's confidences to her friend took the form of a journal. It is graphic and dramatic, full of good humor and fun, acute and clever in describing persons and events, and now and then quaintly moralizing.

Selections from Latin Prose Authors for Sight Reading. By Susan Braley Franklin, Ph.D., and Ella Catherine Greene, A.B. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 80 pages. 60c.

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Students' History of English History (A). By William Edward Simonds, Ph.D. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 483 pages.

Terra Cotta: A Study of Life in the Clay. By Alice McAlilly. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5½×8 in. 281 pages.

Theology of Christ's Teaching (The). By the Rev. John M. King, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 484 pages. $2.50.

Theologians may be divided into two classes—those who look at the Bible through the creed, and those who look at the creed through the Bible. By the latter only can Biblical theology be satisfactorily taught. Biblical theology, as expounded by the former, is only dogmatic theology in disguise. It is to the former, by far the more numerous class, that Principal King belonged. The varieties of Christian doctrine all grow out of the various interpretations of the Bible. Their germs all lie in the Bible, side by side. A truly Biblical theology must recognize this—must acknowledge the inclusive as well as the exclusive significance of Biblical statements. For instance, when Dr. King says of Christ: "He came to die. 'The Son of Man came . . . to give his life a ransom for many' (Matt. xx., 28)," he fails to see that the phrase "to give his life" includes his self-devotion from first to last to the great purpose of the deliverance of men from sin; he narrows its meaning to the final act of laying down the life which had been laid down daily in his work of deliverance. This is not Biblical theology, but rather creedal, of the evangelical Presbyterian type. This characteristic runs through the work, holding, as it does, that the historicity of early Old Testament narratives is established by Christ's use of them for the purposes of illustration, and also finding the end of the "world" (rather than of the "age," as in the margin of the Revised Version) in Jesus' discourses concerning the last things. Dr. King, however, was a man of power, and much beloved. His character and work, as sketched by Dr. Orr, attract both sympathy and warm esteem.

Unitarianism in America: A History of its Origin and Development. By George Willis Cooke. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5½×8½ in. 463 pages. $2, net.

The term Unitarianism may signify either a denomination, a group of theological doctrines, or a religious movement. There are some men who may be said to have participated in the great movement for liberalizing religious life and thought who do not hold to the theological ideas of Unitarians. There are some who may be said to hold to these ideas that are not within the Unitarian denomination. A history of Unitarianism to be complete cannot omit any one of these aspects of it, but it ought to make very clear the distinctions between them. There is nothing more vague and indefinite than a religious movement. It has no more set and visible limits than the tide. For that very reason many men who may be said to participate in Unitarianism as a religious movement should be called Unitarians only with very distinct and emphatic qualification. Denominational Unitarians, however, are very generous with their name, and have ever shown themselves ready to apply that name to men to whom it belongs only in this very qualified sense. John Greenleaf Whittier, for instance, may very properly be counted as one of those who belong to that great liberalizing religious movement characteristic of the last century, and for that reason he is classed in this volume among Unitarians, though recognized as a Friend; but it is not safe to argue from his sympathy with the liberal movement that he either held the Unitarian theology—indefinite as that is—or would be willing to count himself as among those whom the Unitarian denomination might rightfully claim. The author of this volume has shown wisdom in laying emphasis upon Unitarianism as a religious movement, because it is as a religious movement more than as a denomination, and even more than as a group of doctrines, that Unitarianism has been chiefly influential; that it can be said to have embraced the most eminent names that are included, for instance, in this volume; that it commands to-day, as it has commanded for three generations, a position of great importance in American history. But, like others who are avowedly and distinctly Unitarian, the author has been generous to a fault. So all-embracing is his conception of Unitarianism that he is willing to say, "So long as New England has been in existence, so long, at least, Unitarianism, in its motives and in its spirit, has been at work in the name of toleration, liberty, and free inquiry." This might be called pre-Unitarian Unitarianism. There is much that is suggestive in his book. He very well and frankly states the extreme position of Protestantism, that resulted in the conception of a Church composed of a select band of righteous people—righteous by no other sanction than their own assertion; and it is suggestive to find him pointing out that the Unitarians, who formerly were the most radical exponents of this theory of the Church, are moving toward saner and more social conceptions. The defects of this book are the defects of such complacent generosity as we have indicated. Its chief virtues arise from somewhat the same trait. As the result, this book, which to most people on reading the title would seem to be a history of the denomination, is really a very broad and readable account of a religious movement that is only in part characterized by a specific belief.

Woman's Hardy Garden (A). By Helena Rutherford Ely. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 216 pages. $1.75, net.

See "Home Floriculture" on page 591.

Correspondence

The Delaware Bribery

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the article by Mr. George Kennan, "Holding Up a State," in The Outlook of February 7, on page 282, about a third down the first column, the statement is made that "he [Mr. Kennan] obtained in Dover a lot of ten-dollar notes whose numbers ran from 33,414 to 34,691, showing the use of $12,770." Mr. Kennan has apparently overlooked the manner in which ten-dollar National bank notes are printed. They are issued in sheets to the banks. Each sheet contains three ten-dollar notes and one twenty-dollar note. The three tens are printed at the top and the twenty at the bottom of the sheet. All notes on the same sheet have the *same* number. In addition to the number the top bill contains the letter "A," the next bill below the letter "B," the third bill the letter "C," and the fourth bill, which is the twenty, the letter "A."

Therefore, if all the ten-dollar notes between the numbers he mentions were used in Delaware, they amounted to $38,310 instead of $12,770.

In the same paragraph his estimate of $20,000 might safely be made $60,000, by figuring $30 to a number.

ALBERT G. BROCK, Cashier.
Pacific National Bank, Nantucket, R. I.

With regard to this Mr. Kennan sends us the following note: "I took to the Treasury Department the notes of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston that I brought from Delaware, and made inquiries with regard to the numbers. The clerk of the National Bank Division, to whom I applied for information, probably did not understand the object of my questions, and neglected to inform me that all the ten-dollar notes on the same sheet bear the same number, and that, consequently, the numbers from 33,414 to 34,691 represent $38,310 instead of $12,770. The larger sum agrees much more nearly with estimates that I have obtained from other sources of the amount spent by Addicks workers in Kent County. A high official of the State is said to have admitted to a friend in that county, on the 5th of November last, "We spent $200,000 in Delaware yesterday." Of this amount, Kent and Sussex Counties probably received at least $150,000. How much of it was in notes of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston I do not know; but that the southern part of the State was flooded with new bills of that particular bank there is no question."

The Statehood Bill

To the Editors of The Outlook:

First. If Mr. Quay is using the Statehood Bill designedly to prevent anti-trust legislation, why is it that, since December 10, when by agreement reached last summer before the adjournment of Congress, his bill came up as the special order, he has repeatedly asked to set a date for voting on the measure, which request his opponents have uniformly refused? Is it not clear that they refuse because they fear they are in a minority (or for some other reason), and that they, and not the advocates of the measure—apparently in the majority—are the ones who are blocking legislation?

Second. Is it not true that there are Senators among the opponents of the Statehood Bill (for instance, Mr. Hanna) who are just as much champions of the great corporate interests as is Mr. Quay? Whatever may be Mr. Quay's real motives in pushing his bill, is it not as likely at least that the opponents of the bill are prolonging the discussion in order to prevent anti-trust legislation as that Mr. Quay is using the measure for that purpose? L. T. E.
Washington, D. C.

[As to our correspondent's first question, it is very possible that the majority of the Senate are in favor of the Statehood Bill; but it is very certain that Senator Quay and a combination of Democrats, with a few Republicans, prevented the Senate from taking any action on important measures which are vital to the welfare of certain sections of the country—the Philippine Islands, for example—unless the Republican party, to which Mr. Quay belongs, would consent to the pas-

sage of the Omnibus Statehood Bill, to which an overwhelming majority of the Republican party is opposed. As to the second question, we think not.—THE EDITORS.]

The Overthrow of Prohibition in Vermont

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am sure that the temperance people of Vermont will not thank you for congratulating them upon the overthrow of prohibition within the State. The prohibitory law has not "promoted secret drinking-places," though it has not entirely abolished them. Nor has it "excited the spirit of lawlessness," or "tended to public corruption and blackmail." And it has not made the people of Vermont "liars and hypocrites," as Bishop Potter has kindly and courteously told us that it does. We do not think ourselves extremely virtuous "because we have incorporated virtue in a statute," but we believe that, in spite of the prohibitory liquor law, we are as free from drunkenness, lawlessness, blackmail, mendacity, and hypocrisy as the inhabitants of New York City, who seem so anxious to preach temperance and sincerity to us. And in view of the notorious corruption of New York City, we may be pardoned if, instead of humbling ourselves and confessing our faults, we say to these evangelists of temperance and sincerity, "Physician, heal thyself." The people of Vermont do not claim to have solved the problem of abolishing drunkenness, and they are willing to learn of any who are capable of teaching them, but as long as New York and Massachusetts cannot control the liquor nuisance within their own borders, it seems as though they might permit Vermont to continue to try its own crude method, which, however inadequate, has given the State a reputation for temperance and virtue unexcelled by that of any other State in the country. Let it be granted that our prohibitory liquor law has not been adequately enforced, yet is it not a notorious fact that there is not in the whole country a single license law that is adequately enforced, or that has in any perceptible measure diminished the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors? Do not the licensed dealers habitually violate all the restrictive features of the license laws, and do not the low dives and kitchen bar-rooms flourish under the eaves of the licensed saloons? Why, then, is there such an outcry because the prohibitory laws of Maine and Vermont and Kansas are not enforced? If the truth were known, the most serious objection to these laws is that they are so well enforced. H. F. FORREST.

Mechanicsville, Vt.

The Working of Prohibition

The Rev. G. H. Beard, of Burlington, Vt., also writes to protest against our congratulations of Vermont on its recent action substituting local option for prohibition. He insists that prohibition in Vermont has closed all the open saloons, that it does not promote secret drinking-places more than license does, that it does not excite the spirit of lawlessness, and that public corruption and blackmail under prohibition are as "nothing compared with that which attaches to the working of the licensed saloon" "with its manipulation of legislative action and police-protected lawbreaking." He says that to his witness we "may add every Congregational minister in every one of the larger towns of the State." We give this protest to our readers, but it does not in the least modify our convictions, derived from a somewhat intimate knowledge of the workings of prohibition in the State of Maine, and some trustworthy information as to its working in the States of Vermont and Kansas.

By inadvertence it was stated in the editorial paragraph entitled "Prohibition and Law Enforcement in Maine," in The Outlook for February 21, that the figures quoted regarding arrests in Brockton, Mass., were indicative of the experience of that city after "eleven years of high license." The phrase should have been "eleven years of no license" under a local option law. This inaccuracy makes Mr. Cutler's statement weaker than it originally was. The real comparison is not between prohibition and high license, but between the relative efficiency of local prohibition (no license) under a local option law and that of State prohibition under constitutional requirement.



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The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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What Congress Left Undone

The filibustering in both houses which marked the closing days of Congress created a popular belief that the session had been disappointing in results. The Aldrich Currency Bill, which displaced the Statehood Bill at the close of the previous week, was in its turn killed by the insistence of Democratic Senators that the measure must be discussed. Senator Aldrich appealed to them to support a bill to expand the currency and thus carry out a Democratic policy, but they refused to secure currency expansion through the medium of bank notes in the manner provided by the measure. They particularly objected to the feature of the bill permitting the Treasury to accept railroad bonds as security for Government deposits made [illegible]. If, however, the Aldrich bill had been introduced earlier, there would [illegible] little question of its passage. It proposed to require the banks [illegible] one and one-half per cent. [illegible] $150,000,000 of public [illegible] ined with them what [illegible] universally popular. [illegible] bill would have [illegible] a matter upon which [illegible] difference if [illegible] over a number [illegible] bonds now held [illegible] demand, and [illegible] the all-[illegible] into [illegible] in the [illegible] bonds as [illegible] issues [illegible] there [illegible] it [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] this [illegible]

Tariff Bill, reducing the duty on Philippine products from 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates to 50 per cent. This measure was opposed by nearly all the sugar and tobacco growing interests, in whose behalf Senator Patterson, of Colorado, deliberately inaugurated a filibuster fatal, of course, to its passage. The Immigration Bill was passed, but not until it had been devitalized by the insistence of a small group of Senators, led by Mr. Elkins, of West Virginia, that the educational test for undesirable immigration should be stricken out. As enacted into law, the new bill accomplishes little besides the doubtful good of increasing the head tax on immigrants from one dollar to two dollars. [illegible]

Bill was defeated, and the Eight-Hour Bill, the preceding paragraph covers all the important legislative proposals defeated by the Senate. The House of Representatives has to its credit the defeat of only one important proposal—the Ship Subsidy Bill. The formation of the great steamship combination by the companies which were to receive the bulk of the proposed subsidies strengthened the opposition of the Western Republicans in the House Committee on Merchant Marine, and they, uniting with the Democrats, definitely killed the bill. In the roll of bills passed by both houses must be put the Philippine relief and currency bills, the army staff bill, the bill for the reorganization of the militia under National supervision though not National control, the bill to increase the navy by five great battle-ships costing upwards of four million dollars each, the bill repealing the tariff on coal, three of the four anti-trust measures recommended by Attorney-General Knox—the bills to expedite anti-trust decisions, to provide publicity, and to prevent rebates—and the bill to create a National Department of Commerce. Should the extra session of the Senate just assembled by the President ratify the Cuban and Panama treaties, every one of the most important matters upon which the President asked for action at the beginning of the short session will have been acted upon. If to the legislation of this session be added that of the first session of the same Congress, we have the first National irrigation act, the Isthmian Canal act, the repeal of the Spanish war taxes, and the passage of the Philippine civil government bill. We have also, of course, the appropriation bills, and in this line, unfortunately, there appears to have been too great activity. Ten years ago the Nation was shocked when an aggregate of a billion dollars was reached by a single Congress. The Congress which has closed its sessions reached an aggregate of a billion five hundred million dollars—excluding its appropriation of fifty million dollars for the Panama Canal. The tendency of prosperous times and a great National revenue to promote extravagance cannot be doubted, though in estimating this extravagance it must not be forgotten that expenditures necessarily increase with the increase of the and its wealth.

The New Senate The new Senate which met in extra session on March 5 to consider the Panama and Cuban treaties is of the same political complexion as its predecessor, though a shade more strongly Republican. Four Republican Senators—from Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Nevada—gave place to Democrats, and four Democratic or Populist Senators—from Kansas, Utah, Idaho, and Washington—gave place to Republicans, and the two Senatorial vacancies from Delaware were filled by Republicans. The new Senate stands: Republicans, 57; Democrats, 33. Senator Smoot, of Utah, took the oath of office without objection from any quarter. The protests against his retention of his seat are to be considered later by the appropriate committee. Of the work of the new Senate upon the pending treaties the public learns practically nothing, as the rule against considering treaties in open session prevents any authorized report, and the lack of public excitement checks unauthorized ones. Not even the amendments announced by Senator Morgan are publicly known. Altogether, the times seem to be as ripe for a conservative change in the Senate rules for secret sessions as in those facilitating unlimited filibustering. There are times when, even under a republican government, treaties should be considered in secret session, but it ought to require the affirmative action of the Senate to close the doors instead of affirmative action to open them. Two events in the organization of the new Senate are likely to have an important effect on the Democratic party. The first and less important of these events was the action of Senator Bailey, of Texas, in naming Senator Clark, of Montana, as his successor on the important Committee of Foreign Relations. Mr. Clark, though a silver man, is out of sympathy with the Bryan wing of his party upon the tariff, the trusts, and imperialism. The second and more important of these events was the action of the entire Democratic caucus in electing Senator Gorman, of Maryland, to succeed ex-Senator Jones, of Arkansas, as its Chairman and parliamentary leader. Senator Gorman, while he has always maintained his "regularity" as a party man, has been the intellectual head of

the faction opposed to the party's free-trade, free-coinage, and anti-monopoly programmes. Upon the Philippine question Senator Gorman supported his party's policy in the Presidential election of 1900, but a year later, when shaping the State campaign to secure his own re-election to the Senate, he ignored anti-imperialism and proclaimed the restriction of negro suffrage as the paramount issue. His election as the Chairman of the Democratic caucus in the Senate is the most serious open blow recently given to Mr. Bryan's position as party leader.

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An Important Labor Law Question

Judge Adams, of the United States Circuit Court for the eighth circuit, sitting in St. Louis, and acting on the application of the Wabash Railroad, has issued an injunction commanding the officers of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen "to desist and refrain from in any way or manner ordering, coercing, persuading, inducing, or otherwise causing, directly or indirectly, the employees of the said Wabash Railroad Company . . . to strike or quit the service of said Company." The injunction further forbids them from in any way molesting or interfering with the trains of the Company. It is understood to be a temporary injunction pending an argument yet to be heard on the question whether it shall be made permanent. There are some disputed questions of fact as to the rate of wages, conditions of labor, etc., on the Wabash system, and some as to the action or threatened action of the officers of the two Brotherhoods. These disputes are involved in the issues joined before the court, and cannot be easily settled by the press on *ex parte* statements in advance of judicial investigation. But the principle of law involved in this case appears on the face of the injunction to be measurably independent of these disputed questions of fact. It is not, we think, to be doubted that the Wabash Railroad, being engaged in inter-State commerce, comes within the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts. As it is amenable to the writs of the Federal Courts enforcing obedience to the law, it is entitled to the writs of the Federal Courts in seeking the protection of the law. Practically this has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Debs case. On the other hand, the injunction does not prohibit the trainmen and locomotive firemen on the Wabash Railroad from striking. If they choose, they can quit the service of the railroad company singly or in a body. The right of employees to do this has been established by too many legal decisions, and is too evidently an absolute right of free labor, to be called in question, and it is not questioned by this injunction.

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The Question Discussed

But the trainmen and locomotive firemen of the Wabash Railroad belong to Brotherhoods which include employees of other railroads, and the officers of these Brotherhoods are not in the employ of the Wabash Railroad, nor, we presume, of any other railroad. The question raised by this injunction—and so far as we know it has never been legally decided—is whether men not in the employ of an inter-State railroad may lawfully order, counsel, or induce the employees of that railroad to strike. Will the courts forbid such counsel or order to be given by one who has no relation to the corporation, on the ground that this is an unwarrantable interference either with the rights of the railroad or with the commerce of the country? On the one hand, it may be contended that public interest requires that controversies between a railroad corporation and its employees should be settled by them without any outside interference. On the other, that trainmen and locomotive firemen have a right to ask counsel wherever they can get it; that they have a right to employ a broker or attorney, put their labor into his hands, leave him to negotiate their contracts for them, and determine in their place and stead the terms and conditions on which that labor shall continue. It appears to us clearly that this is their right; that the courts can no more legally forbid employees from following the counsel of a paid officer of their Brotherhood than it can forbid the corporation from following the counsel of their paid attorney; that, if the trainmen and locomotive firemen are to be free to make contracts at all, they must be free to do so through agents

not in the employ of the corporation, and this for two reasons: first, because an agent in the employ of the corporation would always be liable to have a divided interest; second, because the nature of their employment is such as to keep them occupied daily and hourly upon the road, and so prevent them from getting together and consulting as to their common interests, or even studying the situation, acquainting themselves with the facts, and coming to any just and reasonable judgment as to the right conditions of a contract between them and their employer. The Outlook hopes that this case may be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, and in such a form, and so divested of all side issues, as to present clearly the question of the right of employees, in their negotiations with their employers, to act through the officers of their Brotherhood or Trades-Union.

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The Irish Land Question

All friends of Ireland and all friends of peace will rejoice because the chief measure to be introduced at the present session of the British Parliament is to be an Irish Land Bill. The bill is to be presented by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in part will follow the recommendations of the conference, already chronicled in these columns, between Lords Dunraven and Mayo, Colonels Everard and Poe, representing Irish landlords, and Messrs. Russell, Redmond, Harrington, and O'Brien, representing Irish tenants. According to their conclusions, "the only satisfactory settlement of the land question is to be effected by the substitution of an occupying proprietary in lieu of the existing system of dual ownership." This "occupying proprietary" idea contemplates no compulsory sale of land on terms claimed to be unjust by the landlords; instead, the latter are to be induced to sell by an offer of sums one-half greater than would be called for by existing values. The offer, as suggested by the conference, would be a sum amounting to nearly thirty years of the rents. The present average price of land in Ireland represents a sum amounting to about twenty years of the rents as revised by the Land Commission Courts in 1881 and 1896. The conference concluded, however, that landlords should continue to enjoy sporting and riparian rights over the lands they sell, and may have the opportunity to purchase their mansions. By these suggestions the conference registered its belief that the common good requires a continuance of identification by the landlord class with Irish society. If landlords are to be thus induced to sell, it would seem as if tenants are equally to be tempted to buy. It is proposed that, in place of rents, tenants shall become owners of their farms by paying to the State a kind of rental called "terminable annuities," these to be from one-seventh to one-quarter less than the existing rents as established by the Land Courts and to be subject to a reduction every ten years. This double difference between present prices must be made up by grants, amounting ultimately to several hundred million dollars, from the royal exchequer, the burden of course falling upon the taxpayers. We are inclined to believe that the taxpayers will get their money's worth. They may settle the question which, more than all others put together, has been at the bottom of Irish unrest. It would seem that the spirit of union, now happily evident between landlords and tenants, as shown by the recent conference, if strengthened by sympathetic legislation, would lastingly supplant that other spirit which made necessary the large numbers of the royal Irish constabulary and the enforcement of extraordinary measures to keep even a semblance of peace.

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Macedonia and Turkey

The pessimistic tone in the reference to Macedonia in the speech of King Edward at the opening of Parliament was abundantly justified, if we may judge from the Blue Book since issued by the British Government. The communications therein comprise consular reports and the despatches of Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador to Turkey, during 1902, and confirm the unofficial reports of misrule, outrages, and violent crimes in Macedonia. These, however, were not all due to Turks; there is also confirmation of the outrages and murders ascribed to the Bulgaro-Macedonian revolutionists, though the intolerable situation originally arose from Turkish misgovernment. The revo-

lutionists have been sending marauding bands from Bulgaria into Macedonia to stir up the Turks to new atrocities by destroying their villages, hoping that the European Powers would interfere and reforms or freedom be secured. At the same time the revolutionists have terrorized any Macedonians who have not approved the programme of the Bulgaro-Macedonian Committee by declaring that "it has now become the government, that everything must be conducted in the government's interest, and that whoever sets himself in opposition must suffer the consequences." The Macedonians are thus doubly downtrodden and intimidated. A system of limited proprietorship prevails in the province. The vast majority of the natives work their land upon shares; they do not own it. One-third of the crop goes to the landlord, and on the remaining two-thirds the peasants pay such an enormous tax that, in some cases, the value as prescribed by the assessors more than equals the value of the crop itself. The Turkish assessor and the Turkish collector are generally one person; and hence such an official has been able to extort infamous payment. If in his daily work—agriculture—the Macedonian finds his goods practically stolen, in his domestic relations his fate is even more terrible. He himself is terrified and beaten by the gendarmerie, or police, and often the female members of his family are subjected to violation. This condition has existed during the four centuries and a half in which the Turkish Empire has been established in Europe. The Turks remain what they were in 1453—savages; but to their savagery they have added sensuality and corruption. It is, therefore, with something like incredulity that the world learned of the Sultan's agreement to the reform proposals made concerning Turkish administration in Macedonia.

Reform Proposals

The principal points of the programme which the Powers unanimously forced on Abdul Hamid are: (1) The appointment of a Macedonian Inspector-General for a term of three years, with an extension of authority, particularly in his power to make requisition, whenever necessary, upon a military force without waiting for permission from Constantinople; his recall and the appointment of his successor to be in agreement with the Powers. (2) The organization of the gendarmerie by European officers, in which body Christian inhabitants are to be admitted in a number proportionate to the population; the Christians shall not be required to be able to read and write Turkish before being admitted. (3) The prompt settlement of cases brought before local courts. (4) A reorganization of the financial system by providing that the taxes shall not be assessed and collected by the same person; that each vilayet or district shall furnish a budget at the end of each year in which local expenses are to be a first charge upon the revenues; the revenues are to be paid into branches of the Ottoman Bank; only if, after such payment, there is a surplus, may it be sent to Constantinople; thus, from a condition of small salaries and uncertain payment the prompt payment of the local officials and of the gendarmerie would seem to be provided for, with a consequent removal of one of the causes of bribery and oppression. (5) The establishment of stringent measures to hold in check the Albanian marauders who have, in reality, been almost as vexatious to the Turkish as to the Christian inhabitants of Macedonia (in Albania itself their methods have been more barbarous still, as was shown recently by the assault upon the Russian Consul at Mitrovitza). In agreeing to these reforms, however, the Sultan apparently proposes to continue his time-honored policy of evasion, as might be deduced from his announcement that there is no money in the Turkish treasury to carry the reforms into effect! It is hard to tell, from the reports, from which class the Macedonian Christians are now suffering the most—the representatives of the Bulgaro-Macedonian Committee, or the Turkish soldiers and tax-gatherers. One thing is evident: Macedonia cannot endure the present situation, any more than Cuba could the oppression of Spain. The only logical and humane outcome, as it appears to many disinterested observers, will be the extension by the Powers in Macedonia of the autonomy now enjoyed by the other Balkan States.

Leo XIII. A fortnight ago Giacchino Pecci, better known as Pope Leo XIII., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the Papal chair. Last week he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation, and also his ninety-third birthday. Should he live until the middle of May he will have attained the traditional years of St. Peter as Pope, but in order to equal Pius IX.'s reign (1846–1878) he would be almost a centenarian. The whole Christian world hopes that he may attain that age, if he can continue to deliver his Church from political intrigue, and continue to direct its energies instead into intimate, sympathetic, and salutary relations with the social movements of our time. Indeed, one may claim with justice that the scholarly and accomplished Pecci has become the most democratic of pontiffs; certainly, in the history of democratic and social progress his encyclical letters will find fit place. Hence, socially as well as religiously, there is no temporal sovereign whose anniversary could match the one of last week. The vast theological and ecclesiastical power of the Church militant was represented by the participation of nearly fifty cardinals and over three hundred archbishops and bishops in the high ceremonies at St. Peter's, which were carried out with all pomp and circumstance. But the seventy thousand people in attendance, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, were gathered to do homage to the man as well as to the Pope, and they greeted him with a more striking demonstration of reverence and affection than has been vouchsafed to any Roman pontiff for centuries. Well might they thus greet one whose ardent and indomitable spirit belies his age and is hardly contained by his frail body. Fifteen years ago, at a similar ceremonial, Leo XIII. was a figure from which apparently all physical attributes had retired; his face was like alabaster and his hand seemed almost transparent as it slowly moved in benediction. The white-robed, white-mitered form looked like a ghost, not a mortal. If he was then a "grand old man," Leo XIII. is now a wonderful old man, not so much by reason of length of years as because during these later years his most telling work has been done. In contemplating this venerable figure the minds of Christians are impressed, not only by religious emotion and historic imagination, but also by a sense of present social service rendered to present social needs.

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The Child Labor Agitation Both in New York and Pennsylvania the child labor agitation is being vigorously conducted. In New York a series of admirable bills have been presented in the Legislature to make the present child labor laws enforceable by requiring age certificates of real value, to extend the application of these laws to messenger and delivery services in the same way in which they now govern factories and stores, to limit the employment of children between fourteen and sixteen to nine hours a day, and to forbid children under twelve to work as bootblacks, and children under ten to work as newsboys. At the hearing before a legislative committee last week, the opposition, curiously enough, centered upon the restriction of the street trades and not upon the nine-hour provision for factories and stores. Commodore Gerry, formerly President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, led the defense of unrestricted child labor in the streets, declaring among other things that the restrictive bill was unconstitutional and that the licensing of newsboys put a stigma upon them. In reply to him it was brought out that the constitutionality of restricting child labor had been recognized over and over again by the most conservative courts, and that the possession of a license would put no more stigma upon a newsboy than upon a physician or lawyer. Dr. Felix Adler made the most stirring address in favor of the bills. He admitted that many good men had spent part of their boyhood in the street trades and come out unharmed, but so, he said, had many strong men come safely through dangerous contagions. Legislation, moral as well as sanitary, must be based upon the general influence of the environment, and the records of the New York juvenile asylums, which Dr. Adler proceeded to give, showed that to an astonishing degree the New York City street trades served as the schools of vice and crime. In Pennsylvania the child labor laws urged are being supported by the

State Federation of Women's Clubs, the Civic Club of Philadelphia, and the State Consumers' League, as well as by the labor unions. The prominent part borne by women's organizations in this movement for the protection of childhood is quite in line with English precedent—the instinctive sympathy of English women having been perhaps the strongest force in enabling Lord Shaftesbury to carry through his great reform against the influence of factory-owners and economists. In Pennsylvania the economists, we believe, a e now supporting the moderate child labor law demanded, but factory-owners are still resisting it. A trusted correspondent writes us as follows of the present situation:

On Saturday morning, February 28, the papers of Pittsburg announced that the Western Pennsylvania Association of Glass Manufacturers had appointed a committee to go to Harrisburg to prevent the enactment of any child labor agitation at this session. The manufacturers were reported as adopting resolutions denouncing and ridiculing that section of the bill which provides that children must learn to read and write English before beginning work. (It is probably due to the enactment of this provision in New York in 1886 that New York, in spite of its enormous immigration, has fewer illiterate children between ten and fourteen years of age than Pennsylvania, and ranks, under this test, with the Northern States, while Pennsylvania ranks with the Southern States.) The glass manufacturing industry is one of the most highly protected industries in the United States, yet it effectively prevents any legislative protection of young children. The influence of the Pittsburg glass manufacturers kept in office, as chief factory inspector of Pennsylvania for several years, Mr. James Campbell (just removed by Governor Pennypacker), who had been their advocate for years at all the hearings on the glass tariff before the Committee on Ways and Means at Washington. This is the man who told the Mothers' Congress in Pittsburg last October that Pennsylvania suffers from the excessive education of the workingmen's children.

Less than any other State can Pennsylvania afford to teach that people have a right to get cheap labor from whatever source at whatever cost.

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The Protest of the Tenement Dwellers

At a hearing in the New York City Hall on Thursday of last week, Mayor Low stated explicitly that the city administration was opposed to every one of the bills which had been introduced into the State Legislature to change the existing tenement-house law. Inasmuch as it is understood that Governor Odell will not sign any tenement-house bill that does not have the approval of Mayor Low and the Tenement-House Commission, this statement was reassuring and was therefore greeted with energetic applause. The speakers at this hearing were almost all dwellers in East Side tenements, and were representative of scores of thousands of others. A representative of the Downtown Ethical Society, one of the East Side Civic Club, one of the East Side Socialists, and one of the Janitors' Society made speeches; all of them were earnest, and their eloquence was that of men whose families were in peril. It was perfectly clear that the opposition to this assault on the tenement-house law is not theoretical, its strength does not lie with philanthropists, but with those whose own homes the law in a measure protects. As the Mayor said, this fight on the part of tenement dwellers for more light and air was illustrative of the old saying, "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow." On the same day Tenement-House Commissioner Robert W. De Forest made an address in Brooklyn, in which he called attention to the principle, which the newspapers in Brooklyn have been ignoring, that the character of residential districts changes in the course of years, that "the palaces of to-day may be the hovels of to-morrow." He cited the instance of his grandmother's house, once one of the finest private houses in a fashionable neighborhood, now bearing a sign "French Flats for Colored People." The law, he said, must anticipate such changes. Both he and the Mayor announced that amendments "adjusting the law to business and structural conditions" are being prepared by the Tenement-House Commission. We hope that if these amendments are offered they will be accompanied by others making more rigorous the even yet too lax requirements.

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Registration of Trained Nurses

There are two bills before the Legislature of New York providing for the registration of trained or professional nurses. One is vicious and ought to be killed;

the other is excellent, though capable of improvement. It ought to be amended and then enacted without delay. The first bill proposes that the Secretary of State shall keep a register of trained nurses and issue certificates to all who shall make affidavit of their intention to practice, accompanying the same with a sworn statement setting forth the amount and character of training that the applicant has had. It sets no standard of attainment and it imposes no tests. It simply perpetuates the present unsatisfactory conditions and makes change and improvement nearly impossible. In contrast with the foregoing, and intended to displace it, is the Armstrong bill, which proposes to supply the defects of the other and to provide real safeguards. An applicant for registration must be twenty-one years of age, must have had at least two years of training in an approved hospital, and must pass an examination under the auspices of the State Board of Regents. Such a person shall be given a Regents' certificate of proficiency and be privileged to bear the title of "Registered Nurse" (R. N.). The bill provides for those already in the profession as well as those still to come. Power to prosecute for the enforcement of the law should be given to some competent body; interference with the regular medical practitioner should be prevented; and ease of registration, say with the county clerk, should be secured; these provisions would perfect the law. The public has a large interest in this matter. The function of the trained nurse is a great and important one, growing, not diminishing. Some standard of attainment and some guarantee of proficiency should be afforded, and it is the duty of the State to provide it. It is not generally known that there are in operation "six weeks' correspondence schools" which give "diplomas" to "trained nurses." The public cannot go into the niceties of wording in a "diploma," and when sudden illness makes its terrifying attack there is no time to pick and choose. The call for the trained nurse is usually an emergency call, and it brooks no delay. At such a time the guarantee of a Regents' certificate would be most welcome, and both physician and patient would find in it confidence and hope.

The Beecher Memorial Mass-Meeting

On Sunday evening, March 8, a mass-meeting was held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, in behalf of the project to construct a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher. The people of Brooklyn were enthusiastic over the meeting. Applications for tickets greatly exceeded the supply, and an overflow meeting, at which Dr. A. H. Bradford and the Rev. Horace Porter were speakers, was arranged for at Plymouth Church. In spite of a drenching rain, which probably accounted for the large preponderance of men in the audience, the Academy of Music was filled to the limit allowed by law half an hour before the hour of opening. Above the stage, draped with an American flag, hung an oil portrait of Mr. Beecher. A choir and an organ led the singing of Mr. Beecher's favorite hymns. There were many present who knew Mr. Beecher personally. The usual note of gloom at a memorial meeting was absent, and the spirit was cheerful, as befitted the character of the man commemorated. Mayor Low, of New York, presided with his usual dignity and tact, and recalled the fact that he had, twenty years ago, presided as Mayor of Brooklyn at a meeting held in the same place in honor of Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday. He spoke of Mr. Beecher as the champion of freedom always—of free speech and free labor. He described the memorial as an attempt, not to preserve Mr. Beecher's memory, which was secure enough already, but to enlarge and make permanent the usefulness of the church which had prospered under Mr. Beecher's leadership. Mr. Low thus gave utterance to an idea which was reiterated by other speakers during the meeting, that the memorial should express the spirit of Mr. Beecher, his love for humanity, something which should stand for activity on the part of those who would honor Mr. Beecher, and greater opportunity for all who were struggling. This especially was emphasized in the close of the address of ex-President Cleveland, who, with Mr. Justice Brewer, was greeted by the audience with unusual marks of respect. Mr. Cleveland, after dwelling on the inherent human impulse toward hero-worship, and after giving expression to his deep personal admiration for

Mr. Beecher and his personal indebtedness to him, said:

Our hero has himself declared in what manner his shrine should be approached. "When I fall, and am buried in Greenwood, let no man dare to stand over the turf and say, 'Here lies Henry Ward Beecher,' for God knows that I will not lie there. Look up, if you love me, and if you feel that I have helped you on your way home, stand with your foot on my turf and look up, for I will not hear anybody who does not speak with his mouth toward heaven." It would savor of hardihood if we who knew Mr. Beecher and his work . . . should be content with a mere idle token of remembrance. Assuredly, if it is to typify his lofty intents and purposes, . . . our memorial must be a center of work which shall redound to the glory of God and to the good of humanity. It should never be forgotten that as truly as the life and labors of Henry Ward Beecher were devoted to serving God and making the condition and destiny of his fellow-men better and happier, just so truly should our work, undertaken in his name, be entered upon with the same high intent and purpose. . . . If we would have him hear us as we invoke his approval, we must speak with our mouths toward heaven. It is also entirely manifest that we can build no memorial shrine to our hero which will attract his favor and the presence of his spirit without making Plymouth Church a part of it. . . . If, invoking his approval, and in his name, we extend his life-work, we shall not only exemplify our affection for him, but shall follow the designs of God as they were revealed to him.

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Further Tributes Mr. Justice Brewer, in scholarly phrase, paid a tribute to Mr. Beecher which emphasized especially his big-hearted human traits, his patriotic service to this country, and his power as a practical exponent of the gospel of love which he preached. "His theology," said Mr. Justice Brewer, "was condensed in a single sentence, 'God is love.' Among the strictly orthodox his theology was always an object of suspicion. They felt that he had too much confidence in the boundless mercy of the Infinite; but the doubt as to his theology never emptied the pews. . . . In all ages some heretic has thrown his arm around struggling humanity and blessed it. The very cause of the supposed weakness of Mr. Beecher's theology was one source of his wondrous power." The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, stated the plan for the memorial as it has been so far devised. He advocated the removal of Mr. Beecher's body to the proposed park which is a part of the plan for the memorial. He quoted from a sermon preached by Mr. Beecher in 1884, in which the great preacher had said that a man's burial-place should be where his work had been done. This Dr. Hillis interpreted as Mr. Beecher's forecast of his own death, and the expression of his wish concerning his burial-place. Included among the plans of the memorial, Dr. Hillis mentioned, in addition to features heretofore reported, a series of lectures on the relation between Christianity and free institutions, given annually, and a library building or club-house in the interest of the multitude of the young men and women who now live on Brooklyn Heights. The Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, gave the closing address, in which he spoke of Mr. Beecher's influence upon the West, and pledged the enthusiastic support of the people of the interior to this memorial project. Before the audience left the building about twenty thousand dollars was there subscribed to the fund which is being raised by the committee of which Mr. Elijah R. Kennedy is Chairman and Mr. Theodore F. Miller, President of the Brooklyn Trust Company, is Treasurer.

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Trinity College Library A really notable event in the development of higher education in the South was the formal opening of the Trinity College library on February 23, at Durham, N. C. Mr. Washington Duke and his sons, Messrs. B. A. and J. B. Duke—all Southern men—have during the past ten years given more than $800,000 to the College, thus providing material equipment and enabling the faculty to do a high grade of academic work and maintain sound ideals of scholarship. The latest evidence of the philanthropic spirit of this family is the gift of a library by Mr. James B. Duke, now of New York City. In addition to a building costing $55,000—a handsome structure of granite and pressed brick, with interior timber in quartered oak and all the conveniences of a modern library—he has given $10,000 for new books, all of them selected with a view to the demands of technical scholarship. To celebrate worthily the dedication of this building and the increase in the resources of the library, a large audience

assembled in Craven Memorial Hall on the evening of February 23, many distinguished guests coming from all parts of the State, while institutions of learning throughout the country sent congratulations. President Kilgo, in an address filled with the spirit of freedom and hope, said: "It is not a dream that this new library building, with its equipment and large additions of books, may institute a new order of things in North Carolina. Trinity College feels that it has a new calling to do hard service in behalf of Southern progress. . . . A new world seems about to open for us, because a very large addition has been made to our resources. With new and larger books will come new and deeper ideas, which in turn will bring forth broader and sturdier men." The dedicatory address was made by Mr. Walter H. Page, of New York City, who spoke vigorously and impressively on the subject, "The American Citizen of the New Era." At the conclusion of his address he paid tribute to the "colossal common sense and the prodigious advancement that is marked by the progress of Trinity College." Referring to Mr. Duke, the donor, he said that he called on him before leaving New York and asked him what message he must take to Trinity College. "Tell them," he said, "I expect each man to think for himself." "By that authority," said the speaker, "I dedicate this library to free thought. Free thought is the very atmosphere of an ideal democracy."

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Schools for Crippled Children

The schools for crippled children in New York City are doing a work which deserves wider notice and more liberal encouragement than it has received in the past. The Children's Aid Society, the Guild for Crippled Children, and individual interest, have co-operated in establishing six of these schools in the city within the past five years, and their progress during that time has been such as to prove the great usefulness of the work. It would be a mistake to consider them as charities in the common sense of the term. Their promoters have strenuously sought to prevent any such impression from being disseminated. The pupils are taught the rudimentary branches, and are trained in various useful occupations so as to be self-supporting, and then all practicable efforts are made to provide situations for them. The instruction includes kindergarten, the ordinary school course with manual training, and a trade school course in various practical occupations. This year a trade school for girls has been established, and next year a boys' department of like character will be opened. The welfare of the schools, which are now educating some hundreds of pupils, depends largely upon private contributions; and attention is called to what has been accomplished. The Children's Aid Society will be glad to give any information.

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The Author of "John Inglesant"

There is impressive, if tacit, comment on the rapidity and carelessness with which most fiction is hurried into print nowadays, in the fact that "John Inglesant" was in preparation for twenty years. Joseph Henry Shorthouse, its author, who died in London last week, left behind him several other works of an imaginative kind, and one at least, "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," deserved more than temporary popularity, yet his name will be chiefly remembered as that of the writer of the romance of English and Italian life in the seventeenth century. Nothing could be more incorrect than to class "John Inglesant" as a didactic or purely philosophical study. It did, indeed, present in lucid yet subtle manner the currents and countercurrents of religio-philosophical thought in a time when convictions on such matters were directly connected with affairs of state, political intrigue, and all the vital events of history. But, apart from this side of the book, it abounds in vivid pictures of England in the time of Charles I., and of Italy in one of its most complex periods of Papal intrigue and of social picturesqueness. There is, moreover, no lack of dramatic force and of striking incident in the tale. Finally, it is written in a style of rare distinction, and is beyond doubt a fine piece of literature. Mr. Shorthouse's best work, apart from his one great romance, is to be found in his critical essays on Wordsworth, Maurice, and George Herbert. He combined intellectual and imaginative qualities in a degree not often to be found among modern English prose writers.

Un-Republicanism in Congress

The *bon mot* attributed to Senator Bailey is more than a *b n mot:* in effect, that he had come from a House which passed bills it did not debate, into a Senate which debated bills it never passed. Indeed, this is less than the truth; in the House the Rules are contrived to stifle debate, in the Senate to prevent action. Both the great political parties have declared themselves in favor of an Interoceanic Canal, but the Interoceanic Canal was halted in the Senate by one man; an overwhelming majority in both House and Senate favored opening our ports to the Philippines, but the Philippine tariff reduction was defeated by half a dozen men; the country demands, and Congress was ready to grant, tariff reduction to Cuba, but by a small minority tariff reduction to Cuba was defeated for the time, a new session was made necessary, and the reduction imperiled for the lack of the concurrence of the House; Congress with substantial unanimity desired to furnish some additional protection to the President from assassination, and the consummation of this desire was prevented by a single Senator on purely doctrinaire grounds.

The radical cause of the difficulty is plain. There are considerable numbers of men in both House and Senate who do not believe in the American principle of free discussion and the rule of the majority. This is really one principle; for the rule of the majority is a just rule only when it follows free public discussion. A partisan majority allowed to force through a measure by mere numbers without a discussion of its merits is quite as apt to be despotic or foolish, or both, as a single man. The House does not believe in public discussion, and is therefore often despotic. The Senate does not believe in majority rule; it does not provide for majority rule; it does not even allow the majority to rule; and therefore it is paralyzed and impotent. Add to this, that each wrong produces the other. The House passes measures which the minority is not permitted to debate; therefore the minority in the Senate debates them simply to prevent their passage. Despotic majorities in the House promote filibustering minorities in the Senate. And both bring contempt upon Congress and all its work.

The radical remedy is also plain: the election of men to the House who will not lend themselves to the stifling of debate, the election to the Senate of men who will not lend themselves to filibustering. Meanwhile men of both parties who believe in a return to the more creditable methods of the Fathers should unite their forces to prevent both abuses. The Rules of the House should be so amended as to put a limit to the power of the majority to order the previous question. The right of the minority to a reasonable opportunity to debate every question should be safeguarded. Debate before committees is not enough; it should be in the open, where the people through the press can hear and measure the arguments. And the Rules of the Senate should be so amended as either to confer upon a majority the right to order the previous question after a defined time has been spent in debate, or upon three-fourths or three-fifths the right to order the previous question at any time. At present Congress is in danger of falling into contempt because it treats the fundamental principle of republican government—the rule of the majority after free discussion—with contempt. If it desires to retain the respect of the American people, it must find a way to re-establish free discussion within orderly limits in the House, and re-establish the power to act after reasonable opportunity for *bona fide* debate in the Senate.

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The Race Problem

"A Southern View of the Negro," which we print on another page, is the view held by an increasing number of influential men and women in the South. Tendencies are determined, not by numbers, but by leaders, and leaders are always a minority. Mrs. Hammond represents the sentiments of Southern leaders; her view is that of thousands who are quietly acting on the conviction which she expresses; in a quarter of a century there will be no other view. The sentiment of the South is not interpreted by the mob which lynches a negro, any more than the sentiment of the North is interpreted by the mob which murders a "scab."

For the sentiments of Northern laborers on the labor question we look to the utterances of labor leaders; for the sentiment of Southerners on the race question we look to the utterances of Southern leaders. It is this sentiment to which Mrs. Hammond gives expression.

At no time since the Civil War has the eventual solution of the race problem seemed to us so hopeful as it seems to-day. The recrudescence of Southern prejudice, to which Northern papers give a representation out of all proportion to its importance, is partly due to the increasing manifestation of Southern interest in the education and elevation of the negro. A movement for justice and humanity always intensifies the prejudice which it combats, as sunlight always intensifies the darkness in the corners which it has not yet penetrated. The hopefulness of the present situation lies in the fact that Northern and Southern leaders are coming to understand one another better than they did. If Southern sentiment is not growing more liberal, the liberal sentiment in the South is growing more outspoken; if Northern sentiment is not growing less doctrinaire, the rational sentiment in the North is growing more influential. Sectional and party prejudices are not as rampant as they were. Certain conclusions are already accepted by the great majority of those, both North and South, who take counsel of their judgment, not of their antipathies or their so-called intuitions, and on these conclusions all future progress in the solution of this problem must be based. Among these are the following:

I. The negro is here, and he is here to stay. He cannot be exterminated. It is physically impossible to kill nine millions of people; it would be morally unthinkable so to dispose of them. They are not dying out; on the contrary, they are increasing quite as rapidly in freedom as they did in slavery. To deport them to Africa is an impossible dream. Colonization, when it was proposed half a century ago, was mathematically impossible as a solution of the race problem. If the impossible could grow more impossible, colonization as a solution is more impossible in 1903 than in 1850. Nor could we afford to deport the negroes if we had the power. The prosperity of the South depends on negro labor. Neither earthquake, deluge, pestilence, war, nor famine would inflict on the South so great a commercial disaster as would the immediate and forcible deportation of the African race, if their deportation were conceivably possible.

II. The negroes will remain here as a separate race. Blacks and whites, Africans and Anglo-Saxons, will not intermarry. The two races will never intermingle as the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman races intermingled in Great Britain. Never means a long time; and if any doctrinaire is inclined on scientific or other grounds to question this assertion, let us say that there is no prospect of any such absorption of the negro race by the white race in our time, or in any time now to be taken account of. The race problem will not be solved, so far as this generation can see, by any intermingling of the races. If it were so solved, it would be by the deterioration of one race, if not of both. Irish, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, may possibly in time lose their distinctive peculiarities and be merged in one American race—the negroes never. The Southern protest against social equality is fundamentally a protest against race intermarriage and so against race deterioration. It may sometimes foster prejudice; but it is not itself a prejudice. It is a just, natural, divine instinct for the preservation of the race. Negroes and whites share in this instinctive desire for the separation of the races.

III. These two races, white and black, living as distinct races in the same community, and largely in the Southern States, must live in friendly relations with each other. On the maintenance of such friendly relations the well-being of both races depends. Whoever arouses prejudice of white against black or black against white is the enemy of both. Whatever missionary zeal so educates and inspires the negro as to enlist his prejudices against his white neighbor is a greatly mistaken missionary zeal. Whatever political leader so inspires the negro as to lead him instinctively to vote against whatever his white neighbors desire is leading the negro to his own detriment. Whatever education accustoms the negro to think of the white man as his competitor, his rival, his foe, and to look on him with jealousy and suspicion, is doing the negro

more harm than good. And whatever influence in press or pulpit or politics has for its object to keep the negro down and to set the white against him is sowing a harvest of disaster for white no less than for black. Wise men at the North at the close of the war urged Northern men to work in co-operation with Southern men for the education of both white and black; and wise men in the North have been urging this ever since. But wise men are not always listened to. Unselfish but impracticable reformers, irrational doctrinaires, selfish politicians, sensational journals, unconscious demagogues guided by prejudice and inflamed by passion, have in unintentional alliance been sowing the seeds of suspicion and distrust, and the harvest which has sprung up from the sowing is not yet exhausted. The first duty of the North is to recognize the fact that, if the race problem is a National problem, it is also preeminently a Southern problem; that men in the South, who are lovers of their country, of liberty, and of their fellow-men, are trying to solve this problem on principles consonant with justice and freedom, and that the North can serve the negro race best by co-operation with the negro's white neighbor and largely under the white neighbor's leadership.

IV. If this black race is to live in contiguity with the white race in the South, it must be educated. An ignorant, superstitious, and immoral population is a drag upon any community; an intelligent and virtuous population is a blessing to any community. What the system of education should be is a matter for discussion; but that there should be some system of education is not a matter for discussion. Here there can be no room for argument. That the negro will be a better neighbor if he has learned the Ten Commandments, if he has learned not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to bear false witness, than if he has not learned that this is a part of religion, can hardly be questioned by any one. But this is education. That he will be a better neighbor if he has learned to be an intelligent farmer, carpenter, mechanic, if he has learned to be industrious, thrifty, economical, than if he scratches the surface of the ground with a hoe, lives in a one-roomed cabin, and borrows the money to live on at a ruinous rate of interest from the neighboring storekeeper, is also unquestionable. But this also is education.

V. That these primary lessons in manhood should precede the later superstructure appears to us not less indisputable. The negro should learn the Ten Commandments in English before he studies Hebrew; for morality is more fundamental to life than Biblical criticism. He should acquire the elements of industrial training before he studies Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics or even the English classics, because man's first duty is to support himself, and the first lesson which a free people have to teach a people just emancipated from slavery is how to support themselves. We believe in the higher education for the negro. We believe in it because we believe that the negro race will always remain distinct from the white race and will need, and increasingly need, its own lawyers and doctors and teachers and preachers. But this is not its first need. Its first need is the capacity to support itself, and the purpose to support itself by honest industry. The education of the negro is not a Northern fad; it is not a "Yankee notion." If Northern whites have shown a commendable interest in the negro's education, and have contributed many millions to its support, Southern whites have shown an even greater interest in the negro's education, and out of their poverty have contributed to it with a patient and self-denying persistence beyond all praise. The opposition to negro education in the South—sometimes noisy, but rarely if ever influential or effective—has but accentuated the resolute purpose of the Southern States to educate the negro race for the freedom into which it was so suddenly thrust, and for which it was so little prepared. The North has too long regarded the South as missionary ground. Too many Northerners have gone South as propagandists of Northern ideas. This was natural at the close of the war; it certainly is no longer necessary. The North and the South should co-operate in a common endeavor to furnish a universal education, and if money and men are still sent into the South from the North, it should only be because the South has needs and the North has means.

We are not here attempting a solution of the race problem. We are not attempt-

ing even to state all our own views of the race problem. But in the solution of any problem, the first necessity is to distinguish the certainties from the uncertainties, the axioms from the questions. We here simply attempt to eliminate what are not questions. It is not a question that the negro race is here and is to remain here; that it is to remain a separate race not absorbed in the white race by any process of intermarriage; that the two races must live together in amicable relations based on mutual confidence, respect, and good will; that this necessitates the education of both races, and, for the negro race, education primarily in the elements of morality and in those branches of learning which, in this twentieth century, are necessary to adequate and comfortable self support. It is because, thanks to such wise whites as General Armstrong and Mr. Frissell, Governor Aycock of North Carolina and Governor Montague of Virginia, and such wise negroes as Mr. Booker T. Washington, both North and South are coming to recognize these simple but fundamental postulates, that we regard the process of solving the race problem as already hopefully commenced.

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Sunday Opening of Saloons

District Attorney Jerome recently appeared before one of the Senate Committees at Albany and made an earnest speech in behalf of his bill to permit the saloons of New York City to sell liquor during certain hours on Sunday, without other restrictions than those provided for week-day sales. In brief, his argument was as follows:

If I could by my own will prohibit the sale of liquors, I would do so. This is impossible. What I do object to is the existence of an unenforceable law which brings with it unlimited corruption and blackmail. This is not a Sunday opening bill. It is a Sunday closing bill. I have the positive pledge of the United Brewers, Maltsters, and Wholesale and Retail Liquor-Dealers that, should this bill become a law, they will see to it that no business is done except between the hours of 1 P.M. and 11 P.M. on Sunday. They object to paying blackmail. They do not like to see the liquor-dealers of the Twentieth Precinct, for instance, paying $13,000 or $14,000 a year to the police for the privilege of keeping open on Sunday. They call Tammany a gang of grafters, but blackmail and corruption exist under the purity and holiness of the Low administration.

The Outlook agrees with Mr. Jerome in his abhorrence of legislation which by its defiance of public sentiment necessitates blackmail and perjury on the part of public officials sworn to maintain it. But in asking that saloons be opened on Sunday to sell liquor to be drunk on the premises and thus serve as loafing, treating, and tippling places when all other business is suspended, he also defies public sentiment in many if not most of the wards of New York City.

The policy of New York State is to recognize Sunday as a holiday. In the present industrial conditions a holiday for great classes of men can be secured only by legislative enactment prohibiting or limiting work on such days. The object of Sunday legislation is ended when rest is secured for all classes. Each individual should be left free to determine what use he will make of that rest, so long as he does not employ it so as to disturb his neighbor's rights. General business operations are prohibited by law. An exception is made in favor of hotels and restaurants, because they are necessary to the comfort and well-being of the community. Ought an exception to be made in favor of saloons for the same purpose? This is a question which, in our judgment, should be left for the local community to decide. If a local community, such as New York, desires to get its drink as well as its food on the Sabbath, it should be permitted to do so, provided it does so in such a way as not to disturb the Sunday quiet and the Sunday rest of the people at large.

If, therefore, Mr. Jerome were to ask the Legislature, not to repeal the Sunday law for the city of New York, but to allow the city of New York to determine for itself what its Sunday law should be, we should advocate the passage of the bill. Such a bill would simply extend over Sunday the local option principle recognized and applied to all other days of the week in all the rural sections of the State. But to ask the Legislature to take from the city of New York the protection for its day of rest which is extended over the rest of the State, without knowing whether the city of New York desires to have that protection removed or not, is to

ask the Legislature to violate that principle of Home Rule which is or ought to be fundamental to all municipal legislation.

Meanwhile, in the absence of legislation, we do not see what the municipal government can do better than so to enforce the Sunday law as to prevent disturbance and disorder, and secure for all citizens quiet and repose, and not attempt to carry the enforcement of the law beyond that point.

If any one asks whether the city of New York wishes the abolition of Sunday legislation, we answer: Opinions of the well informed differ on that point; from the best light we can get, we judge that a majority of the people of the city are opposed to any opening of the saloons on Sunday as saloons, provided some way can be found by which the people can secure their wine and beer with their meals, in their homes, their restaurants, and their hotels. But the attempt of the Raines Law to accomplish this has proved an utter failure, and no better plan has as yet been proposed.

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Lenten Meditations

The New Commandment

Moses gave ten commandments; Christ gave but one:

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Christ's life gives a new interpretation to love. It is often said that Christ has summed up all religion in the two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But this is not Christ's summary of religion; this is Christ's summary of the Jewish religion. These are the great commandments in the Law. Christ's summary of religion for his followers is, "That ye love one another, as I have loved you." His rule of conduct is not the Golden Rule; that, again, is Jewish; it is "the law and the prophets." Christ's rule of conduct is, "Follow me." The Golden Rule is not a law of love, it is a rule of justice. Who am I that I have any right to ask of another that he treat me better that I would treat him if our positions were reversed? The law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is but this law of justice carried down into the sources of life.

Christ's standard of love and life is very different. It is: "As I have loved you." Did Christ love his neighbor no other or better than he loved himself? "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought equality with God not a prize to be seized, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being formed in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross." Is this loving his neighbor only as he loved himself? He, the first recorded act of whose boyhood life was his cheerful relinquishment of education, after one memorable day in the Jewish University, and his return to the narrow life of a peasant, that he might help his father in the shop, and one of whose latest acts, as he hung upon the cross, was to commend, in fragmentary sentences, with his failing breath, his heartbroken mother to the care of the beloved disciple—did he love others only as he loved himself? When did he think of himself? When did his care, his comfort, his enjoyment, his refreshment, play a part in his life? To him love meant service and sacrifice. "The Son of man," he said, "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Is this an impossible ideal? Must we leave it for hymns and homilies, for stories and dramas? Ask the Sisters of Mercy in many a hospital; ask the Red Cross nurses in the battlefield; ask Valley Forge and Gettysburg; ask the missionary chapel and the college settlement; ask Paul, and Luther, and William of Orange, and George Washington, and Robert E. Lee, and Abraham Lincoln, and General Armstrong; ask the mothers innumerable who have given their lives to the nurture of their children, that they may live in their children's future lives. Christ's commandment is written in the heart of man, and in our hours of vision we see its luminous letters and long to make it the law of our lives.

"What doth the Lord require of thee," asks Micah, "but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" To love mercy is more than to do justly:

it is to desire to do unto others more than we would ask them to do unto us; it is pity for the suffering, compassion for the ignorant, love for the undeserving. It is to eat with publicans and sinners; it is to pass by the pious priest and go to the house of Zaccheus; it is still to love the friend who in the hour of trial deserts us, as Christ loved Peter; it is to hold with tenacity of patience to the false friend who betrays us, as Christ held to Judas Iscariot. The cross, not the balance-sheet, is the symbol of Christianity. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant:" this is Christ's measure of greatness. "Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich:" this is Paul's summary of Christ's life. "He laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren:" this is John's interpretation of that life.

Christ gave to his disciples but one commandment: That ye love one another, as I have loved you. His example is our only rule of conduct; his spirit of love our only law of life.

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A School Reform

No matter of greater importance to the higher interests of New York State is now before the public than the question of the unification of the control of its educational institutions. Several bills are now before the State Legislature bearing on this subject. One provides for an addition of nine to the membership of the Board of Regents, and practically constitutes that body a Board of Education to carry on the work at present in the charge of the Department of Public Instruction. This bill does not meet with the approval of the Regents, who propose to introduce a measure which will end the present system of double control and secure the unification of the educational system of the State by bringing all institutions, from the lowest to the highest grade, under the direct management of the Board as now constituted. A third bill provides for the appropriation of $135,000 to be distributed by the Regents among the high schools of the State in order to provide for the instruction of students who come from districts in which high-school facilities are not offered. The Superintendent is reported as opposed to this bill on the ground that this appropriation, if made, ought to be expended under the direction of his department.

Even a casual examination of these three measures brings out the evil inherent in the present situation—the evil which always inheres in the attempt to deal with one group of institutions, or with a single department of the public life of a State, by two or more organizations. From this evil New York has suffered for many years. The University of the State of New York was incorporated in 1784. It became a constitutional body in 1895. The Department of Public Instruction was established in 1854. The two organizations were supposed to occupy different fields, the public elementary schools being under the Department of Public Instruction, the academies and other institutions of secondary and higher learning under the management of the University. Even if the operations of the two bodies could be kept in different fields, the evils which grow out of an attempt thus arbitrarily to draw a line across the field of education, which is essentially and necessarily one, would inevitably develop in the course of time. As a matter of fact, the separation has never been practically made; and there has been constant friction between the two bodies.

There are in the State one hundred and twelve school commissioner districts for the purposes of common-school or primary education, exclusive of cities. These districts are subdivided into smaller districts in accordance with the requirements of localities. By a law passed in 1853, school districts were authorized to form "union free school districts" in order to secure a higher class of graded schools; the governing boards in these union free school districts being elected by the voters of the district and responsible to the school commissioner, but under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who, according to statute, apportions and distributes the appropriations made by the Legislature for the support of such schools. Academic departments in such union free school districts come under the visitation of the Regents

and receive funds from them. Boards of education in these union free school districts must apply to preacademic grades grants from the Superintendent and to academic grades grants from the Regents. To the State Superintendent is also given general supervision over all matters relating to the training and licensing of teachers. He also acts as a court of ultimate appeal in all questions which may arise over school matters. "His decision," reads the statute, "shall be final and conclusive, and not subject to question or investigation in any place or court whatever." The Superintendent is chosen by joint ballot of the Legislature for a term of three years.

The University of the State of New York includes "all institutions of academic or higher education which are now or may hereafter be incorporated in this State, together with the State Library and State Museum," and is governed by a Board of Regents composed of nineteen persons, who are elected for life by the Legislature; the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Instruction being members *ex officio*. The Regents serve without pay. They have the power to prescribe standards of examination, to confer charters on colleges, academies, and other educational institutions, and to impose upon such institutions such restrictions as they think wise. They also determine the preliminary education required of professional students and they examine and license physicians, dentists, veterinaries, and public accountants. They also have the power to suspend the charter of any institution, or to change it at will.

This brief explanation brings out the different functions of the two bodies which have charge of educational matters in this State. The friction between the two organizations has been increased by the rapid growth in numbers and importance of the academic department in the union free school district. The high school is an evolution out of the common school which is under the control of the district board and the school commissioner, the latter being responsible to the State Superintendent and in large measure controlled by him. The Regents, on the other hand, have the right of visitation and examination of the high schools, and the fixing of the standards of these schools; and the enlargement of the educational facilities which these schools offer seems to bring them more and more by force of logic within the field which is under the control of the Regents. It is in the exercise of the power of visitation and investigation that friction has developed between the Regents and the Department of Public Instruction; and the position taken by the Regents, that the spending of the proposed appropriation of $135,000 among the various high schools of the State should be in their hands, would seem to be entirely reasonable. It is distinctly for purposes of secondary education, appropriations for which have been administered invariably through the Regents.

The Board of Regents have issued an appeal to the Governor, the Legislature, and the people of the State, calling attention to recent evidences of the evils arising from the dual system of State supervision of public education, and urging that the exclusive power of the supervision of public education be committed to their own Board on two grounds: first, because the dual system inevitably creates friction and prevents the freest development of educational organization in the State; and, second, because the lodging of the supervision of public education in their hands would forever take the schools of the State out of politics.

These are two very cogent reasons, which will appeal to all intelligent voters of the State, without respect to party. The prime necessity of single, harmonious highly efficient organization of the schools, and keeping them absolutely free from political influence and out of the field of political action, is self-evident; it needs no demonstration. The Regents constitute the oldest educational organization in the State; they are, as Governor Odell has said, "absolutely without partisanship and actuated by the highest motives and the purest sentiment." There may be reasons for modifying the constitution of the Board of Regents. Possibly it should be a smaller body; possibly its members should not have a life tenure; possibly the size of the body and the life tenure tend to prevent educational progress. These allegations are made, and they may be true; but if true, the remedy is the

reorganization of the Board, and not a continuance of the present dual system, still less a plan which directly or indirectly would devolve educational legislation in detail upon an already overburdened Legislature. The Board of Regents should be made the educational legislative body; the Superintendent of Public Instruction should be appointed by the Board and be amenable to the Board. The whole educational system of the State should be unified under the one control.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XI.

May 5.

IN Rome at last—the city of contrasts: of Nero and of Marcus Aurelius, of Cicero and of Seneca, of Gregory VII. and of Alexander VI., of the Coliseum and of St. Peter's, of palaces and of poverty, of piety and of superstition, of self-sacrifice and of self-indulgence, where Bruno was burnt and where Luther was reborn, theater of the most beastly orgies and of the most splendid religious pageants, the Babylon and the Jerusalem of European history. I believe in air castles: if I had not dreamed for years of visiting Rome, I never should have reached it. We were welcomed at the station by our old friends Signor and Madame ——. To be in their house is like being at home—a luxury after two months of steamer and hotel life. Our supper we found laid in our room, and a little fire burning in the open stove—for it is strangely cold for April. The day has been full of excitement. The ride from Naples here has been one of strange beauty. I am weary but not sleepy. But I want to waste no days in Rome, and if I am not to waste to-morrow in resting, I must rest to-night. I will stop thinking and go to sleep.

May 6.

When you get to Rome, said a friend in America, take a carriage and spend a day in driving about the city. Then take the evening train for Florence; or—unpack your trunks and stay a year. We have followed the first part of the advice, and driven this afternoon about the city. We cannot unpack our trunks and stay a year, but I have already in my own mind resolved to prolong our stay from two weeks to three, even if we have to sacrifice something of Florence and Venice to do so. We had a driver so intelligent that we dubbed him Cicero, and Madame —— went with us and was our guide and our interpreter.

We drove first through the heart of the city, across the Tiber and up the slope of the Janiculum Hill, which is laid out as a drive and parkway. From one of its eminences we could see the city of Rome beneath us, the Tiber dividing it into two unequal sections; the Seven Hills of Rome discernible even without our glasses, and so far distinguishable that our driver could point them out to us, although in one case the valley between the neighboring hills has been filled up, either by the process of time, the destructions of war, or the art of man, so that the two hills are no longer separable to the eye, at least at a distance. Upon those hills were clearly discernible, on the Quirinal, the palace of the King; on the Capitoline, the Museum; on the Palatine, the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars; on the Aventine, the Dominican Monastery; on the distant Viminal, the residences of the best families of modern Rome, and almost equidistant, though in another direction, the dome of St. Peter's. Then we drove by a winding road up to the over-elaborate statue of Garibaldi, so constructed, it is said, whether by accident or design I do not know, that all the guns of the group of soldiers are pointing at the Vatican, which, with its pleasure grounds and summer residence for the Pope, is in full view; then down the hill to St. Peter's, stopping long enough only to get the view of its appearance from the front with the semicircular cloisters leading up to it, and the fountains playing in the square before it; then across the Tiber by the famous Castle of St. Angelo, which has witnessed so many dark deeds of treachery and cruelty, to the Pincian Hill and the adjoining Borghese Gardens—the two together constituting the chief pleasure-ground and

popular promenade of Rome; and thence back to our home on the Viminal. We have thus, in an afternoon, driven through the heart of the city and made a circuit perhaps three-quarters of the way about it, and, thanks to our interpreter and to Cicero, have returned with a very good general idea of its topography and the location of its most notable sights.

This is preliminary to visiting it in detail —and studying it? Yes! the temptation is not to be resisted. I lay aside my resolution to do no serious work while I am abroad. I have had nearly two months of rest; for three weeks I will give myself the pleasure of a little study. I wish I could spend three months instead of three weeks here. I should like to get out of my library Mommsen's "History of Rome" to revive my knowledge of its general history, Froude's "Cæsar" to give me a picture of the city in the first century, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" to carry the picture down to the time of Marcus Aurelius, Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" to recall the part it played in the first few centuries of the Christian era, Creighton's "History of the Popes" to re-read his description of its social and religious condition under the Borgias, Lanciani's "New Tales of Old Rome" to connect all this history with its present topography and remains, and Countess Cesaresco's "Liberation of Italy" to bring before me in brief its most recent political history. Probably this would only whet my appetite for a much more thorough study than would be possible with only these books and only three months to study in.

But when one cannot do what he would, he must be content to do what he can. With the aid of Baedeker and B——'s knowledge of ancient history, which is much fresher than mine, I can at least connect what I see with what little I remember, and jot down here impressions to give life to future studies or definiteness to future reflections. Yes! this is what I will do. I will not attempt to record daily experiences; that I clearly see would be useless. I will record only conclusions. In Rome these pages shall be the posted entries of a ledger, not the daily entries of a journal. For the attempt to preserve here the details of daily observations would be like an attempt to give a photograph of the Forum with all its columns, arches, walls, broken busts, or of a great gallery with its forest of statues and torsos; in such a picture no feature would be distinguishable, because the plate had ambitiously endeavored to reproduce them all.

May 7.

I supplemented yesterday's drive about the city by a walk to-day through the heart of it with Signor ——. One gets a familiarity, a closeness of acquaintance, by a walk, which one cannot get in a carriage. Partly from this drive, partly from the walk, partly from the conversations with my friends who are familiar with Rome in all its phases, I find already my apprehension of Rome systematizing itself even before I have any real knowledge to be systematized. It is very well, I think, to construct the pigeonholes for one's facts before the facts are known, that one may be able to classify them as they come into his possession. B—— says rightly that Rome has no atmosphere. It is essentially a cosmopolitan city—in that respect wholly unlike Naples. Except for the variously uniformed ecclesiastics whom we meet at every turn, there are no curious costumes; except for the ruins which one may happen on everywhere in his walks, Rome might be any Continental city. And yet a little reflection impresses one with the conviction that this lack of distinction is itself a distinction.

There are three Romes, indistinguishable except by after-reflection, one built upon the other, yet all remaining to bewilder and perplex the observer—ancient or classical Rome, mediæval or ecclesiastical Rome, and modern Rome. The center and symbol of classical Rome are the Palatine and the Forum, though remains of the ancient capital are scattered in massive ruins about the city and in busts and statues in various states of preservation in the galleries, public and private. The center and symbol of mediæval or ecclesiastical Rome are St. Peter's and the Vatican—perhaps I should say St. Peter's in the Vatican, though one meets with monuments of ecclesiastical Rome in mediæval churches on every corner, many of them containing some picture, statue, relic, or mosaic which gives them a value in the eye of the devout, the antiquarian, and perhaps the art-lover. Most of the pictures, too, in the art galleries are by the "old masters," and represent a medi-

æval or quasi-mediæval type of art. The modern city is more political and educational than commercial. The commercial center is the Corso, a rather narrow street running from one side of the city to one of its centers; the political symbols are the old Parliament House, the new Palace of Justice—as yet incomplete—and the Departmental buildings, scattered, like those of Washington, about the city; the social symbols are the palaces with their art treasures and their gardens—the palaces somber and almost prison-like without, but ornate and artistic within, generally built with colonnades about an open square or courtyard; the intellectual center and symbol are the two Roman Catholic theological seminaries (one educating for foreign, the other for home, service), the Vatican Library with its invaluable and still insufficiently explored manuscripts, the colleges, whose relation to the seminaries is something analogous to that of the Oxford Colleges to the Oxford University, and the art schools and art students, the latter to be seen in the various galleries, sketch-book or canvas and easel in hand. I mean to divide my time unequally between these three cities. My first thought I shall give to ancient Rome; my second to ecclesiastical or mediæval Rome; as to modern Rome, I will see in it what chance brings to me—I shall have little enough time to divide between the other two.

May 8.

To-day being Ascension Day, we went in the afternoon to a vesper service at San Giovanni, which we are told has the best music in Rome. It was extraordinarily beautiful. One soloist in particular thrilled me by his singing; for a long time I could not determine whether the voice was masculine or feminine; it possessed in a remarkable degree the qualities of both a tenor and a soprano. I at length concluded that it was a man's voice, and I have since been told that its possessor is known in Rome as the Pope's angel. I am surprised to learn that St. Peter's is not a cathedral at all; San Giovanni is the cathedral church of Rome, and mass is said here only by the Pope or by his spiritual representative; since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government as the capital of Italy, only by the latter, because, since that occupation, the Pope never leaves the Vatican. There are practically no seats in San Giovanni; the congregation, which relatively to the church was not large, stood clustered about the chancel; and the music was very seriously disturbed by the moving about of companies of sight-seers, some with Baedekers and some with breviaries in their hands, and, so far as I could see, the latter no more reverent than the former, save for a brief bowing or kneeling to the altar when they entered. The general effect was that of a promenade sacred vocal concert. But this was a special day and a special service, and it would not be fair to judge of the general effect of services in the churches of Rome from this one instance.

May 10.

I have been three times to see the Forum, and twice to see the Palatine; let me try to set down here some general impressions which have been produced by these visits. They will be like a composite photograph; they will reproduce nothing specific that I have seen, only general impressions; but I can recall specific remains and ruins better by the aid of Lanciani than I can by the aid of my own note-book.

Several days ago B—— took her Baedeker and with a friend explored the Forum without a guide, and by the process fixed in her own mind quite clearly the more impressive features of this confused and heterogeneous mass of ruins. Then I went with her, and with her aid got what I may call the lay of the land. Then we resolved to try an experience with Mr. Reynaud. There are two men who give peripatetic lectures in Rome, Mr. Forbes and Mr. Reynaud. They are more than guides, they are less than lecturers. Mr. Reynaud had been recommended to us as both interesting and satisfactory, and so we found him. He meets his audience —from ten to twenty—at the entrance, and walks over the ground selected for the lecture, explaining the ruins as the party come to them, and interpreting their significance by legend and history—not always discriminating between the two. How much of a scholar he is I do not know, but he is thoroughly familiar with the ground; he has facility of expression, some imagination, a good deal of quiet humor, and, if he sometimes mingles his-

tory and legend in his narratives, I should say that this is not because he lacks knowledge, but because he judges that it is not wise to attempt the difficult task of disentangling the two, especially with the limited time at his disposal and the auditors he has to address. In this I think he is wise; the attempt at disentanglement would probably only perplex his hearers. He follows Lanciani very closely; speaking broadly, it might be said that he gives an epitome of Lanciani as I give here an epitome of his two lectures, so that this is hardly more than an epitome of an epitome, or, to speak more accurately, my impression of his impression of Lanciani's impression. B—— and I, however, had gone over the Forum by ourselves before we went over it with him; we have gone over the Palatine since we went over it with him; and in the evenings I have done a little reading in Lanciani, borrowed for the purpose. These general observations—they cannot be called studies—have left on my mind a very vague impression of details, but a very vivid impression of certain general features of Roman life, which I here attempt to preserve that it may not utterly fade away.

The Palatine is a conically shaped hill, though irregular in form, the top of which has been somewhat, and I judge considerably, extended by substructures built up from below. On the top of the hill the Cæsars built in succession three or four great palaces; three I recall—those of Caligula (or Little Boots, to translate his nickname literally), Augustus, and the Flavian Emperors. Of the former little more than some of the substructure is left, unless it is still existent but buried beneath the gardens of the Farnese laid out here in the Middle Ages. The site of the second is still occupied by a nunnery, which, according to Mr. Reynaud, is to be removed when the remaining nuns have "gone to glory." Enough of the walls of the Flavian palace remain to give one a tolerable conception of this enormous structure, with its throne-room or palace of justice, its general gathering-room or courtyard, its dining-hall, its lecture-hall, etc. One curious feature was the *vomitorium*, a little room adjoining the dining-hall to which a guest retreated when he had eaten all that he could hold, and tickled his throat with a straw to compel himself to throw up his dinner that he might begin again. If D'Artagnan's servant had been familiar with the *vomitorium*, he would not have said with a sigh, "Eat as much as you please; you can eat but one dinner at a time." Adjoining this palace are the ruins of what is called the Stadium, which may have been either a place for public games or a kind of inclosed garden, or, perhaps, a spot which served both purposes; the ruins of a small house which Mr. Reynaud wishes to believe was the veritable house of Romulus, founder of Rome, but of which nothing more can be said than that it probably belongs to the period *before* the Roman Republic, *i. e.*, I believe the seventh or eighth century before Christ; the house of the mother of Nero, which is in a remarkable state of preservation; and—below and partly under the hill—the ruins of a house and school for the imperial slaves. On one side of this Palatine hill in the valley below was the Circus Maximus, the great chariot racecourse, where the people gathered for their favorite sport; on the opposite side was the Sacred Way—which was an avenue bordered by shops, temples, a great Court House, the Senate House, and the Forum or gathering-place of the people, where they debated, bargained, talked politics, heard the news and the gossip, listened to public speeches, and were occasionally inflamed to impetuous and unrestrained passion. This valley is crowded with ruined walls, pillars, arches, and pavements. Along a third side of the hill ran a road connecting the Forum with the Circus; along the fourth side the broad highway along which victorious generals passed in their triumphal processions, when they returned to be received with divine honors in the Forum by the applauding crowds. On the opposite side of this last avenue was the Coliseum, built after the death of Nero, and constituting the most gigantic amphitheater for amusement that the world has ever seen. In another direction, but adjoining the Forum Romanum, were more temples, court houses, and fora, of which little is now left, except the Column of Trajan.

B—— and I stood upon the Palatine, and looked down upon the Forum Romanum. The history of the past passes in a strange weird phantasmago-

me: Romulus and Remus laying out the boundary-lines of the future city; Virginius seizing a knife from the nearest butcher's shop and plunging it into the heart of his daughter to save her from shame; Castor and Pollux bringing the news of the victory of the Romans which saved their city from destruction and them from servitude; Cicero impaling Catiline with sharpened invectives, which pierce him like the spear-heads of a Roman cohort; Cæsar stabbed by the conspirators, and Marc Antony firing the populace to furious wrath against the assassins; Paul pleading the cause of religious liberty before Nero, winning his cause at the first trial only to lose it ten years later, so effectually that religious liberty was never again known in the city till re-established by Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel in 1870; Titus marching along the Sacred Way, leading in triumph the priests of Jerusalem with the silver trumpets, the golden candlesticks, and the table of shew-bread, afterward engraved upon the Arch where they may still be seen; Christians thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and their bones gathered up with sacred care to be buried in the still existing catacombs outside the city walls; Constantine celebrating his victory over his rival Maxentius—a victory which ended in the overthrow of the pagan religion, the substitution of a paganized Christianity in its place, and the abandonment of Rome and the substitution of Constantinople as the world's capital; and then the curtain falls on the classical period of Rome, on its barbaric strength and moral weakness, its pagan splendor and its theatrical taste, its patrician wealth and its plebeian poverty.

These ruins seem to me to be symbols of its transient greatness. There are a few solid and substantial marble pillars; but most of the structures were made of concrete, brick, or cheap soft stone, veneered with marble. Their beauty was borrowed from Greece and was superficial; their structures were their own, and were cheap and perishable. I am impressed by this difference between the glory of Greek architecture as one sees it in the Acropolis and that of Rome as one sees it in the Forum. The temples of Greece were creations of beauty, constructed to express the Greeks' love of the beautiful; the Roman temples were artifices of display constructed to celebrate the maker; the first were the natural expression of art-genius, the others were constructed to win admiration for their builders. In Athens are the Temples to Theseus, to winged Victory, to Jupiter, to Athena; in the Forum, Temples of Faustina, of Julius Cæsar, of Castor and Pollux. The ruins of Greece retain their beauty in their ruin; the ruins of Rome are big rather than beautiful, and are impressive rather for their pathetic decrepitude than for their immortal charm. This suggestion of the difference between Greece and Rome, which I derive neither from Mr. Reynaud nor from Lanciani, but from B——, has been more and more impressed on me at every new visit to the Forum and the Palatine, and it has been still further reinforced by our visits to the galleries of Rome, where are gathered almost innumerable relics of a past age. Many of them are exceedingly beautiful, but they are for the most part Greek in their conception if not in their execution; this is pre-eminently true of the collections in the Museum on the Capitoline Hill and in the Museum in the Baths of Diocletian.

I am aware that this generalization, like most generalizations, is too broad to be wholly true. The Coliseum impressed us even more by the beauty of its great curves and the harmony of its arches, rising tier above tier, than by its size; the pillars which remain of Castor and Pollux rival in their beauty any we saw in Greece; and there are two little pillars in the Forum, I forget to what they belong, that are solid marble and exquisite in their form and their proportions. Despite these and perhaps some other exceptions, as the two elaborately carved columns, one to Trajan, one to Marcus Aurelius, with the incongruous statues of St. Peter on the one and St. Paul on the other, which some Pope with more church pride than classical taste has put upon the top of them, the moral decay of Rome is pathetically symbolized in its ruins. They leave on me an impression that the golden age of Rome might more appropriately be called the gold-plate age of Rome; that its glory was the glory of *nouveau riche*; that its splendor was as shallow and meretricious in its quality as it was egotistical in the spirit which inspired it. L. A.

A Southern View of the Negro

By L. H. Hammond

The author of the following article is a daughter of Southern parents—both slaveholders and both the children of slaveholders. Twenty-eight of the forty-three years of her life have been passed in the South. Her husband is a son of a slaveholder, and some years of active work with the Woman's Home Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have given her exceptional opportunities for getting at an understanding of the point of view of thoughtful and philanthropic people through most of the Southern States regarding the Race Question. The Outlook believes that the Race Problem is one of the two most important National problems which the people of the United States have to meet and solve. It also believes that no civilized people have made in so short a time over such difficult obstacles so great an amount of industrial, educational, and social progress as the Southern people have made in the forty years since the Civil War. Believing this, and believing that the Race Question must, in its last analysis, be solved by the South itself, it sees, in spite of some manifestation, both North and South, of conflict, irritation, and misunderstanding, every promise that a solution will finally be reached. But it can be reached only by dealing with it, on the part both of the Northerner and the Southerner, in the spirit to which the following article by a Southern woman gives expression.—THE EDITORS.

WHATEVER antagonism exists between the Southern whites and the negroes is pretty well known in all its phases to the country at large; but the more hopeful aspects of their mutual relations seem little understood beyond our own borders. It is known, for instance, that many Southern people hope for no solution of the negro problem which will allow the negro to remain in the South on friendly terms with his white neighbor. Colonization, voluntary or enforced, is their expedient. There are also those who prophesy the extinction of the negro as a natural result of a higher civilization acting upon a lower race. But side by side with these impatient or despondent people is a large and growing class of Southern whites whose point of view is less well known abroad. They agree with the other class with regard to the facts of the negro's needs and deficiencies—these are too near at hand and too clamorous to be overlooked or mistaken. But, while assenting to the general conditions, they note the increasingly numerous exceptions to the rule, and draw from the acknowledged facts more hopeful conclusions than do their neighbors. It is for this class that I wish to speak.

There is among us so strong a disapproval of some aspects of negro education that we are sometimes thought of as opposed to their education altogether. One fact should end this misapprehension. The Southern whites, though still paying ninety-two per cent. of all money for school purposes, spent, in the twenty-five years following the war, $120,000,000 on schools for the negroes. In relation to the need it was a small sum, but it was great in relation to the poverty from which it came.

The feeling against college training for negroes is certainly strong, but the cause for it is not hard to understand. It is always both an easy and a dangerous thing to develop the minds of ignorant people faster than their moral natures; and many of the negroes have been thrust into a new world to which they are imperfectly related mentally, and not at all related morally. Such negroes despise the old life of manual labor, though incapable of making an honest living in any other way, while their wants and ambitions have been multiplied. Whatever their color, people like that are a menace to any community; and the Southern people have suffered enough from the mistaken beginnings of negro education to be pardoned if they are oversensitive at this point. But they do not deny the negro's right to a college education. The Southern Methodist Church—as a member of that Church I can speak more definitely of it than of any other—has long been committed to the higher education of the negro in Paine Institute at Augusta, Ga. This institution is the joint property of the Colored Methodist Episcopal

Church—a negro organization—and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and has the official indorsement of the General Conference as well as of the several Annual Conferences. Its President is a member of an old South Carolina family, and its faculty is made up of Southern white and negro teachers. For years this school has been sending out men and women of good scholarship and fine character to become leaders of their race as teachers, preachers, and citizens.

In regard to social equality, the better class of negroes do not want it. Certainly they will never get it, South or North, for at least as far in the future as the mind of the white man can project itself; but this fact does not prevent mutual kindliness nor respect. In the best stores of our Southern cities white women can be seen to wait while the clerk attends to the colored customer who preceded them, and not one of them apparently gives it a thought. In the banks negro men take their place in line, and white men wait their turn behind them. Down on our public square, where the street is being repaved, white men and negroes work side by side, as they did to build the house in which I live. If antipathy exists, a friendly spirit is still more evident. No honorable negro lacks the respect of his white neighbors. This respect does not take the form of social intercourse, which such negroes desire as little as we; but it is none the less expressed and understood.

It is difficult for the people of the North to understand either the pressure of the whole great race problem upon us as a people, or its endless ramifications into the smallest details of our individual daily lives. The sharpest criticism of the negro we ever hear comes from the Northerners who come to live among us, and who find the dirt, shiftlessness, and dishonesty of the colored laborers, men and women, quite beyond endurance. They cannot understand why we "put up" with it all, and look askance at us, as lazy and shiftless ourselves—an opinion, be it observed, from which we radically dissent! After years of painful discipline—if they do not give up the struggle first, and return to the land of cleanliness and trained workers—they come to one of two conclusions. Either they do their work themselves, and are looked down upon by the darkies as "po' white trash;" or they adopt the attitude of their Southern neighbors, endure the pilfering and the slipshod work, and do what they can to awaken in these childish and undeveloped creatures some idea of trustworthiness and honor. It is not an attractive task. The long procession of incompetents tramp through our homes and business houses, never content long enough anywhere for the kindest or wisest of us to make much of an impression on them.

It is the more difficult to make any lasting impression upon them for the reason that, as a race, they are grateful only superficially, and in the immediate presence of expected benefits. But those of us who are discouraged by this patent and ubiquitous fact forget that gratitude is not a primal instinct; it is a late development in the progress of any race from barbarism, as in the growth of the normal civilized child. An illustration such as any housekeeper can furnish is found in a girl whom I tried hard to help during the year in which she cooked for me, and who left me at a moment's notice one morning when told that, on account of unusual rain and mud, the porch needed an extra scrubbing. I was ill and without other help, but that troubled her not a whit. Two weeks later the "collector," finding that she had left me and thinking her unprotected, tried to take away the furniture she had nearly paid for on the installment plan. She came to me with the untroubled confidence of a child, and of course received help as freely as she asked it. Embarrassment was of another world. Such matters are refreshing from their comical side, and should burden nobody with a sense of the negro's depravity. They spring from an undeveloped mental and moral consciousness. A few generations of reasonable patience and the negro will have passed this trying point.

But there is a darker side. It would be difficult to exaggerate the lack of morals among the mass of the negroes. Yet the whole human race has come up from the depths in this respect; and, remembering how recently their forefathers were savages, the situation is not without encouragement. Whatever the height of our

own moral superiority, it must, in God's eyes, just measure the depth of our debt to the weaker race. The difference pledges us, not to condemnation, but to service.

But there are chaste negroes and honest ones. I know many personally, and I cannot think my own experience very exceptional. A woman who was in my house thirteen years—a girl grown up since the war—is a fair specimen of this class. I believe in her virtue entirely, and would trust her with anything I possess, while her long and faithful service compels my genuine affection; and I am but one of thousands who could bear a like testimony.

It is in these exceptional negroes, and in their constantly, if slowly, increasing numbers, that we find a visible warrant for our faith in the future of their race, as well as for our faith in the providence which has bound up their future with that of our whole country.

Southern white women are sometimes said to be indifferent to the needs of the colored people. The charge is not without foundation; yet very many of the negro's best friends and most sympathetic helpers are to be found among the women who have inherited this attitude toward them from their mothers and grandmothers. In their painful progress from barbarism the negroes owe much to the Christian Southern women of the past, and more than is known to those of the present.

The new industrial school at Paine Institute is a sign, small but significant, of a growing desire among Southern women to help their darker neighbors through organized effort. It is also an indication of the growing belief that a final solution of the whole difficult problem will be reached for the mass of the race along the lines laid down at Hampton and Tuskegee. This school has been enterprised by the Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which is composed of women from every Southern State. A young colored woman, a graduate of Hampton, was placed at Paine this fall as instructress, and Dr. Walker writes that she is doing fine work notwithstanding the temporary lack of suitable accommodations. We have just let the contract for two industrial cottages, to be erected at once. We offered the work to a negro contractor living in Atlanta, an ex-slave; but, to his regret and ours, his time and resources for months ahead were already pledged in contracts with white people living in that city, and he could not undertake it.

It is chiefly industrial education, with its already notable good results, that is changing the attitude of many of the thinking men of the South to one of unmistakable hopefulness. Dr. J. J. Tigert, the editor of the "Southern Methodist Review," and one of the acknowledged leaders of his denomination, says in a recent editorial:

> We confess, for our own part, that we no longer share the pessimism with respect to the insolubility of the problem which has seemed to dominate much of Southern thought and sentiment. There are too many indications of the steady improvement of the negro in his Southern habitat. Commercially, educationally, religiously, the colored man is on the up grade. Many of his race are earning the cordial respect of the white people of the South by good conduct alike on the farm and in the shop, in the school and in the church. Social and moral distinctions, which are recognized by the negroes themselves, are rapidly developing among them. He who looks upon the race as a common mass of uniform quality is vastly mistaken. The worthless elements are no doubt still present in large proportions; but the worthy elements are visible and growing to him who has eyes to see. Time and patience will be needed for a permanent solution of all the difficulties of the situation; but the practical demands of business life, and various influences, both emancipating and conservative, which grow out of daily association and common interests, will make their scarcely perceptible contributions until, in ways whose operation is not measurable, but whose results are determinative, the vast and complex problem of the two races living side by side in concord and amity will be solved.

To some at the North these words may seem over-sanguine in view of the recent wholesale disfranchisement of the negroes in several of the Southern States. The charge which is brought against these States is not that negroes unfit to vote are excluded from the ballot, but that white men equally ignorant are not excluded also. But whenever the great majority of intelligent citizens in any State do a thing which to those at a distance appears unjust, it is safe to conclude that the action cannot be explained by the assumption that the intelligent majority has either laid aside its intelligence or has acted from unworthy motives. Explanations like that do not

explain, North or South. Mistakes may be made, the correcting of which will be costly enough; but in every State in the Union there is enough of the spirit of patriotism and of fair play to prevent the securing of any great majority for an act of selfish tyranny. As a matter of fact, the ignorant white vote at the South has never been, as at the North, a menace to good government. Such voters have not been gathered into towns, but scattered through the country, and coming into frequent and friendly touch with the educated classes both in the country and in the towns where they go to do their trading. They have stood entirely apart from questions of municipal government, and have been overwhelmingly on the side of law and order in the country communities. The dangers of our political life have come from the manipulation of the ignorant colored vote by a few unscrupulous whites. It is impossible for the North to realize or the South to forget the horror of the days when that vote ruled the South. In the interest of both races, for the sake of justice and decency, it must never rule again. The States which have barred the ignorant black vote but not the ignorant white vote have drawn, not a color line, but what they believe to be a danger line. All this is said, not in defense of an abstract principle, but in explanation of a concrete fact.

There are many men in the South who do not favor the retention of the ignorant white vote. The majority of them, as might be expected, are found in those States where the ignorant black vote is less overwhelming or the ignorant white vote more significant than elsewhere—that is, where the conditions tend to approximate those of the North.

It should be remembered that those States which have disfranchised these ignorant voters are taxing every resource equally with the other States to educate the negroes and to fit them for citizenship. There is neither the intention nor the wish to keep them disqualified, nor to bar them out when qualified. They are admitted as voters, and will be for years to come, on a lower level than would admit them to suffrage in one of the wisest Northern States. A mistake may have been made, but it was in the sincere belief that it was best for all classes, and with no desire to oppress the helpless or to shirk the duty laid upon the South of solving the negro problem in justice and honor.

To those of us who believe most thoroughly in a restricted suffrage the country over, there is a danger in the future which is as yet unknown among us. The rapid growth of our manufactures is drawing the scattered country population into our cities and laying the foundations of the Southern slum. The conditions which have hitherto safeguarded the ignorant white vote are rapidly changing, and the seeds of a new peril to clean municipal government are being sown. Unless the school term can be lengthened and compulsory education laws passed throughout the South, our children will find that the color line and the danger line no longer coincide. The ignorant white voter of to-day will give no trouble; but what of to-day's mill children, controlled a few years hence by the political boss? The spectacle so long familiar at the North may yet be seen at the South—the intelligent white vote arrayed against the ignorant white vote, and fighting it in the interest of good government.

But it is with the present situation that we are now concerned. We cannot, if we would, deny the crimes against the negroes which have been committed among us; but we believe that the great majority of whites will yet find a way to put an end to that which they condemn, and that the negroes themselves will eventually be raised above the moral level on which the terrible provocation is given.

It is a tremendous task which is laid upon the Southern whites, both in behalf of the negroes and to hold fast by patience and hopefulness within their own hearts. It is for the North, free from the daily burdens and conflicts which that task involves, to give us more of generous and brotherly understanding. With all her heroic effort, the white children of the South in many places are still inadequately provided for; to meet even in a small measure the needs of the colored population often seems to involve the sacrifice of needed provision for the whites. There is nothing comparable to it in all the North or West. But, whatever the South may lack, she has never yet turned her back upon difficulties nor failed in the

power of sacrifice for her ideal of duty. As much as in us is, we are debtors to the whites and to the negroes also. Southern statesmanship and Southern Christianity have long since owned the debt, and by the grace of God they will yet pay it in full.

Nashville, Tenn.

Two Gentlemen of Kentucky[1]

By James Lane Allen

We reprint this story by Mr. James Lane Allen, not so much for its charm as a piece of fiction, in which the best qualities of realism and of imaginative writing are skillfully combined, as because it is one of the most illuminative contributions to the literature of the Race Question that has been made in recent years. We believe it will give the Northern reader some insight into the gracious and friendly personality and spirit which are characteristic of a fine type of the Southern white man. We think it will also remind the Southern reader that the black man possesses traits of character—unselfishness, loyalty, personal affection, and refined feeling—which endeared him to the white master and mistress of a generation ago. These traits The Outlook confidently believes may be so encouraged and developed that the white and black races in this country shall find a common basis of agreement—a basis whereon they can live in peace and friendship, each respecting the public rights of the other without intruding upon the other's private rights. The story is reprinted by the special permission of the author and of the Macmillan Company, who issue it in the volume entitled "Flute and Violin."—THE EDITORS.

"The woods are hushed, their music is no more;
The leaf is dead, the yearning passed away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love, to suit the newer day."

THE WOODS ARE HUSHED

IT was near the middle of the afternoon of an autumnal day, on the wide, grassy plateau of Central Kentucky. The Eternal Power seemed to have quitted the universe and left all nature folded in the calm of the Eternal Peace. Around the pale-blue dome of the heavens a few pearl-colored clouds hung motionless, as though the wind had been withdrawn to other skies. Not a crimson leaf floated downward through the soft, silvery light that filled the atmosphere and created the sense of lonely, unimaginable spaces. This light overhung the far-rolling landscape of field and meadow and wood, crowning with faint radiance the remoter low-swelling hill-tops, and deepening into dreamy half-shadows on their eastern slopes. Nearer, it fell in a white flake on an unstirred sheet of water which lay along the edge of a mass of somber-hued woodland, and nearer still it touched to spring-like brilliancy a level, green meadow on the hither edge of the water, where a group of Durham cattle stood with reversed flanks near the gleaming trunks of some leafless sycamores. Still nearer, it caught the top of the brown foliage of a little bent oak-tree and burned it into a silvery flame. It lit on the back and the wings of a crow flying heavily in the path of its rays, and made his blackness as white as the breast of a swan. In the immediate foreground it sparkled in minute gleams along the stalks of the coarse, dead weeds that fell away from the legs and the flanks of a white horse, and slanted across the face of the rider and through the ends of his gray hair, which straggled from beneath his soft black hat.

The horse, old and patient and gentle, stood with low-stretched neck and closed eyes half asleep in the faint glow of the waning heat; and the rider, the sole human presence in all the field, sat looking across the silent autumnal landscape, sunk in reverie. Both horse and rider seemed but harmonious elements in the panorama of still life, and completed the picture of a closing scene.

To the man it was a closing scene. From the rank, fallow field through which he had been riding he was now surveying, for the last time, the many features of a landscape that had been familiar to him from the beginning of memory. In the afternoon and the autumn of his age he was about to rend the last ties that bound him to his former life, and, like one wh

[1] Copyrighted, 1891, 1899, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

had survived his own destiny, turn his face towards a future that was void of everything he held significant or dear.

The Civil War had only the year before reached its ever-memorable close. From where he sat there was not a home in sight, as there was not one beyond the reach of his vision, but had felt its influence. Some of his neighbors had come home from its camps and prisons, aged or altered as though by half a lifetime of years. The bones of some lay whitening on its battlefields. Families, reassembled around their hearthstones, spoke in low tones unceasingly of defeat and victory, heroism and death. Suspicion and distrust and estrangement prevailed. Former friends met each other on the turnpikes without speaking; brothers avoided each other in the streets of the neighboring town. The rich had grown poor; the poor had become rich. Many of the latter were preparing to move West. The negroes were drifting blindly hither and thither, deserting the country and flocking to the towns. Even the once united church of his neighborhood was jarred by the unstrung and discordant spirit of the times. At affecting passages in the sermons men grew pale and set their teeth fiercely; women suddenly lowered their black veils and rocked to and fro in their pews; for it is always at the bar of Conscience and before the very altar of God that the human heart is most wrung by a sense of its losses and the memory of its wrongs. The war had divided the people of Kentucky as the false mother would have severed the child.

It had not left the old man unscathed. His younger brother had fallen early in the conflict, borne to the end of his brief warfare by his impetuous valor; his aged mother had sunk under the tidings of the death of her latest-born; his sister was estranged from him by his political differences with her husband; his old family servants, men and women, had left him, and grass and weeds had already grown over the door-steps of the shut, noiseless cabins. Nay, the whole vast social system of the old régime had fallen, and he was henceforth but a useless fragment of the ruins.

All at once his mind turned from the cracked and smoky mirror of the times [illegible]welt fondly upon the scenes of the past. The silent fields around him seemed again alive with the negroes, singing as they followed the plows down the corn-rows or swung the cradles through the bearded wheat. Again, in a frenzy of merriment, the strains of the old fiddles issued from crevices of cabin doors to the rhythmic beat of hands and feet that shook the rafters and the roof. Now he was sitting on his porch, and one little negro was blacking his shoes, another leading his saddle-horse to the stiles, a third bringing his hat, and a fourth handing him a glass of ice-cold sangaree; or now he lay under the locust-trees in his yard, falling asleep in the drowsy heat of the summer afternoon, while one waved over him a bough of pungent walnut leaves, until he lost consciousness and by and by awoke to find that they both had fallen asleep side by side on the grass and that the abandoned fly-brush lay full across his face.

From where he sat also were seen slopes on which picnics were danced under the broad shade of maples and elms in June by those whom death and war had scattered like the transitory leaves that once had sheltered them. In this direction lay the district school-house where on Friday evenings there were wont to be speeches and debates; in that, lay the blacksmith's shop where of old he and his neighbors had met on horseback of Saturday afternoons to hear the news, get the mails, discuss elections, and pitch quoits. In the valley beyond stood the church at which all had assembled on calm Sunday mornings like the members of one united family. Along with these scenes went many a chastened reminiscence of bridal and funeral and simpler events that had made up the annals of his country life.

The reader will have a clearer insight into the character and past career of Colonel Romulus Fields by remembering that he represented a fair type of that social order which had existed in rank perfection over the blue-grass plains of Kentucky during the final decades of the old régime. Perhaps of all agriculturists in the United States the inhabitants of that region had spent the most nearly idyllic life, on account of the beauty of the climate, the richness of the land, the spacious comfort of their homes, the efficiency of their negroes, and the characteristic con-

tentedness of their dispositions. Thus nature and history combined to make them a peculiar class, a cross between the aristocratic and the bucolic, being as simple as shepherds and as proud as kings, and not seldom exhibiting among both men and women types of character which were as remarkable for pure, tender, noble states of feeling as they were commonplace in powers and cultivation of mind.

It was upon this luxurious social growth that the war naturally fell as a killing frost, and upon no single specimen with more blighting power than upon Colonel Fields. For destiny had quarried and chiseled him to serve as an ornament in the barbaric temple of human bondage. There *were* ornaments in that temple, and he was one. A slaveholder with Southern sympathies, a man educated not beyond the ideas of his generation, convinced that slavery was an evil, yet seeing no present way of removing it, he had of all things been a model master. As such he had gone on record in Kentucky, and no doubt in a Higher Court; and as such his efforts had been put forth to secure the passage of many of those milder laws for which his State was distinguished. Often, in those dark days, his face, anxious and sad, was to be seen amid the throng that surrounded the blocks on which slaves were sold at auction; and more than one poor wretch he had bought to save him from separation from his family or from being sold into the Southern plantations—afterwards riding far and near to find him a home on one of the neighboring farms.

But all those days were over. He had but to place the whole picture of the present beside the whole picture of the past to realize what the contrast meant for him.

At length he gathered the bridle reins from the neck of his old horse and turned his head homeward. As he rode slowly on, every spot gave up its memories. He dismounted when he came to the cattle and walked among them, stroking their soft flanks and feeling in the palm of his hand the rasp of their salt-loving tongues; on his sideboard at home was many a silver cup which told of premiums on cattle at the great fairs. It was in this very pond that as a boy he had learned to swim on a cherry rail. When he entered the woods, the sight of the walnut-trees and the hickory-nut trees, loaded on the topmost branches, gave him a sudden pang.

Beyond the woods he came upon the garden, which he had kept as his mother had left it—an old-fashioned garden with an arbor in the center, covered with Isabella grape-vines on one side and Catawba on the other; with walks branching thence in four directions, and along them beds of jump-up-johnnies, sweet-williams, daffodils, sweet-peas, larkspur, and thyme, flags and the sensitive plant, celestial and maiden's-blush roses. He stopped and looked over the fence at the very spot where he had found his mother on the day when the news of the battle came.

She had been kneeling, trowel in hand, driving away vigorously at the loamy earth, and, as she saw him coming, had risen and turned towards him her face with the ancient pink bloom on her clear cheeks and the light of a pure, strong soul in her gentle eyes. Overcome by his emotions, he had blindly faltered out the words, "Mother, John was among the killed!" For a moment she had looked at him as though stunned by a blow. Then a violent flush had overspread her features, and then an ashen pallor; after which, with a sudden proud dilating of her form as though with joy, she had sunk down like the tenderest of her lily-stalks, cut from its root.

Beyond the garden he came to the empty cabin and the great wood-pile. At this hour it used to be a scene of hilarious activity—the little negroes sitting perched in chattering groups on the topmost logs or playing leap-frog in the dust, while some picked up baskets of chips or dragged a back-log into the cabins.

At last he drew near the wooden stiles and saw the large house of which he was the solitary occupant. What darkened rooms and noiseless halls! What beds, all ready, that nobody now came to sleep in, and cushioned old chairs that nobody rocked! The house and the contents of its attic, presses, and drawers could have told much of the history of Kentucky from almost its beginning; for its foundations had been laid by his father near the beginning of the century, and through its doors had passed a long train of forms, from the veterans of the Revolution to the soldiers of the Civil War. Old coats hung up in closets; old dresses folded away in

drawers; saddle-bags and buckskin leggins; hunting-jackets, powder-horns, and militiamen hats; looms and knitting-needles; snuffboxes and reticules—what a treasure-house of the past it was! And now the only thing that had the springs of life within its bosom was the great, sweet-voiced clock, whose faithful face had kept unchanged amid all the swift pageantry of changes.

He dismounted at the stiles and handed the reins to a gray-haired negro, who had hobbled up to receive them with a smile and a gesture of the deepest respect.

"Peter," he said, very simply, "I am going to sell the place and move to town. I can't live here any longer."

With these words he passed through the yard-gate, walked slowly up the broad pavement, and entered the house.

MUSIC NO MORE

On the disappearing form of the Colonel was fixed an ancient pair of eyes that looked out at him from behind a still more ancient pair of silver-rimmed spectacles with an expression of indescribable solicitude and love.

These eyes were set in the head of an old gentleman—for such he was—named Peter Cotton, who was the only one of the Colonel's former slaves that had remained inseparable from his person and his altered fortunes. In early manhood Peter had been a wood-chopper; but he had one day had his leg broken by the limb of a falling tree, and afterwards, out of consideration for his limp, had been made supervisor of the wood-pile, gardener, and a sort of nondescript servitor of his master's luxurious needs.

Nay, in larger and deeper characters must his history be writ, he having been, in days gone by, one of those ministers of the gospel whom conscientious Kentucky masters often urged to the exercise of spiritual functions in behalf of their benighted people. In course of preparation for this august work, Peter had learned to read and had come to possess a well-chosen library of three several volumes—"Webster's Spelling-Book," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the Bible. But even these unusual acquisitions he deemed not enough; for, being touched with a spark of poetic fire from heaven, and fired by n's fondness for all that is conspicuous in dress, he had conceived for himself the creation of a unique garment which should symbolize in perfection the claims and consolations of his apostolic office. This was nothing less than a sacred blue-jeans coat that he had had his old mistress make him, with very long and spacious tails, whereon, at his further direction, she embroidered sundry texts of Scripture which it pleased him to regard as the fit visible annunciations of his holy calling. And inasmuch as his mistress, who had had the coat woven on her own looms from the wool of her finest sheep, was, like other gentlewomen of her time, rarely skilled in the accomplishments of the needle, and was moreover in full sympathy with the piety of his intent, she wrought of these passages a border enriched with such intricate curves, marvelous flourishes, and harmonious letterings, that Solomon never reflected the glory in which Peter was arrayed whenever he put it on. For, after much prayer that the Almighty wisdom would aid his reason in the difficult task of selecting the most appropriate texts, Peter had chosen seven—one for each day in the week—with such tact, and no doubt heavenly guidance, that when braided together they did truly constitute an eloquent epitome of Christian duty, hope, and pleading.

From first to last they were as follows: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel;" "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;" "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;" "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity;" "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep;" "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." This concatenation of texts Peter wished to have duly solemnized, and therefore, when the work was finished, he further requested his mistress to close the entire chain with the word "Amen," introduced in some suitable place.

But the only spot now left vacant was one of a few square inches, located just where the coat-tails hung over the end of Peter's spine; so that when any one stood full in Peter's rear, he could but marvel at

the sight of so solemn a word emblazoned in so unusual a locality.

Panoplied in this robe of righteousness, and with a worn leathern Bible in his hand, Peter used to go around of Sundays, and during the week, by night, preaching from cabin to cabin the gospel of his heavenly Master.

The angriest lightnings of the sultriest skies often played amid the darkness upon those sacred coat-tails and around that girdle of everlasting texts, as though the evil spirits of the air would fain have burned them and scattered their ashes on the roaring winds. The slow-sifting snows of winter whitened them as though to chill their spiritual fires; but winter and summer, year after year, in weariness of body, often in sore distress of mind, for miles along this lonely road and for miles across that rugged way, Peter trudged on and on, withal perhaps as meek a spirit as ever grew footsore in the paths of its Master. Many a poor overburdened slave took fresh heart and strength from the sight of that celestial raiment; many a stubborn, rebellious spirit, whose flesh but lately quivered under the lash, was brought low by its humble teaching; many a worn-out old frame, racked with pain in its last illness, pressed a fevered lip to its hopeful hem; and many a dying eye closed in death peacefully fixed on its immortal pledges.

When Peter started abroad, if a storm threatened, he carried an old cotton umbrella of immense size; and as the storm burst, he gathered the tails of his coat carefully up under his armpits that they might be kept dry. Or if caught by a tempest without his umbrella, he would take his coat off and roll it up inside out, leaving his body exposed to the fury of the elements. No care, however, could keep it from growing old and worn and faded; and when the slaves were set free and he was called upon by the interposition of Providence to lay it finally aside, it was covered by many a patch and stain as proofs of its devoted usage.

One after another the Colonel's old servants, gathering their children about them, had left him, to begin their new life. He bade them all a kind good-by, and into the palm of each silently pressed some gift that he knew would soon be needed. But no inducement could make Peter or Phillis, his wife, budge from their cabin. "Go, Peter! Go, Phillis!" the Colonel had said time and again. "No one is happier that you are free than I am; and you can call on me for what you need to set you up in business." But Peter and Phillis asked to stay with him. Then suddenly, several months before the time at which this sketch opens, Phillis had died, leaving the Colonel and Peter as the only relics of that populous life which had once filled the house and the cabins. The Colonel had succeeded in hiring a woman to do Phillis's work; but her presence was a strange note of discord in the old domestic harmony, and only saddened the recollections of its vanished peace.

Peter had a short, stout figure, dark-brown skin, smooth-shaven face, eyes round, deep-set, and wide apart, and a short, stub nose which dipped suddenly into his head, making it easy for him to wear the silver-rimmed spectacles left him by his old mistress. A peculiar conformation of the muscles between the eyes and the nose gave him the quizzical expression of one who is about to sneeze, and this was heightened by a twinkle in the eyes which seemed caught from the shining of an inner sun upon his tranquil heart.

Sometimes, however, his face grew sad enough. It was sad on this afternoon while he watched the Colonel walk slowly up the pavement, well overgrown with weeds, and enter the house, which the setting sun touched with the last radiance of the finished day.

NEW LIFE

About two years after the close of the war, therefore, the Colonel and Peter were to be found in Lexington, ready to turn over a new leaf in the volumes of their lives, which already had an old-fashioned binding, a somewhat musty odor, and but few unwritten leaves remaining.

After a long, dry summer you may have seen two gnarled old apple-trees, that stood with interlocked arms on the western slope of some quiet hillside, make a melancholy show of blooming out again in the autumn of the year and dallying with the idle buds that mock their sapless branches. Much the same was the belated, fruitless efflorescence of the Colonel and Peter.

The Colonel had no business habits, no political ambition, no wish to grow richer,

He was too old for society, and without near family ties. For some time he wandered through the streets like one lost—sick with yearning for the fields and woods, for his cattle, for familiar faces. He haunted Cheapside and the court-house square, where the farmers always assembled when they came to town; and if his eye lighted on one, he would buttonhole him on the street-corner and lead him into a grocery and sit down for a quiet chat. Sometimes he would meet an aimless melancholy wanderer like himself, and the two would go off and discuss over and over again their departed days; and several times he came unexpectedly upon some of his old servants who had fallen into bitter want, and who more than repaid him for the help he gave by contrasting the hardships of a life of freedom with the ease of their shackled years.

In the course of time, he could but observe that human life in the town was reshaping itself slowly and painfully, but with resolute energy. The colossal structure of slavery had fallen, scattering its ruins far and wide over the State; but out of the very débris was being taken the material to lay the deeper foundations of the new social edifice. Men and women as old as he were beginning life over and trying to fit themselves for it by changing the whole attitude and habit of their minds—by taking on a new heart and spirit. But when a great building falls, there is always some rubbish, and the Colonel and others like him were part of this. Henceforth they possessed only an antiquarian sort of interest, like the stamped bricks of Nebuchadnezzar.

Nevertheless he made a show of doing something, and in a year or two opened on Cheapside a store for the sale of hardware and agricultural implements. He knew more about the latter than anything else, and, furthermore, he secretly felt that a business of this kind would enable him to establish in town a kind of headquarters for the farmers. His account-books were to be kept on a system of twelve months' credit; and he resolved that if one of his customers couldn't pay then, it would make no difference.

Business began slowly. The farmers dropped in and found a good lounging-place. On county-court days, which were great market-days for the sale of sheep, horses, mules, and cattle in front of the Colonel's door, they swarmed in from the hot sun and sat around on the counter and the plows and machines till the entrance was blocked to other customers.

When a customer did come in, the Colonel, who was probably talking with some old acquaintance, would tell him just to look around and pick out what he wanted and the price would be all right. If one of those acquaintances asked for a pound of nails, the Colonel would scoop up some ten pounds and say: "I reckon that's about a pound, Tom." He had never seen a pound of nails in his life; and if one had been weighed on his scales, he would have said the scales were wrong.

He had no great idea of commercial despatch. One morning a lady came in for some carpet-tacks, an article that he had forgotten to lay in. But he at once sent off an order for enough to have tacked a carpet pretty well all over Kentucky; and when they came, two weeks later, he told Peter to take her up a dozen papers with his compliments. He had laid in, however, an ample and especially fine assortment of pocket-knives, for that instrument had always been to him one of gracious and very winning qualities. Then when a friend dropped in he would say, "General, don't you need a new pocket-knife?" and, taking out one, would open all the blades and commend the metal and the handle. The "General" would inquire the price, and the Colonel, having shut the blades, would hand it to him, saying in a careless, fond way, "I reckon I won't charge you anything for that." His mind could not come down to the low level of such ignoble barter, and he gave away the whole case of knives.

These were the pleasanter aspects of his business life, which did not lack as well its tedium and crosses. Thus there were many dark, stormy days when no one he cared to see came in; and he then became rather a pathetic figure, wandering absently around amid the symbols of his past activity, and stroking the plows, like dumb companions. Or he would stand at the door and look across at the old court-house, where he had seen many a slave sold and had listened to the great Kentucky orators.

But what hurt him most was the talk of the new farming and the abuse of the old

which he was forced to hear; and he generally refused to handle the improved implements and mechanical devices by which labor and waste were to be saved.

Altogether he grew tired of "the thing," and sold out at the end of the year with a loss of over a thousand dollars, though he insisted he had done a good business.

As he was then seen much on the streets again, and several times heard to make remarks in regard to the sidewalks, gutters, and crossings, when they happened to be in bad condition, the "Daily Press" one morning published a card stating that if Colonel Romulus Fields would consent to make the race for mayor he would receive the support of many Democrats, adding a tribute to his virtues and his influential past. It touched the Colonel, and he walked downtown with a rather commanding figure the next morning. But it pained him to see how many of his acquaintances returned his salutations very coldly; and just as he was passing the Northern Bank he met the young opposition candidate—a little red-haired fellow, walking between two ladies, with a rosebud in his buttonhole—who refused to speak at all, but made the ladies laugh by some remark he uttered as the Colonel passed. The card had been inserted humorously, but he took it seriously; and when his friends found this out, they rallied round him. The day of election drew near. They told him he must buy votes. He said he wouldn't buy a vote to be mayor of the New Jerusalem. They told him he must "mix" and "treat." He refused. Foreseeing he had no chance, they besought him to withdraw. He said he would not. They told him he wouldn't poll twenty votes. He replied that *one* would satisfy him, provided it was neither begged nor bought. When his defeat was announced, he accepted it as another evidence that he had no part in the present—no chance of redeeming his idleness.

A sense of this weighed heavily on him at times; but it is not likely that he realized how pitifully he was undergoing a moral shrinkage in consequence of mere disuse. Actually, extinction had set in with him long prior to dissolution, and he was dead years before his heart ceased beating. The very basic virtues on which had rested his once spacious and stately character were now but the moldy cornerstones of a crumbling ruin.

It was a subtle evidence of deterioration in manliness that he had taken to dress. When he had lived in the country, he had never dressed up unless he came to town. When he had moved to town, he thought he must remain dressed up all the time; and this fact first fixed his attention on a matter which afterwards began to be loved for its own sake. Usually he wore a Derby hat, a black diagonal coat, gray trousers, and a white necktie. But the article of attire in which he took chief pleasure was hose; and the better to show the gay colors of these, he wore low-cut shoes of the finest calfskin, turned up at the toes. Thus his feet kept pace with the present, however far his head may have lagged in the past; and it may be that this stream of fresh fashions, flowing perennially over his lower extremities like water about the roots of a tree, kept him from drying up altogether.

Peter always polished his shoes with too much blacking, perhaps thinking that the more the blacking the greater the proof of love. He wore his clothes about a season and a half—having several suits—and then passed them on to Peter, who, foreseeing the joy of such an inheritance, bought no new ones. In the act of transferring them the Colonel made no comment until he came to the hose, from which he seemed unable to part without a final tribute of esteem, as: "These are fine, Peter;" or, "Peter, these are nearly as good as new." Thus Peter, too, was dragged through the whims of fashion: To have seen the Colonel walking about his grounds and garden followed by Peter, just a year and a half behind in dress and a yard and a half behind in space, one might well have taken the rear figure for the Colonel's double, slightly the worse for wear, somewhat shrunken, and cast into a heavy shadow.

Time hung so heavily on his hands at night that, with a happy inspiration, he added a dress suit to his wardrobe, and accepted the first invitation to an evening party.

He grew excited as the hour approached, and dressed in a great fidget for fear he should be too late.

"How do I look, Peter?" he inquired at length, surprised at his own appearance.

"Splendid, Marse Rom," replied Pet

bringing in the shoes with more blacking on them than ever before.

"I think," said the Colonel, apologetically—"I think I'd look better if I'd put a little powder on. I don't know what makes me so red in the face."

But his heart began to sink before he reache his hostess's, and he had a fearful sense of being the observed of all observers as he slipped through the hall and passed rapidly up to the gentlemen's room. He stayed there after the others had gone down, bewildered and lonely, dreading to go down himself. By and by the musicians struck up a waltz, and with a little cracked laugh at his own performance he cut a few shines of an unremembered pattern; but his ankles snapped audibly, and he suddenly stopped with the thought of what Peter would say if he should catch him at these antics. Then he boldly went downstairs.

He had touched the new human life around him at various points; as he now stretched out his arms towards its society, for the first time he completely realized how far removed it was from him. Here he saw a younger generation—the flowers of the new social order—sprung from the very soil of fraternal battlefields, but blooming together as the emblems of oblivious peace. He saw fathers, who had fought madly on opposite sides, talking quietly in corners as they watched their children dancing, or heard them toasting their old generals and their campaigns over their champagne in the supper-room. He was glad of it; but it made him feel at the same time that, instead of treading the velvety floors, he ought to step up and take his place among the canvases of old-time portraits that looked down from the walls.

The dancing he had done had been not under the blinding glare of gaslight, but by the glimmer of tallow-dips and star-candles and the ruddy glow of cavernous firesides—not to the accompaniment of an orchestra of wind-instruments and strings, but to a chorus of girls' sweet voices, as they trod simpler measures, or to the maddening sway of a gray-haired negro fiddler standing on a chair in the chimney corner. Still, it is significant to note that his saddest thought, long after leaving, was that his shirt bosom had not lain down smooth, but stuck out like a huge cracked eggshell; and that when, in imitation of the others, he had laid his white silk handkerchief across his bosom inside his vest, it had slipped out during the evening, and had been found by him, on confronting a mirror, flapping over his stomach like a little white masonic apron.

"Did you have a nice time, Marse Rom?" inquired Peter, as they drove home through the darkness.

"Splendid time, Peter, splendid time," replied the Colonel, nervously.

"Did you dance any, Marse Rom?"

"I didn't *dance*. Oh, I *could* have danced if I'd *wanted* to; but I didn't."

Peter helped the Colonel out of the carriage with pitying gentleness when they reached home. It was the first and only party.

Peter also had been finding out that his occupation was gone.

Soon after moving to town, he had tendered his pastoral services to one of the fashionable churches of the city—not because it was fashionable, but because it was made up of his brethren. In reply he was invited to preach a trial sermon, which he did with gracious unction.

It was a strange scene, as one calm Sunday morning he stood on the edge of the pulpit, dressed in a suit of the Colonel's old clothes, with one hand in his trousers pocket, and his lame leg set a little forward at an angle familiar to those who know the statues of Henry Clay.

How self-possessed he seemed, yet with what a rush of memories did he pass his eyes slowly over that vast assemblage of his emancipated people! With what feelings must he have contrasted those silk hats, and walking-canes, and broadcloths, those gloves and satins, laces and feathers, jewelry and fans—that whole many-colored panorama of life—with the weary, sad, and sullen audiences that had often heard him of old under the forest trees or by the banks of some turbulent stream!

In a voice husky, but heard beyond the flirtation of the uttermost pew, he took his text. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." From this he tried to preach a new sermon, suited to the newer day. But several times the thoughts of the past were too much for him, and he broke down with emotion.

The next day a grave committee waited

on him and reported that the sense of the congregation was to call a colored gentleman from Louisville. Private objections to Peter were that he had a broken leg, wore Colonel Fields's second-hand clothes, which were too big for him, preached in the old-fashioned way, and lacked self-control and repose of manner.

Peter accepted his rebuff as sweetly as Socrates might have done. Humming the burden of an old hymn, he took his righteous coat from a nail in the wall and folded it away in a little brass-nailed deerskin trunk, laying over it the spelling-book and the "Pilgrim's Progress," which he had ceased to read. Thenceforth his relations to his people were never intimate, and even from the other servants of the Colonel's household he stood apart. But the Colonel took Peter's rejection greatly to heart, and the next morning gave him the new silk socks he had worn at the party. In paying his servants the Colonel would sometimes say, "Peter, I reckon I'd better begin to pay you a salary; that's the style now." But Peter would turn off, saying he didn't "have no use fur no salary."

Thus both of them dropped more and more out of life, but as they did so drew more and more closely to each other. The Colonel had bought a home on the edge of the town, with some ten acres of beautiful ground surrounding. A high osage-orange hedge shut it in, and forest trees, chiefly maples and elms, gave to the lawn and house abundant shade. Wild-grape vines, the Virginia creeper, and the climbing oak swung their long festoons from summit to summit, while honeysuckles, clematis, and the Mexican-vine clambered over arbors and trellises, or along the chipped stone of the low, old-fashioned house. Just outside the door of the Colonel's bedroom slept an ancient, broken sun-dial.

The place seemed always in half-shadow, with hedgerows of box, clumps of dark holly, darker firs half a century old, and aged, crape-like cedars.

It was in the seclusion of this retreat, which looked almost like a wild bit of country set down on the edge of the town, that the Colonel and Peter spent more of their time as they fell farther in the rear of onward events. There were no such flower gardens in the city, and pretty much the whole town went thither for its flowers, preferring them to those that were to be had for a price at the nurseries.

There was, perhaps, a suggestion of pathetic humor in the fact that it should have called on the Colonel and Peter, themselves so nearly defunct, to furnish the flowers for so many funerals; but, it is certain, almost weekly the two old gentlemen received this chastening admonition of their all-but-spent mortality. The Colonel cultivated the rarest fruits also, and had under glass varieties that were not friendly to the climate; so that by means of the fruits and flowers there was established a pleasant social bond with many who otherwise would never have sought them out.

But others came for better reasons. To a few deep-seeing eyes the Colonel and Peter were ruined landmarks on a fading historic landscape, and their devoted friendship was the last steady burning-down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the two races. Hence a softened charm invested the drowsy quietude of that shadowy paradise in which the old master without a slave, and the old slave without a master, still kept up a brave pantomime of their obsolete relations. No one ever saw in their intercourse aught but the finest courtesy, the most delicate consideration. The very tones of their voices in addressing each other were as good as sermons on gentleness, their antiquated playfulness as melodious as the babble of distant water. To be near them was to be exorcised of evil passions.

The sun of their day had indeed long since set, but, like twin clouds lifted high and motionless into some far quarter of the gray twilight skies, they were still radiant with the glow of the invisible orb.

Henceforth the Colonel's appearances in public were few and regular. He went to church on Sundays, where he sat on the edge of the choir in the center of the building, and sang an ancient bass of his own improvisation to the older hymns, and glanced furtively around to see whether any one noticed that he could not sing the new ones. At the Sunday-school picnics the committee of arrangements allowed him to carve the mutton, and after dinner to swing the smallest children gently beneath the trees. He was seen on Commencement Day at Mor-

rison Chapel, where he always gave his bouquet to the valedictorian. It was the speech of that young gentleman that always touched him, consisting as it did of farewells.

In the autumn he might sometimes be noticed sitting high up in the amphitheater at the fair, a little blue around the nose, and looking absently over into the ring where the judges were grouped around the music-stand. Once he had strutted around as a judge himself, with a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, while the band played "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and "Gentle Annie." The ring seemed full of young men now, and no one even thought of offering him the privileges of the grounds. In his day the great feature of the exhibition had been cattle; now everything was turned into a horse show. He was always glad to get home again to Peter, his true yokefellow. For just as two old oxen—one white and one black—that have long toiled under the same yoke will, when turned out to graze at last in the widest pasture, come and put themselves horn to horn and flank to flank, so the Colonel and Peter were never so happy as when ruminating side by side.

NEW LOVE

In their eventless life the slightest incident acquired the importance of a history. Thus, one day in June, Peter discovered a young couple love-making in the shrubbery, and with the deepest agitation reported the fact to the Colonel.

Never before, probably, had the fluttering of the dear god's wings brought more dismay than to these ancient involuntary guardsmen of his hiding-place. The Colonel was at first for breaking up what he considered a piece of underhand proceedings, but Peter reasoned stoutly that if the pair were driven out they would simply go to some other retreat; and, without getting the approval of his conscience to this view, the Colonel contented himself with merely repeating that they ought to go straight and tell the girl's parents. Those parents lived just across the street outside his grounds. The young lady he knew very well himself, having a few years before given her the privilege of making herself at home among his flowers. It certainly looked hard to drive her out now, just when she was making the best possible use of his kindness and her opportunity. Moreover, Peter walked down street and ascertained that the young fellow was an energetic farmer living a few miles from town, and son of one of the Colonel's former friends; on both of which accounts the latter's heart went out to him. So when, a few days later, the Colonel, followed by Peter, crept up breathlessly and peeped through the bushes at the pair strolling along the shady, perfumed walks, and so plainly happy in that happiness which comes but once in a lifetime, they not only abandoned the idea of betraying the secret, but afterwards kept away from that part of the grounds, lest they should be an interruption.

"Peter," stammered the Colonel, who had been trying to get the words out for three days, "do you suppose he has already—*asked* her?"

"Some's pow'ful quick on de trigger, en some's mighty slow," replied Peter, neutrally. "En some," he added, exhaustively, "don't use de trigger 't all!"

"I always thought there had to be asking done by *somebody*," remarked the Colonel, a little vaguely.

"I nuver axed Phillis!" exclaimed Peter, with a certain air of triumph.

"Did Phillis ask *you*, Peter?" inquired the Colonel, blushing and confidential.

"No, no, Marse Rom! I couldn't er stood dat from no 'oman!" replied Peter, laughing and shaking his head.

The Colonel was sitting on the stone steps in front of the house, and Peter stood below, leaning against a Corinthian column, hat in hand, as he went on to tell his love story.

"Hit all happ'n dis way, Marse Rom. We wuz gwine have pra'r-meetin', en I 'lowed to walk home wid Phillis en ax 'er on de road. I been 'lowin' to ax 'er heap o' times befo'; but I ain' jes' nuver done so. So I says to myse'f, says I, 'I jes' mek my sermon to-night kiner lead up to whut I gwine tell Phillis on de road home.' So I tuk my tex' from de *lef'* tail o' my coat: 'De greates' o' dese is charity;' 'caze I knowed charity wuz same ez love. En all de time I wuz preachin' an' glorifyin' charity en identifyin' charity wid love, I couldn' he'p thinkin' 'bout what I gwine say to Phillis on de road home. Dat mek me feel better; en de better I

feel, de better I *preach*, so hit boun' to mek my *heahehs* feel better likewise—Phillis 'mong um. So Phillis she jes' sot dah listenin' en listenin' en lookin' like we wuz a'ready on de road home, till I got so wuked up in my feelin's I jes' knowed de time wuz come. By en by, I hadn' mo' 'n done preachin' en wuz lookin' roun' to git my Bible en my hat, 'fo' up popped dat big Charity Green, who been settin' 'longside o' Phillis en tekin' ev'y las' thing I said to *her*se'f. En she tuk hole o' my han' en squeeze it, en say she felt mos' like shoutin'. En 'fo' I knowed it, I jes' see Phillis wrap 'er shawl roun' 'er head en tu'n 'er nose up at me right quick en flip out de dooh. De dogs howl mighty mou'nful when I walk home by myse'f *dat* night," added Peter, laughing to himself, "en I ain' preach dat sermon no mo' tell atter me en Phillis wuz married.

"Hit wuz long time," he continued, "'fo' Phillis come to heah me preach any mo'. But 'long 'bout de nex' fall we had big meetin', en heap mo' um j'ined. But Phillis, she ain't nuver j'ined yit. I preached mighty nigh all roun' my coat-tails, till I say to myse'f, D' ain't but one tex' lef', en I jes' got to fetch 'er wid dat! De tex' wuz on de *right* tail o' my coat: 'Come unto me, all ye dat labor en is heavy laden.' Hit wuz a ve'y momentous sermon, en all 'long I jes' see Phillis wras'lin' wid 'erse'f, en I say, 'She *g t* to come *dis* night, de Lohd he'pin' me.' En I hadn' mo' 'n said de word, 'fo' she jes' walked down en guv me 'er han'.

"Den we had de baptizin' in Elkhorn Creek, en de watter wuz deep en de curren' tol'ble swif'. Hit look to me like dere wuz five hundred uv um on de creek side. By en by I stood on de edge o' de watter, en Phillis she come down to let me baptize 'er. En me en 'er j'ined han's en waded out in the creek, mighty slow, 'caze Phillis didn' have no shot roun' de bottom uv 'er dress, en it kep' bobbin' on top de watter till I pushed it down. But by en by we got 'way out in de creek, en bof uv us wuz tremblin'. En I says to 'er ve'y kin'ly, 'When I put you un'er de watter, Phillis, you mus' try en hole yo'se'f stiff, so I can lif' you up easy.' But I hadn't mo' 'n jes' got 'er laid back over de watter ready to souze 'er un'er when 'er feet flew up off de bottom uv de creek, en when I retched out to fetch 'er up, I stepped in a hole; en 'fo' I knowed it, we wuz flounderin' roun' in de watter, en de hymn dey was singin' on de bank sounded mighty confused-like. En Phillis she swallowed some watter, en all 't oncet she jes' grap me right tight roun' de neck, en say mighty quick, says she, 'I gwine marry whoever gits me out'n dis yere watter!'

"En by en by, when me en 'er wuz walkin' up de bank o' de creek, drippin' all over, I says to 'er, says I:

"'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?'

"'I ain't out'n no watter yit,' says she, ve'y contemptuous.

"'When does you consider yo'se'f out'n de watter?' says I, ve'y humble.

"'When I git dese soakin' clo'es off'n my back,' says she.

"Hit wuz good dark when we got home, en atter a while I crope up to de dooh o' Phillis's cabin en put my eye down to de keyhole, en see Phillis jes' settin' 'fo' dem blazin' walnut logs dressed up in 'er new red linsey dress, en 'er eyes shinin'. En I shuk so I 'mos' faint. Den I tap easy on de dooh, en say in a mighty tremblin' tone, says I:

"'Is you out'n de watter yit, Phillis?'

"'I got on dry dress,' says she.

"'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?' says I.

"'De latch-string on de outside de dooh,' says she, mighty sof'.

"En I walked in."

As Peter drew near the end of this reminiscence, his voice sank to a key of inimitable tenderness; and when it was ended he stood a few minutes, scraping the gravel with the toe of his boot, his head dropped forward. Then he added, huskily:

"Phillis been dead heap o' years now;" and turned away.

This recalling of the scenes of a time long gone by may have awakened in the breast of the Colonel some gentle memory; for after Peter was gone he continued to sit a while in silent musing. Then, getting up, he walked in the falling twilight across the yard and through the gardens until he came to a secluded spot in the most distant corner. There he stooped or rather knelt down and passed his hands, as though with mute benediction, over a

little bed of old-fashioned China pinks. When he had moved in from the country he had brought nothing away from his mother's garden but these, and in all the years since no one had ever pulled them, as Peter well knew; for one day the Colonel had said, with his face turned away:

"Let them have all the flowers they want; but leave the pinks."

He continued kneeling over them now, touching them softly with his fingers, as though they were the fragrant, never-changing symbols of voiceless communion with his past. Still it may have been only the early dew of the evening that glistened on them when he rose and slowly walked away, leaving the pale moonbeams to haunt the spot.

Certainly after this day he showed increasing concern in the young lovers who were holding clandestine meetings in his grounds.

"Peter," he would say, "why, if they love each other, don't they get married? Something may happen."

"I been 'spectin' some'n to happ'n fur some time, ez dey been quar'lin' right smart lately," replied Peter, laughing.

Whether or not he was justified in this prediction, before the end of another week the Colonel read a notice of their elopement and marriage; and several days later he came up from downtown and told Peter that everything had been forgiven the young pair, who had gone to housekeeping in the country. It gave him pleasure to think he had helped to perpetuate the race of blue-grass farmers.

THE YEARNING PASSED AWAY

It was in the twilight of a late autumn day in the same year that nature gave the Colonel the first direct intimation to prepare for the last summons. They had been passing along the garden walks, where a few pale flowers were trying to flourish up to the very winter's edge, and where the dry leaves had gathered unswept and rustled beneath their feet. All at once the Colonel turned to Peter, who was a yard and a half behind, as usual, and said:

"Give me your arm, Peter; I feel tired;" and thus the two, for the first time in all their lifetime walking abreast, passed slowly on.

"Peter," said the Colonel, gravely, a minute or two later, "we are like two dried-up stalks of fodder. I wonder the Lord lets us live any longer."

"I reck'n He's managin' to use us *some* way, or we wouldn' be heah," said Peter.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if He's using me, He can't be in much of a hurry for his work," replied the Colonel.

"He uses snails, en I *know* we ain' ez slow ez *dem*," argued Peter, composedly.

"I don't know. I think a snail must have made more progress since the war than I have."

The idea of his uselessness seemed to weigh on him, for a little later he remarked, with a sort of mortified smile:

"Do you think, Peter, that we would pass for what they call representative men of the New South?"

"We done *had* ou' day, Marse Rom," replied Peter. "We got to pass fur what we *wuz*. Mebbe de *Lohd's* got mo' use fur us yit 'n *people* has," he added, after a pause.

From this time on the Colonel's strength gradually failed him; but it was not until the following spring that the end came.

A night or two before his death his mind wandered backward, after the familiar manner of the dying, and his delirious dreams showed the shifting, faded pictures that renewed themselves for the last time on his wasting memory. It must have been that he was once more amid the scenes of his active farm life, for his broken snatches of talk ran thus:

"Come, boys, get your cradles! Look where the sun is! You are late getting to work this morning. That is the finest field of wheat in the county. Be careful about the bundles! Make them the same size and tie them tight. That swath is too wide, and you don't hold your cradle right, Tom. . . .

"Sell *Peter! Sell Peter Cott n!* No, sir! You might buy *me* some day and work *me* in your cotton-field; but as long as he's mine, you can't buy Peter, and you can't buy any of *my* negroes. . . .

"Boys! boys! If you don't work faster you won't finish this field to-day. . . . You'd better go in the shade and rest now. The sun's very hot. Don't drink too much ice-water. There's a jug of whisky in the fence-corner. Give them a

good dram around, and tell them to work slow till the sun gets lower. . . ."

Once during the night a sweet smile played over his features as he repeated a few words that were part of an old rustic song and dance. Arranged, not as they came broken and incoherent from his lips, but as he once had sung them, they were as follows:

"O Sister Phœbe! How merry were we
When we sat under the juniper-tree,
The juniper-tree, heigho!
Put this hat on your head! Keep your head warm;
Take a sweet kiss! It will do you no harm,
Do you no harm, I know!"

After this he sank into a quieter sleep, but soon stirred with a look of intense pain.

"Helen! Helen!" he murmured. "Will you break your promise? Have you changed in your feelings towards me? I have brought you the pinks. Won't you take the pinks, Helen?"

Then he sighed as he added, "It wasn't her fault. If she had only known—"

Who was the Helen of that far-away time? Was this the Colonel's love story?

But during all the night, whithersoever his mind wandered, at intervals it returned to the burden of a single strain—the harvesting. Towards daybreak he took it up again for the last time:

"O boys, boys, *boys!* If you don't work faster you won't finish the field to-day. Look how low the sun is! . . . I am going to the house. They can't finish the field to-day. Let them do what they can, but don't let them work late. I want Peter to go to the house with me. Tell him to come on. . . ."

In the faint gray of the morning, Peter, who had been watching by the bedside all night, stole out of the room, and, going into the garden, pulled a handful of pinks—a thing he had never done before—and, re-entering the Colonel's bedroom, put them in a vase near his sleeping face. Soon afterwards the Colonel opened his eyes and looked around him. At the foot of the bed stood Peter, and on one side sat the physician and a friend. The night-lamp burned low, and through the folds of the curtains came the white light of early day.

"Put out the lamp and open the curtains," he said, feebly. "It's day." When they had drawn the curtains aside, his eyes fell on the pinks, sweet and fresh, with the dew on them. He stretched out his hand and touched them caressingly, and his eyes sought Peter's with a look of grateful understanding.

"I want to be alone with Peter for a while," he said, turning his face towards the others.

When they were left alone, it was some minutes before anything was said. Peter, not knowing what he did, but knowing what was coming, had gone to the window and hid himself behind the curtains, drawing them tightly around his form as though to shroud himself from sorrow.

At length the Colonel said, "Come here!"

Peter, almost staggering forward, fell at the foot of the bed, and, clasping the Colonel's feet with one arm, pressed his cheek against them.

"Come closer!"

Peter crept on his knees and buried his head on the Colonel's thigh.

"Come up here—*closer*;" and, putting one arm around Peter's neck, he laid the other hand softly on his head, and looked long and tenderly into his eyes. "I've got to leave you, Peter. Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Oh, Marse Rom!" cried Peter, hiding his face, his whole form shaken by sobs.

"Peter," added the Colonel, with ineffable gentleness, "if I had served my Master as faithfully as you have served yours, I should not feel ashamed to stand in his presence."

"If my Marseter is ez mussiful to me ez you have been—"

"I have fixed things so that you will be comfortable after I am gone. When your time comes, I should like you to be laid close to me. We can take the long sleep together. Are you willing?"

"That's whar I want to be laid."

The Colonel stretched out his hand to the vase, and, taking the bunch of pinks, said, very calmly:

"Leave these in my hand; I'll carry them with me." A moment more, and he added:

"If I shouldn't wake up any more, good-by, Peter!"

"Good-by, Marse Rom!"

And they shook hands a long time. After this the Colonel lay back on the pillows. His soft, silvery hair contrasted

strongly with his childlike, unspoiled, open face. To the day of his death, as is apt to be true of those who have lived pure lives but never married, he had a boyish strain in him—a softness of nature, showing itself even now in the gentle expression of his mouth. His brown eyes had in them the same boyish look when, just as he was falling asleep, he scarcely opened them to say:

"Pray, Peter."

Peter, on his knees, and looking across the Colonel's face towards the open door through which the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon his hoary head, prayed, while the Colonel fell asleep, adding a few words for himself now left alone.

Several hours later, memory led the Colonel back again through the dim gateway of the past, and out of that gateway his spirit finally took flight into the future.

Peter lingered a year. The place went to the Colonel's sister, but he was allowed to remain in his quarters. With much thinking of the past, his mind fell into a lightness and a weakness. Sometimes he would be heard crooning the burden of old hymns, or sometimes seen sitting beside the old brass-nailed trunk, fumbling with the spelling-book and "The Pilgrim's Progress." Often, too, he walked out to the cemetery on the edge of the town, and each time could hardly find the Colonel's grave amid the multitude of the dead.

One gusty day in spring, the Scotch sexton, busy with the blades of blue-grass springing from the animated mold, saw his familiar figure standing motionless beside the Colonel's resting-place. He had taken off his hat—one of the Colonel's last bequests—and laid it on the Colonel's head-stone. On his body he wore a strange coat of faded blue, patched and weather-stained, and so moth-eaten that parts of the curious tails had dropped entirely away. In one hand he held an open Bible, and on a much-soiled page he was pointing with his finger to the following words:

"I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep."

It would seem that, impelled by love and faith, and guided by his wandering reason, he had come forth to preach his last sermon on the immortality of the soul over the dust of his dead master.

The sexton led him home, and soon afterwards a friend, who had loved them both, laid him beside the Colonel.

It was perhaps fitting that his winding-sheet should be the vestment in which, years agone, he had preached to his fellow-slaves in bondage; for if it so be that the dead of this planet shall come forth from their graves clad in the trappings of mortality, then Peter should arise on the Resurrection Day wearing his old jeans coat.

The Spring Will Bring Another Flower

By Martha Day Fenner

The Spring will bring another flower,
  Yea, one of richer hue.
Dame Nature knows no meager dower,
  When Spring would wed with you.
The garden of your last-year love
  Is killed by drought and waste;
Remorse has set a blight above
  The gate, then fled in haste.

The flower of richer hue will bloom,
  Yea, flaunt its color rare,
A crimson blotch upon the gloom
  That ever lingers there.
Your last-year love will look and grieve
  To see the flower apart,
Then turn with silent tread and leave
  The garden of your heart.

Child Labor in Factories

By Lillian W. Betts

FOR years there has been some agitation of the child labor problem in New York. Advance has been made, but the laws governing child labor in this State do not protect the children, nor do they protect the State. They have proved a sedative to the public conscience. The importance of New York as a manufacturing center, where law, order, philanthropy, altruism, and charity are factors in securing the highest degree of civilization, is admitted.

Briefly: the law of the State says that no child under fourteen shall be employed in any factory in the State. No child shall be employed between the ages of fourteen and sixteen without a certificate executed by a health officer. The certificate must be filed by the employer, who must keep a record also of the child and the date when employed. To secure this certificate the parent, or one standing in that relation, must file with the officer issuing the certificate an affidavit showing the date and place of birth of the child. That affidavit stands above any record as to age. An option is provided: if, in the judgment of the department or officer issuing the certificate, the child is physically unfit for the work required, the certificate may be withheld. Examination of hundreds of certificates granted to children of fourteen would indicate that this option had not been freely exercised. Work certificates for manufacturing have been granted giving the weight of the applicants, at fourteen and fourteen and a half years, as fifty-two pounds.

In addition to the affidavit as to age, a principal or teacher must furnish on demand to a child who has attended school or been instructed by such teacher, or to the factory inspector or his assistant, a certificate stating the school attendance of the child as not less than one year preceding the date of application and as having been in a building where reading, writing, arithmetic, and geo raphy are taught.

An affidavit by the parent or guardian made before a notary public, or executed by one, that the child is sixteen, puts the child wholly beyond the reach of the law. That is, the State accepts the affidavit of a parent, or one standing in that relation, as to the age of the child, as final. What the present laws governing child labor in New York have secured for the children and the State can best be illustrated by describing a manufacturing plant, the largest of its kind in the country, if not in the world, located within the limits of the city of New York.

Approaching the building from any point, it is impressive because of its simple massiveness. On one side is an open space with a canal, creek, or river. On three sides the streets separate it from lower and more or less undesirable tenement-house property. The windows, large and numerous, give an impression of light and air. The observer feels that if he had to work in a factory he would, on the whole, think that his lines had fallen in pleasant places if he worked here. The offices, on which no useless expenditures have been made, are many, all on the first floor. A small window with a man on guard, assisted by telephone, speaking tubes, bell, and all the labor-saving devices of an up-to-date office, is close to the street entrance. This window also controls the larger door through which the thousand employees enter and leave the building. The visitors were most courteously received by the superintendent, a man who impressed one at once by his physical and mental health, and also convinced at once, by his directness, of his supremacy in his own field. He bowed to no man there. In reply to the questions as to the children employed, he responded by saying, "Every child employed in this building is employed in strict conformity to the law. If there is anything wrong, it is up to the Labor Department and the Board of Health. There is not a child in this building whose work certificate we do not have on file, or the affidavit of the parents or guardians before a notary public. Back of that we do not go. This is a business, not a philanthropy."

We left the office, escorted by an employee, bearing an alphabetically arranged

record of every child employed; that is, the name, number of work certificate or affidavit, when employed, and number on pay-roll. The building was very clean; sanitary arrangements far better than in many private houses; separate dressing-rooms for the employees on each floor, large, light, and airy; sometimes there were more than one on the floor.

A door was opened into a large room filled with whirring, deafening machinery. A great number of little boys were moving rapidly over the smooth floor, pushing brooms before them that gathered the waste from the machinery. They were called by a signal to the foreman's desk. At least half of them could not speak a word of English; not even enough to understand the question, "What is your name?" Sometimes the whole group would fail to understand English. A search was made until some one was found who could speak at least one of the many languages represented, and put the answers into English. Poles, Russians, Italians, Germans, Finns, were the principal nationalities represented by these children. Less than two per cent. were American-born. Few were able to write their names in the language they spoke.

Among the swarthy foreign children whose baby faces and diminutive, ill-nourished bodies were a positive contradiction to the sworn statements of the parents on file, stood out the refined head and face of an American boy, eleven or twelve apparently. There was a certain pathetic appeal in the boy's eyes that drew the visitor to him. He answered in a refined voice and with clear enunciation as to his name and age, responding to the questions, "How old are you," "Fourteen." "When were you born?" "October 23, 1893." The visitors were able to control any expression of surprise, but asked where he attended school and when he left. At the noon hour one of the visitors went to the school to verify the boy's statement. The moment the boy's name was mentioned, the head of the department, to whom the visitor had been sent, asked breathlessly, "What is he doing?" "Sweeping floors." The teacher's eyes filled with tears. "What a crime! A boy with such a mind! He has always attended this school. Every teacher he ever had loved him. You do not know how hard we tried to keep him in school. You could not tire that child's mind; it was as fresh at three o'clock as at nine. Yes, there is his school record. He will be ten years old next October (1903). I refused to sign the school certificate for a week. He never was ill; never missed a day from school; we hoped much for his future. His mother declared he was fourteen last October. Of course, under the law her word, not our school record, stood. The principal told me I had no right to withhold my signature as to school attendance. No argument would move the mother. I signed; I do not believe they could read the signature, I could not see. Cannot something be done for him?"

The visitor went back to the factory fifteen minutes before the whistle blew for the return to work. What a sight! Troops of children, boys and girls; young men and women; those just on the edge of manhood and womanhood; middle-aged; and old, bowed by the weight of years and work. Boys in short trousers, smoking, swearing, using vile language; coarse interchange of talk between the sexes. Girls not fully clothed, who, having eaten their lunches in the rooms, had gone out for a breath of air and sunshine, hatless and coatless. So far as interchange of jokes, conversation, a rough-and-tumble play, the sexes were equal. The expletives used in conversation were the same. The small boys were profane beyond description. Two men pushed through a group of young people in the door. As one passed through he used the most frightful oath the writer ever heard. Not a head turned as he disappeared violently gesticulating.

The superintendent listened sympathetically to the report as to the boy. "I know," continued the narrator, "that I ought to ask you to discharge that boy. I am going to ask you to keep him. But can you afford to have him sweeping floors?"

"He will not be another day," was the response in quietly sympathetic tones. "We need that boy in this office. Believe me, that boy will be watched, given every opportunity for business education, and he will not be overworked."

This boy's work certificate, issued under the authority of the law and in strict

accordance with it, protects him from molestation until he has worked under its protection two years, when, that being his authoritative age record, he would be sixteen years of age, and free to work without it. If discharged, it must be returned to him, to use in securing work elsewhere. His mother had been labored with by women who loved the boy, and they failed to move her. The age record in school was not correct, she had sworn. The best protection for that boy was a man who could appreciate his mental ability; who needed the boy on the commercial side of the business he controlled. That man was secured; the child labor law does not cover office labor.

The investigation was resumed, and revealed hundreds of little girls and boys, so childish in appearance, in the expression of their faces, that it was possible only by the strongest self-control to conceal the evidence of the emotions their presence under such conditions aroused. The little girls were carrying spools, empty and filled, to the spindles. In one room dozens of them were in their bare feet running through water on the floor to the depth of about half an inch. The material at this point of manufacture had to be kept moist. Such tiny-looking things, with bodies that looked as if they might be crushed between one's hands! Nothing could be done. The every letter of the law was obeyed in employing them. There was not the slightest pretense on the part of any one in authority that he believed the certificate or affidavits under which these children were working represented the truth. The keynote was, "The law is obeyed to the very letter. We are no better than the law." As with the boys, only a very small percentage of the girls could answer in English; only a very small percentage could write their names even in the language they spoke. They were numbered on the pay-rolls; this they understood, and responded to their numbers. The service of an interpreter served to identify certificates, affidavits, and holders of them.

A walk through one room revealed a little girl, evidently an Italian, who had not appeared with the other children at the foreman's desk. She was perhaps three feet six in height, very slight, with a pathetic baby face. Her feet were bare; a dark cloth skirt, with belt folded over many times, was held about her waist by a safety-pin. The waist was made of a pair of football trousers. It was cut a little low at the neck, which was encircled by a string of coral beads. The shoulders were formed by the folding over of the material, which made a sleeve over the upper arm. The waist was sewed fast up the back with coarse black thread. It could only be removed by being ripped with scissors. This child had filed at the desk the notary public affidavit of her father that she was sixteen. No one believed, or pretended to believe, that she was sixteen, but the law says the parent's word or oath is the standard of age.

In this factory young men and women, seventeen, eighteen, twenty, who had lived in this country since they were four and five, were found who could neither understand nor speak English. Scores are working who came here when over sixteen, who, of course, do not speak English. These are the people who make the race "political boss," the greatest menace to our political body, municipal, State, or National.

At five o'clock we left that manufacturing establishment, which was "up-to-date" in construction and management, having seen the evils, injustice, and dangers of child labor fully protected by the present factory laws of the State of New York, in the most progressive, philanthropic, and greatest city in the United States of America.

Last February there was promoted from a primary to a grammar school on the East Side a Russian Jew boy who, according to the school record, was just thirteen at the time of promotion. It was conceded that the boy had the brightest mind in the school; he stood first in everything; he could, between three in the afternoon and nine the next morning, commit a long poem to memory, enjoy doing it, and recite it without an error. "I hated to promote him, he was such an incentive to the others," was the principal's comment when telling the boy's story. In April the father of the boy appeared with the blank from the Department of Health for her signature as to school attendance. The principal refused to sign it. The boy had passed from her jurisdiction two

months before. "Well, he never went to that school; I wanted him to work."

"You will never put him to work with my assistance. The boy, according to the school record, is but thirteen years and two months old. You are not poor; you are well off. The boy has a brilliant mind, and should be given every possible opportunity to study; he loves it."

The man left after violently abusing the principal, a woman, for refusing to sign the certificate as to school attendance.

In September the father and boy returned. The father wished to enter the boy as a pupil. Let the principal tell her story. "I looked at them. The boy who had left me a rosy, rollicking, happy, brilliant school-boy, stood before me a cowed, broken boy, looking like a sneak. The father, who had been one of the handsomest of men, about thirty-five, I thought, was a gray-haired, broken man. 'What has happened?' I gasped. The father, in a tone vindictive and cruel, responded: 'He is a thief.' The boy shrank within his clothes. I put my arm across his shoulders; he shook it off. 'Yes,' repeated the father, 'a thief.' The boy secured work with a jeweler in April without a work certificate. In August he was arrested for stealing—evidently beginning to steal almost as soon as he was employed. The payment by the father of the full amount of the loss claimed by the employer saved the boy from prosecution, but not from imprisonment. He had spent two nights in jail. The father used all his ready money and mortgaged a tenement to save the boy, he claimed. Whether the shock of arrest and imprisonment, or the father's evident brutality, or both, are responsible, it was necessary last December, when the boy returned to school, to put him three grades below the grade from which he was promoted; he cannot keep up with the work of that grade." Sorrowfully the principal adds, "I think his mind is destroyed."

There has been formed within a comparatively recent period an industrial trust, or, to use the euphemism of one of the managers of one of the plants, "a combine," which individually employed large numbers of children, and has been in its corporate capacity a much larger employer of children. The effect of "the combine" has been to increase the size of the plants. The children do work that requires the least amount of mental or muscular power. It was impossible not to resent the thought of children spending one or two years at such employment; it was just a degree above idleness. In one of these plants a system of stealing metals had been evolved that revealed itself only through loss. Even detectives could not discover the system by which the metals were taken from this building. One day a small boy, evidently believing that he could escape undiscovered at the noon hour, was arrested for stealing, and confessed. He was paroled in the care of his father, who swore he was twelve years old. The boy had been working eleven months. His father claimed that the boy had a work certificate, though the claim meant that he could have been prosecuted for perjury and would have been if the certificate, or record of it, could have been found. The manager claimed that the boy had a work certificate when he was employed, but he returned it. There is a boy of twelve branded as a thief, with a police record, because of the present factory laws in the State of New York. Nor is this all. Four blocks from that factory is a dealer in old metals. He has been arrested four times for receiving stolen goods, and discharged each time because the law says that the person buying the stolen property must know it has been stolen at the time he buys it.

In one plant of this "combine" ten boys were found working without certificates, as were also four girls. The sanitary conditions were deplorably crude and indecent in their arrangement, especially those for the girls. There were no dressing-rooms, nor the slightest provision for the comfort of the people employed, numbering four hundred and seventy. "The combine" refused all responsibility for the employment of children without work certificates. The foremen hired the people working under them; if they disobeyed the law, they must accept the consequences. This rule was found in operation in each of the plants of this corporation. One boy who held a work certificate was so small and emaciated that he was questioned. An examination of the record of the school he last attended gave the boy's age as thirteen next March. The father swore he was fourteen last September. His affidavit secured the work certificate. A

factory in which girls and women were employed in the ratio of about six to one man or boy was without dressing-rooms. Dress-skirts, waists, coats, and hats hung on the wall, and had to be removed in the open room. Not a seat was provided. At the noon hour the people who brought their lunches sat on the floor, or on the long baskets provided to receive the product from the machines. Passing between the rows of the machinery at the noon hour, a girl pulled the writer's dress, whispering, "For God's sake get us dressing-rooms and some place to eat." Over five hundred women and girls are employed in this factory. The product is trimming used in women's and children's clothing. Six children were employed without certificates. Scores held them under the protection of the law who should not have held them.

The following letter was received by the foreman of a factory who sent a boy home on the order of the factory inspector because the boy, working under severe physical strain, had no certificate. The letter was sent to the Department of Factory Inspection by the manager of the concern:

I have been with the boy to the office of the Board of Health, but the clerk would not give him any certificate unless he could read and write English, but he said if he had not been found out to be under age it would have been all right. You will have to hide him next time, and no one will be the wiser, or give him another name and say he is sixteen years old. Please do the best you can.

———

his father.

To show the trafficking in certificates, the following letter is given. It was sent to the Department of Factory Inspection by the employer:

Dear Sir: The child —— acknowledged to me that she changed her name in certificate. —— said she applied for certificate to Board of Health and was refused (although she claims she did attend school the entire year previous to applying). She was born 1888, and was fourteen years old May 5, attended school from seven years up. She obtained the certificate from —— the owner who said she could get another; gave $1 for it, as her mother—presumably the owner's mother—did; she lives at —— Street. The owner of the certificate at —— Street, and is now working on another certificate.

———

She was discharged.

The half has not been told. The remedy lies with the people who see in the operation of the present law the value of the protection it gives children from cruelty and injustice, and the value of the protection it gives the State from ignorance and political corruption due to greed and illiteracy.

New Books on Sociology[1]

THE winter season has added four noteworthy American contributions to the literature of sociology—two in the field of philanthropy and two in the field of social reform. Even the books in the field of philanthropy, however, have nothing to do with that form of philanthropy which now wrongfully monopolizes the once beautiful term of charity. The giving of material goods to feed and clothe the poor is distinctively the form of philanthropy which Mr. Lee excludes from consideration in his "Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy." He deals with the philanthropy which is as honorable to those who receive as to those who give; which, instead of diminishing the self-respect of the beneficiaries, increases it; which, instead of promoting their dependence on others, promotes their independence. Naturally, most of this philanthropy is essentially educational in its character, and covers the providing of opportunity for culture of every sort—the culture of the body in gymnasium and playgrounds, as well as the culture of mind in clubs, classes, and libraries. It does, however, cover provisions to aid the poor in time of need—they to make return as soon as able—and also institutions to encourage thrift and promote home ownership. It would appear that Boston has advanced further along these lines than any other American city, and some of the

[1] *Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy.* By Joseph Lee. With an Introduction by Jacob A. Riis. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Americans in Process. Edited by Robert A. Woods. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
Our Benevolent Feudalism. By W. J. Ghent. The Macmillan Company, New York.
The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Company, New York.

experiments described—such as those of Mr. Robert Treat Paine in lending money to be repaid in installments, and building homes to be purchased by tenants as they pay their rent—are encouraging in the highest degree. But the limits of this review do not permit us to begin to particularize the generous social activities described in this volume. It is a remarkable record of American achievement along the line of helping men not to need help. The few scholastic pages can be easily skipped by the unscholastic reader. The body of the volume is full of human interest.

The second of the books in the field of philanthropy is the outcome of the social work done by the residents of the South End House of Boston. It is entitled "Americans in Process," and is practically a continuation of that quickening study, "The Social Wilderness," which Mr. Woods and his associates published four years ago. This book, while dealing with philanthropic work of the constructive and preventive type urged by Mr. Lee, also discusses social reform work of a type essentially political, and contains one or two brilliant chapters on politics pure and simple. It is Boston politics that is described—indeed, the whole book is almost narrowly Bostonian in its perspective—but the account of the resources and methods of the Boston ward bosses throws a penetrating light upon the problem of boss rule in every city in the country. Nothing so good has appeared since Miss Addams's chapter on aldermanic ways and means in Chicago. So true to life are the characterizations of the ward leaders in Boston that one or two of them have attempted to institute proceedings for libel—though they were unnamed. These proceedings simply intensified the public conviction that the shoes fitted the wearers. The narrative itself, however, carries its own corroboration. The book is a thoroughly calm, unexaggerated account of conditions among the poorer half, written from the standpoint of sympathy, and forcing home in unnumbered ways the essential unity of human life regardless of class lines.

The third of these noteworthy books, Mr. W. J. Ghent's social satire, "Our Benevolent Feudalism," deals, not with the efforts to better social conditions, but with the tendencies at work to make them worse. Mr. Ghent's half-mocking, half-serious thesis is that the lords of industry are re-establishing feudal relationships in our modern society, with a hierarchy of retainers and serfs as dependent upon them as were the subjects of mediæval lords. The introductory statistical chapters upon the concentration of wealth, and particularly the narrowing percentage of families owning their homes and farms, do not exaggerate the disturbing disclosures of the recent census. But as he proceeds with his task Mr. Ghent more and more gives evidence of selecting the facts which support his contention, while ignoring those which run counter to it. When, for example, he satirizes our educators as the indefatigable spokesmen of the moneyed interests, and satirizes the courts for serving as the defenders of these same interests by annulling or devitalizing laws enacted to restrain them, Mr. Ghent quotes the editor of The Outlook as a hostile critic of trades-unions, without intimating that he has defended unionism at more points than he has attacked it, and quotes a decision of a subordinate Federal court that only "unreasonable" restraints of trade can be constitutionally prohibited by law, ignoring the decision of the Supreme Court that Congress has constitutionally prohibited all contracts in restraint of trade, "whether reasonable or unreasonable." But while all this selection of evidence gives the book the effect of a shrewd attorney's plea, the evidence is none the less so artistically woven together that the reader follows it with admiration, though not with concurring judgment. Furthermore, the tendencies which Mr. Ghent represents as already victorious are unquestionably showing such power that Mr. Ghent's impressive summary of their manifestations may help in the work of arousing public resistance. Mr. Ghent himself doubtless believes that this resistance will be aroused, or else the gayety of his pessimism would be inconsistent with seriousness in the man. His point of view is unquestionably that of a socialist who believes that the temporary control of industry by a few simply paves the way for its permanent control by the whole body politic. While, therefore, his book is ostensibly the wail of an individualist over the destruction of the old

order, it is in reality the chuckle of a socialist over the introduction of the new.

The last of the books before us, Mr. John Graham Brooks's "Social Unrest," has all the literary attractiveness of Mr. Ghent's, and has besides a depth of conviction, an earnestness of purpose, and a love of truth which make it one of the most convincing and converting books of recent years. Mr. Brooks has given the better part of his life to the study of the "social unrest" which is perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the serious thought of our time, and in this book he has given to us the very quintessence of this better part of his life. His investigations have not merely or chiefly been made in libraries. These, too, he has made, and made thoroughly, but they serve merely as the background for the facts he has learned from men in high circles and low—the facts which are molding the thought of to-day, and had only begun to be observed in the books of a decade ago. Nowhere else, so far as we are aware, can the reader gain so quickly a comprehension of the ideas and aspirations of the struggling classes, for Mr. Brooks has studied their ideas and aspirations with a sympathy rare among the privileged classes, and has interpreted them to the reading public with a skill still more rare among the wage-earners. Certain parts of the faith of the working classes, such as the right to get back "their" jobs after a strike, have not yet been formulated into a creed by the working-class leaders themselves, but Mr. Brooks presents the instinctive thoughts and feelings of workingmen toward the loss of places they have held for years, so that the reader puts himself in their place and sees the situation as they see it. Only less valuable is the supplementary work done by Mr. Brooks in interpreting the thoughts and feelings of the captains of industry toward the current of events by which they are being swept along, and in which they often falsely appear to stand as guiders of the current. Mr. Brooks knows many men of this class personally and intimately, and the misgivings they express to him give evidence that in the class struggles ahead of us, as in those back of us, Anglo-Saxon society will not be divided sharply by class lines, because too many men of conscience and insight among the possessing will side with the struggling upon the definite reform measures which the great body of the latter are able to agree upon. Mr. Brooks rarely gives the names of the captains of industry whom he quotes either in approval or in criticism, for they would rarely wish to be quoted by name; but the volume contains an unusual amount of the "news too good to print," which those holding industrial power as well as political power possess in plenty, but for many reasons only give to the public in posthumous memoirs.

Mr. Brooks's social studies, while chiefly American, are by no means exclusively so. Two of the most brilliant chapters in his work relate to the changes which the Social Democratic parties of Europe have undergone as they have obtained political power and been compelled to give to their ideals practical efficiency. These changes have been most marked in Belgium, and we hope to give to our readers in the near future a portion of Mr. Brooks's account of what Socialism has taught and what it has learned in that country. Meanwhile we commend the book to all readers concerned with the deepest social problems of our times.

Song and Singer

By Frank Dempster Sherman

Like birds the poets come and go; but Song
Changeless abides, and shall forevermore,
As fresh to-day as when God sent the throng
Of singing stars from the celestial door.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Diplomacy in the Orient. By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 498 pages. $3, net. (Postage extra.)

This painstaking and dignified account of our diplomatic history of a hundred years with Asiatic countries and with the Pacific Islands has peculiar weight from the fact that its author has enjoyed a more varied diplomatic career than that of any other recent American statesman. He has been Minister to Mexico, to Russia, to Spain; he has acted as a plenipotentiary to negotiate reciprocity treaties with Germany, Spain, the British West Indies, San Domingo, and other countries; in succession to James G. Blaine he was Secretary of State; he visited China and Japan, having been invited by the Emperor of China to assist in the peace negotiations following the Chino-Japanese war; he was Special Ambassador to Great Britain and Russia for settlement of the Behring Sea seal question, and finally was appointed a member of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission for the settlement of Canadian questions, in which capacity he is still acting. His present volume appropriately follows his "Century of American Diplomacy," which comprised a general review of the foreign relations of the United States from 1776 to 1876. Since the latter date great events have happened in Asia and in the Pacific. The Hawaiian Islands have been annexed, and one of the Samoan; an American administration of the Philippine Islands has been begun, and the political relations between the United States and China have become much more intimate. Even without these events, however, the relations of the United States with the Pacific Islands and with Asiatic countries would have become closer because of the enormous development of our resources and the consequent increased necessity of foreign markets. The protection of our enlarged interests and the discharging of new political duties have come upon us during one and the same period. It is, therefore, with keen interest that the observer of events takes up this admirably told history of American diplomacy in the Orient, reads it with care, and judges for himself whether, after our record of a hundred years of honorable intercourse, this record is to be a safe guide for our future conduct. With the great majority of readers, we believe, there can be but one answer.

Assyrian and Babylonian Letters belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections of the British Museum. By Robert Francis Harper. Part VIII. (The Decennial Publications, Second Series. Vol. IV.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 142 pages.

This series, when completed, will be a noble memorial of American scholarship. The texts of the cuneiform tablets in the British Museum, with their transliterations, translations, and glossary, will fill some three dozen volumes. The present volume is occupied wholly with texts.

Background of Mystery (The). By Henry Ward Beecher. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 32 pages. 25c., net.

Barbizon Days: Millet—Corot—Rousseau—Barye. By Charles Sprague Smith. Illustrated. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 232 pages.

Mr. Charles Sprague Smith knows at first hand the country which he so charmingly describes in his book, a country which was the background of the work of Millet, Corot, Rousseau, and Barye. Millet and Rousseau can hardly be understood without some familiarity with the Forest of Fontainebleau, and although Corot drew his most characteristic landscapes elsewhere, his life was so intimately associated with the Forest and with the artists who painted it that he will always be classed as one of the Barbizon men. This volume contains, in effect, four biographies or studies of artists, their genius and their work, with constant reference to the Barbizon background. Mr. Smith writes in this volume, not for the technical student of art, but for the love of good painting, and especially for the great class who have come to find in the work of Millet, Corot, and Rousseau some of the most charming and satisfying examples of modern landscape. The volume is written in an easy, flowing style, with a tendency to picturesqueness and in a very appreciative mood; it is full of the atmosphere of Barbizon, and it is very interestingly and intelligently illustrated.

Black Hills Ballads. By Robert V. Carr. The Reed Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. 5×8 in. 175 pages.

Books of Devotion. By the Rev. Charles Bodington. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 319 pages. $1.40, net. (10c. postage.)

A very ecclesiastical, decidedly Anglican, but not illiberal account of devotional practices, and especially devotional literature, from the records of Hebrew sacrifices to Keble's "Christian Year." The latter, with other books of the nineteenth century, is hardly more than mentioned. Fully a third of the book is devoted to the seventeenth century. Naturally, the sacramentarian view of religion is given emphatic exposition. This book is one of the volumes of the Oxford Library of Practical Theology.

Ceres and Persephone: A Child Play. By Maud Menefee. Translated by Andrew Lang. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. 4½×7 in. 68 pages.

Commercial German: In Two Parts. By Gustav Hein and Michel Becker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 271 pages. $1.

Commercial German. By Arnold Kutner. The American Book Co., New York. 5×8 in. 404 pages. $1.

Daughter of the Pit (A). By Margaret Doyle Jackson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 351 pages. $1.50.

The introduction of American coal-cutting machinery into an English colliery and the opposition of the miners furnish the solid basis upon which this novel, in which the hero is the young American inventor and the heroine a collier's daughter, is built. In the picturesque delineations of life in the mines and in the mining village there are pathos and power; but the story is deficient in that quality of humor which its other values might lead one to expect of the author. Without any disrespect to the human characters introduced, let passing compliment be paid to the good tram-donkeys whose cheerful braying brought some merriment into the gloomy life of the pit!

Every Day with Emerson. Compiled by Harriet A. Townsend. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 3×5 in. 100 pages.

Hand in Hand. Verses by a Mother and Daughter. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 122 pages. $1.

Henry Ashton. By R. A. Dague. Published by the Author, Alameda, Cal. 4×6¾ in. 235 pages.

Jean François Millet. By Edgcumbe Staley, B.A. Illustrated. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 63 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Journal of Arthur Stirling (The). Revised and Condensed, with an Introductory Sketch. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 356 pages. $1.25, net. (12c. postage.)

Journeys End: A Romance of To-Day. By justus Miles Forman. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 240 pages. $1.50, net.

Why this book should end as it does passes comprehension; unless, puzzles being the fashion of the day, the author when writing his last chapter became suddenly possessed with the idea of attracting readers to his book by turning the whole thing into a conundrum! In this case, he ought to have offered prizes for "correct solutions." "The Lady or the Tiger?" was welcome, but the public does not want a multiplication of books with the ends left off. The young Englishman who sells photographs and writes plays in New York, and his co-worker, the "plain-faced, red-haired young woman," are acquaintances who win our affection.

Life and Times of George Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer of Leipzig, 1752-1828. By his Grandson, Viscount Goschen. In 2 vols. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. $10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Life of Joseph Parker (The). By William Adamson, D.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 387 pages. $1.75, net.

Though Dr. Joseph Parker died only last November, already his life has been written. The fact is, the book was really supposed to be finished before he died, as is evident from the preface, which is dated September, 1902. The result is a product that shows haste and bad editing. The greater part of the book, including the preface, speaks of Dr. Parker as still alive; the last two chapters suddenly jolt the reader to a new point of time, without the least explanation or apology for the abruptness. Moreover, the book is not especially interesting. This might be pardonable in a biography of almost anybody but Joseph Parker. Whatever he was not, he was most picturesquely interesting. Even his lapses from good taste and his expressions of egotism were interesting. His biographer, however, has succeeded in preserving a record of both these faults and has at the same time rendered them commonplace. The publishers, in the announcement of this book which appears on the wrapper, have made claims for the book which we do not find borne out by the book itself. Sometimes the biographer is unintentionally funny. "Not a morose or gloomy boy was Joseph," says he, and then gives an example of Joseph's "boyish pranks" and "frolics," which consisted in asking his playmates such questions as, "Where does such a word occur in the Bible? How many patriarchs were there? Were they men or animals?" And the biographer gravely adds, "Such a practice, when kept under control and governed by good feeling, adds to, rather than detracts from, the happiness of social intercourse." Dr. Parker's autobiography, "A Preacher's Life," which The Outlook reviewed when it first appeared three years ago, is and will probably remain the best portrait of him. Although, to use phrases of Dr. Parker's own making, it has more of "the limelight of fancy" than "the daylight of fact," it is a remarkable bit of self-revelation. His friend's biography of him has probably much more of fact, but certainly far less of truth.

Life Within (The): A Christian Science Romance. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 385 pages. $1.50.

This book may be considered either as a Christian Science tract in the guise of a novel, or a Christian Science novel in the guise of a tract. Or else it may not be considered at all.

Lover's World (The): A Wheel of Life. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. The Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 482 pages.

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 197 pages. $1.

Here are the same qualities that made every one like "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—cheerfulness, kindliness, sympathy with human oddities and failings, and a humor which is always spontaneous if sometimes a little exaggerated. Lovey Mary herself is as original in her own way as a child could well be, and her adventures with her beloved Tommy, whom she rescues by abduction from a worthless mother, and to whom she gives the advantages of life in the Cabbage Patch, are in turns hilarious and moving.

Meaning of Pictures (The): Six Lectures Given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 161 pages. $1.25, net.

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Matthew Arnold's Notebooks. With a Preface by the Hon Mrs. Wodehouse. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 137 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Midsommer Nights Dreame (A). By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. (The "First Folio" Shakespeare.) T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 216 pages. 50c., net.

This is the initial volume of a very important undertaking—the reprinting of Shakespeare in the text of the First Folio, to be known as "The First Folio Edition," and to reproduce, not only the text, but the spelling and punctuation. This volume reprints "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as it appeared in the First Folio, all additions made by the editors in the Quartos being inclosed in brackets. In a very interesting preface the editors say that, while Chaucer and Spenser have been privileged to reach the modern reader in their own forms of speech, Shakespeare has been denied that privilege, and has been presented in English revised by many generations of editors; yet Chaucer is more archaic, and Spenser, though but little earlier than Shakespeare, much more affected and remote in style, than the dramatist. The advantages of reproducing the Folio Edition are manifest; for the First Folio is not only the first collected edition of the plays, but it is the sole authority for twenty of them, and furnishes the first complete text of at least two more, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry V.," the earlier quarto issues of which were incomplete as well as unauthorized. The publication of the remaining fourteen plays in quarto was not only unauthorized, but was probably in defiance of Shakespeare's wish, since the publication of these plays was adverse to his interest as author, actor, and shareholder. The First Folio is the text nearest to Shakespeare's time, hand, and stage; and, so far as his authority can be claimed for any text, it is to be attached to the First Folio; yet this folio was continuously passed over by successive English editors, Rowe, who is commonly called the first editor, printing from it at third hand—that is to say, from the Fourth Folio, which was printed from the second impression of the Third Folio, which in turn was printed from the Second Folio, and that in turn from the First Folio, and every new printing meant the introduction of new errors. Rowe introduced changes on his own authority, Pope from Rowe, Theobald and Hanmer from Pope, Warburton from Theobald, Johnson from Warburton, and Steevens from Johnson, each editor in turn modernizing, emending, and changing the text in accordance with his own judgment. The Cambridge editors who have given us what is commonly regarded as the best Shakespearean text based their undertaking on a thorough revision of the traditional text. Dr. Furness, in the fifth play in the Variorum series, reprinted the text of the First Folio; the present editors propose to reproduce that text entire, with a full reprint of emendations and variorum readings, which are relegated to the foot of the page, while rejected variorum readings are put in an appendix by themselves. The volume is enriched with very copious notes covering the whole range of Shakespeare allusion, notes which draw very fully upon history and literature for the exposition of the references, historical and otherwise, which appear in the plays. The books are also to be supplied with glossaries and with selected criticism. The volumes are of pocket size, and are admirably printed on excellent paper; and the edition, when completed, will not only be unique, but will hold a place by itself among all the reprints of Shakespeare. Its value to students and general readers is apparent. The quality of the work of Miss Porter and Miss Clarke was very strikingly shown in their edition of Browning, a work of great research and eminently a labor of love.

Midsummer-Night's Dream (A). By William Shakespeare. From the Riverside Edition Edited by Richard Grant White. Edited by Laura Emma Lockwood, Ph.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 100 pages.

Millet. By Romain Rolland. (The Popular Library of Art.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 200 pages. 75c., net.

The author holds that Millet was equally misunderstood by his admirers and detractors; that he was neither an interpreter of the new democracy nor a declaiming socialist; he was a peasant-painter because he saw in the ceaseless struggle of man with the earth something profoundly human, not in a social or political, but in an essentially religious, sense. Altogether this little book, like others in its series, is readable, unpretentious, and pleasingly anecdotal. There are many fairly satisfactory reproductions of Millet's pictures.

Mrs. McPiggs of the Very Old Scratch: A Half Grown Novel. By Frank C. Voorhies. The Mutual Book Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 29 pages. 30c.

A silly and feeble attempt at travesty.

Practical Wisdom: Letters to Young Men. By Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Osborn, Lord Burleigh, Sir Matthew Hale, William, Earl of Bedford. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 217 pages. $1.

Pure Sociology: A Treatise on the Origin and Spontaneous Development of Society. By Lester F. Ward. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 607 pages. $4.

By "pure sociology" Mr. Ward means the explanatory description of society as it is and has been, excluding from consideration what it ought to be. The excluded field, he says, belongs to applied sociology—a domain of ethics rather than pure science. Despite Mr. Ward's excessive fondness for a Greek terminology, he has essentially a clarifying as well as a penetrating and vitalizing intellect, and his discussion of the evolution of society is of interest to thoughtful men outside the narrow ranks of professional sociologists.

Rainbows. By Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas). John Lane, New York. 4¼×7 in. 76 pages.

Side-Lights on the Georgian Period. By George Paston. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5⅛×9 in. 304 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Six Trees: Short Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 206 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Story of Siena San Gimignano (The). By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Helen James. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5⅛×8⅛ in. 391 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Study of Browning's Saul (A). By Cora Martin MacDonald, A.M. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 79 pages.

Textual Question in Acts (The). By Prof. Dr. O. Zoeckler. Translated by the Rev. A. Steimle. Second Paper of the Lutheran Society for the New Testament Study. Can be secured from the Rev. S. Paulson, New Rochelle, N. Y. 6×9¼ in. 13 pages. 25c.

Truth and Error of Christian Science (The). By M. Carta Sturge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 160 pages. $1.50, net.

In his introduction to this book Canon Scott Holland writes from the dogmatic point of view, and thereby limits his appeal to a comparatively small number of readers. Miss Sturge, on the other hand, writes from the point of view of one who has no bias except that involved in clear thinking. That bias is, of course, against confused and unenlightened thinking. She is therefore quick to discern the confusion of thought involved in Mrs. Eddy's theories, though even as she does so she maintains a spirit of fairness. She begins by stating very sympathetically the eager state of mind of one who thinks he has discovered that pain, sin, and death are unreal and illusory. She at once, however, puts her finger upon the inherent contradiction in Christian Science—namely, that involved in declaring, on the one hand, that mind is the direct opposite of matter, and, on the other, that matter is false belief, that is, a product of mind. The bewilderment only increases as this contradiction is stated in more detail. Miss Sturge then describes the Christian Science theories of the human body, of sin, of disease, of death, and of reality; and, after stating and restating with great fairness the truths to be found in this system of so-called "metaphysics," she closes with a very clear and cogent criticism of it. We commend this book as at once a thoughtful and a readable treatment of the subject.

Truth (Vérité). By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 596 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Virginia Girl in the Civil War (A). Edited by Myrta Lockett Avary. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

This tells the adventures of the young wife of a Confederate officer who followed his fortunes as closely as the vicissitudes of war would permit. More than this, she had the courage to "run the lines" to Baltimore and to smuggle back a fine uniform for her husband. The Virginia girl whose story is here told is seen in every page to have been a woman of charm and sprightliness, and she was treated gallantly by the Federal officers in Baltimore, who sent her back to her friends with an escort and all possible civility. The narrative is natural and simple and is also entertaining in a high degree. One feels that its pictures of life in the days of the war are true and sincere, and in its way the book is really a valuable contribution to social history.

Western Slope (The). By Celia Parker Wooley. William S. Lord, Evanston. 5×7 in. 242 pages. $1.25.

These essays, which embody the reflections of a woman preacher, writer, and lecturer, who admits herself to be on the "Western Slope"—that is, past life's meridian—are mellow in philosophy and comprehensive in review. A bird's-eye picture is given, as it were, of the half-century lying behind her, with all its great movements—religious, social, educational, and political.

William Hogarth. By G. Elliott Anstruther. Illustrated. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 71 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Woman Who Toils (The): Being the Experiences of Two Ladies as Factory Girls. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 303 pages. $1.50, net.

This book, or at least Mrs. Van Vorst's part of it, does not need to be bolstered up by President Roosevelt's prefatory letter. Mrs. Van Vorst has studied the lot of workingwomen in the same way that Mr. Wyckoff studied that of unskilled workingmen, and though her narrative is not so dramatic as his, nor so original, it is fuller of keen observation and wholesome feeling. She appreciates, as Mr. Wyckoff apparently did not, that her position as a wage-worker, able at any time to leave her tasks, was not that of the ordinary workingwoman, who must stick at them or starve. Furthermore, she has more genuine democracy in that she finds herself one with the women she works among, sees their point of view and shares it. In this there is nothing whatever that is forced, and in what she says both of her fellow-employees and of her employers there is nothing that indicates the effort to establish a theory or support a prejudice. What she writes about the pay of women being less than that of men wage-earners is extremely valuable in measuring both the extent of the difference and the causes of it. The women workers she found were of three classes: those who had to be breadwinners—to which class all the men belonged—those who expected in part to support themselves, and those who merely worked to provide themselves with luxuries. While many of the brightest workers belonged to the latter class, their irregularity in coming to their work and their readiness to leave it were in a degree responsible for the sweeping generalizations about the unreliability of women workers. Mrs. Van Vorst thinks that if the women of the third class would devote themselves to industrial art—hand-weaving, wood-carving, and the like—their competition would no longer be so severely felt. The remedy of course is not a far-reaching one, but the book is not one of remedies, it is one of experiences and observations, and is thoroughly good. The work of Miss Van Vorst is frequently marred by crudeness, sentimentalism, self-consciousness, and a sense of class superiority which make it distinctly inferior to that of her co-worker.

Correspondence

Politics vs. Education

To the Editors of The Outlook:

All readers of The Outlook must have been greatly interested in the reports of Mr. Kennan in regard to the political situation in Delaware. I trust that I shall not seem unduly presumptuous if I suggest that a field for a much-needed investigation is to be found in the educational system of Philadelphia. Clippings from the daily papers of February 16 showed that the public-school teachers were being assessed by the Republican city committee, and a letter dated February 15, received from a friend, confirms this information. The gentleman who writes me is principal of one of the great schools of New York City, and is very prominent in educational work. He was in Philadelphia on a business trip, and writes me from there as follows:

> Here is the very worst example of the shameful treatment of teachers. The conditions described to me are pitiful and execrable. The school boards are managed on the most brazen political lines. Promotions are bought. A principalship costs from $200 to $1,200. A teacher who refuses to comply with the political demands has her place declared "vacant" on any trumped-up charges. All the teachers, men and women, have just been assessed by the city machine. I have one of the assessment notices before me. It reads: "Since meetings must be held and circulars relating to the party issues printed and mailed to party voters, and the expense of necessary clerk hire, postage, etc., must be paid, we are compelled to ask the necessary funds to sustain our efforts in polling the full votes of the city and defraying the proper and legitimate expenses of the campaign." In blue pencil in the corner is the percentage of salary the teacher is to pay. The circular is signed, for H. Klemmer, Treasurer, David H. Lane, Chairman Finance Committee, James L. Miles, President Campaign Committee. Several told me that fifty per cent. of the teachers had already paid up. The assessment is a regular thing in some districts. But this is the first time it has been exacted of all men and women in the schools. Is it not a degrading condition? The men discussed it under their breath. They dare not refuse. "What would you do?" they said. "Why, meet and agree not to notice it," I replied. "They can't turn you all out." "Too late," they replied. "We can't stick together well enough; too many are afraid." This is the worst condition I know of. New York in the corruptest Tweed days is said never to have made th teachers pay. San Francisco did it once, bu dear old Philadelphia, where the fathers use to meet in defiance of tyranny, is the teacher slave-driver among the cities.

I have ventured to quote at some length a part of the letter received, in the hop that it will be possible for The Outlook at least to consider the possibility of be ginning an investigation in the interest of education at large. I have within th last two weeks received a large numbe of reports in regard to the influence o the political machine on the educationa system in a large number of cities. Thes reports confirm me in the belief, long held that some determined and concerted effor is needed on the part of all interested i educational questions to wrest the school from the grip of the politician. The con dition seems to me to need the pen of Mr. Kennan to do justice to the subject.

TEACHER.

The Religious Education Association

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Executive Board of the Religious Education Association, an account of the organization of which was given in The Outlook of February 21, has voted to push as rapidly as possible the securing of members. It has been suggested that you might be willing to make an announcement in the name of the Association containing the following points:

(1) The Association invites to membership all persons who are engaged in religious and moral instruction, or who are desirous of promoting such work; (2) the enrollment fee for members is one dollar, and the annual dues two dollars; (3) all members who enroll before March 25 will have their names printed in the list of original members contained in the first annual volume of Proceedings of the Association; (4) one copy of the Proceedings will be sent free to each member of the Association; and (5) application for membership may be made to the Acting Secretary of the Association, Professor C. W. Votaw, University of Chicago, Chicago.

C. W. VOTAW,
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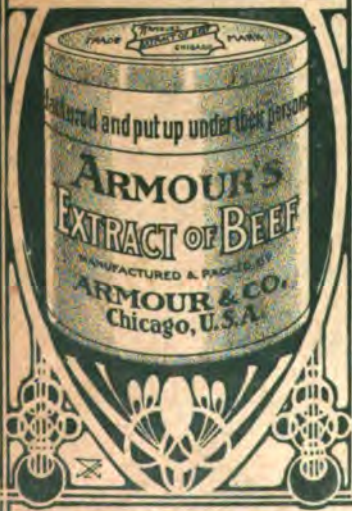
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The Outlook

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The Cuban Treaty Agreement

Sooner than was expected the Senate reached an agreement for action upon both the treaties submitted to the special session. The Cuban treaty was ratified, but it was provided that the treaty should not take effect until it "shall have been approved by Congress." The avowed ground for this postponement is the clause in the Constitution: "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives." It is claimed that, as interpreted by tradition both in this country and in England, this clause is to be understood as meaning that all bills which directly affect the revenue must originate in the House, and therefore that a treaty which proposes to reduce the tariff must have the approval of the House. The opponents of this view contend, first, that a clause providing that the House must originate bills for raising revenue does not imply that the House must approve treaties that reduce the revenue, and, secondly, that as the Constitution gives exclusive power of ratifying treaties to the Senate, the Senate may ratify any treaty, whatever its effect on the revenue, although the treaty might not become effectual until the revenue legislation was enacted by the House. The answer to this second position is that a treaty legally made becomes a law of the United States, binding on the officers of the United States, and therefore the customs officers would, in obedience to this treaty, have to collect lower duties on Cuban products. In our judgment, it would have been wise for the Senate to ratify the treaty unconditionally, so that this question of the right of the Senate to ratify a treaty affecting the revenue, which has never been passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States, might have been taken to the Supreme Court for final adjudication. The result of this action is that, unless the House also is called together in special session, the treaty cannot go into effect until a joint resolution subject to prolonged debate has passed the Congress which assembles next December. If the House again insists that the reduction of the tariff on raw sugar from Cuba be accompanied by the withdrawal of the protection now accorded to the sugar trust, and the Senate again refuses to have this protection withdrawn, there is in store another deadlock. Inasmuch as the number of Congressmen desiring a deadlock is very great, and many of the nominal supporters of Cuban reciprocity are very lukewarm, the postponement of final action upon the treaty opens up endless possibilities of the measure's defeat. The American sugar-refiners would probably receive some of the benefit from the reduced duties, but the bulk of it would doubtless go to the Cuban sugar-planters, for whose relief the reciprocity measure was designed. The opposition to the treaty comes chiefly from the desire to protect the sugar-growers—cane or beet. The advantage to the United States of developing an American community in Cuba and opening a free trade between their ports and ours counts apparently for little with the representatives of these industries.

The Panama Treaty Agreement

Upon the Panama treaty the concessions made to secure an agreement for a vote on Tuesday of this week involved little more than the removal of the injunction of secrecy from the speeches already made by Senator Morgan, and those to be made by other Senators during the closing debate. Even prior to the granting of this concession Senator Morgan had practically secured the privilege

of publicity by printing eight pamphlets upon the Panama treaty first proposed. In these pamphlets the main objections urged by Senator Morgan to the ratification of the treaty were as follows:

1. That the French courts had no authority to transfer the Panama property of the old canal company to the new; that the dissolution of the old company, under its charter, transferred all its rights in Panama to the Government of Colombia, and that the Colombian Congress alone could now give a valid title to the property in question. 2. That the new Panama Canal Company, by furnishing money to continue a state of war in the United States of Colombia, had "trampled upon" the constitution of that country in order to sell its claims to the United States for $40,000,000. Senator Morgan charges that one million dollars was expended by the Panama Company in this illegitimate way. 3. That the political turmoils in the United States of Colombia, turning as they do upon the issue of clericalism, make the purchase of the Panama Canal a source of public danger. Senator Morgan asserts that the Jesuit order now controls and is likely to control the policies of Colombia, so that disagreement with Colombia brings us into conflict with a religious order of international power. Our Government becomes involved in questions of Church and State, from which it is now free.

Apart from these objections presented in the printed pamphlets, Senator Morgan, in common with many other Senators, has urged that the present treaty is ambiguous in its provisions for a divided sovereignty over the strip of land leased to us for the control of the canal. The treaty provides that Colombia shall furnish the forces necessary for the protection of life and property upon this strip of land, and that if she is unable the United States must secure her consent before providing the forces herself. This stipulation, though it aims merely to preclude territorial sovereignty on the part of the United States, was declared out of harmony with the general tenor of the Spooner Act authorizing the negotiation of a treaty for the construction of a canal under the perpetual and exclusive control of the United States. In order to make certain that the United States of Colombia understands the provisions of the Spooner Act, Senator Morgan has insisted that the text of the act should be incorporated within the treaty. Upon the remaining points urged by Senator Morgan the Senate seems ready to accept the legal judgment of Attorney-General Knox as to present property rights in the canal, and ready to trust to the future good sense of our Government to avoid entanglements with the clerical and anti-clerical factions in Colombia. As to present property rights in the canal, the acceptance of the pending treaty by the Colombian Government would certainly transfer all such rights to ourselves.

❀

Bribery in Rhode Island

For a long time past patriotic citizens of Rhode Island have been protesting against the control of their politics by sordid and corrupt money influences, and last week Governor Garvin gave expression to this protest in a message which calls for action. After freeing his charge from the appearance of partisanship by admitting that both parties have resorted to bribery, and after freeing it from the appearance of exaggeration by admitting that the bribery has rarely changed the results in State elections, Governor Garvin proceeds to state the manner in which the use of money enables a corrupt machine to keep its grip upon the State Legislature. Among other things he says:

In a considerable number of our towns bribery is so common and has existed for so many years that the awful nature of the crime has ceased to impress. In some towns the bribery takes place openly, is not called bribery, nor considered a serious matter. The money paid to the voter, whether two, five, or twenty dollars, is spoken of as a payment for his time. The claim that the money given to the elector is not for the purpose of influencing his vote, but in compensation for time lost in visiting the polls, is the merest sophistry, and should not deceive any adult citizen of ordinary intelligence. It is well known that in such towns, when one political party is supplied with a corruption fund and the other is without, the party so provided invariably elects its Assembly ticket, thus affording positive proof that the votes are bought and the voters bribed.

In a subsequent interview Governor Garvin named the places in which bribery was particularly rampant. The charge that he brings does not relate to the immigrant voters in the cities, but to the native American voters in the rural towns. These rural voters are by the State Constitution given a representation in the Legislature out of all proportion to their numbers, and this unjust political power has been the occasion of their systematic political corruption. In these towns, says Governor Garvin, "the men who

constantly accept bribes are often men of substance, owning their homes, and sometimes other property. They don't need the money. Long years of bribery have deadened their conscience." The Providence "Journal," in commenting on the situation, brings the responsibility for it home to still another self-esteemed portion of the community. It says:

> The blame for the present order of things . . . belongs with the educated manufacturers and business men of the State who are too busy making money to pay any attention to political conditions; they get what they want and fail absolutely to exercise any influence toward the lessening of corrupt and country domination at the State House.

The readiness to profit by corruption is only one shade removed—in courage as well as guilt—from the readiness to participate in corruption, and the purification of conditions demands a moral awakening all along the line. Governor Garvin narrates that in one Rhode Island town, South Kingston, a few resolute men, under the leadership of Thomas G. Hazard, put down bribery by vigorously prosecuting bribe-givers. The Governor asks the Legislature to authorize the appointment of a State commissioner whose duty it shall be to bring to justice offenders against the present bribery law. Such action cannot be refused by the Legislature without blackening the good name of the State—the good name which the condoners of corruption have hitherto claimed to guard by ignoring the growing evils.

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Governor Odell's Tax Programme

The Republican caucus in the New York Legislature has agreed upon Governor Odell's tax programme, by which the State may meet the interest and sinking-fund charges upon the $101,000,000 of bonds which must be issued to cover the proposed barge canal improvements, and also to do away with all State taxation upon property assessed for local purposes. This programme includes an increase of one-half in the present rates for liquor licenses, a tax of one per cent. upon inheritances of real estate where the property of the decedent exceeds in value $10,000, and, finally, a yearly tax of four mills on recorded mortgages. Even with the increase in the liquor taxes license fees in New York will still be lower than in a few other States—ranging from $1,200 in New York City down to $300 in rural townships—but the aggregate public revenue from the licenses is expected to reach $18,000,000, or twelve dollars for every family in the State. In this estimate it is reckoned that the number of liquor-dealers will be reduced about one-tenth by the increase in the fees. At present the State receives but one-third of the liquor taxes, and the local governments two-thirds. According to the new programme the State will receive a half—or nine million dollars. Compared with this aggregate the estimated receipts from the proposed extension of the inheritance tax to cover real estate as well as personalty seems small indeed, being only seven hundred thousand dollars. The proposed four-mill tax on mortgages does not appear to apply to railroad mortgages, but is expected, none the less, to yield a revenue of $12,000,000—to be equally divided between the State and the localities. This mortgage tax is illogical, and imposes a burden upon mortgaged real estate that does not rest upon real estate mortgage-free. Nevertheless it is a compromise in the direction of fairness and honesty, for under the present rarely enforced law the owner of a mortgage is liable to be taxed upon it at the full rate—generally about two per cent. in the cities. It is thought that the reduction of the nominal tax rate on mortgages from twenty mills to four mills may so increase the number of investors willing to lend money on mortgages that interest rates will not be materially raised by the systematic collection of the small tax now proposed. There are certainly to-day many honest capitalists who refuse to lend money on mortgages because of the legal liability to an oppressive tax. If the present tax programme goes into effect, there will certainly be no need of any State levy upon the local tax duplicates. There is danger, however, as Connecticut's experience shows, that greater extravagance in State appropriations will ensue when legislators are no longer restrained by their constituents' desire for a low tax rate on their property.

New York State's Dual Educational System

Last week's events would seem to show that the bill to unify the educational system of New York State may be approved by the State's legislators if their constituents give it active support. For half a century the dual system has been endured; it was inaugurated because people thought that two organizations would occupy different fields: one, the University of the State of New York, governed by a Board of Regents, elected for life by the Legislature, serving without pay and without partisanship, having the management of academies and other institutions of higher learning and prescribing standards of examination; the other, the Department of Public Instruction, controlling the elementary schools, and under a superintendent chosen by the Legislature for a term of three years. If these two classes of schools could have been kept separate, there would have been a consequent avoidance of friction, but they cannot be so kept, as has already been explained in these columns. Hence there is a natural and praiseworthy desire on both sides for unification. If this were accomplished under the Regents' control, as provided by the Stevens bill now before the Legislature, all the schools of the State would be taken out of politics; if accomplished by the Brown bill, also before the Legislature, the Regents would be gradually eliminated, and the schools kept in politics by creating a politically controlled Board of Education within the present Board of Regents, thus increasing the subjection of the schools to politics. Of course educationists whose opinions are best worth considering are practically unanimous in the conviction that the schools ought to be free from all political control. Hence the Stevens bill should be passed and the Brown bill killed. This, however, does not prevent many educationists from thinking that the Board of Regents is too unwieldy a body, and that its members should not enjoy life tenure. If the Regents will accept changes in these directions, "all genuine friends of education will zealously rally to their support," says the New York "Evening Post," apparently overlooking the fact that three years ago the proposition to unify the Empire State's educational interests was defeated *by its friends* through a desire to settle details in advance. It is clear to us that the present is not the time to discuss questions of reorganization of the Board of Regents. The other and far more vital question of taking the schools out of politics is awaiting settlement. Never in the State's educational history has there been an opportunity like the present to solve this long-vexed problem. The way is clear. Pass the Stevens bill. Then, with the main question settled, the subsidiary one of Regents' reorganization may properly be left to subsequent legislation. The process is easy, since, by the Constitution, the Legislature has power to deal with these details. To attempt now to settle details on which there are differences of opinion is to invite disaster from the start.

Amendments to the New Hampshire Constitution

Six of the ten amendments submitted to the voters of New Hampshire by the recent Constitutional Convention were rejected at the polls. Popular interest centered chiefly in the woman's suffrage amendment. Prominent representatives of the National organizations for and against the proposal played an active part in the campaign. By mass-meetings, petitions, and free discussions the voters had been well lined up before election day, but instead of the two-thirds vote necessary to its adoption, it was lost by very nearly a two-thirds negative vote. In a State in which over 92,000 votes were cast in a Presidential year, only 13,000 voters, in round numbers, favored woman suffrage strongly enough to vote for it; and scarcely more than 35,000 cared enough about it to vote either for or against it. In some places barely a half of those who actually went to the polls took the trouble to vote on the question—a fact which apparently indicates that the amendment was not taken very seriously. Next in public interest was the proposed amendment empowering the Legislature to tax franchises and inheritances. It was adopted, as was also an amendment regarding the control of trusts. The latter has little significance except as showing the disposition of the people on the subject; it seems to confer no new power. Two other amendments were adopted:

an unimportant one regarding militia officers, and one requiring that henceforth no new voter be qualified who is not able to read the Constitution in English and to write. One rejected amendment was designed to lessen the size of the New Hampshire Legislature, which is one of the largest legislative bodies in the world. The vote against this desirable measure was probably due to the form in which the amendment was presented. The other proposed amendments, with one exception, received little attention. This exception is interesting. The Bill of Rights, dating from the days of Church establishment, contains in Article 6 a recognition of the Protestant evangelical religion as the religion of the State. It also empowers the Legislature to authorize "towns, parishes, and religious societies" to support teachers of religion and morality. The Constitutional Conventions of 1850, 1876, and 1889 proposed amendments reducing the partiality of this article, but they failed of adoption. A similar proposal to strike out the words "Protestant," "evangelical," and "town" has just met the same fate. As the Legislature has long since surrendered its Constitutional powers for the support of religion, and as the old article is practically repealed by the actual separation of Church and State, the voters of New Hampshire have evidently determined not to part with the heirloom.

The Waterbury Boycott Murder and Injunction

It was thought, when the street-car riots in Waterbury were put down, and the company was able to run its cars on regular schedules, with non-union men, that the strike would speedily collapse. This result, however, did not ensue. The strike was not declared off, but, instead, the united unions of Waterbury kept in force a most persistent and successful boycott, not only of the street-car company, but of all who patronized it. It is roughly estimated that the city of Waterbury contains eight thousand trades-unionists among a population of ten thousand families, and this force acting unitedly was able to terrorize merchants, and others not in sympathy with the boycott, to obey its edicts. The Waterbury "American" remarked that the company was able to supply the city with cars, but could not make it ride. In refusing to patronize merchants who did not join in the boycott the unionists, of course, acted in accordance with Revolutionary precedent, as they are so fond of pointing out; but the effect of their boycott, as of the Revolutionary boycott, was greatly to embitter class hatreds. The effect of this bitterness showed itself in a succession of petty outrages, and finally, on Saturday night before last, in the dastardly murder of a policeman guarding a car in a lonely spot at the end of one of the lines. Naturally, this crime awoke the moral indignation of the city, and the unions made haste to denounce it in unmeasured terms, but public opinion justly held that the union's deprecation of crimes should not end in words, but should lead to positive disciplinary action by which such crimes would be prevented. Outrages upon non-unionists occur only where respectable union sentiment looks upon the crimes with toleration. Last week in Waterbury the people hostile to the boycott began to organize to assert their independence, with the prospect of success, but at the close of the week certain elements on the anti-union side attempted to secure a speedier victory by recourse to the process of injunction. Through Judge Elmer, of the Superior Court, obtained an injunction directed against seventeen Waterbury unions, their officers, over a hundred members by name, and all whom the writ might concern, forbidding any further interference with the operation of the street-car service of the Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company, efforts to induce its employees to leave its service, picketing or loitering in the streets for the purpose of interfering with such employees, and all forms of the boycott, whether of the company, its employees, local merchants, persons riding in the company's cars, or those having dealings with the company. Here we have perhaps the most sweeping injunction yet issued in an American labor conflict, and its effect has been to arouse the unions to new zeal in their conflict. Many of the things forbidden, however immoral, are apparently not illegal. Employees have a legal right to buy where they please, just as employers have a legal right to hire whom they please. Wherein the boycott was

immoral, moral weapons should have been relied upon to cope with it.

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The Canadian Parliament

Last week a new session of the Canadian Parliament began. To those on this side the border the principal event so far has been the attack on the Government by Mr. Borden, the Opposition leader, for not opposing the Hay-Herbert Treaty, recently negotiated and ratified between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Borden declared that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty should not have been abrogated without provision first having been made for the delimitation of the Alaska boundary, and added that the American Commissioners were not "impartial jurists," as required by the Hay-Herbert Treaty. Replying, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, as reported, showed the possibility always present of unpleasantness as long as the boundary question was unsettled. Thus he regarded the treaty as a distinct victory over the position previously taken by the United States because of the abandonment of the condition that territory now in America's possession, such as Dyea and Skagway, must be recognized as American in any event. The present provision on this point is fair and honorable to both parties, he said. Decision or no decision, he continued, one result of the Commission would be the best possible education for the American and British people on the points contended for by Canada. He also had expected that the American Commissioners would be "impartial jurists" of repute. Mr. Root was much in the position of a party to a suit trying his own case. Senator Turner, he understood, was an interested party in connection with the enterprises in the Northwestern States. Senator Lodge had expressed very strong opinions against the claims of Canada, upon which he will be called to pass judgment. Sir Wilfrid declared, however, that the British Commissioners should really be "impartial jurists," the best to be found in the Empire. Sir Wilfrid, like most of his compatriots, evidently feels aggrieved by the choice of the American Commissioners. He has always been friendly to this country, but is now being assailed by the Conservative press throughout the Dominion because he consented to the new treaty's plan of settlement of the Alaskan boundary difficulty, provided that the Commissioners were to be "impartial jurists." "As soon as the matter is settled on this basis and the treaty signed," says one trusted exponent of Canadian opinion, "the President nominates as Commissioners men who certainly cannot be appropriately classed under this head." On the other hand, the English papers have taken such a different tone as to lead the Montreal "Herald" to remark: "The fulsome flattery of the Americans used by the 'Spectator' and certain other English journals will have a tendency to make Canadians angry, for it lends British encouragement to what is not fair play." Canadian dissatisfaction may be somewhat lessened if, as is now reported, the Dominion Government's recommendation that two of the three British members of the Commission shall be Canadians has been approved by the Imperial authorities.

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Argentina and the United States

The diplomatic note sent by the Argentine Republic through its representative in Washington to our Government, as at first inadequately reported in the newspapers, had something naïvely humorous about it. It seemed to be a proposition that the United States should enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Argentine Republic to prevent such a forced collection of debt by foreign nations as we have just seen carried out in the case of Venezuela. When one comes to read the full text of the note, however, this seems an exaggerated view of the proposal. It has long been held by some nations and some authorities on international law that such a method of debt collection, namely, by naval or military force, ought not to be recognized as in accordance with the sound principles of international law. This belief is often called the Calvo doctrine, and (whatever may be said for and against it) it is at least debatable. The Government of Argentina in its note to Secretary Hay really argues for the acceptance of this principle by the nations generally and by the United States in particular. It would be one thing for the United States, through its representatives

at the Hague Tribunal or through making treaties with other nations, to advocate the Calvo doctrine; it would be an entirely different thing for the United States to say or intimate that it would not permit a European nation to collect just debts from a South American republic by force because of the Monroe Doctrine. In point of fact, the Monroe Doctrine has little to do with this question directly. The principles which apply to the arbitrary collection of a debt by force in Venezuela would apply equally to similar measures as against Turkey—and in point of fact the United States has more than once pretty broadly intimated that it might be provoked to taking precisely this course against the Porte. While it is perfectly certain that Secretary Hay will not commit this country to the policy which South American States would doubtless welcome by defending them against their just creditors, it is interesting to note that Argentina urges with justice that a strong power should not apply force to a weak power until it has exhausted all reasonable resources of remonstrance; and, it is to be hoped, arbitration. Another point of much interest in this Argentina note is the recognition and indorsement given openly to the Monroe Doctrine; it is said that this is the first time that a South American nation has officially acknowledged and accepted the Monroe Doctrine as acceptable to itself.

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The English Church Discipline Bill

One of the most important events of the present session of the English Parliament was the passage last week of the Church Discipline Bill through the House of Commons by the significant majority of 139 to 59. While much comment has been evoked by the excesses of ritualism (increasingly evident in certain Anglican churches), still more comment has been due to episcopal action—or rather inaction—in respect to some of the offenders. Non-ritualists in England long since came to the conclusion that only Parliament could drastically and definitely deal with the matter. In 1899 the House of Commons adopted a resolution to the effect that if episcopal efforts were unsuccessful to induce avoidance of what had been declared unlawful by the Lambeth Conference, legislation by Parliament would be required. After a four years' test of the Bishops' power, the non-ritualists declare that the prelates have failed to do their duty. Accordingly, Mr. Austen Taylor recently introduced a bill in Parliament affirming that a panic practically existed in the Church owing to the failure of the Bishops to restrain the too ritualistically inclined clergy. The bill removes the Bishops' veto upon proceedings against contumacious clerics, gives to the civil courts the right to take cognizance of proceedings brought by laymen to prevent ritualistic excesses, and provides that a clergyman who continues disobedient for three months shall be deprived of his "living." The opposition to the measure was composed, first of all, of Ritualists; secondly, of High Churchmen, who were offended not so much because the bill was anti-ritualistic as because it limited episcopal functions. These opponents received a notable accession to their ranks in the person of the Prime Minister himself. While desirous that illegal practices shall be put down, Mr. Balfour, though a Scottish Presbyterian, declared his opposition, first because Dr. Davidson, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, had not yet been given time enough to carry out his plans for reform; secondly, because the authority of the Church itself should be extended, and no policy countenanced to "render the episcopate almost a superfluity." Sir William Harcourt, the veteran Liberal leader, replied by saying that conditions had now reached a stage where, if the right of veto were left to the Bishops, and laymen were not given their rights in ecclesiastical as well as in civil matters, it would be better to disestablish the Church. This is also the opinion of The Outlook. The large majority vote showed that public opinion as a rule in England supports Sir William's view, and last week's event in Parliament would seem to have brought disestablishment one step nearer.

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Dean Bradley Ernest Legouvé Gaston Paris

During the past week England and France have been called upon to mourn the deaths of three distinguished men. In England Dean Bradley passed away at the ripe age of eighty-three ye- Until his resignation last summer

Bradley had been Dean of Westminster for twenty-one years, in succession to Dean Stanley. Both men were fitted by nature and education to enjoy and honor a position which in real distinction is equal to any bishopric and superior to most. Both men had been pupils of Arnold at Rugby, and later, at Oxford, Bradley was a pupil of Stanley himself; he then became Assistant Master at Rugby, Master of Marlborough College, and finally Master of University College, Oxford. During Dr. Bradley's Deanship of Westminster the Abbey was transformed from a crumbling to a solid and safe material condition, but the Dean will long be held in loving memory for a more personal labor—his habit once a week of conducting chosen parties about the Abbey. He was an authority on all points concerning the venerable building and its relation to history.——Ernest Legouvé, the famous French dramatic writer, died at the fine old age of ninety-six years. The writer of many plays, he will always be best known as the author, with Scribe, of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." This play was produced in 1849 by Rachel, who, for some whim, declined later to appear in Legouvé's "Medée" and found herself supplanted in it by Madame Ristori. The striking success of the latter actress convinced the last doubters in the French Academy of Legouvé's worth, and he entered that body in triumph. For many years he has been the Academy's oldest member.——The French Academy has also lost Professor Gaston Paris, the Director of the Collége of France (succeeding Ernest Renan), who died at the comparatively early age of sixty-three years. Gaston Paris was one of the very few French scholars who had enjoyed a German education. The thoroughness of his scholarship was universally acknowledged. Only three weeks ago The Outlook reviewed a translation of his "Mediæval French Literature," a province in which he was unrivaled. His lectures were frequented by students from all parts of the world, who will feel the loss, not only of a great teacher, but a friend; for Gaston Paris was never more attractive than in dispensing personal and social favors, and his home was the rendezvous of students, scholars, and men of letters, both young and old.

The Young Men's Christian Association Work

Three interesting announcements of Young Men's Christian Association work have been made quite recently. The first reports that the Mexican Central and the Mexican National Railways have agreed to contribute $100 a month for the support of the Young Men's Christian Association in the City of Mexico. This is the first Association in Mexico, but others are to be organized in the near future at the larger commercial centers. The City of Mexico Association comprises over three hundred members from among the eight thousand English-speaking young men in that city. Some adverse criticism of the Association has come from Mexicans because of the Association's refusal to countenance Sunday baseball. This was to be expected in a land where the Sunday bull-fight continues to be the great popular pastime. Despite this, the Sunday religious meetings for young men are largely attended, and are addressed by the leading business men of the city. One reason why the club-life feature of the City of Mexico Association is strong is because the Association is housed in a fine old mansion, which, with its garden, occupies nearly an entire block. The second announcement comes from the Chicago Association, which shows nearly 4,900 members, who paid for their dues and privileges last year over $72,000—certainly an important sum. Less than one-third of the entire membership represents Protestant church affiliation. The Chicago Association occupies a thirteen-story building valued at $1,600,000, the rentals from which help to support the organization. Over two thousand young men go to the building daily, seven hundred of these visiting the gymnasium and natatorium. Over seventeen hundred students were taught last year in the evening school. In the summer one of the finest athletic fields about Chicago is conducted by the Association; its athletes take rank with the best in the country, and stand for honorable amateur athletics. The noon prayer-meeting, established by the late D. L. Moody when President of the Chicago Association, averages over fifty men throughout the year, and has not omitted its daily service for over forty years. Last year, out of over twenty-five hundred men

applying for employment, nearly a thousand situations were found through the Association bureau. While the Chicago Association is the largest in the world, it does not limit its influence to its membership. Fully twice the number of its members attend its social gatherings, thus being influenced in a practical and helpful way towards proper manhood and citizenship.

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The New Spirit The third announcement comes from an article in the "North China Daily News," published at Shanghai, and describing the Young Men's Christian Association plant there. Until recently there was not a single place in Shanghai for the meeting of young men for social intercourse and recreation, free from the temptation of drink; there is now at their disposal a handsome building with reading, billiard, and dining rooms, and ten bedrooms—in fact, all the concomitants of a modern club except the drinking bar. The Shanghai Association enrolls among its four hundred members representatives of every section of the community and of almost every shade of opinion. There are now five native student branches of the Association, comprising a total membership of over a thousand. The Shanghai paper thus comments upon the spirit of the work being accomplished: "Where formerly the Young Men's Christian Association stood for a narrow and lopsided culture, it now aims at an all-round excellence, religious, moral, and physical. Nothing has done more to dispel popular prejudice against the Association than the achievements of the Young Men's Christian Association in all manly games and athletics. They have gone far to convince an otherwise skeptical public that a man need not be a milksop because he is religious, or cease to be a sportsman when he becomes a Christian." These are timely words. Whether in Mexico or Chicago or Shanghai, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association has changed in character from its somewhat pietistic attitude of three and four decades ago to a broader, wiser, more practical and rational plan. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association as it exists to-day inculcates a spirit of manly Christianity in all departments of life.

The Tenement-House Fight Last week there was held in Brooklyn, N. Y., at Plymouth Church, a mass-meeting to protest against the assaults on the tenement-house law. The names on the list of those calling the meeting included the most influential men of the borough. The speakers were Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. R. W. De Forest, Tenement-House Commissioner; Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., President of the Long Island Railroad; the Rev. Lyman Abbott; and the Rev. W. P. Harmon, who presided. As several of them pointed out, there was a peculiar appropriateness in holding this meeting in a church which had been associated with many historic revolts against oppression and inhumanity. Especially keen was the irony directed against those who had apologized for the bills undoing tenement-house reform on the ground that such bills were pre-eminently practical measures. The most important speech of the evening was that of Mr. De Forest, the Tenement-House Commissioner, who explained at some length a new measure introduced into the Legislature by the Tenement-House Commission. He made it clear that the bill was introduced, not as a compromise or a "dicker," but as a benefit to the tenants. This, he said, would be shown in reduced rents. He gave clear and authoritative warning that if in the course of legislative action on the bill any "monstrosities" should be attached, the bill would be vetoed by Governor Odell. Both by the applause evoked by various utterances of the speakers, and by formal resolutions passed, it was evident that the audience was agreed in having a cordial confidence in the present Tenement-House Commission and its head. Three facts concerning the present status of the tenement-house question in New York are now pretty well established. First, that the people who in this fight have shown their preference for things over men are not going to have their way. Second, that the agitation caused by the introduction of inhuman bills into the Legislature has not only demonstrated the fact that the tenement dwellers, as Mr. De Forest put it, resent the homes in which they have to live, but also has educated a large part of the community, who live comfortably, regarding the fundamental nature of the

housing problem. Third, that this battle for better tenement conditions is not ended by any means, for it has to do with establishing tenements that will remain when the character of the population shall have changed and all space shall have been built upon as thickly as the law now allows. It will require continuous vigilance to prevent the reproach that has fallen upon this generation from falling upon the generation to come—the reproach well voiced by the workingman whom Mr. De Forest reported as saying to him: "Why didn't you give the East Side a chance before?"

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Civic Æsthetics Years ago the community of Springfield, Mass., allowed the New York, New Haven, and Hudson River Railroad to encroach upon its beautiful Connecticut River front. At that time the enthusiasm of the citizens of the town was all for the railroad and not for the river. The river promised no possibilities of growth; the railroad did. Hence a lovely, almost majestic waterfront was allowed to become unlovely and even hideous through the mistaken idea of the people that a priceless gift of nature could be bartered away for a material gain. In recent years, however, the citizens of Springfield have realized their mistake. Led by the initiative of their great daily paper, the Springfield "Republican," and by its steady, long-continued appeal and pushing, not only did æsthetically inclined citizens regret the blunder that had been made, but the community as a whole became influenced by the propaganda of the "Republican." The plan to retrieve the mistake was as follows: Bordering the principal street of the town was a large open space called Court Square; it was proposed to continue this square to the river and there to build a viaduct over the railroad tracks. The expense of acquiring and improving the necessary property, however—$200,000—seemed prohibitive, but it was thought that if half this sum could be raised by a public subscription, the town could afford to bear the expense of the rest. Impetus was given to the project by the bequest to it of $10,000 by the late Tilly Haynes and by the offer of another $10,000 from Mr. E. H. Barney. The campaign was energetically managed, haste in contributions being urged because the ground would inevitably and very soon become dearer. The conviction grew also among all classes of people that a centrally located park was a necessity in a town like Springfield, and that it should be located on this very site, since the existing City Hall, Police Building, Grand Army Hall, and Court-House (the latter a Richardson structure) would border the proposed park. The sanitary and the æsthetic values of the project seemed equally evident to every one, and the contributions came in with increasing frequency until they more than reached the sum proposed. The remarkable thing about them was their number; there were only fifty contributors of more than a hundred dollars each, while many gave less than one dollar apiece. Thus this civic improvement is not only something done for the long future and well done, but done by the whole community.

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The Paramount Issue

It cannot be doubted that the course of the Administration in respect to Delaware has chilled the popular enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt as a heroic leader in the National battle against corruption. Confidence in his statesmanship and his statecraft—his grasp of great principles and his practical skill in dealing with conflicting factions—has been steadily increasing; but faith in his political heroism has received a shock. His first appointment of Mr. Byrne was a perplexity to his friends, but they explained it as a sudden impulse; his second appointment of Mr. Byrne is to them inexplicable. It seems like a public notification from the President of the United States of a *nolle prosequi* for the men who have practiced wholesale bribery in Delaware. And yet, though we cannot doubt that this is the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's action, we cannot believe that it is Mr. Roosevelt's intention. If any are inclined, as some are, to think that he is ready to take advantage for his party of Mr. Addicks's frauds, and to condone the offense because it is politically profitable to the Republicans, we remind them that a man whose loyalty to principle has been attested by a life of heroic devotion is not to be summarily convicted of disloyalty because of one act, however inconsistent it may seem to be with his

previous record. We still hope that there will be enough Republicans in the Senate ready to join with the Democrats to defeat the appointment. We can conceive no ground on which it can be justified. Not on the ground of Mr. Byrne's distinguished ability, for his legal record is not of the best; not on the ground of political regularity, for he resigned his office to defeat the regular Republican nominee for Congress; not on the ground that he is the best possible man to prosecute the rascals who have been corrupting the elections in Delaware, for he has joined his fortunes to theirs.

We understand perfectly well that politics makes strange bedfellows; that in politics one must often work with men whom one would not choose as his associates; that in politics, when one cannot do what he would, he must fain do what he can; that in politics one must often sacrifice a subordinate issue to win a paramount one. We understand perfectly well that, in order to get the Cuban treaty and the Panama treaty and the anti-trust legislation through the Senate, it was important to have two Republican Senators from Delaware. But these are not the paramount issues; honesty is the paramount issue—that is second to none other; all other issues are second to that. We mean exactly this. It would be better to sail away from the Philippines and leave them to themselves, whatever ruin might befall them, better to refuse reciprocity with Cuba and leave her to fight her own commercial battles, better to postpone the building of an interoceanic canal another fifty years or leave it unbuilt forever, or let France, England, or Germany build it, better to leave the trusts to be dealt with by industrial forces and State governments, than to compromise with the corruption which buys a State in the open market, confesses the deed, and justifies the bribery by the cynical declaration that nothing succeeds like success.

It would be better, because it is better to be an honest nation than a big nation; better because single-hearted integrity is better in a people, as in an individual, than commercial prosperity; better because to profess humanity and essay human policies toward the rest of mankind and condone corruption at home is national Pharisaism, and Pharisaism is the worst of all sins in a nation as in an individual; better because in fact the fatal foe to dealing honestly with other peoples is popular leniency toward dishonest men at home. We need only to read the history of the past few months for evidence that the worst foes to honorable politics are dishonorable men. In vain has Mr. Roosevelt eloquently pleaded for generous treatment of the Cubans; in vain has he pleaded for fair treatment of the Filipinos. There is a Republican majority in Congress; Cuban reciprocity and Philippine tariff reduction are distinctly party policies; there is no shadow of a question that they would be overwhelmingly supported at the polls by the Republican party in a general election. But the appeals of the President and the opinions of the people are unheeded by men to whom the supposed pecuniary interest of a few beet-sugar growers and a few tobacco-growers overbalance all other considerations. It may take time and patience to convince an honest man of the truth; but even invincible ignorance will yield at last to argument, if the ignorance is honest and the argument enlightening. But time and patience are wasted on men who are corrupt and corrupters of their fellows. The only argument that weighs with a bribe-taker is a bigger bribe. Allow public corruption to go on unhalted, uncondemned, unpunished, and elections will cease to be discussions of principles: they will become auction sales, in which a minority, holding the balance of power, will sell the power which they wield to the highest bidder.

He has read to little purpose the histories of Greece, and Rome, and Venice, and Bourbon France, and England, who does not see that the issue of honest government is the paramount issue, whenever and however it presents itself. For it was because corruption conquered in Greece, and Rome, and Venice, and Bourbon France that they all died; and because the corruption of England under the Georges was conquered by the Puritan conscience of her people that England lives. He has read to little purpose the history of the past decade who does not see that this plague of the nations is in our blood. The corruption revealed in New York City, in Minneapolis, in St. Louis, in Chicago, the corruption in Mon-

tana and in Delaware, is patent, obvious, unconcealed; but these cases are not sporadic. How long must we wait before we begin our fight in dead earnest against the blood-poisoning which is more fatal than the most fatuous of public policies—be they what they may? Jethro's counsel to Moses, old as it is, the world has not outgrown; it is timely now: "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating coveteousness." Not merely men who are honest, but men who are aggressively honest; who hate coveteousness; who dare risk, not their own political fortunes merely, but those of their party, rather than fight their battles with hired Hessians. Men who will strike with a strong hate and pierce with a fine scorn the bribe-taker and the bribe-giver, whether the bribe be a commercial advantage in the market, an official emolument in politics, or a roll of National bank-notes at the polls.

To get such men as this to act for us in our public life, city, State, and Nation, this is the paramount issue. It is because the American people believed that they had in Mr. Roosevelt such a man that he has aroused an enthusiasm greater than that aroused by any President since Abraham Lincoln. Any act of his that casts a shadow of suspicion on his recognition of the principle that public honesty is the paramount issue chills that enthusiasm and robs him of his power. Those who love and honor him the most feel most deeply any acts which makes possible such a suspicion. "Hating covetousness" is a spirit hard to maintain in the malarial atmosphere of Washington; but the life of the Nation depends upon maintaining it. "Principles, not men" is the devil's motto. Principles are absolutely useless except as they are incarnate in men. Men are worse than useless except as they incarnate principles. Principles in men, men of principles—this is the absolute condition, not only of National strength and National prosperity, but of National existence. It were better to adopt free trade and shut down half our factories, and free silver and close half our banks, provided we still kept honest, than to purchase a short-lived commercial prosperity by condoning or ignoring or being indifferent to the crimes against the State of a Croker in New York, an Ames in Minneapolis, a Butler in St. Louis, a Clark in Montana, or an Addicks in Delaware.

The Czar's Decree

We publish in full on another page the edict of the Czar respecting religious liberty and political reform in Russia. His successful project for the establishment of the Hague Tribunal will lead Americans to regard this edict with favorable predisposition. They will be inclined to hope from it an end to religious persecution, an initiation of some measure of local self-government, and a further enfranchisement of the serfs. We wish very much that a careful reading of the edict justified any such interpretation. We are compelled to conclude that it does not, that the decree is important rather for what it indicates than for what it promises. As a symptom of political and social unrest it is significant; as an earnest of religious or political reform it is unimportant. It does not order anything that is of real value, nor mark the beginning of a new era, nor indicate any important change in the policy pursued by the Russian Government since the death of Alexander II. What genuineness of desire for reform it may indicate in the Czar we do not undertake to determine; but measured by its actual or prospective effects it is little more than a bureaucratic attempt to placate, by means of vague promises and trivial concessions, a fully aroused public sentiment in favor of liberal reforms.

The clause in the decree which has attracted the most attention is that apparently proclaiming religious liberty. In it the Czar says: "We . . . have deemed it expedient to strengthen and decree the undeviating observance of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, recognizing the Orthodox Church as the ruling one, grant to all of our subjects of other religions, and to all foreign persuasions, freedom of creed and worship, in accordance with their rites." This paragraph does not change in any respect the existing law, or add anything whatever to the religious privileges of the

Russian people. Mohammedans have had their mosques, Jews their synagogues, and Roman Catholics and Lutherans their churches in Russia for many years, and have worshiped in them, according to their respective creeds and rites, without let or hindrance. The thing that is denied in Russia is the right of an Orthodox Christian to think for himself in religious matters, and, as the result of such thinking, to change the form of his religious faith and leave the Orthodox Church. The denial of that right is not affected in the slightest degree by the Czar's proclamation of religious liberty. The law, as it now stands, is as follows:

> All persons who leave the Orthodox Church for the Church of any other Christian denomination shall be turned over to the spiritual authorities for admonition and instruction, and shall then be dealt with in accordance with ecclesiastical rules. Until they shall return to Orthodoxy, their minor children shall be taken in charge by the Government, in order that they may not become perverted, and their lands, if occupied by Orthodox Christians, shall be put under guardianship and they shall not be permitted to live thereupon. (Penal Code, Revised Edition, Section 188.)

The punishment for inducing or persuading another person to leave the Orthodox Church is much more severe. The Code says:

> For inducing an Orthodox Christian to become a member of any other Christian Church, the guilty one shall be deprived of all special, personal, and acquired rights, and shall be exiled to Siberia, or imprisoned at hard labor, for a period of from one year to a year and a half. (Penal Code, Section 187.)
>
> For persuading or inducing an Orthodox Christian to adopt the Jewish or any other non-Christian faith, the guilty one shall be deprived of all civil rights and sent into penal servitude for a period of from eight to ten years. (Penal Code, Section 184.)

If a man or woman who is a member of the Orthodox Church marries a woman or man who is a Lutheran or a Roman Catholic, the children must be trained up in the Orthodox faith. If parents disobey this law, they are to be punished with imprisonment for a period of from eight to sixteen months. (Penal Code, Section 190.) These laws, and many others which limit freedom of conscience, freedom of teaching, and freedom of speech in religious matters, as well as freedom to criticise and discuss the Bible and the Church, remain untouched by the Czar's decree. He merely says, in effect: "You shall continue to have as much religious freedom as you have enjoyed, under the provisions of the Penal Code, during the past half-century;" but he says it in such a solemn and impressive way as to make the outside world think that he is conferring a great favor and inaugurating a momentous religious reform.

The next statement in the document is scarcely more significant. It is as follows: "We are further resolved to continue the active carrying out of measures for the improvement of the material position of the Orthodox rural clergy, while enabling them to take a larger share in public life." In point of fact, the rural clergy form, numerically, a small part of the Russian population; they have never made any particular complaint with regard to their "material position;" they are generally men of limited education, and the "share" that they have hitherto taken "in public life" has been to discourage the liberal movement, oppose secular schools, and serve as an instrument of the reactionary party.

The Czar next says that measures are "impending" "for the consolidation of the national economy"—whatever that may mean—and that, in accordance with these measures, the banks should "strengthen and develop the welfare and fundamental pillars of Russian village life, and that of the local nobility and peasantry." This may have some meaning in the original Russian, but it is very vague and obscure in the English translation. From the next sentence it appears that the "laws of the rural population" are to be "revised," and, when formulated, are to be "referred to the provincial government councils" for further development and adaptation. It is this clause which is supposed to imply some measure of local self-government, but this implication is not justified by the text. If the words "provincial government councils" are a translation of "*gubernskoe pravlenie*," the revised laws are to be submitted to boards of bureaucratic officials from whom the Russian people have already suffered much, and from whom no adequate measures of relief are to be expected. But even if the words mean the provincial assemblies or "*zemstvos*," there is no assurance that these bodies

are to have anything more than an advisory voice, and their advice, when it has conflicted with the views or the interests of the bureaucracy, has always been disregarded.

The clauses which are supposed to enlarge the freedom of the serfs are not much more significant. The order that "means are to be found to render it easier for the individual to sever connections with the community" (the village commune) "to which he belongs" is very good as far as it goes, but as a measure of relief it is trivial. The assurance that measures shall be taken without delay "to release the peasants from the present burdensome liability of forced labor" has little importance. The only "forced labor" to which the peasants are now liable is the mending of roads at certain seasons of the year, and the carrying of officials from place to place, off railroads, when such officials are traveling on Government business. This is a desirable reform, but it is insignificant. The promise that "thorough reform shall be effected in the provincial governments and district administrations by the local representatives" has a hopeful sound, but, inasmuch as it does not specify what the reforms shall be, nor indicate whether they are to be brought about by the "local representatives" of the people or the "local representatives" of the Minister of the Interior, it is vague and unsatisfactory.

In short, there is little in this decree to indicate any purpose on the part of those who have prepared it to furnish any real relief for the evils from which the Russian people are suffering. For a clear and definite statement of those evils we need only turn to the reports of the district and provincial committees appointed a little more than a year ago to consider the needs of the Russian peasantry and ascertain the reasons for the steady and progressive decline in their economic condition. Some of those evils, briefly stated, are as follows: (1) Insufficient land; (2) high and inequitable taxation; (3) deprivation of legal rights enjoyed by the higher classes; (4) inadequate educational facilities; (5) too much bureaucratic interference and control; (6) a tariff which favors manufactures at the expense of agriculture; (7) restrictions upon the right to assemble for discussion and joint action; (8) lack of a free press; (9) the passport system, and restriction, in general, of personal movement and individual initiative. The district committee of Sudja, in the province of Kursk, sets forth specifications of removable evils to the number of twenty-three; but the nine above stated are contained in a more or less definite form in the reports of nearly all the local committees. Not one of them is touched or alluded to in the Czar's decree. The Imperial proclamation amounts to little more than a vague general statement of benevolent intentions, and, however well meant by the Czar, was probably intended by the Czar's advisers to placate the educated liberal class and quiet the public feeling aroused by the widespread agrarian disturbances and student disorders of last year, the great labor strike on the Don, and the bold and frank reports of many of the agricultural-inquiry committees. It is a hopeful sign chiefly because it indicates that the Russian discontent has reached such proportions that the bureaucracy has at least been compelled to recognize that such discontent exists.

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The Dead Soul

The old man had come a long way, and was burdened not only with years and sorrows, but with the knowledge of good and evil. As he looked back and retraced the road he had traveled over, the weariness of the journey gathered upon his spirit until it seemed to him as if the spring of life had been choked at its source, and nothing remained save the dry and dusty channel through which the stream had once run shining in the sun. He was so worn with labor and grief and unfulfilled hope that he thought of little save rest; the soul in him had fallen into a sleep so deep that he had lost the sense of life which is keen and quick when a man feels his immortality. He cared for nothing but forgetfulness; so far had the iron of the futility of thought and knowledge and effort entered into his soul.

The irony of life never seemed so poignant and piercing as when he caught the faint echoes of the old songs of his youth, the ghostly cheers that had rung around his early achievements and had become

mocking echoes of labors which brought no gain and applause, which lay in the ear for a moment and then dissolved in that appalling silence in which at last all human cries and songs are hushed. It was a dead past which lay behind him; a path through a desert without bloom or shelter or the shadow of trees in which birds rest and sing; the desolate and solitary way of a lonely man through a world which always bloomed as he advanced and withered as he stretched out his hand to grasp its offerings.

Tired as he was to the verge of extinction, he had not wholly lost the remembrance of the energy which once sent him with vigorous step along the ascending way, of the high things which summoned him from their inaccessible fastnesses, of the steady and unbending purpose which kept him to his task. He had set himself to go alone to the end of the journey; to break all bonds which held him in place among his fellows that he might follow

"Knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

Others might be content with nearer and lesser things; he gave himself to the remoter and greater ends. Others might carry the common burdens and share the common fortunes; his way led him apart from the crowd to some remote and solitary place where the mystery of the universe would suddenly disclose itself in cloud and fire and splendor unspeakable; a fate too large and terrible for any save those who had taken the path of solitude and lonely watching of sun and star in the awful silence of space.

There had been a time when the hopes that men cherish had knocked at his heart, and more than once he had struggled long before he barred the door. But the path lay before him, and he who walked in must be free of hindrances. In those earliest years love had held him for a moment with eyes that looked into his strangely sorrowful, and had walked a little way with him, not pleading, but with a touch on his hand so full of pity that his pride flung it aside. There was no room for such companionship on that narrow path; no smoothness for such tender feet on that rough highway. What had he to do with love whose heart was set on knowledge? In those first years voices had often called to him as he passed, imploring his aid, and sometimes through his growing self-absorption the anguish in these voices had reached his heart and stung the old human sympathies into life; but he looked up at the far heights and hardened his heart and passed on resolute and unshaken. The morning was already moving toward noon; why should he waste the hours that were to carry him to the goal? What claim had common souls, content with the small gains and losses of life, with love and the prattle of children and the cheer of friendship, on one who sought the highest and the remotest secret of life? They were content with the hour; he would accept nothing less than the full content of eternity.

Long ago love had left him; long ago men had ceased to call upon him for help as he passed swift and unswerving on his way. And the way had grown more silent and solitary, until nothing was audible save the touch of his own foot, and he had no companionship save his own thought. He had broken every tie, discarded every hindrance; and freedom had brought him measureless weariness and a passionate longing for death!

He had learned much by the way, and that wisdom of old age was his which had been distilled, drop by drop, out of disillusion and despair—that wisdom which is often called knowledge of life, but which is really knowledge of death. What had been born of the man's long travel was the knowledge of himself. The world about him was so vast that as he scanned it there seemed neither measure nor limit; but it was hard, barren, dead to the uttermost verge. The order which pervaded it was the rigid regularity of death; no seed was germinating in the soil, no egg was brooded over in any nest, no throat was swelling with its song, no sap was rising in any tree; vastness there was and sublimity, but it was without the speech of beauty; for the soul of the man was dead, and saw only its own desolation. Long ago the power of vision had faded within him, and he saw only the shell of things: the secret was farther from him than when he set out on his journey! He had gained knowledge, but without love there is neither wisdom nor life.

Lenten Meditations

The Day of Judgment

Every day is a day of judgment. Christ's fan is in his hand, and he is separating the chaff from the wheat. The Son of man has already come, and before him are gathered all people, and he is separating the sheep from the goats. We are taking our places, each one selecting his own, and we know it not. We classify ourselves by various artificial and temporal distinctions—as rich and poor, laborer and capitalist, employer and employed, cultured and ignorant, white and black; and all the time we are sorting ourselves unconsciously by the only real, eternal distinction, that of character. The rifts and chasms in society are shallow and superficial; the fellowships of society are apparent and temporary. Virtue and vice, honor and shame, probity and corruption, live side by side in the same street, shoulder against each other in the same tenement, work together in the same political party, chat together in the same club, kneel together in the same church. It is better so; for only so can virtue and honor and probity do anything for the world's redemption. But all the time the great gulf is imperceptibly increasing between them—the gulf which presently will become impassable. And all the time He sees, He knows, He understands.

And wh n the C mforter is come, he will convince the world of sin, b:cause they have not had faith in me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

Christ convinces the world of sin. The great picture judges the two men who stand before it. Their judgment of the picture is the picture's judgment of them. The great symphony judges the two hearers who sit side by side apparently listening to it. What one hears the other does not hear. In their judgment of the music they reveal their own musical capacity. The measure of our appreciation of Christ is the measure of our own character. Faith in Christ is not faith in what the Church has said about Christ; that is faith in the Church. Faith in Christ is understanding him, appreciating him, loving him. Both his friends and his foes thought that Christ was put on trial in the court of Caiaphas and before the judgment-seat of Pilate. They were mistaken. He was the Judge; Caiaphas and Pilate were brought before him for trial. He uttered no sentence; they adjudged themselves, and wrote the sentences so clearly that all the world has read them ever since. Each actor in that tragedy unconsciously announced his own judgment of condemnation or approval on himself:—John—I am a loyal friend; Peter—I am a cowardly disciple; Judas—I am a despicable traitor; Caiaphas—I am an unscrupulous ecclesiastic; Pilate—I am a trimming politician. Still the vociferous tragedy of life is enacted while Christ stands silent by. Without word or movement he compels iniquity to tear the mask from its countenance, and the treacherous follower, and the cowardly friend, and the ambitious ecclesiastic, and the trimming politician appear as what they really are, silhouetted in their hideous blackness against his luminous judgment presence.

Christ convicts the world of sin because he is the revealer of righteousness. Not by what he says, but by what he is, he condemns the world. His life is the standard for all life; his character is the measure for all characters. The world instinctively accepts him as the only measuring-rod. Not the Bible, but Christ, is the only infallible rule of faith and practice. His utterances are the rule by which all other utterances are to be measured; his character is the standard by which all other characters are to be tested. By him we measure Abraham and David and Isaiah and Paul no less than Gregory VII. and Martin Luther and Oliver Cromwell and John Wesley. By his utterances we measure the Books of Deuteronomy and of Leviticus no less than the Puritan code of morals and the Roman Catholic canons. Not "God is a man of war," but "Our Father which art in heaven," is the rule of faith. Not Paul before Ananias, but Christ before Caiaphas; not "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," but "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?" is the rule of practice.

By Christ is the prince of this world judged. Betrayed, denied, forsaken, convicted, executed—his death draws all men unto him. His defeat is his victory. Judas, Caiaphas, Pilate, crown him

with glory and honor. Death entombs him only to make him the Lord and Giver of life. All the forces of evil league together—treachery, cowardice, forms of law, mob violence, cunning malice, brutal stupidity; against them all is one unfriended man, his character his only armor, his God his only ally. And he is conqueror and more than conqueror. Wickedness is folly and weakness; righteousness is wisdom and strength: this is the lesson of Passion Week; this is the lesson which history is continually repeating. Napoleon is wrong: God is not on the side of the strong battalions. Frederick Douglass is right: one with God is a majority.

Every day is a day of judgment. Every day Christ's fan is in his hand; every day he is separating the chaff from the wheat.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XII.

May 12.

THIS is the third time I have been in St. Peter's to-day. Mass was being said in one of the chapels, which was crowded to and beyond the doors, so that my companions made no attempt to enter. But I had long anticipated joining in such a service with fellow-worshipers of the Christ whom we both love and endeavor loyally to follow; for I thought that the spiritual atmosphere of this ancient church would deepen my reverence for God and broaden my fellowship with my fellow-men. I have joined gladly and heartily in the silent services of Friends, in the emotional services of Methodists, in the historic and orderly services of the Episcopalians, in the simple and unornate ritual of Congregationalists, and in one with as much spiritual help as in another. And I had looked forward to a special impulse from a service in St. Peter's, though conducted in a ritual I could not understand; for understanding is not necessary to fellowship in worship. I easily and quietly worked my way in a few moments through the outer row of mere sightseers with their Baedekers in hand and got into the inner circle of the pious pilgrims. So long as I looked at them I could realize and share in their service, though it did not seem like a very deep or enduring feeling; but when I looked away from them to the priests, I could discern no reverence at all. There were three or four officials at the altar, attended by their acolytes; the seats in the chapel were all occupied by ecclesiastics of various degrees, from two or three cardinals, designated by their red caps, to simple priests. During parts of the service they responded together in a sing-song tone to the sing-song tones of the officiating priest; at other times they were reading in the devotional book as though they were taking this time to go through certain pages prescribed by their rules; or were looking about the chapel with a gaze as devoid of any appearance of spiritual interest as that of the Baedeker sightseers. In general, their appearance betokened, not hypocrisy, but pure formalism; and their ceremonial performance to have about the same relation to piety that court etiquette does to love. There were two or three priests whose faces were expressive of intellectual or spiritual life, or both, though I recall only one which was so at all eminently; but in general they were stolidly inexpressive, while a few were distinctively gross and sensual looking. There were no seats in the chapel except for the priests; the worshipers stood or knelt; the music was fairly good, but not extraordinary. I mean to come to another service on some Sunday, when perhaps there will be more worshipers and fewer sightseers, and I can come early and get from the beginning into the spirit of the service.

St. Peter's itself disappoints me. Why? Its approach is imposing; so would be its interior, if the authorities had not interfered with the simple design of its great architect. But they have done what they could to spoil its sublimity by despoiling it of its simplicity. The massive pillars are ornamented with what I suppose to be winged cherubs, and they suggest classical cupids, and they are draped from top to bottom with hideous red hangings put up, I believe, to celebrate some church

festival, I know not what; even the statues of heroic size at the far corners of the dome attempt to be impressive only by being big. There is but one piece of statuary in the church that impresses me as really artistic—the monument to Clement XIII. by Canova, on the right-hand side of the church. Even the Pietà of Michael Angelo, with the Christ held in the lap of Mary, does not seem worthy of the great sculptor. There is only one point where the effect on the imagination is what Michael Angelo meant it should be; it is obtained by standing under the dome and looking directly up into it. Then the cupids and the red trouserings of the pillars disappear, and even Bernini's statues are lost to sight, and there is an impression of immensity which I can compare to nothing but to that which sometimes overcomes one in looking up to the starlit dome above him on a clear night.

May 14.

I have been looking over Symonds's life of Michael Angelo, and I confess myself glad to find that my own impression respecting what are St. Peter's characteristically impressive features is confirmed by what he says. "St. Peter's," he says, "is vast without being really great, magnificent without touching the heart, proudly but not harmoniously ordered. The one redeeming feature in the structure is the cupola; and that is the one thing which Michael Angelo bequeathed to the intelligence of his successor. The curve which it describes finds no phrase of language to express its grace. It is neither ellipse, nor parabola, nor section of a circle, but an inspiration of the creator's fancy. It outsoars in vital force, in elegance of form, the dome of the Pantheon, and the dome of Brunelleschi (at Florence) upon which it is actually modeled." And Symonds quotes an unnamed English critic as saying that "internally the sublime concave of this immense dome is the one redeeming feature of St. Peter's." This is stronger language than I should use; St. Peter's seems to me to be not without grandeur, though perplexing to the observer for its lack of harmony.

May 16.

I have now spent three mornings in the Vatican galleries; one of them in the gallery of sculpture, one in the Sistine Chapel and adjoining apartments, and one in the picture gallery. It would be useless to attempt to record here impressions in detail; I have underlined in my Baedeker special sculptures and special pictures and frescoes, and this will serve to supplement my diary. I am impressed with the generosity of the Vatican in throwing open all its treasures to the public. There is a moderate charge for admission to the gallery of sculpture, but the picture gallery, the Sistine Chapel, and the apartments are free. It is not easy for one who is born and bred a Protestant and a Puritan to define exactly what is the relation between these galleries of art and the functions of the Church; perhaps this zeal to define everything with exactitude is a mistaken one. But I am sure that it is impossible to estimate the effect on the human race of throwing open to the whole world these art treasures. It is true that a considerable number of those who go to these galleries really see nothing, and there are those who use them merely as a convenient place to meet and gossip with friends; but I am inclined to believe that the proportion of interested observers to indifferent sightseers in the Vatican is quite as great as the proportion of serious worshipers to indifferent sightseers in St. Peter's. Yesterday morning we fell in with a very courteous attendant in the Borgian apartments who spoke French, and, finding us interested, gave us a good deal of information not in the guide-books. He pointed out to us two portraits of the same face—Lucretia Borgia; in the one case she was presented as a fine lady in her court robes; in the adjoining fresco she was made to do duty as Saint Somebody—I forget who. It struck me as a curious illustration of the relation, or rather lack of relation, between ethics and religion in the Middle Ages that Lucretia Borgia should have been selected by a court painter to serve as a saint, and this on the walls of the palace of the Holy Father. To-day I have been sitting for half an hour before Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration; it is the only picture a distinct remembrance of which I have brought away with me from the Vatican picture gallery. The critics, I believe, say that a picture ought not to tell a story, and if that is so they are quite

right in criticising this picture. It does tell a story, and tells it with wonderful effectiveness. I have never before realized so perfectly how utterly inadequate a photograph is to reproduce a really great picture; for a really great picture I must think the Transfiguration to be, despite the critics, and despite the fact that what it represents never could have occurred—as Raphael represents it.

May 18.

I have been again to service in St. Peter's; this time on Sunday and in ample season, so that there was nothing in our entrance to disturb the devotional feeling. I am sorry to record a repetition of the disappointment experienced at the previous services at San Giovanni and St. Peter's. There was the same air of indifference in the priests, the same mechanical formalism in the service. At one point in the service my companion detected a priest making signs to two fellow-priests to join him at supper after the service was over.

May 20.

I have now visited half a dozen or more of the churches in Rome and have attended four services, and the impression is always the same; it may be expressed by the one word formalism. Comparing the ruins of ancient Rome with the religious services of modern Rome, the first are the remains of a civilization long since departed, the second of forms of a life that still exists, though there is no longer a reason for its existence or an enthusiasm which it expresses; in the Forum one finds the bones of the dead and is inclined to moralize over them as Hamlet does over the skull of Yorick, St. Peter's or San Giovanni reminds the Protestant of an old man living on long after he has lost the inclination, if not the power, to think or act in the present.

Dr. Kennedy, the head of the American College, tells me that all the text-books in Rome are in Latin, and practically all the lectures are given in Latin. The student, therefore, before he can take advantage of the theological courses in Rome, must be familiar with Latin as a means of communication. Why? For two reasons: First, these students come from all over the world—America, England, France, Germany, Greece, etc.—and they have one language in which they all do their studying. The language is one both as a symbol of the unity of the Church and as a means for its preservation. Second, the language is a *dead* language; it does not change; therefore the dogmas expressed in it do not change. The same dogmas are taught as in the fourteenth century, because they are taught in precisely the same linguistic forms. Dr. Kennedy's explanation makes it clear that there is a definite, and it must be added a skillfully devised and well-adapted, endeavor to continue the thought of the Middle Ages unchanged and unadapted to changing conditions either of time, race, or country. This petrifaction extends to everything in the Roman Church as one sees it in Rome. The churches, and there are said to be three hundred and sixty-five, are nearly all mediæval, and when one goes into a modern church he wishes that were mediæval also, for it is but a poor copy of mediævalism. The churches are generally patterned after the old pagan temples; in some cases the pagan temple has been converted, with no great change, into a Christian church. I am inclined to think the Pantheon the most impressive church interior in Rome, and the addition of the unattractive altar and the movable choir gallery are, I believe, the only material changes made in it since it was used for the worship of all the gods. I know too little about the Roman ritual to be certain, but I judge that many of its features are borrowed from the pagan ritual which it at once modified and supplanted, and that substantially it repeats what had been repeated here for some centuries before the Christian era. In all the churches which I have visited the congregations are small; there are few or no seats; the congregation are spectators who stand and look on; even the devout pilgrims are quite apt to bow, to kneel, to join with silent moving lips for ten minutes, and then go about the church or cathedral with their guide, much as a Cook party might do. Of devout-appearing laymen, or rather laywomen, there are not a few—though they are the exception; but I have scarcely seen one priest who appeared to me as though to him the service was the expression of any real devotion.

For my knowledge of the public sentiment in Italy toward the Church, and

toward religion as it is expressed in the churches, I am dependent on others, of course; but the result of my inquiries in various directions, including some loyal ecclesiastics, is the impression that the prevalent feeling, at least in the cities of Italy, is one of entire indifference, grading off at the one extreme to bitter hostility, and in the other to what I would call a traditional respect. I cannot find out that the Church is doing much for the people. I do not learn of specific philanthropic work like that of the Paulist Fathers in New York, though my opportunities for inquiry have not been many. In general, however, the churches appear to have been built and to be operated for the supposed glory of God, not at all for the benefit of men—except as offering sacrifice for their sins is for their benefit. There is practically no preaching done except during Lent; the churches do not exist for the instruction of the people, or the instruction is remitted almost wholly to the confessional, where it is furnished in private. I am told of a humorous survival of mediævalism in Florence. Bread is no longer distributed by monks at the gates of the churches to the poor; modern philanthropy has learned a better way of caring for the poor. So at one of the Florentine churches food is distributed every noon at the door to the stray cats of the city. The incident is slight, but it illustrates the perpetuation of a custom as a habit after the reason which called it into existence has entirely disappeared. In short, there is about the same relation between the ceremonies of the Roman Church in Rome and mediæval piety that there is between the occasional attempted reproduction in modern times of ancient tournaments or races, and the old spirit of chivalry out of which they grew. The genuineness of the antique is gone, and only its form, sometimes only a travesty of its form, remains.

Sometimes faith and frolic are strangely intermingled. I went to the sacred staircase the other day where Luther heard the voice proclaiming, "The just shall live by faith," and from which he fled to become the leader of a great revolt against this ceremonialism. Some devout pilgrims were going up on their knees, and repeating at every step a prayer; but others were going up on their knees in unmistakably pure fun, and with their laughter ill suppressed. In lieu of a serious faith there is sometimes substituted a credulity which is to me quite incomprehensible. Mr. Reynaud told us in the Forum the other day the legend of Peter and Simon Magus; how the two engaged in a conflict in Rome, how Simon Magus challenged Peter to a flying-match, and Peter accepted the challenge; how, while Simon Magus attempted flight, Peter, kneeling on the stone, prayed that the magician might fail, and the magician fell, broke both his legs, and died. And, continued Mr. Reynaud with a smile, the stones with the impress of Peter's knees are still preserved in yonder church—to which he pointed—and are shown to the faithful. I went in the other day to the Church of St. Peter in Vinculo, which has Michael Angelo's statue of Moses. I had long wanted to see it; no photograph does or can give one any adequate conception of it; it is an embodiment in marble of the majesty of authority. As we sat looking at it and letting the sense of the dignity and worth of divine law grow into our souls, a priest passed us with keys in hand and two visitors accompanying him. He lighted two candles before a kind of cupboard or closet, as a token of reverence, and showed to the tourists or pilgrims—perhaps pilgrim tourists, of whom one sees many in this city—the identical chains with which Peter was bound while a prisoner in Rome. In the Santa Maria Supra Minerva is Michael Angelo's statue of Christ. Ecclesiasticism has put a bronze garment about his loins and a bronze shoe on the one foot which was being worn away by the kisses of fervent pilgrims. A more grotesque effect it would be hard for a caricaturist to contrive.

But it is useless to multiply illustrations. At every step one of a modern spirit is impressed with the anachronism of mediæval forms bereft of the mediæval spirit which gave them dignity, and often marred by modern taste or want of it, producing incongruities which would be ludicrous were they not pathetic. I do not wonder that Luther was made a Protestant by coming to Rome; I rather wonder that any thoughtful man can escape the same result.

L. A.

THE BOOMERANG BLOCKADE

THE TRUE STORY OF THE VENEZUELAN IMBROGLIO

BY JAMES BARNES

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in Venezuela

FOR the last few months the world has watched the drama in Venezuela—a serio-tragic comedy in three short acts and a postponed epilogue, introduced by a *lever-de-rideau*, to which few people paid any attention, although it lasted some scores of years. The epilogue has yet to be seen and heard, but to those initiated it may prove the most interesting part of the performance, and the supposedly finished comedy may have a serious sequel; already it has begun with a startling introductory that has almost escaped public notice—but all that in time.

The prologue was long, but it might be well to outline it, for it introduces the stage setting in which the play itself revolves. The stage is some six hundred and thirty-three thousand square miles of mountain, valley, plain, and forest; it contains some two million seven hundred thousand people, only a small fraction of whom ever had speaking parts in the long-drawn prologue, and a minority any voice in the chorus. Eighty-six per cent. are of mixed blood, preserving all the characteristics of a mingled ancestry. In seventy-four years there have been no less than one hundred and four revolutions, until it has grown to be the accepted belief that no change in the bill could take place without the accompaniment of gunpowder and sword play. With a monotony that was wearing upon the properties, tiring to the performers, and boring to the beholders and enforced subscribers, the prologue lingered on, until finally there stepped upon the scene a brilliant figure in Guzman Blanco, President, Dictator, and leading man. The melodramatic tableaux ceased for the nonce, and a spectacular production, sparing no expense, succeeded them. Despite the fact that all this time the "Constitution" was in existence, none of the stage managers used it, none of the actors spoke its lines, and few of the supers had any more than heard of it. Guzman Blanco amused himself by ignoring it when he wished to, and juggling with the privileges it accorded to the principals. And, so far as leading rôles are concerned on the stage of Venezuelan politics, he started twenty years and more ago the fashion that holds sway to-day. He gave all his friends and his family the "fattest" parts, and he appointed to the positions of advance agents, ticket-takers, and treasurers only those who accounted to him as sole proprietor and lessee. So he prospered, and in order to arrange for a long run without a change of bill during his lifetime, and to assure that he would not be forgotten by his constituents and posterity, he dressed the stage well. Nature had done generously with the background; he provided smaller accessories, with no little tinsel and much tawdry show. Parks and plazas were decorated with marvelous statues, public buildings were frescoed with crude appeals to fervid patriotism. Heroes lived again in bronze and marble, and the bones of ill-used "patriots" were brought together in a stuccoed pantheon for which the treasury was debited at the cost of Parian marble. He jumbled history, fact, and fiction to produce picturesque results, and incidentally he did much useful good. He advertised and placarded Europe and America, and visitors came to behold, and, beholding, subscribed to the enterprise. For, to provide all the machinery and the luxuries, he had to submit his plans to the bids of alien contractors, and, like many showmen, he had a jovial disregard of debts. Cheerfully he left them as an inheritance to his followers; his methods he bequeathed as a criterion for his lesser imi-

tators. Upon his departure to Europe to raise more money on promises and privileges, on one occasion the assistant manager whom he had installed at the head of affairs usurped his power, and the company and spectators, angered at non-fulfillment of performances and postponement of salary days, took their wrath out in destroying the decorations. They tore down his prancing statues, obliterated his personal tablets, but perpetuated his name forever in the intangible form of a never-to-be-forgotten personality that will live through tradition, if not in existent monuments. The "illustrious American" has left his impress and will not be forgotten.

Successive would-be managers came and went, fought and jostled each other out of office, subsiding in each case—if they survived—with a large proportion of the contents of the treasury, to a life of ease and retirement in exile. The habit of rewarding the alien contractors, who supplied the machinery and most of the practical and useful conveniences, with promissory notes that were redeemed in words, and the everlasting reference to *mañana*, at last became tedious. There was excuse, however: the rows that broke out behind the scenes absorbed most of the managers' time and distracted their attention from business matters. Slowly it became evident that past obligations would most probably be entirely disregarded, and doubt began to be expressed as to the good faith of future contracts. The creditors began to grow uneasy.

Now, one day in September, 1899, there entered the center of the stage one Cipriano Castro. He had jumped to the front in a more or less spectacular manner. His training for his high office was of the slightest; but he was possessed of courage, a natural ability to endure, and a capacity for seizing opportunities and turning the situation to his best advantage. Through the ups and downs of his own particular revolution he had managed to keep his feet, and, by a sudden and unexpected change in the tactics of his chief military opponent, who, for purely personal reasons, came over bodily with all his troops and ammunition, he was able to march into the capital a victor in his darkest hour. He arrived, if not with the applause of the bystanders, at least with the acquiescence of the only force that might have retarded him.

They say it was a strange sight. Andrade, the President, had fled. The few troops he left behind him were marshaled by their officers and stood for hours in the broiling sun, waiting to salute the conqueror's coming. Into the city at last he marched, followed by a ragtag and bobtail army carrying their yellow flags. Dusty and footsore, they made their way to the Plaza Bolivar and took possession of the Casa Amarilla, the Government house, from the windows of which the women camp-followers, whose name is legion in Venezuela, were soon looking down upon the silent crowds in the streets. There was no disorder, there were no barricades; the citizens accepted matters quietly; there was no rioting; many of the old conservative party who for years had been ciphers in the political figuring hoped for a betterment of conditions, on the old ground that no change could be for the worse. Many prayed that this little dark-skinned ex-clerk, ex-farmer, and small politician would gather about him men who would assist in honestly directing affairs for the furtherance of lasting peace. The foreigners who had invested money hoped that debts would be paid, that collections might be made. and that prosperity, so long forestalled, or at least so continually interrupted, would come at last. No one can tell what might have happened if the old story had not begun again. That very night one of his quondam allies, General Hernandez, marched out of the city with about eight hundred followers and began another revolution. But hard luck attended him; he was defeated, captured, and placed in prison.

No long peace followed, yet people still hoped, and, with that wonderful vitality of the country, spirits, trade, and crops revived perceptibly under the benign influence of this hope alone. The foreigners who had accepted former promises became sanguine again, and gullible. For a short period a roseate hue permeated the commercial atmosphere. There was money, almost plentiful good money in circulation, as there had been at times before; luxuries that could be purchased on credit went with a rush, for Venezuelans are a good deal like children in their ideas of cash when they have it, and

credit when it can be obtained. If they could purchase something by promising to pay for it the next day, it was an opportunity not to be missed; if they did not have to pay for it until next week, they would order it for their family, and if not till next month they would cheerfully subscribe and scatter it broadcast among their friends.

So the markets improved a little; the Government, hastily taking advantage of exchanging concessions, in some cases for payment and in others for future and assured benefits, grew gay and careless. Plantations began to promise returns in coffee and cocoa and sugar. Many of the wealthier Venezuelans had bought stock in foreign companies, for there was no venture in the way of modern progress and development that did not bear the stamp of foreign ownership and management. The Government attempts to build works of public service, to control and to maintain them, had proved utter failures. The railroads were English or German, the water-works Belgian, the telephone lines American or English, the tramways English and German, the breweries German entirely, the harbor improvements English, the cable French, and three-fourths of the concessions for mining and the products of the great forests were owned in Europe.

But the budget, that wonderful and coveted fetich that is the desired possession of the Venezuelan politicians, *that* belonged to the Government! To collect it, to administer it, and to pocket it, had been their particular business. Their tariff was peculiar—there were duties on diamonds and literature by the pound; the latter, being something of a luxury, perhaps, suffered most, because books are heavy; flour and necessities doubled and tripled in cost by the time they passed the customs, and to even matters up exports were taxed also, and the process of strangling the goose now began with a vengeance. Bills and claims accumulated, payment of interest on government paper lapsed, pledges and assurances were ignored and practically repudiated, especially if made by former administrations.

Soon the old excuse of "trouble enough at home" began; revolutions reared their heads—eight had happened in five years. Hardly a penny was spent for public improvements, but Ministers and officials rolled in fine carriages and maintained large establishments. The Government held on, for it had the best generals, one to every hundred men or less; it controlled most of the ammunition and the naval equipment of a few small converted yachts and cheap gunboats, so that it could transport easily troops along the seaboard, and keep possession of the harbors. The short-lived hope of peace began to die.

The Venezuelans themselves were the chiefest sufferers, but they had stood the yoke so long that their necks were callous. The disgruntled foreigners on the spot, and the stockholders abroad, began to talk of a "get-together" club. The ideas of their Ministers began to reach the home governments, and Germany and England, being the most interested, talked together. But their reasons for any action were diverse. Germany had obtained a foothold in a way that England had not. Her people had gone heavily into the plantation business, had loaned money in all directions, and ambition and cupidity had both been aroused. England wanted no more land—for Heaven knows she had enough scattered about the world at large; but the Kaiser cast covetous eyes upon the broad and smiling country. The Germans were unpopular with the people on account of their manner and far-reaching business methods. It was all for Germany and the Germans. The English were more unpopular with the Government, maybe from the inheritance of the feeling that had existed during the boundary dispute, and positively just then on account of the unpopularity and lack of tact of the British Minister, Mr. Haggard, a letter from whom to his home office had come into Castro's possession. It had spoken slightingly of the Venezuelan character, and had advocated thoroughly the importance of encouraging Italian immigration. There is no doubt that he was rudely treated by Castro and some of the members of his Cabinet, which did not tend to brighten his further reports. Rumors of a coalition began to grow, and the President in private gave vent to utterances that, repeated publicly, had the note of defiance. His advisers began to read carefully the doctrine of Monroe,

and talk for a purpose of its sheltering protection.

Germany did not like the Monroe Doctrine; she never had liked it; there is no doubt that, with England's aid, she would have been glad to test its power. And the British were deceived, not only by the mistaken ideas of the situation, but by Teutonic diplomacy. It is fair to believe that they accepted the representations made that, should a display of force be shown, the Venezuelans would back down, and Castro himself seek terms at once. This is at least an amiable conclusion. For that England wished to try the temper of the American people is now a discarded idea, in view of the expressions of her press and the utterances of her public men. But Germany had another iron in the fire.

General Manuel A. Matos, the leader of the revolution, had a pro-German leaning. He hated Americans as he hated the English. A wealthy man and a survivor of the old Blanco régime, it would be for Germany's profit that his revolution should succeed. To be successful a revolution needs arms, ammunition, and money. Generally speaking, with this combination men are forthcoming, and the successive moves on the chessboard of military politics are bound to be easy. Germany could aid the revolution, and, despite denials, it is believed in Caracas that she did so!

But the little President at the Palace of Miraflores did not weaken. He appeared more angry than frightened, and yet, withal, he smiled. The revolutionists, although badly beaten in the battle of La Victoria in November, were still under arms and the dangerous fire was smoldering. President Castro saw in the situation a chance to do away with a threatening near-by trouble, and let foreign relations shift to the broad shoulders of Uncle Sam. He grew more diffuse in his explanations, and, perhaps, defiant in his attitude. At the same time he was preparing a manifesto that he hoped would gather the malcontents under his flag—at an appeal to patriotism and in response to a call to defend the land from the invader! But, as will be seen, things did not work out the way he thought they would. Political allegiance was stronger than love of country, and that alone is one of the indices to the hopelessness of the present hour. During the whole of the past trouble there has been no concrete representation of the voice of the Venezuelan Republic.

On December 7 the German and English Ministers left at the private residence of Mr. Baralt, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, their demands for the settlement of their claims, which in subsequent correspondence have been termed ultimatums. The usual evasive reply was followed by the Ministers' mysterious departure from the capital the next day, and their embarkation on their respective war-ships. Then there was consternation! The German and English subjects were arrested by the wholesale and thrown into prison. What rioting took place was much exaggerated in the press accounts, and confined in the main to shouts and marching. For once Castro appeared to be popular, owing to the puff of patriotism in the city.

But now the representative of the United States took a hand in the little game. He was burdened with responsibilities enough, but Herbert W. Bowen was not afraid to assume others. With Mr. Russell, the Secretary and Chargé-d'affaires, whose knowledge of the people was of great assistance, he demanded the release of all the prisoners. It was immediately granted, and they all could have stayed in the country, as many of them did, unmolested. But highly colored stories got abroad and an exodus followed.

And now the American representative found himself in a most peculiar position; not only was he acting German Minister, English Minister, and soon to be Italian, for Baron de Riva followed suit with his demand and ultimatum on the 11th of the month and left the country on the 17th, but he was the representative of Holland also, owing to the absence of the Dutch Minister. He represented, too, the Government of Colombia, owing to the death of the latter's representative. And, strangely, and moreover by the force of circumstances, he found himself legal and military adviser to the Venezuelan Government! Thinking that perhaps the allies might contemplate an immediate landing, he was asked and gave his opinion as to the posting of Venezuelan forces of resistance, and found that through him the Government looked to America for help and practical consolation. No man ever occu-

pied so unique a position. Never was there such a need for the unbiased and absolutely uncolored truth to be submitted to the governing powers at home; never was a display of tact so called for.

Three great countries were getting ready to stiffen their muscles over an apparently small question that they did not understand. It would have taken very little to have started the ominous growling of irritated attention, and change it to the leap of anger. No force could land without obtaining possession of South American property, whether to be held permanently or not is beside the question, and there stood the Monroe Doctrine, with all its elasticity of construction—a bar to the indifference of the United States. With England at her side, the inference is that Germany was intentionally reckless of results. But the English bulldog fighting spirit was hardly ruffled; the blowing up of one of her vessels or the killing of some of her marines would have changed this instantly, and to Mr. Bowen thanks may be given that the opportunity for no such contingency arose. Seeing that the blockade had progressed no further than the occupancy of harbor waters and the seizure of the helpless little fleet of nondescripts, he counseled, urged, and insisted upon the withdrawal of all attempts to resist the mere floating presence of the formidable foes. Even the troops in the mountain passes were withdrawn, and, except for the idleness at shipping centers, the life and manners of the Venezuelans continued as if nothing unusual was on foot. Nothing unusual, truly, for, despite Castro's hopes and the publication of his appeals and manifestoes, the revolution pursued its course. The release of General Hernandez, the leader of the Nationalist party, from prison, had caused some little excitement that had subsided without a ripple, and the honest old war-horse, from his semi-retirement, counseled his followers to show loyalty and to hide their feelings.

Castro had made a bad blunder in exercising the Czar-like powers of a presidential dictator in sending foreign residents to prison; but the foreign residents themselves, who remained, soon began to fear that their own Governments had made a worse one. A few influential German firms attempted to persuade their Government to abandon its course of action, and, to show the extent of German interest, one firm (Blohm & Co.) has over $10,000,000 invested in the country. Many prophesied ruin of German interests. Up to this time there had been no conflict, and not a lanyard on board any of the ships whose threatening guns commanded the little mud-built towns had been pulled. But in the port of Puerto Cabello the British merchant vessel Topaze lay at the dock, and when the orders had come to arrest British and German subjects her captain and crew were taken and placed in the prison cells of the fortress. The crowd that had boarded the vessel hauled down the flag, and, uncontrolled by the police, indulged themselves in some ransacking, but they helped themselves to little of value. After the release of the prisoners on December 13, Captains Montgomerie of the Charybdis, and Riede of the German cruiser Vineta, addressed a formal complaint, the English officer insisting that the representative of the Venezuelan Government at the port should make an *amende honorable* in the way of a written apology; if not, the combined fire of both ships would be directed at the fort at five o'clock in the afternoon. While what happened threatened to be the hinge upon which affairs might take a serious turn, no one can look at the facts as they actually happened without a sense of amusement. The civil chief, Vicente Mora, read the note and put it in his pocket. Five o'clock meant any time, seeing that it was a few hours off, and any time meant mañana. So he neglected to inform the military commander, and went up into the town to a café. Time wore on and no reply came. But notice was sent to the forts through the kind offices of the American Vice-Consul, who knew that Anglo-Saxons are generally prompt when they promise, with closed fist, to hit anything, and the military commander removed the civil and military prisoners and the troops from the fortress across the little stretch of water to the town. Señor Mora was found at last and informed of the passing of time, and about ten minutes before five he prepared what might, by a stretch of friendly imagination, be termed an apology. With the American Vice-Consul and the Italian Consul the little party repaired to the

water's edge and frantically signaled to the vessels lying out in the harbor, whose guns were being carefully trained on the old mass of Spanish masonry that had taken so many long years to build. It lacked but two minutes of firing time, and their efforts to attract attention were unseen. Promptly at five the first gun was fired. And then until dark the ships divided their attention between the fort at the harbor mouth and the castello on the brow of the hill half a mile inland. Mortar flew, a few stones and bricks were tossed about, and there was a deal of powder burnt. People in the town were at first much excited, and then gathered to witness the target practice. The next day parties landed and with dynamite attempted to complete the work of destruction. They destroyed a few of the old guns which had been directed and used, in former revolutions, mostly against the town, and they smashed up things generally, but, after spending half a ton or more, they must have given up in despair, for when the writer visited the fort on the 14th of January it was far from destroyed, and a few weeks' hard work would put it in shape again, except for the fact that the secret of the old Spanish adamantine mortar is all but lost. The excitement of this day lasted in the capital for some sixty hours, and then went the way of other such outbreaks of feeling—people stopped thinking about it.

On the 18th of December the blockade was formally declared existent. La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, Carupano, Cumana, Maracaibo, and the mouths of the Orinoco were guarded. But two ports, Tucacas and Coro, were not included in the blockade. The latter was an important one in the German field of operations. It was in the hands of the revolutionists, and for weeks it remained open and vessels could enter and leave it at will! When the British Admiral arrived upon the scene, he ordered a vessel there, and the revolutionists' steady stream of supplies stopped for a time.

But how about affairs at the capital? Nothing had changed. There was for a long time no shortage of any commodity; the shoe did not pinch at first. The band played in the Plaza Bolivar on Thursday and Sunday nights, and on New Year's Day the trees and houses were decorated with flags, rows of Japanese lanterns stretched from branch to branch, and at the hour of midnight the careless, happy-go-lucky Venezuelans threw themselves into one another's arms in the national salutation, and wished one another a happy New Year, as if nothing had ever taken place, and as if nothing ever would, except music, good cheer, and rejoicing. The little half-ragged, half-gorgeous soldiers from the mountains looked on stolidly, and the dark-skinned and really efficient police force, which, odd to relate, has no political affiliation and does not figure in revolutions, patrolled the streets on the lookout for the too exuberant man with the ready revolver. As every third citizen carries one of these about him generally, and on New Year's is wont to let fly up into the air or anywhere, the police curtailed this form of enjoyment. There no doubt were some Englishmen and Germans in the crowd. Accidents happen at such times. Long before this all the influential merchants, Venezuelans (including one American and a few foreigners), to the number of two hundred or more, had united in a letter to President Castro asking that Mr. Bowen be appointed, with full power, to arrange the Anglo-German question. All of the newspapers in the city, which of course are but Government mouthpieces, took on a pro-American flavor. "America para los Americanos!" was the cry everywhere. The case as it stood was most strongly misrepresented. In a lively cartoon Minister Bowen was made to represent a bull-fighter tempting the bull, labeled "The Alliance," to charge, while Uncle Sam stood by holding and ready to let slip a huge canine that could have taken the bull in at a gulp. The traditional figure that represented America, his high hat and chin-whiskers, was everywhere regarded and hailed as "El Salvador"—they even pushed the simile to the verge of the sacrilegious.

Signs that had any reference to "Allemania" were taken down or painted out, and "America" took their place. No feeling at all seemed manifested against England, however, and German goods alone appeared to be boycotted. But slowly the shoe began to pinch a little. It was shown at first in a rise in prices. The days of flour and coal supply were

numbered. The numbers of unemployed and ill-fed people increased, and beggary grew more frequent. More and more Venezuela grew to be "the corpse that laughs."

Foreign relations were proceeding with many hitches. The news that the President of the United States had at first refused to act as arbiter was received with some surprise, and the belief that the whole proceeding would be submitted to The Hague was met with different comments. The Germans were rather pleased, for, as it had always been customary in courts of international decision to grant temporary or perpetual possession of land as guarantee for debts or treaty obligations, they argued that the United States could not well refuse to go back upon the findings of the Court in such a case, and that the Monroe Doctrine would get its final test, and that its quietus or a war would follow.

But Minister Bowen came once more to the front. It was necessary that Venezuela should have a representative who could appear out of the country, and whose utterances and assurances would have the weight of good faith and intention, and, besides, a capacity for the fulfillment of obligations. Search high or low, there was no such man! Castro was wise enough to see it. And it was so brought about that the offer was made to Mr. Bowen himself, and, as all the world knows, he accepted, with the result that the present dispute was ended, if not without hitches and some bitter feeling, at least without bloodshed. It was a strange sight—his departure. Castro was at the station with some members of his Cabinet, in their high hats and gray frock coats. An American bystander remarked that the platform had the appearance of "Haverly's coming to town."

A few of the Germans and Italians were worried that the big American Minister should leave, taking with him his calm reassuring presence, for many nervous people believed that it was his sheltering arm alone that kept them from murder or assassination. But he left behind an able lieutenant in Mr. Russell to carry on his multifarious duties, as shall be seen.

The Government itself was very hard up; the budget had not been paid, and it is very expensive being a Minister in Venezuela. Although it is not always incumbent upon any Cabinet member to pay his debts to butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker promptly, and it is absolute disloyalty on the latter's part to enforce collection, it is nice to have money to jingle in one's pocket, and, moreover, generals and troops are much influenced in their allegiance by the regularity or the infrequency of pay-day. Sometimes, when unsuccessful or unpopular, generals have been paid and allowed to hold the money for a short time in their hands, and then requested kindly to lend it to the Government back again and receive an I. O. U. But a Venezuelan private with his month's pay in his pocket is a nabob, and nabobs are supposedly contented and not anxious to exchange their position for any more precarious livelihood. They also attract imitators. It was absolutely necessary to obtain ready money to render the army more satisfied and the jingling more musical. Some of the Government people were building houses, and the money they had invested could not be turned into cash. And so the old system of a forced loan was brought into requisition. In the middle of the month of January all the merchants and enterprises in town were taxed at a rate suggested by a friend of the Government who was supposed to know just what pressure each one might bear without bursting. It was put in the form of a popular and patriotic contribution. The man who so imagines it must be graced with a sense of humor.

Venezuela is, fortunately for all concerned, on a gold basis. Owing naturally to the condition of affairs, the Bank of Caracas and the Bank of Venezuela had little or no money to put out at interest. They had wisely refused to loan the Government any more upon its paper—in fact, they did not have it—and for a few days after the refusal the Bank of Caracas and the Bank of Venezuela were in almost a precarious position. But the public belief in their solvency, backed by the wise and patient attitude of the prominent merchants, saved the day, and the credit of both institutions was sustained. The value of their bank notes never deteriorated, yet at one time they would change but small amounts into gold or silver. Many of the business houses found it impossible to meet the full amount of the exacting

forced payment. On the ground that one could not get blood out of a stone, they appealed to the powers that were imposing on them, with the result that they paid only as little as they could, and the Government squeezed out just as much as it could get. One or two big stores suspended business. Others, by means of friends at court, had the assessments materially reduced; in one case a company that was living a hand-to-mouth existence, and whose stocks were held mostly in England, offered the Government all it had in the treasury, namely $250, in place of the original amount of $4,000. With the condescending gratitude that goes with the expression, "Every little helps," the Government accepted it, but then, regretting this, decided to renew its demands or force the company, a poorly paying tramway line, to shut down. This would have thrown a large number of employees out of work and necessitated the sending out to pasture of a large number of mules and horses. No doubt they would have been acceptable to the revolutionists, or to the Government itself for that matter, which would probably have had the first opportunity to commandeer them. But, owing to the intercession of the American representative again, the little project of spite was not carried out, and the Transvia continued in operation.

What personal popularity the President had gained began to dwindle. Upon the dead walls of the city, in many cases, appeared the legends "Abajo Castro!" or "Mora Castro!" and no one took the trouble or the interest to obliterate them. When the President drove or rode abroad, followed by two or three mounted but ununiformed guards, he attracted no attention. I have seen him travel the length of a long street and no one lift his hat. Perhaps at a corner some people might gaze after him and whisper, but the head of the Government, beleaguered at the seacoast by the vessels of two great powers, and slowly being hemmed in by the advancing cordons of the revolution, created no show of sympathy or loyalty. The two regiments of Andinos—as alien to the citizens of Caracas as if they were from a foreign shore—held the city in subjection; and the departure and return of the various bodies of marching men, a third of whom were not men, but little boys of fifteen, created hardly a stir. Wan, wounded soldiers, who had kept their feet or legs, and thus managed to bring themselves back from the battle-fields, excited neither pity nor interest. The Government reports of their own successes and the movements of their opponents were garbled and distorted. Only those possessed of secret information whispered it among themselves. The publication of a little news-sheet, devoted simply to cable and telegraphic information, was suspended for disloyal utterances. For some time Caracas knew nothing of what was going on in the outside world. Slowly the pall of hopelessness and despair grew heavier and heavier.

There was no spending money. The cafés were all but deserted. The farcical attempts at bull-fights were so ill-attended that they were abandoned. In the cheap little gambling-houses men risked pennies where they had once risked pesos. The weekly lottery was forced to suspend for lack of patronage. Families of the better class who owned big houses with wide, flowery patios found themselves devoid of any support at all. Social gayety ceased. Men actually starving sat in the sun, dejected and helpless. Yet there was no great uprising, no outcry, and no unusual signs of widespread suffering or discontent. It is a Venezuelan characteristic to accept things as they come, and from long practice to make the best of them as they may exist. Out in the country the coffee plantations were in a deplorable state. The trees, laden with berries, had not been picked; owing to the depleting revolution labor was hard to get, and it was a moot question whether it would pay to gather and ship the crops or not. The pueblo lived on fruits and what the people could gather from the ground. The trains of pack animals grew fewer and fewer. Railway traffic fell away to nothing.

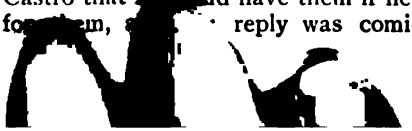
But the band played on Thursdays and Sundays, and the usual crowd of men in evening dress, women in silks and satins, and peons in clean duck suits, gathered in the plaza to listen. For, despite the fact that there is a popular superstition that too much bathing of the body tends to weakness and ill health, the Venezuelan attempts to keep his clothes clean and to

sent a respectable appearance. The s of washerwomen bordering the soap-regnated little streams did not appear grow less. It was the only industry t was unaffected by outside circumnces.

The outgoings and the incomings of Government forces increased in num- and varied in direction. Soon tele-onic communication with outlying towns sed, and it was known that the revo-ionists had possession of places within day's march of the capital. But the tories of Castro's generals in highflown guage appeared in the papers, and the *tus quo* of military affairs was hard to termine. Friends of the Matos party en predicted the day and exact hour at ich he would enter the capital. The fair at Maracaibo, where the fort replied opened fire upon the German cruiser, ssed by with scarcely a flutter. The tle President at Miraflores appeared utwardly undisturbed; the revolution oncerned him more, and it would have een safe to venture that had the oppos-g army arrived, they would have found im (for they fight, these little brown oldiers) with the last forlorn hope defend-ng the last barricade. His adherents say hat he and his followers have not had an pportunity to do any more than fight, hat his endeavors to keep himself and his arty in power have absorbed all his noney, time, and attention. So it may e; but the fact remains that his policy, so much as it can be called a policy, has been and is responsible to-day for much of the ruin, suffering, and death. Whether the cause of personal ambition is worth all this, or whether he would really have done differently from his predecessors if the chance had been offered him, is a mere matter of conjecture and opinion. But the whole inherited system is so rotten, its traditions and methods are so deplorable, that, looking at it from an abstract politic al standpoint, it is hopeless and impossible. Whether the change can come from the inside or not, of this unhappy land, one cannot say. Only here are all the possibilities: the wonderful climate, the rich fertile soil, the teeming forests and unfound mines, the acres of fallow land and vacant pastures, the veins of useful metals and high-grade coal, wasted waterways and almost abandoned harbors, and a people tired and weary of the everlasting burden, crying for peace and relief from internal war and bloodshed. A people kindly and courteous, honest when they have been untouched by the corrupting wand of politics, and industrious with the usual industry of the tropics, where little work produces much result and nervous energy is considered wasted time.

But to return from this digression. One day there appeared on the little blackboard that leans against the cathedral that fronts the central plaza a short sentence written in chalk. It stated simply that the blockade would be relieved at three o'clock the following day. A few people stopped and read it, and walked on; others followed suit, but no crowd gathered. With the same indifference that had characterized their previous behavior, they discussed the message that would mean so much. But the mercantile houses sighed in relief, and the heads of business projects began to think of the future. Down at La Guayra the idle stevedores stopped fishing for sardines from the pierheads, and plucked up hope. The blockading English vessels made steam and departed, and, without a note of rejoicing, the blockade was a thing of the past! The German vessels, with a disgruntled air, remained anchored in the harbor of Puerto Cabello, but the officers landed and drank beer at the German hostelry, over which their national flag was again floating, the German sailors walked the streets of the town, singly or in pairs, unmolested and almost unnoticed. The last act in the serio-tragic comedy was over. And now to the postponed epilogue!

Under the kindly offices of the traditional figure in striped trousers and the tall beaver hat, the bill-collecting allies had come to terms and withdrawn their men in charge. The demand for immediate payment of sums of money that were not obtainable had been changed to a supervision of the customs, and thirty per cent. of the receipts were to be taken in defrayment of the long-unpaid claims. The few vessels of the Venezuelan navy, renovated and put in order for the first time in years, were turned over to the Government. At least it was intimated to Castro that [illegible] have them if he sent for [illegible], and [illegible] reply was comically



pathetic. "How can I do that?" he replied; "my people cannot walk on the water." So what vessels remained unsunk were sent back to the home ports by the victors of the bloodless war, and with little ceremony the flags were changed. The allies had thrown their stick, but soon they may be dodging its return.

A merchant of prominence sought out a Cabinet Minister. He was not a Venezuelan, but a large shipper and exporter of coffee and other products of the country, cocoa, and hides. He asked if there was any possibility of an increase in the export customs, and was assured there would not be. On the strength of this he made heavy purchases and advanced money to the almost ruined plantation-owners. The German commission houses and planters prepared to gather and ship their crops, for coffee is the real commodity of exchange and the gauge of prosperity. For an instant affairs looked brighter, and then there came a quick dénouement. The Government imposed an added tax on everything that left the country! It was done so quickly that not a single shipload had left a solitary port. Thirty-two per cent., in round figures, was added to the cost of exportation. The foreign merchants, especially the Germans, were once more in despair. That very day over four thousand francs were received at the French cable office for messages canceling the orders for imports. Commission houses refused to advance more money, or to remove even those crops already gathered. Dull despair sank down on every hand.

How much of what does come in will enter through the custom-houses in charge of the Belgian supervisors, no one knows. The Spanish Main is a smugglers' paradise. The illicit entry of goods has gone on for years from Curaçoa. It is rumored that other Governments have winked at this (winking is so easy when it has once become a habit!); and, apropos, some one remarked to the writer that there would soon be a new business house in Venezuela that would not be listed on the Exchange, "Castro & Co., General Importers, Limited." Perhaps he was mistaken, or only facetious, but the question arises with potency and timeliness, Is the trouble over? Has the situation bettered much?

No, and cannot be until the great change comes, whether from inside or from out; not until the soap and water has been used, and the political pipe system flushed and cleansed, and the sluices watched for waste and honest direction of the over flow. Not till the hand of education has taken the child's hand of Venezuela and taught it to write the copy-book maxims that we know so well, and not until those maxims have been impressed upon the public mind and grown into mottoes that will govern the nation's existence. When the epilogue is finished, the world will know the end. Who will speak the last word? when will the curtain drop? What is it tending to? Nations are concerned, although the general public may have lost interest in the news quality of the matter. And let it be known and understood that there, in Venezuela, are wealth and opportunity, and that there a people cry for help.

Pilgrimage

By Arthur Chamberlain

I said unto myself, "My way is barred;
The cliff is high and grim and tempest-scarred."
Yet step by step I mounted it, till, lo,
I felt the free air on the summit blow.

I said unto myself, "My strength is small,
And I am weary and I fear to fall."
And, lo! an angel took me by the hand
And led me safely where I feared to stand.

THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter I.—The Calling

"The Red Gods make their medicine again."

SOMETIME in February, when the snow and sleet have shut out from the wearied mind even the memory of spring, the man of the woods generally receives his first inspiration. He may catch it from some companion's chance remark, a glance at the map, a vague recollection of a dim-past conversation, or it may flash on him from the mere pronouncement of a name. The first faint thrill of discovery leaves him cool, but gradually, with the increasing enthusiasm of cogitation, the idea gains body, until finally it has grown to plan fit for discussion.

Of these many quickening potencies of inspiration, the mere name of a place seems to strike deepest at the heart of romance. Color, mystery, the vastnesses of unexplored space, are there, symbolized compactly for the aliment of imagination. It lures the fancy as a fly lures the trout. Mattágami, Peace River, Kánanaw, the House of the Touchwood Hills, Rupert's House, the Land of Little Sticks, Flying Post, Conjuror's House—how the syllables roll from the tongue, what pictures rise in instant response to their suggestion! The journey of a thousand miles seems not too great a price to pay for the sight of a place called the Hills of Silence, for acquaintance with the people who dwell there, perhaps for a glimpse of the saga-spirit that so named its environment. On the other hand, one would feel but little desire to visit Muggin's Corners, even though at their crossing one were assured of the deepest flavor of the Far North.

The first response to the red gods' summons is almost invariably the production of a fly book and the complete rearrangement of all its contents. The next is a resumption of practice with the little pistol. The third, and last, is pencil and paper, and lists of grub and duffel, and estimates of routes and expenses, and correspondence with men who spell queerly, bear down heavily with blunt pencils, and agree to be at Black Beaver Portage on a certain date. Now, though the February snow and sleet still shut him in, the spring has drawn very near. He can feel the warmth of her breath rustling through his reviving memories.

There are said to be sixty-eight roads to heaven, of which but one is the true way, although here and there a by-path offers experimental variety to the restless and bold. The true way for the man in the woods to attain the elusive best of his wilderness experience is to go as light as possible, and the by-paths of departure from that principle lead only to the slightly increased carrying possibilities of open-water canoe trips and permanent camps.

But these prove to be not very independent side paths, never diverging so far from the main road that one may dare hope to conceal from a vigilant eye that he is *not* going light.

To go light is to play the game fairly. The man in the woods matches himself against the forces of nature. In the towns he is warmed and fed and clothed so spontaneously and easily that after a time he perforce begins to doubt himself, to wonder whether his powers are not atrophied from disuse. And so, with his naked soul, he fronts the wilderness. It is a test, a measuring of strength, a proving of his essential pluck and resourcefulness and manhood, an assurance of man's highest potency, the ability to endure and to take care of himself. In just so far as he substitutes the ready-made of civilization for the wit-made of the forest, the pneumatic bed for the balsam boughs, in just so far is he relying on other men and other men's labor to take care of him. To exactly that extent is the test invali-

[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

dated. He has not proved a courteous antagonist, for he has not stripped to the contest.

To go light is to play the game sensibly. For even when it is not so earnest, nor the stake so high, a certain common sense should take the place on a lower plane of the fair-play sense on the higher. A great many people find enjoyment in merely playing with nature. Through vacation they relax their minds, exercise mildly their bodies, and freshen the colors of their outlook on life. Such people like to live comfortably, work little, and enjoy existence lazily. Instead of modifying themselves to fit the life of the wilderness, they modify their city methods to fit open-air conditions. They do not need to strip to the contest, for contest there is none, and Indian packers are cheap at a dollar a day. But even so, the problem of the greatest comfort—defining comfort as an accurate balance of effort expended to results obtained—can be solved only by the one formula. And that formula is, again, *go light*, for a superabundance of paraphernalia proves always more of a care than a satisfaction. When the woods offer you a thing ready made, it is the merest foolishness to transport that same thing a hundred miles for the sake of the manufacturer's trade-mark.

I once met an outfit in the North Woods, plodding diligently across portage, laden like the camels of the desert. Three Indians swarmed back and forth a half-dozen trips apiece. An Indian can carry over two hundred pounds. That evening a half-breed and I visited their camp and examined their outfit, always with growing wonder. They had tent-poles and about fifty pounds of hardwood tent-pegs—in a wooded country where such things can be had for a clip of the ax. They had a system of ringed iron bars which could be so fitted together as to form a low open grill on which trout could be broiled—weight twenty pounds—and split wood necessary for its efficiency. They had air mattresses and camp chairs and oil lanterns. They all had corpulent duffel-bags that would stand alone, and enough changes of clothes to last out dry-skinned a week's rain. And the leader of the party wore the wrinkled brow of tribulation. For he had to keep track of everything, and see that package Number Twenty-eight was not left, and that package Number Sixteen did not get wet; that the pneumatic bed did not get punctured, and that the canned goods did. Besides which the caravan was moving at the majestic rate of about five miles a day.

Now tent-pegs can always be cut, and trout broiled beautifully by a dozen other ways, and candle lanterns fold up, and balsam can be laid in such a manner as to be as springy as a pneumatic mattress, and camp chairs—if desired—can be quickly constructed with an ax, and clothes can always be washed or dried as long as fire burns and water runs, and any one of fifty other items of laborious burden could have been ingeniously and quickly substituted by any one of the Indians. It was not that we concealed a bucolic scorn of effete but solid comfort; only it did seem ridiculous that a man should cumber himself with a fifth wheel on a smoothly macadamized road.

The next morning Billy and I went cheerfully on our way. We were carrying an ax, a gun, blankets, an extra pair of drawers and socks apiece, a little grub, and an eight-pound shelter tent. We had been out a week, and we were having a good time.

Chapter II.—The Science of Going Light

"Now the Four-Way lodge is opened—now the smokers of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes are 'twixt trail and trail they choose."

You can no more be told how to go light than you can be told how to hit a ball with a bat. It is something that must be lived through, and all advice on the subject has just about the value of an answer to a bashful young man who begged from one of our woman's periodicals help in overcoming the diffidence felt on entering a crowded room. The reply read: "Cultivate an easy, graceful manner." In like case I might hypothecate, "To go light, discard all but the really necessary articles."

The sticking point, were you to press me close, would be the definition of the

word "necessary," for the terms of such definition would have to be those solely and simply of a man's experience. Comforts, even most desirable comforts, are not necessities. A dozen times a day trifling emergencies will seem precisely to call for some little handy contrivance that would be just the thing, were it in the pack rather than at home. A disgorger does the business better than a pocket knife; a pair of oilskin trousers turns the wet better than does kersey; a camp-stove will burn merrily in a rain lively enough to drown an open fire. Yet neither disgorger, nor oilskins, nor camp-stove can be considered in the light of necessities, for the simple reason that the conditions of their use occur too infrequently to compensate for the pains of their carriage. Or, to put it the other way, a few moments' work with a knife, wet knees occasionally, or an infrequent soggy meal are not too great a price to pay for unburdened shoulders.

Nor, on the other hand, must you conclude that because a thing is a mere luxury in town, it is nothing but that in the woods. Most woodsmen own some little ridiculous item of outfit without which they could not be happy. And when a man cannot be happy lacking a thing, that thing becomes a necessity. I knew one who never stirred without borated talcum powder; another who must have his mouth-organ; a third who was miserable without a small bottle of salad dressing; I confess to a pair of light buckskin gloves. Each man must decide for himself—remembering always the endurance limit of human shoulders.

A necessity is that which, *by your own experience*, you have found you cannot do without. As a bit of practical advice, however, the following system of elimination may be recommended. When you return from a trip, turn your duffel-bag upside down on the floor. Of the contents make three piles—three piles conscientiously selected in the light of what has happened rather than what ought to have happened or what might have happened. It is difficult to do this. Preconceived notions, habits of civilization, theory for future imagination, all stand in the eye of your honesty. Pile number one should comprise those articles you have used every day; pile number two, those you have used occasionally; pile number three, those you have not used at all. If you are resolute and single-minded, you will at once discard the latter two.

Throughout the following winter you will be attacked by misgivings. To be sure, you wore the mosquito hat but once or twice, and the fourth pair of socks not at all; but then the mosquitoes might be thicker next time, and a series of rainy days and cold nights might make it desirable to have a dry pair of socks to put on at night. The past has been x, but the future might be y. One by one the discarded creep back into the list. And by the opening of next season you have made toward perfection by only the little space of a mackintosh coat and a ten-gauge gun.

But in the years to come you learn better and better the simple woods lesson of substitution, or doing without. You find that discomfort is as soon forgotten as pain; that almost anything can be endured if it is but for the time being; that absolute physical comfort is worth but a very small price in avoirdupois. Your pack shrinks.

In fact, it really never ceases shrinking. Only last summer taught me the uselessness of an extra pair of trousers. It rains in the woods; streams are to be waded; the wetness of leaves is greater than the wetness of many rivers. Logically, naturally, inevitably, such conditions point to change of garments when camp is made. We always change our clothes when we get wet in the city. So for years I carried those extra nether garments—and continued in the natural exposure to sun and wind and camp fire to dry off before change time, or to hang the damp clothes from the ridgepole for resumption in the morning. And then one day the web of that particular convention broke. We change wet trousers in the town; we do not in the woods. The extras were relegated to pile number three, and my pack, already apparently down to a minimum, lost a few pounds more.

You will want a hat, a *good* hat to turn rain, with a medium brim. If you are wise, you will get it too small for your head, and rip out the lining. The felt will cling tenaciously to your hair, so that you will find the snatches of the brush and the wind generally unavailing.

By way of undergarments wear woolen.

Buy winter weights even for midsummer. In traveling with a pack a man is going to sweat in streams, no matter what he puts on or takes off, and the thick garment will be found no more oppressive than the thin. And then in the cool of the woods or of the evening he avoids a chill. And he can plunge into the coldest water with impunity, sure that ten minutes of the air will dry him fairly well. Until you have shivered in clammy cotton, you cannot realize the importance of this point. Ten minutes of cotton underwear in cold water will chill. On the other hand, suitably clothed in wool, I have waded the ice-water of north country streams when the thermometer was so low I could see my breath in the air, without other discomfort than a cold ring around my legs to mark the surface of the water, and a slight numbness in my feet when I emerged. Therefore, even in hot weather, wear heavy wool. It is the most comfortable. Undoubtedly you will come to believe this only by experience.

Do not carry a coat. This is another preconception of civilization, exceedingly difficult to get rid of. You will never wear it while packing. In a rain you will find that it wets through so promptly as to be of little use; or, if waterproof, the inside condensation will more than equal the rain-water. In camp you will discard it because it will impede the swing of your arms. The end of that coat will be a brief half hour after supper, and a makeshift roll to serve as a pillow during the night. And for these a sweater is better in every way.

In fact, if you feel you must possess another outside garment, let it be an extra sweater. You can sleep in it, use it when your day garment is soaked, or even tie things in it as in a bag. It is not necessary, however.

One good shirt is enough. When you wash it, substitute the sweater until it dries. In fact, by keeping the sweater always in your waterproof bag, you possess a dry garment to change into. Two handkerchiefs are enough. One should be of silk, for neck, head, or—in case of cramps or intense cold—the *stomach;* the other of colored cotton for the pocket. Both can be quickly washed, and dried *en route.* Three pairs of heavy wool socks will be enough—one for wear, one for night, and one for extra. A second pair of drawers supplements the sweater when a temporary day change is desirable. Heavy kersey "driver's" trousers are the best. They are cheap, dry very quickly, and are not easily "picked out" by the brush.

The best blanket is that made by the Hudson Bay Company for its servants—a "three-point" for summer is heavy enough. The next best is our own gray army blanket. One of rubber should fold about it, and a pair of narrow buckle straps is handy to keep the bundle right and tight and waterproof. As for a tent, buy the smallest shelter you can get along with, have it made of balloon silk well waterproofed, and supplement it with a duplicate tent of light cheesecloth to suspend inside as a fly-proof defense. A seven-by-seven three-man A-tent, which would weigh between twenty and thirty pounds if made of duck, means only about eight pounds constructed of this material. And it is waterproof. I own one which I have used for three seasons. It has been employed as tarpaulin, fly, even blanket on a pinch; it has been packed through the roughest country; I have even pressed it into service as a sort of canoe lining; but it is still as good as ever. Such a tent sometimes condenses a little moisture in a cold rain, but it never "sprays" as does a duck shelter; it never leaks simply because you have accidentally touched its under surface; and, best of all, it weighs no more after a rain than before it. This latter item is perhaps its best recommendation. The confronting with equanimity of a wet day's journey in the shower-bath brush of our northern forests requires a degree of philosophy which a gratuitous ten pounds of soaked-up water sometimes most effectually breaks down. I know of but one place where such a tent can be bought. The address will be gladly sent to any one practically interested.

As for the actual implements of the trade, they are not many, although of course the sporting goods stores are full of all sorts of "handy contrivances." A small ax—one of the pocket size will do, if you get the right shape and balance, although a light regulation ax is better; a thin-bladed sheath-knife of the best steel; a pocket-knife; a compass; a waterproof match-safe; fishing-tackle; firearms, and cooking utensils, comprise the list.

All others belong to permanent camps, or open-water cruisers—not to "hikes" in the woods.

The items, with the exception of the last two, seem to explain themselves. During the summer months in the North Woods you will not need a rifle. Partridges, spruce hens, ptarmigan, rabbits, ducks, and geese are usually abundant enough to fill the provision list. For them, of course, a shotgun is the thing; but since such a weapon weighs many pounds, and its ammunition many more, I have come gradually to depend entirely on a pistol. The instrument is single shot, carries a six-inch barrel, is fitted with a special butt, and is built on the graceful lines of a 38-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver. Its cartridge is the 22 long-rifle, a target size, that carries as accurately as you can hold for upwards of a hundred yards. With it I have often killed a half-dozen of partridges from the same tree. The ammunition is light. Altogether it is a most satisfactory, convenient, and accurate weapon, and quite adequate to all small game. In fact, an Indian named Tawabinisáy, after seeing it perform, once borrowed it to kill a moose. "I shootum in eye," said he.

By way of cooking-utensils, buy aluminum. It is expensive, but so light and so easily cleaned that it is well worth all you may have to pay. If you are alone, you will not want to carry much hardware. I made a twenty-day trip once with nothing but a tin cup and a frying-pan. Dishes, pails, wash-basins, and other receptacles can always be made of birch bark and cedar withes—by one who knows how. The ideal outfit for two or three is a cup, fork, and spoon apiece, one tea-pail, two kettle-pails, and a frying-pan. The latter can be used as a bread-oven.

A few minor items, of practically no weight, suggest themselves—toilet requisites, fly-dope, needle and thread, a cathartic, pain-killer, a roll of surgeon's bandage, pipe and tobacco. But when the pack is made up, and the duffel-bag tied, you find that, while fitted for every emergency but that of catastrophe, you are prepared to "go light."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Coming Religious Problem

By Theodore D. Bacon

IF the question were asked, "What is the coming religious problem?" the answer from many, perhaps most, thoughtful people would be, "The new views about the Bible." And therein the thoughtful people would, I believe, be wrong, provided we take the reply in its ordinary meaning, for the simple reason that this problem has been solved already. If we mean the questions growing out of the newer attitude toward the Bible, we shall undoubtedly be right; but that is by no means the same thing; the one is a question of Biblical interpretation, the other may include every problem under the sun. It is the Biblical problem that we have in mind when the subject is mentioned, and this has been settled very much more than is generally appreciated.

There are three stages in the solution of this problem: first, the investigation; second, the winning over of the leaders; and, third, the obtaining of the general consent. The first is a long process attracting little attention, the second a shorter process attracting more attention, and the last comes with a rush and attracts a great deal of attention. Of these processes, the first is very largely finished. That is what the scholars themselves say, and they are not men to belittle their task.

The second stage of the process is also very nearly completed. We have but to look around us to see the progress it has made. As the younger generation comes forward, it is with practically unbroken ranks as regards this question. Not all go the same length, but practically all accept the general principle and many of the conclusions.

Even the last stage of the process has made greater progress than most of us imagine. For a long time these ideas have been making their way comparatively unobserved among the more intelligent members of the churches, and but little more is needed to make the change practically

universal. It is like the going out of ice from the river in spring. The sun beats down, and for a long time little change is visible. Then all at once the mass goes out with a rush. This is what we may look for almost any time, and it is time for us to look about us and ask ourselves, "What next?" Some things are sufficiently obvious.

Evidently one of the most pressing needs is the reorganization of the Sunday-school. We cannot go on teaching one point of view from the pulpit and another in the class-room.

A similar problem is to be found in the hymns of the Church. Many of those which have been supposed to be sure of their hold on popular approval for all time no longer make the same appeal to us that they did to a former generation, and the general run of hymns fail to stir us with more than a qualified emotion. There is a great opportunity here for those gifted with the poetic faculty. Hitherto the newer thought has made but little use of it. For liturgical churches it is evident that, some time or other, the same work must be done for the liturgy. The time seems distant, but it may be nearer than we think.

Another evident result of our change of thought is greater progress toward church unity. The newer thinking leaps across denominational barriers as if they were not. Those who accept it find themselves far nearer in thought to those of the same trend in other churches than to the more conservative members of their own body. Such questions as the mode of baptism or apostolic succession vanish from sight, and the only dividing lines are those of organization. Few people realize how much the theory of an infallible Bible, combined with the right of private judgment as to its interpretation, has been a cause of division among Protestants.

Still another evident need is the rewriting of our theological systems on a new basis. The old doctrines must be thoroughly tested and established so far as they hold true on rational grounds. We shall return to this question of systematic theology, but, aside from that, we must acknowledge that the problems thus far stated as the outcome of our change of thought have two characteristics: they deal almost entirely with the intellectual side of the question, and the results to be achieved are largely negative. We get broader views of Bible history and of God's dealing with mankind, and we are relieved from oppressive beliefs, but at the same time the last vestige of absolute authority is taken away, and the individual believer is left very much to his own devices. Besides, the usual means of worship are very greatly affected. Not only the hymns, but the reading of Scripture and even prayer, appeal to us at least in a different way than formerly.

To those who have fought their way through from irrational and oppressive beliefs there is a freedom in the new-found position that is full of exhilaration. We imagine that it is the content of the new that sustains us, whereas it is in reality the sense of victory over the old. Even the rankest unbelief often manifests a very great enthusiasm during the lifetime of its protagonist. But it is a very different thing for those who have been brought up in an atmosphere of unbelief. With them it is no personal triumph over past superstitions, but a matter of course, and as such it always shows itself insufficient. Somehow or other the adherents of such a movement always drift away, and they or their children find their way back into the churches. Their action may not satisfy their reason, but it follows a demand of their lives that is deeper than reason. The great religious problem before us is how to cast out the errors of an outworn creed and yet hold fast to its truths —how to avoid what the Germans call emptying the child out with the bath.

Absolute unbelief is by no means the only attitude toward religious questions that shows the reactionary tendency mentioned; every advance toward what are called more liberal views shows its reaction among those who find something unsatisfying in them. It was so at the Reformation. The Ritualist movement is a similar reaction against the Low Church evangelicalism out of which Methodism took its rise. There are many other instances, but the one that comes nearest to us is the Unitarian movement, which in so many ways resembles the development of the "new theology."

We have in Unitarianism a form of religious belief which ought, apparently, to appeal to every one by its simplicity,

its reasonableness, and its liberty. It has had for its leaders men of high intellectual, moral, and spiritual character. It has counted in its ranks many of the noblest names in our history; and yet as a popular movement it is a failure. There is a constant inflow from other denominations, but this is offset by a constant reaction, largely toward Episcopalianism, with occasional accessions to Roman Catholicism. The recruits are largely ministers, so that it is said that more than half the Unitarian ministers have come from other denominations. Naturally, those who fall away are mostly from the laity, so that the Unitarian body is to a great degree composed of leaders without followers. Its leaders, moreover, have ceased to expect a great following. They count rather on the influence of Unitarianism on other bodies. This is tantamount to a confession that there is something essential left out of their form of religion. It needs something more than they have to satisfy the human soul.

Here, then, we see the difficulty and danger writ large for us on the face of history. Where is the remedy? Evidently it cannot be in refusing to see the truth. We may sympathize with Cardinal Newman, but we cannot follow him. It must be in the endeavor to see more truth in those things that have been more or less recklessly cast aside in the search for the fundamentals, and the determination to accept nothing that does not submit to the most severe tests.

There is a very evident significance in the trend we have seen among Unitarians toward Episcopalianism and even Roman Catholicism. Two elements of attraction are discernible—liturgy and authority. Members of non-liturgical churches may be inclined to scoff at liturgy as a matter of little importance, but a glance at history and at modern conditions will show its power. The continual stream of increase from all sides into the Episcopal Church of those who care nothing for its history or its government is alone enough to show this power.

Religion is not merely a matter of the intellect, but of the whole soul. Most people do not go to church to think, but to feel, and whatever stirs their religious emotions, and at the same time gives expression to them, gives them deep satisfaction. This may not be highly intellectual, but it is not irrational, as we would sometimes like to imagine. Evidently, then, one problem of no little importance for non-liturgical churches is to recognize more fully the sensuous element in religion and to provide for its legitimate satisfaction. Many attempts have been made in this direction, but it must be acknowledged that, so far as liturgy is concerned, a great deal is so lacking in beauty or logical arrangement that it might almost as well not have been done at all.

But liturgy is by no means the only attraction to those who pass from Unitarianism to the Episcopal Church. Another element of greater importance, though perhaps less distinctly realized, is authority—and coupled with it the element of mystery.

Unitarianism eliminates these two as completely as possible. Good advice is offered in profusion, but there is no compelling authority and no great stir of the emotions to urge men to follow the advice. For a certain class of minds, especially those given to theological speculation, this may be satisfactory, but the class is a small one. The desire for some authority on which to depend is almost universal. It is also entirely legitimate within certain bounds. We recognize the need of it in children, and we are coming to recognize that men do not cease to be children because they have lived twenty-one years. Even we ourselves must, most of us, acknowledge that we do not always feel competent to settle every one of the great problems of life, and long in our weaker moments for some one to lean on. In the Episcopal Church, and of course still more in the Roman Catholic Church, the suggestion of authority is everywhere present. It is not generally obtrusive, but is everywhere implied. A mind with its spiritual longings unsatisfied, perplexed with the great problems of life and death, wearied with ineffectual efforts at a satisfactory explanation, is glad to commit their solution to a Church that will assume the responsibility, without inquiring too closely into its title-deeds.

Is it possible to maintain an authority such as so many minds crave and yet be loyal to the spirit of truth? There is no necessary incompatibility. Turn to the

physical sciences. There we have at the same time perfect freedom of inquiry and an authority that is tremendous, though not absolute. Not only by the unlearned, but by the learned, in other branches of science are the conclusions accepted on the authority of the specialist in his own department. It is generally understood that these conclusions are liable to modification, but they are so continually verified by actual experience that they are felt to be working hypotheses sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

We have here, then, an example of authority and freedom of inquiry working together in entire harmony. Such authority may seem hardly adequate to the purpose, but a little reflection will show it to be not only equal to that offered by either Roman Catholic or Episcopal Church, but equal to the demands of the mind. Those who enter the Episcopal Church from the Unitarian rarely do so because they have made a critical study of the basis of the authority of the Church, but because they find in its practical workings that which satisfies their religious instincts, often in the face of their doctrinal beliefs. All that the general public asks is a working hypothesis which includes all the facts in the case—the facts being those of spiritual experience.

Such movements as Christian Science or Dowieism are profoundly instructive. Logically they are naught, but practically they have immense success because they bring into prominence neglected or underemphasized facts of the soul's life, and the general mind rightly cares far more for facts than for theories. A person whose whole life has been illumined by Christian Science is not likely to find much fault with its theories. But though facts are the first thing and theories must always be subordinate to them, yet theories are of immense importance in handling facts; that is the only way in which the human mind can deal with them. False or imperfect theories, like the Ptolemaic system of astronomy or the Salem witchcraft delusion, may lead us terribly astray, while more correct and nobler theories, like the theory of gravitation, or the doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God, may be of unspeakable benefit in science and religion. What we have to do is to develop a theory which shall cover all the facts in the case. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle makes one of his characters say, "When theology squares itself with life, I'll read it up." This strikes the keynote, for theology is fundamentally a part of psychology, as are music and art, ethics and sociology. The fact has been obscured hitherto by the exclusive use made of the Bible as not only the source but the final arbiter of every doctrine. Inexhaustible as a source, it fails us when applied to a purpose for which it was never intended by its writers. But we are now beginning to see more clearly, and when we have a theology based on the needs of the human heart we may feel confident that it will carry with it an authority to which men of science will listen with respect, while the man on the street will not find it lacking, since it is from his own desires and aspirations, unconscious though they be, that it has been taken.

Of course there have been numerous attempts to make theology more humane and more rational, the two purposes generally going together. The idea of rationality has generally been more evident, but the humane idea has been at least equally efficient. Of these attempts the Unitarian and Universalist movements and the present "new theology" movement are the most prominent. But the difficulty with the first two has been that, while incomparably more rational and, in the common meaning of the word, more humane, than the systems which they opposed, they have failed to include certain elements essential to the nurture of the ordinary human soul. Attractive as they are to the reason, these two forms of religious belief have proved to be like unfertilized flowers—beautiful, but incapable of developing fruit.

Wherein have these attempts at humanizing theology failed? Two points of some importance have already been pointed out, but a third of still greater influence remains to be mentioned.

When Unitarianism began, it seemed likely to carry all before it. Jefferson prophesied that in fifty years all America would be Unitarian. But its development was soon checked. For all its reasonableness, the mass of the people refused to accept it. It was, as they said, too cold. The reason for this coldness lay, not in

any theory concerning the person of Christ, but in the question over which the contest was really waged—the doctrine of total depravity. Small blame to the Unitarians for protesting against that doctrine in the horrible form in which it was then presented. But in their endeavor to make religion more humane they cast out that element in it which is most essential to human nature—the doctrine of the new life, known also as regeneration and as conversion. It is the conviction that its adherents have entered upon a new life which has been the power of religious movements in all ages. When this was discarded, the movement soon ceased to show great vitality. Some of the leading Unitarians themselves recognize this lack, and are doing what they can to remedy it.

Recent investigations have proved that regeneration is a normal event in human development. During his youth every one enters into a new life of some sort, and the question is whether this new life shall include the highest part of his nature. Nor is it to be expected, or even desired, that this great change shall be accomplished without excitement. As well might we expect that the process of falling in love should proceed without excitement. A religious life without excitement is likely to be shallow and unfruitful. A soul that has not been stirred to its depths is not likely to be of great use in the world. Of course the nature of the excitement will vary very greatly in different individuals. Great revulsions of feeling will come rather with those whose previous life has been in distinct antagonism to the new than in those in whom it has been a preparation for the new. But even in the latter there must be this deep stirring of the soul, however quiet its outward manifestation, if there is to be spiritual strength and maturity. The danger of morbid excitement is real and obvious. The danger of spiritual deadness is no less real though it may be less obvious, and at the present it is much more imminent.

It is evident from the results of the inquiries which we have mentioned that the effort of theology to square itself with human nature is not discredited by previous attempts. The difficulty with our "natural theology" hitherto has been simply that it was not natural enough. It took its human nature for granted instead of studying it scientifically.

To sum up, then, in a word the results which we have reached, the problem which we have to meet is, "How to maintain the spiritual life of the Church in view of the changed views concerning the Bible and the consequent undermining of our religious faith?" The answer to the problem I find to lie in a "new theology" founded on God's revelation of himself in human nature, of which the revelation in the Bible forms a most important part. For practical purposes the points on which we need to lay greatest emphasis at the present time are liturgy, authority, and, most of all, the reality and necessity of the new birth.

It may be that there are other elements of equal consequence with those I have named in the solution of the problem; but it will not, I think, be denied that these are of the highest importance. If there are others, we may feel confident that that same inductive method which has proved so all-powerful in every other branch of inquiry will not fail us here.

Dr. Federn's Dante[1]

DANTE died in exile at Ravenna in 1321. In 1373 Boccaccio lectured on the Inferno in St. Stephen's at Florence, and Benvenuto da Imola was making his great commentary on the Comedy, which had not yet been called "Divine." Since those days Dante has stirred the hearts and busied the pens of so many writers that the mere catalogue of them and their works fills two big volumes.

Dr. Federn, known already through his translation into German of Dante's "New Life," has now written in English, with the help of English friends, what academic and unacademic readers must know before they can fairly understand Dante. We need not pick out the flaws in this writer's style. If he habitually says "while" where he means "although;" if, again,

[1] *Dante and His Time.* By Karl Federn. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

he tells of "the wolf which, when howling, holds his forepaws to its mouth," Dr. Federn is making such blunders as an American or an Englishman would make in German. It would be ungracious to dwell on the few verbal errors of a German who has paid us the compliment of writing in our mother tongue a good book on inexhaustible Dante.

Of all who have essayed this theme, Lowell has written the best. His scholarship is never quibbling, is abreast of the time. His style is glowing, and he grasps his subject in a manner so masterly that whoever has read Lowell well cannot miss what is greatest in Dante. Yet, in an essay, Lowell could not tell us everything. One must read many others to understand adequately the environment in which our poet lived. Franz Xavier Kraus has lately written a work on Dante wherein scientific criticism is combined with sound æsthetics. But his book would take a month to read, and it is in German.

Dr. Federn tells less eloquently but more fully than J. A. Symonds those historical and moral facts that bear on the life and work of Dante. Through the ages of ignorance, filth, starvation, cruelty, and suicide, he brings us to the New Moral Ideal. Out of the darkness in which men are sinning they at least look forward to a distant light which they will never overtake. The tolerant beliefs of Western heathendom have yielded to the intolerance of the East. Peter Lombard, speaking for old and mediæval Christendom, tells how the joys of the blest are enhanced by the sight of the damned in their pain. Dr. Federn shows how the mediæval world thought itself to have been divinely foreshadowed in pagan antiquity; he explains how, through forgeries foisted easily into the minds of an ignorant public, the early ecclesiastical politicians established widespread belief in the Church's temporal power. If they expressed the spirit of the age, little it mattered whether such rights were "decreed" in Rome or forged in Reims.

The confusion of Italian politics, the growth of wealth and population in the towns, the degree of culture reached in the thirteenth century, are made clear. Whoever would know more about the fight for knowledge should read Dr. Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." Dr. Federn does well briefly to analyze Brunetto Latini's "Tresor," which roughly sums up many scientific notions of Dante. Our author somewhat errs in thinking that Dante outstripped contemporary men of science. It is rather his stupendous poetic synthesis that makes him the noblest literary representative of thought in the Middle Ages. Dr. Federn speaks truth in saying, "There is but one soul in those distant days whose inmost thoughts are laid before us and may be glanced over—the soul of Dante."

Of our poet's life we learn here nothing new. Lowell hints at a strain of Germanic blood; Dr. Federn alludes to the curious fact that Aldiger (from which come Aldigherius and Alighieri) meant in Old German "Ruler of the Spear," and he refers to Shakespeare. Symonds, by the by, is quite wrong when he says that Alighieri means the "Wingbearer."

Though Dante's Beatrice has been studied more deeply by Dr. Edward Moore, Professor Norton, Gaspary, and others, Dr. Federn shrewdly sums up some striking reputations of academic folly: "Gabriele Rossetti [thinks] that Beatrice indicates the Roman Empire, while Father Gietmann proves just the contrary, that she means the Roman Church; Francesco Perez declares her to be 'Active Intelligence,' and Professor Bartoli maintains that she is simply the Ideal Woman. Many have replied to this with the ironical questions why Dante, just at the age of nine, should have encountered the Roman Empire, aged eight, in the streets of Florence, and why the Roman Empire laughed so merrily whenever it saw him, and how the Church could ever go to Church, and how it was possible that the Active Intelligence died precisely on June 9, 1290; and a hundred similar things which are not to be understood." We may agree with Dr. Federn that Dante idealized, then symbolized, a lovely Florentine whom he had worshiped in their childhood and youth.

Of Dante himself this writer speaks with some eloquence. "He had suffered all ill chance that could fall to the lot of man. He loved and had lost his beloved one; his family life was unhappy; he was

a statesman, and as such was unsuccessful; he saw his party defeated and driven from the land, and when the Emperor, from whom he had expected the redemption of Italy and his own reinstatement, entered Italy with a victorious army, he saw him die. He had been full of the noblest intentions, yet men not only gave him no thanks, but had hunted him out, had branded his name with foul crimes, and condemned him to death. He had lost his whole fortune; one of the proudest of men, he was forced continually to humble himself and to live on foreign alms; one of the greatest poets of all times, he saw himself neither understood nor honored. His whole life was devoted to his native city, he clung to it with all his heart, and he passed twenty-two years longing in vain to return to it."

To those whom "long study and great love" have guided along the hidden and often thorny paths that lead to understanding of Dante Dr. Federn says nothing new. Yet to this class of men, as well as to all who would know in a measure the greatest spirit of mediæval Christendom, his book will be both useful and entertaining. A many-sided man requires a many-sided volume.[1]

[1] The following books will also be of great value to English as well as to Italian readers of Dante: "The Divine Comedy," translated by C. E. Norton (very literal); by Longfellow (with good notes); by T. W. Parsons (only Hell and Purgatory, but one of the most adequate translations in the world's literature). The "Vita Nuova," translated by Rossetti. "The Convivio" or Banquet, by Katharine Hillard, published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co., London. "De Vulgari Eloquentia," or Eloquence in the Vernacular, by A. G. Howell (Kegan Paul, etc.). "De Monarchia," by F. J. Church (Macmillan). "Canzoniere," or Book of Songs, by Plutre. "Eclogues," by Wicksteed and Gardiner. Paget Toynbee's Dante Dictionary is a mine easily explored and always full of good ore.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

An Uncrowned Queen: The Story of the Life of Frances E. Willard told for Young People. By Bernie Babcock. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 270 pages. 75c., net.

Augustus Cæsar and the Organisation of the Empire of Rome. By John B. Firth, B.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5⅛×7¾ in. 371 pages. $1.35, net.

This is a biography of more than ordinary merit and value. The real character of Augustus is still an open question. If ever a great man stood in a precarious position, if any such man needs to be judged with full knowledge of the conditions surrounding him and the problems confronting him, it was the man who bridged the formidable gap between the Roman Republic and the Empire, and effected the necessary transition. Augustus is therefore not only an interesting figure to the ordinary reader of history, but for the modern politician and statesman a fascinating subject for study. Mr. Firth's analysis of the political situation and of Augustus's policy evinces insight and discrimination. Particularly illuminating are the frequent parallels he draws between those times and the present. For instance, the fact that the Crown is to-day the bond of union between the separated members of the British Empire helps us to understand how Cæsar-worship, to us so repugnant, rapidly spread through the Roman world, less as a tribute to a monarch than as a divinizing of the idea of the Empire personified in him. Mr. Firth regards Augustus as a true conservative, whose purpose was not to uproot the old, but to graft upon it the new that new conditions required. The volume has many lessons for the student of political science. It is effectively illustrated.

Beauty of Holiness (The): Meditations and Addresses Delivered Chiefly at Cuddesdon. By the Venerable C. W. Furse, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5⅛×9 in. 256 pages. $2.50, net.

Archdeacon Furse was a clergyman of the type whose life is their sermon, a man, according to Bishop Gore, of rare richness, depth, and power as a spiritual teacher. This memorial volume contains selections from his addresses to candidates for Orders, and from papers written for meetings of the clergy. Their pervasive note is evangelical simplicity and warmth. Archdeacon Furse was a man of strong "High Church" convictions, and his ecclesiastical horizon was apparently bounded by the pale of the establishment; but within those limits he was a power for charity and sincerity, for breadth and depth of spiritual life.

Boy on a Farm (A): At Work and at Play. By Jacob Abbott. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Introduction by Lyman Abbott. The American Book Co., New York. 45c.

This little volume includes "Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play," familiar to the childhood of many readers now of middle age. Jacob Abbott, the introduction says, not only loved children but respected them, and he would have as soon defaulted on a promissory note as to break a promise to a child. It was because he was a natural and sincere friend of children that they liked his stories even when they were a little didactic. We doubt whether the present tales, designed as they were for

very young children, were ever quite as beloved as the "Beechnut" and other Franconia stories. Mr. Clifton Johnson, who furnishes some simple pictures, says of the educational effect of Jacob Abbott's stories that "they taught industry, honesty, and all the manly virtues, and they had a distinctly refining and elevating effect."

Calvert of Strathore. By Carter Goodloe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¼ in. 377 pages. $1.50.

A very pleasantly written story of life at the American Embassy in Paris during the Revolution, Jefferson and Morris being among the most prominent characters; the hero a gallant young Southerner, and the heroine a fascinating Frenchwoman of the Old Régime. The interest of the story lies largely in the picture of life which it presents during the early days of the Revolution. It is not marked by any unusual power of invention, but it is written with excellent taste and restraint, and shows evidences of a cultivated mind.

Cinna, ou la Clemence d'Auguste. By Pierre Corneille. Edited by John E. Matzke, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 128 pages.

Daily Training. By E. F. Benson and Eustace H. Miles. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 288 pages. $1.50, net.

With commendable simplicity and reasonableness, suggestions and directions are here set down concerning such exercises and general regimen as may contribute to the acquisition or preservation of health. Rules are based on the experience and observation of both authors, one of whom is a vegetarian, the other a meat-eater; one takes regular, the other sporadic, outdoor exercise; one a hot, the other a cold, bath; one uses tobacco, the other abjures it. They claim to be in harmony on fundamentals, and their advice is doubtless the more acceptable and effective because of their differences in practice. Argument for physical culture goes deeper than the simple invigoration of the body: "There is no healthful habit of body which does not exercise healthful influence on the soul," say they.

Doukhobors (The): Their History in Russia, Their Migration to Canada. By Joseph Elkinton. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 336 pages. $2.

An extremely interesting book to all in sympathy with religious idealism. The first half of it is an account of the author's personal experiences among the Doukhobors of Canada, whom he visited upon a philanthropic, or rather an educational, mission. Plunging right into the heart of his subject, he convinces the reader in his first few pages that the Doukhobors have been seriously misrepresented by the sensational despatches describing their hopeless fanaticism. It is true, he says, that several hundred of them in the Yorkton district "liberated" their farm animals, and followed their leader across the plains at the approach of winter to meet the returning Christ, but these victims of religious delusion, he claims, no more represented the general mass of Doukhobors than the followers of Mr. Dowie or Mrs. Eddy represent the general mass of Christians in America. All the "liberated" farm animals in the Yorkton district were bought by other Doukhobors in this district, and in the Saskatchewan district none of the Doukhobors followed the deluded prophet. Mr. Elkinton found the Doukhobors to be of a very high type spiritually, fine in their domestic relations and in their hospitality, ready to welcome education, and, as a rule, notably prosperous in their new homes. The latter half of the volume is a sympathetic account of the early history of the Doukhobors and of their recent persecutions and exodus from Russia. The photographs with which the volume is profusely and well illustrated were mainly taken by the author during his visit to the colonies in Canada.

Elementary History of the United States: Told in Biographies. By James Baldwin. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 360 pages. 65c.

Few of Hamilton's Letters (A): Including His Description of the Great West Indian Hurricane of 1772. Edited by Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 277 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Atherton's selection from the great mass of Hamilton's correspondence has been guided by the purpose of bringing out the human, personal, individual man, rather than the statesman or financier. In this she has been reasonably successful. The letters about Arnold and André are particularly vivid and moving. All readers of Mrs. Atherton's "The Conqueror" will feel peculiar interest in seeing Hamilton's own account of the hurricane which forms so prominent a scene in the novel; the account, written for a newspaper, is bombastic but brilliantly descriptive. Mrs. Atherton wrote her description before she saw Hamilton's, and, terrible as her picture was, she justly says that after reading Hamilton's she thinks she "drew it mild." We commend the book to those who would like to have a first-hand view of the great American in many moods and relations.

Fishing and Shooting. By Sydney Buxton, M.P. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 268 pages. $3.50, net.

A handsome volume with illustrations by Archibald Thorburn, recording the thoughts, experiences, observations, and suggestions of a sportsman who loves out-of-door life quite as much as he loves the prosecution of sport. The chapters are very pleasant reading because they are full of the atmosphere of the open fields and the streams.

From a Thatched Cottage. By Eleanor G. Hayden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 309 pages. $1.50.

A story of crime that brings its curse and love that brings its blessing. The people who figure in it are middle-class country folk in England; among them are men who visit taprooms too often, women who keep hearth-fires bright, gossips who carry idle tales, and poachers who risk their lives to catch a hare.

Grey Wig (The): Stories and Novelettes. By I. Zangwill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7⅝ in. 563 pages. $1.50, net.

Some of these tales are very short; one or two run to the length of the novelette. Most

of them relate more or less directly to the social problems of womankind. Mr. Zangwill always writes cleverly, but not always does he have a story worth telling. Here he is as far as possible from dealing with the kind of subjects which made "The King of Schnorrers" and "The Children of the Ghetto" so delightful, but while one may prefer that earlier work, it is impossible not to recognize ability and versatility in some of these stories.

Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of its Disciples: Epictetus, Seneca, and Marcus Aurelius. By Charles H. Stanley Davis, M.D., Ph.D. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 269 pages. $1.40, net.

In spite of the impressive list of titles and offices appended to the author's name, his treatment of his subject is untechnical, not to say amateurish. He is not so much a discriminating thinker as a fair, if somewhat eclectic, reporter.

Guided and Guarded. By Joseph S. Malone. The Abbey Press, New York. 5⅛×8 in. 221 pages. $1.25.

History of American Political Theories. By C. Edward Merriam, A.M., Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 364 pages. $1.50.

A compact, interesting, illuminating account of the development of political theory in America—the growth of democratic ideas in the colonies, the enthusiasm for democratic ideals during the war for independence, the aristocratic reaction which followed, the further progress of radicalism under Jefferson and Jackson, the new reaction against these "leveling" tendencies among pro-slavery statesmen and the new enthusiasm for them among the anti-slavery leaders, and, finally, the tendencies at the present day to modify the individualistic theories and decentralizing tendencies which had hitherto been increasingly dominant in our political life. In his concluding chapter the author defends the present-day tendencies against the charge that they involve a departure from the lines of democracy, but in the main the volume is so purely historical in its spirit that the author's views on current questions could not be gathered with any assurance from his narrative.

Hand-Loom Weaving: A Manual for School and Home. By Mattie Phipps Todd. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 160 pages.

This little manual contains a great deal of information useful to those interested in the theme, and directions for practicing the art, with cuts illustrating its progressive steps, from mats produced in kindergartens to the afghans, hammocks, and rugs possible to higher-grade experts. The ethical value of weaving in training head, hand, and heart is insisted upon; patience, perseverance, and delicacy of hand are values accruing, it is said, from employment of simple, primitive tools which leave much for the hand to do. Mothers, as well as teachers and folks who weave for weaving's sake, might find the book helpfully suggestive.

In the Garden of Charity. By Basil King. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 320 pages. $1.50.

Two pure women, wronged by one man, are thrown with each other—upon each other, as it were. They must stand or fall together. One is wife by law; the other wife by a marriage she believed legal. What happens in Charity's garden, where for twenty years she has waited for William and where Hagar comes instead, is the climax of a story strongly and delicately told. There is room and to spare for a fine play of jealousy, resentment, pity, and sympathy between the women, and, on the part of the author, for reserve and breadth in the treatment of William's character. The literary ability is not marked.

Italy. Handbook for Travelers. By Karl Baedeker. Twelfth Remodeled Edition. With Maps and Plans. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×6¼ in. 563 pages. $2.40, net.

Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 490 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Language Lessons. By J. W. Sewell. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 160 pages. 35c.

Light Behind (The). By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 303 pages. $1.50.

This book takes into account the spiritual cry (suppressed though it may be) of the modern society man and woman toward God; without showing bias for Roman Catholic or Protestant forms, there seems to be quiet insistence on the necessity of form for that cry's expression. Yet this is not a religious novel. It is a story of English high life, and the heroine is a beautiful, noble woman, a fine type of the great lady here and abroad, whose hands are so full of philanthropies and clever schemes for helping people along that she sometimes overlooks things of greater importance. Unmindful of the injury his character may sustain in the race for success into which she thrusts him, Lady Cheriton nearly ruins, before she knows it, the life and character of a protégé on whose advancement her heart is fixed. There is a plea for life's negative and quiet virtues, and a harking back to the "Light Behind" as the radiance which must show the soul the pathway to the light that shines ahead.

Love with Honour. By Charles Marriott. John Lane, New York. 5×7 in. 337 pages. $1.50.

This will increase the favorable impression made by Mr. Marriott's first novel, "The Column." The intellectual quality of the book is unusual; one feels that the author is seriously intent on a true analysis of character and motive. A certain vagueness of form is compensated for by the increasing interest of a singular and dramatic situation. The men and women of the story grow clearer and clearer in portrayal as the tension of this situation increases, and one lays down the volume with gratitude that at least one fiction-writer can abstain from producing "pot-boilers" and "quick sellers," to give us instead something worthy of the thoughtful consideration of readers who value proportion, natural development, and creative ability.

Man of Destiny (A): Being the Story of Abraham Lincoln. An Epic Poem. By Ernest Linwood Staples. The Lincoln Publishing Co., Shelton, Conn. 5×8⅛ in. 71 pages. Paper bound. 75c.

Marty. By John Strange Winter. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 338 pages. $1.25.

The strong point of this novel lies in a certain "homey," domestic quality peculiar to other works by the same writer. The real heroine is not Marty, for whom the book is named, but her mother. In the latter is found the combination of a second-hand clothes dealer, a wise and kind mother, and the adorable mother-in-law of a fine gentleman worthy of the connection—which is saying a great deal for him. Marty makes one blunder so utterly out of keeping with herself as to cast a reflection upon the ingenuity of the author, who had to make her do it for the sake of the story. The scene is laid in London, Paris, and a French convent.

New International Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vol. VII. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 888 pages.

New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. II., **Macbeth.** Revised Edition by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6½×10 in. 566 pages. $4, net.

On Satan's Mount. By Dwight Tilton. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 459 pages. $1.50.

The author's evident intention is to show through the medium of his novel that the love of power in the individual American threatens American moral life, American institutions, and the life of the Republic. The American loves money, but as a means to an end, and that end is power; lust of power distorts his character, until in one and the same man are seen the tender husband and father, the philanthropist helping churches and building palaces for children of the poor, and the monopolist who in the routine of business crushes men, women, and children to death, as a matter of course and without compunction. Through his ambition to become the world's financial dictator, Mr. Tilton's capitalist is finally caught in a net which makes him a traitor to his own country. His champion of labor, affected with the germ of the national infirmity, stands at last, dizzy, on "Satan's Mount," is President of the United States for a few days, and dictatorship is within his grasp. Wall Street and Washington are the theaters of action, and in the characters many will think they recognize composite pictures of prominent men. The story is fanciful, but not without power and not without a lesson.

Our Homes and How to Beautify Them. By H. J. Jennings. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) H. Harrison & Sons, London.

This volume is made attractive by its scores of finely printed pictures of notable pieces of furniture, tapestries, chimney-corners, fireplaces, and friezes, and by its pictorial suggestions for arrangements or treatments of different parts of the home—halls, drawing-rooms, cozy corners, dining and billiard rooms, and so on. A closer examination shows that the text abounds in sensible advice and abundant information bearing on a very large number of subjects connected with artistic and tasteful house-furnishing.

Pilgrim Alden: The Story of the Life of the First John Alden in America. Prepared under the Direction of Augustus E. Alden. Illustrated. James H. Earle & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. $2.

Pontius Pilate. Saint Ronan of Brittany. Théophile. Three Plays in Verse. By Henry Copley Greene. The Scott-Thaw Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 90 pages.

School Grammar of the English Language (A). By W. M. Baskervill and J. W. Sewell. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 216 pages. 50c.

Sophocles. Translated and Explained by John Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 215 pages. $2.

Star Dreamer (The). By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 375 pages. $1.50.

Many readers will find this book disappointing as compared with the "Pride of Jennico." It lacks compactness and directness. One feels also that there is a sustained effort to carry on the romantic, idyllic key in which the style is pitched at the outset. Some of the characters lack reality and solidity. There is plenty of plot, turning chiefly on the efforts of the sister of the "star dreamer," Sir David, to ruin a noble and beautiful woman loved by Sir David, who has been already once betrayed and driven from the world to star-gazing by an equally villainous plot. The humor is furnished, not always very successfully, by an old lady of the Mrs. Malaprop type.

Studies in the Life of Paul: For Bible Classes and Private Use. By William H. Sallmon, M.A. (Revised Edition. Fourteenth Thousand.) The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, New York. 3½×6¾ in. 130 pages. 25c.

Tar-Heel Baron (A). By Mabell Shippie Clarke Pelton. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 354 pages. $1.50.

As a presentation of phases of Southern life around Asheville, N. C., this book has an interest apart from the love-story it tells. The "Baron" and other leading characters gain a hold upon the reader's affection and respect. For villains there are a revenue officer and a moonshiner. Hilda, from an artistic standpoint, ought to have been kept in the background and left in Germany.

Witchery of Sleep (The). Compiled by Willard Moyer. Illustrated. Ostermoor & Co., New York. 5¾×7¾ in. 205 pages. $2.

The subject is at once poetic and practical, and is treated accordingly. "A man can go forty days without solid food; he can live seven days or longer without food or water; he can live but seven days without sleep." Diet seems, therefore, hardly so important a theme as sleep, save as it is related to "Nature's sweet restorer." Sleep in mythology, in poetry, in hygiene, how to induce it, the sort of bed and pillow one should use—dreams—these are various phases of the one theme discussed. In the series of illustrations, "The World's Sleeping Places," the history of the bed from its earliest form and use until now is pictured. A collection of famous poems and notable sayings about sleep concludes the book.

Correspondence

By Way of Remonstrance

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I want to tell the readers of The Outlook a little story of actual experience, and ask them if these things ought so to be. By a combination of evil circumstances I have been tied up here in Penang in the Straits Settlements nearly a week pending the departure of a ship for Rangoon. Yesterday I was rushing about, as one does that in the tropics, trying to extract from the English steamship agents some ideas as to sailing dates and the other things one traveling wishes to know. They all denied knowledge of the points in question. I believe an Englishman fears that he will cease to acquire merit if he answers questions. Finally I bethought myself of the American Consul. He, I thought, being an American, will know things, and will not be afraid to tell them.

After a good bit of dodging around 'rickshaws and Chinese barbers, I came across a little dingy tin sign indicating that the premises of the Consul were within. There was, however, no flag to be seen anywhere. On going up an exceedingly dirty pair of stairs, I found myself in what was apparently a Chinese market. Asking in some surprise where the Consulate was, I was directed to a man at the top of the room. I gave him "Good-morning" and presented my card, adding with a good deal of pride, "I am an American." And the reply I heard, in exceedingly Teutonic English, was, "Ah—very good; I am not an American." As he had just told me he was the Consul, I was a bit staggered. On asking him *what* he was, it developed that he was a German-Swiss who had never even been in the States. As he knew even less than the English, and could not express that so well, I left very shortly.

On the street again a very little inquiry developed the fact that the other nations of the earth have native consuls and supply them with offices and flags. And we, the richest of them all, have a German-Swiss!

Have the people of the United States no National pride? Do they not see how such things as this must appear to the residents of other countries in a place like this? An American doctor here tells me that the English do not care to meet the Americans socially. And small wonder. I should not care particularly for the society of Englishmen in some American port if their Consul, officially the first Englishman of them all, were a Mexican or a Chinese. Or is there no incongruity in talking big about protection and home industries, and having Consuls "made in Germany" without even a naturalization label on them?

EDWARD COLERIDGE ROBERTS.

Penang, Straits Settlements.

Destroying the Pines

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read Mr. McFarland's article in your issue of the 7th February on "The Pines" with a great deal of pleasure, and I also regret the wanton destruction of our pine-trees in our Northern as well as our Southern woods. Around the Christmas holidays I have often noticed carloads of these young trees standing in the yards of the railroad over which I travel daily to the city. I would not minimize in the least the Christmas spirit, but it does seem to me that the pleasure of a few days is not to be compared with the pleasure that is to be derived from a walk through the woods in the "living presence," as Mr. McFarland puts it, of these trees, and which can be enjoyed at all seasons of the year. Would it not be a good plan to start a crusade against this wholesale destruction of our pine-trees?

Scotch Plains, N. J. F. H.

Work Not Wanted

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Not longer ago than last Thanksgiving your paper contained a pathetic story about the experiences of a poor woman in New York in trying to support herself by labor. The story recorded only her failure. Ever since then I have been getting up my courage to say to you that we have room for a few such women (and men as well) in this town. Any woman who knows how to work can earn in t'

town a dollar and a half a day six days in the week, and if she is sharp about it, can get two of her three meals as well.

It is flatly impossible to secure anybody to come into one's house and do a day's work. And in presenting the above opportunity, I am offering the worst end of the opportunity; for it is said that one woman here, who faithfully does laundry work at her own home, has made twenty dollars a week and turns away work that is offered.

Of course it is housework and it is not in Manhattan. There are few chances to go to the theater; but the air is good, the climate full of variety, and there is a trolley.

The same way with men. If one wants a man to do work about one's place, one has to wait two or three weeks and then wish he had waited longer. The lowest compensation for such work is a dollar and a half for nine hours. Any one of us would be glad to pay a man who would *work* two dollars.

It seems to me that papers like The Outlook would do well to have some such facts as these to offer to the plaints of the city poor; for I am persuaded that conditions like this prevail in the majority of Massachusetts towns.

Middleborough, Mass. G. E. M.

The Czar's Decree

Elsewhere we comment on the imperial decree issued by the Czar last week. The following is the full text:

On ascending the throne of our ancestors by the providence of God, we made a solemn vow before the Almighty and our conscience to guard sacredly the centuries-old pillars of Russian power and to dedicate our life to the service of our beloved fatherland in indefatigable solicitude for our subjects. We chose, in order to assure the well-being of our people, the way indicated by the memorable deeds of our predecessors, especially our never-to-be-forgotten father. God pleased to interrupt the deeds of our father by his early death, and thus laid on us the sacred duty of completing the consolidation of order and truth begun by him in conformity with the exigencies of national life. The troubles agitating our country, which to our deep regret have partly been sown by designs hostile to the State and partly engendered by doctrines foreign to Russian life, hinder the general work of ameliorating the well-being of our people. These troubles confuse the public mind, remove the people from productive labor, and often ruin families dear to our heart and young energies, among high and low, necessary to the internal development of the country. In demanding the fulfillment of this our will, while remaining strongly opposed to any violation of the normal course of national life and having confidence that all will loyally discharge their local duties, we are irrevocably decided to satisfy the needs for which the State has become ripe, and have deemed it expedient to strengthen and decree the undeviating observance of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, recognizing the Orthodox Church as the ruling one, grant to all our subjects of other religions and to all foreign persuasions freedom of creed and worship in accordance with other rites; and we are further resolved to continue the active carrying out of measures for the improvement of the material position of the orthodox rural clergy, while enabling them to take a larger share in intellectual and public life.

In accordance with impending measures for the consolidation of the national economy, the efforts of the State credit institutions and especially the nobles' and peasants' banks should be directed to strengthening and developing the welfare and fundamental pillars of Russian village life, and that of the local nobility and peasantry. These principles marked out by us for the revision of the laws of the rural population are, when formulated, to be referred to the provincial government councils, so that, with the assistance of persons enjoying the public's confidence, they may be further developed and adapted to the special conditions of individual localities. In this work the fundamental principle of the inviolability of communal property is to be maintained, while at the same time means are to be found to render it easier for the individual to sever connections with the community to which he belongs, if he so desires.

Without delay, measures must be taken to release the peasants from the present burdensome liability of forced labor.

Thorough reform is to be effected in the provincial governments and district administrations by the local representatives, while attention will be devoted to securing closer co-operation between the communal authorities and parochial trustees of the orthodox churches wherever possible.

Calling upon all our subjects to co-operate in strengthening the moral foundations of the family, school, and public life, under which alone the well-being of the people and the confidence of every one in the stability of his rights can develop, we command our Ministers and chief officials concerned in this matter to submit to us their views regarding the execution of our intentions

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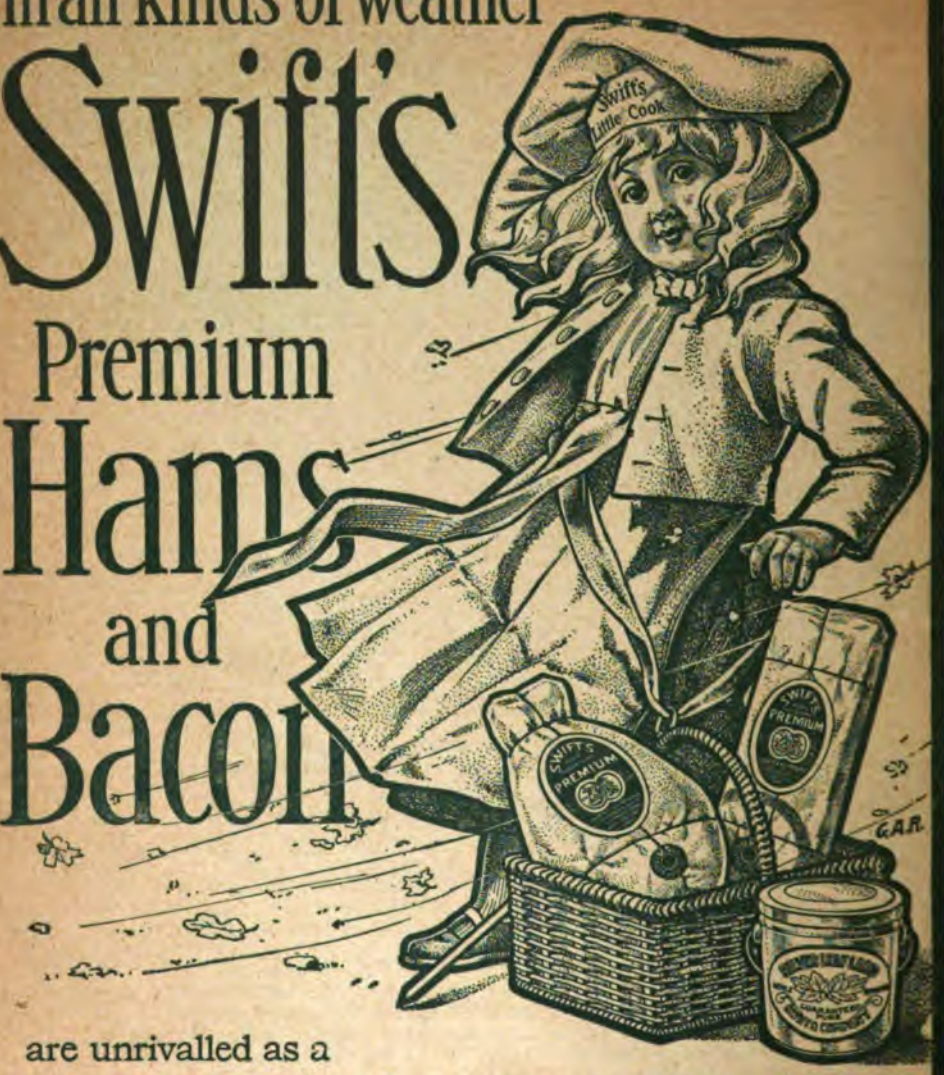
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The Outlook

Saturday, March 28, 1903

The Efficiency of Union Labor. By A. J. Boulton, of the Stereotypers' Union

The Maximum Wage. Letters from John Mitchell and other Labor Leaders

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. (British Political Leaders Series.) By Justin McCarthy

The French Revolution: Two Views
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The Outlook

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toward the final remedy, and one absolutely necessary for the development of intelligent public control of public perils.

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Responsibility for Lawlessness

The remainder of the report, reviewing industrial and social conditions in the anthracite mining regions, is to the effect that these conditions—except as to the peril of life and limb in the mines—are better than the miners' champions have commonly asserted, and afford no justification to the miners who have sent their little children into the factories to increase the family earnings. The National leaders of the miners' union and a majority of its members are freed from responsibility for the violence employed against non-union men, but the Commission finds that a lawless minority, with too much sympathy from local leaders, stained the history of the strike "with a record of riot and bloodshed, culminating in three murders, unprovoked saved by the fact that two of the victims were asserting their right to work, and another, an officer of the law, was performing his duty in attempting to preserve the peace." As to the acquiescence of the orderly element, the Commission says pointedly: "The resentment expressed by many persons connected with the strike at the presence of the armed guards and the militia of the State does not argue well for the peaceable character or purposes of such persons. No peaceable or law-abiding citizen has reason to fear or resent the presence of either." The extreme forms of boycotting employed in many instances against non-union men are condemned as "cruel and cowardly," and as deserving to be punished as criminal conspiracies. These conclusions of the Commission, which also are unanimous, demonstrate the possibility of securing just judgments all along the line from a commission representing men of the most diverse employment and sympathies. In addition to its significance as the settlement of the most important labor controversy of the decade, this Commission by its action marks an important stage in the development of the industrial problem; in this respect we are inclined to think it is the most important event in the industrial history of the past quarter-century. Of this aspect we shall have something to say in a future issue of The Outlook.

The Cuban Treaty Ratified

The extra session of the Senate ended on Thursday of last week with the ratification of the amended Cuban reciprocity treaty. The final vote in favor of the ratification stood 50 to 16—or, including pairs, 65 to 24. Senator Bard, of California, was the only Republican who was recorded against the treaty. Nine Democrats supported it, while twenty-three voted or were paired in opposition. In the final debate Senator Nelson, of Minnesota—a beet-sugar State—sharply criticised the treaty and successfully demanded its amendment by a stipulation that Cuba must admit American flour and corn-meal at thirty per cent. less than her regular tariff. Senator Bacon, of Georgia, one of the Democrats who supported the treaty, obtained a similar amendment in favor of American cotton products sent to Cuba. The most important amendments to the treaty, however, were of course those previously agreed to by the Republican leaders, requiring the passage of a joint resolution by Congress before the reduced duties provided for could go into effect, and pledging that the American duty on sugar should not be further reduced while the treaty remains in force, whether by any concession to other sugar-producing countries or by a lowering of the tariff for American consumers. The first of these important amendments, having been made at the demand of the Democrats, was adopted without opposition. The second, which was made at the demand of the beet-sugar growers' convention, was opposed by all the Democratic Senators, but adopted by a strict party vote of 44 to 22. The speeches against the treaty were all made by Democrats—the Louisiana Senators taking the lead, but being supported by Teller, of Colorado, Newlands, of Nevada, Berry, of Arkansas, and Carmack, of Tennessee. The first three spoke as representatives of sugar-growing constituents, Mr. Newlands as an advocate of annexation and Statehood for Cuba, and Senators Berry and Carmack as opponents of the policy of fettering the future tariff action of Congress by the stipulations of the treaty. Senator Berry's criticism was directed particularly against the beet-sugar growers' amendment pledging that similar treaties should not be made with other sugar-growing coun-

tries, or the general tariff on sugar be reduced during the life of the treaty. This amendment is undoubtedly the weakest point in the treaty, and its adoption threatens complications with other sugar-growing powers, which may demand the treatment of the "most favored nation" granted them in our general commercial treaties. The defense of the treaty fell upon Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, and Senator Simmons, of North Carolina. The former urged strongly the considerations of justice and generosity prompting us to help the Cuban republic, and the latter urged the reciprocal commercial advantages which Cuba concedes to us in the treaty. These include a twenty per cent. reduction in the Cuban tariff upon most imports from America, and a twenty-five, thirty, and even forty per cent. reduction upon a large variety of American manufactures and farm products. The treaty is for a term of five years, and until one year after either power signifies a desire to terminate it.

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Cincinnati's Fight Against Boss Rule

The conditions of misgovernment which have led to exposures and reform movements in New York, Minneapolis, and St. Louis, exist in Cincinnati also. A municipal "boss" has held sway there for years and has even attained the distinction of being bracketed by Mr. James Bryce with Mr. Croker as exercising despotic control to be paralleled only in Russia. This ruler is Mr. George B. Cox, and the extent of his power may be judged from the fact that, in declining the nomination as candidate for Mayor upon the Democratic-Citizens ticket, Judge Rufus B. Smith assigned as one reason the practical certainty that, if he were to leave his place on the bench, the ring, managed by Cox, would, through the Governor, control the appointment of a judge. Judge Smith's speech was a notably courageous and straightforward attack on ring rule in Cincinnati. He declared that, through the Council, the machine not only controls all patronage and keeps an army of employees really in its pay, but that it sells franchises to the highest bidder and puts the money into the ringsters' own pockets instead of into the treasury of the city; that it has terrorized public-service corporations into alliance by threatening rival grants; and that these corporations have "sought fancied protection in the arms of the syndicate, which plucks and plunders them at will," allowing them, as best they may, to recuperate their losses by inferior service to the public. Specifically, Judge Smith charged that the city government under the ring rule has farmed out gambling privileges to favorite officers and ward captains, has licensed prostitution, has filled every public office, from high officials down to the scavengers who sweep the streets, and has enforced upon these employees its decrees under penalty of a loss of their positions. These are only a few of the more salient charges made; all may be summed up in the declaration that "the entire administration of our public affairs has passed into the hands of a syndicate of predatory politicians." Under these circumstances it is not surprising to find that a strong and aggressive Democratic-Citizens movement is now under way. The Democratic-Citizens party has nominated for Mayor Mr. Melville E. Ingalls, a railway president of great executive ability, and a man whose public spirit has been shown by liberal contributions to many educational and art objects. The country at large will watch the progress of the fight now going on in Cincinnati with sympathy and interest. The reform movement aims at the separation of National politics from municipal government; at the improvement of street-car service, and at other much-needed public improvements; but most of all at the entire crushing of the present practice of blackmailing corporations and contractors, and at the overthrow of "boss" rule.

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Political Corruption in Delaware

Last week, by the close vote of 9 to 7, the Delaware State Senate voted to repeal the notorious Voters' Assistant law, the chief aid to bribe-givers in making sure that the vote-sellers carried out their bargain. So far, Governor Hunn (an admitted Addicks adherent) has not signed the bill, and it will fail to become law, as we understand it, if he does not sign it within ten days after its passage. Governor Hunn's attitude toward Addicks is shown by the fact that the Governor has appointed Addicks a member of the

Board of Directors of the Delaware State College—an appointment which has excited ridicule and protest among all intelligent people. The extraordinary spectacle was witnessed during the debate in the Senate of an outspoken defense of bribery by a representative of the people whose oath binds him to observe the laws. Senator Conner, an Addicks Republican, is reported by the press despatches as follows:

We have been accused of buying votes under the operation of this law. There have been rumors in the air of vote-buying in Delaware ever since any of us can remember, and I happen to know that Delaware is not the only State where votes are bought and money is spent at elections. The voter's assistant system again comes in and commends itself for fairness. It insures delivery of the goods. When I buy a horse, I want my horse. When a Republican buys a vote, he wants his vote. I contend that there is no politics in the matter, for when a Republican or Democrat wants to buy a vote, he has an opportunity of thus securing it instead of being cheated out of it, as has been the case so many times in this State.

We are glad to be able to contrast with this utterance the admonition of the Wilmington Methodist Conference. After calling attention to the fact that bribery and corruption are rampant in Delaware, the resolutions of the Conference conclude with these words:

We, therefore, admonish all our people that any one guilty of this shameless crime stands discredited before the Church, contemptible in the eyes of his brethren, and condemned in the sight of God.

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Corruption in Rhode Island

If the greatest States in the Union have developed the most corrupt political machines, the smallest States have apparently developed the greatest amount of corruption among the voters. The fact that the individual voter in the small State exerts so direct an influence upon political affairs has caused the corruptionists to seek him out, while in the great States with a highly organized and centralized political machinery it is only necessary to influence the relatively few men in control. But, whatever the reason, the fact is clear that in the smallest Eastern States—and Montana in this respect ranks with them—the distribution of corruption funds among the voters has been carried to the furthest point. Last week the New York "Evening Post" had a representative in Rhode Island who described conditions comparable with those exposed by Mr. Kennan in Delaware. A Democratic politician from the town of North Smithfield, who, according to his own statement, was in charge of the corruption fund of his party in that community from the early eighties till a few years ago, talked with freedom of the methods used. Among other things, he described a public auction of the floaters near the town hall steps. This almost incredible scene was led up to by the efforts of the floaters to get the two party managers to raise each other's bids, and finally the managers decided to end the contest by a regular auction. In this way the whole group was finally sold to the hero of this self incriminating story for $25 apiece. In another town the story was told of the two party leaders—university men—meeting together before the election and agreeing to let the one with the most money carry the town—the two managers not entering into a buying contest, but keeping the money themselves. Still more alarming was the evidence gathered regarding the supine attitude of the ministry toward the corruption. Upon this point the "Evening Post's" correspondent quotes as follows from an informant in close touch with ministers all over the State:

The taking of bribes is not looked upon as a crime by some leading church workers and men of substance in the country. For this reason the pastor, unless he wishes to terminate abruptly his career of usefulness, is bound to defer to the sentiment of the community. It is a question of bread and butter, and for the sake of their families, and to continue in their pastorate, they refrain from speaking on a question that would possibly offend the community and result in their discharge. Many of them, in preaching only the Gospel, intrench themselves behind the text from St. Paul, "This one thing I do."

One minister's wife, whose husband was elected to an important office by means of bribery, was quoted as saying: "You can't get elected unless you do spend money, and I guess the man that was elected before my husband spent it. That's the only way you can get an office down here, and I don't see why you should blame us; we haven't done any worse than anybody else." These statements, says the "Evening Post's" correspondent,

were submitted to Bishop McVickar, and he was asked if they represented correctly the attitude of the clergy toward vote-buying. His reply was that they did, and that the hands of the clergy had to be upheld "to enable them to speak out without financial ruin." A blacker situation than this is not easily pictured. It is not to be reformed by any mere change in political machinery. It demands the moral awakening of the whole State.

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New Hampshire Abandons Prohibition

For more than fifty years New Hampshire has had statutory prohibition, being the second State in the Union to enact such a law. During this whole half-century there has never been a time until now when the opponents of the law stood the slightest chance of repealing it. It was upheld by the dominant party and by the vast majority of the people of the State. Ten years ago, when a motion was made in the Legislature for its repeal, it was not supported by a baker's dozen. The law was enforced in those communities—and they were many—where its enforcement was backed by sufficient local influence. It was violated in others, under an illegal system of license by periodical fines. Road-houses of the vilest character were planted in the country districts without any regulation whatever. In most of the cities, particularly Manchester, Nashua, Dover, and Portsmouth, the saloon business was carried on openly. The "Healey System" of periodical fines regulated the traffic in Manchester. But former Governor Goodell petitioned for and secured from Judge Peaslee, January 1, 1902, a mandatory order that the saloons be closed. This mandamus proved to be the downfall, not only of the Healey system, but of the prohibitory law. For several weeks the saloons were actually out of business, but, under the pretext of selling soft drinks and "no per cent." beer, they gradually resumed a thriving trade. New saloons, freed from illegal regulation, sprang up where no saloons had been. The prohibitionists accused the police of conniving at all this on the I-told-you-so principle. So the last state was worse than the first, and the demand for repeal rose to irresistible proportions. A local option Legislature was elected, and a Judiciary Committee appointed, composed chiefly of men inclined to carry the reaction to its furthest possible limit. They reported a virtually straight license bill. A board of three State License Commissioners, with vast discretionary powers, was to be appointed by the Governor, to whom they were to report. For instance, licenses for hotels were to be anywhere from $25 to $1,000, in the discretion of the Commission, and though the towns were given the nominal right of local option, the License Commission was empowered to license liquor-selling at hotel bars, railroad restaurants, and club-houses, even in "no-license" towns. Furthermore, license was to be forced on all the cities at once—even those in which no saloon now exists—without the privilege of voting on the subject for nearly four years. A tremendous protest arose from every section of the State, from all the newspapers except two or three party organs, and from Roman Catholic priests and ministers of every denomination. A two-hour mass-meeting of protest was held in Legislative Hall the night before the vote on the bill. With amendments providing for immediate local option in towns and cities, removing the worst features of the hotel provision, increasing the maximum license to $1,200, and diminishing the discretionary powers of the Commission, the bill finally passed by a vote of 218 to 84, and New Hampshire passes out of the prohibitory column.

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Police Reform in New York City

Last week an association of beer, wine, and liquor dealers asked Mayor Low, of New York, for a hearing against the increase of license fees as proposed in the Legislature. Mayor Low, replying, stated that he could not receive any committee of this association until he was informed whether it was true or not that a fund of $3,000,000 was raised by it, as rumored, and, if so, for what purposes it was used. It is plain to be seen what relation such a fund, if it exists, is likely to bear to corrupt influence over the police whose business it is to enforce the excise laws. The dealers have expressed much indignation at the implications in the Mayor's letter; and the Chairman of the committee has declared that "whatever may be done

by individuals in this city we do not know, but this organization, as an organization, is and will continue to be absolutely opposed to the payment of blackmail." The Mayor has replied stating explicitly his reasons for believing that the association has connived at the practice of blackmail in the city. These reasons are based in part on the reluctant testimony of the vice-president of one of the association's local branches, under oath, before the court. Whatever the final outcome of the discussion on this point may be, Mayor Low, by his letters, has again called the attention of New York citizens in a concrete way to the undertaking on the part of the city administration to root out police blackmail. That the administration has not been inactive in this respect, so far as changing the personnel of the police is concerned, is demonstrated by the changes that have occurred in the Police Department since a year ago last January first. The campaign of the previous fall centered about the promise to drive out Devery, the notorious Deputy Police Commissioner, whose name stood for all the brutal and corrupt abuses of police power. To-day, out of the forty-three precincts that comprised the city of New York before consolidation, all of the former commanders have gone except four. When it is remembered that these are the precincts where corruption prevailed, the change in police administration is seen to be really revolutionary. The method by which this change has been secured has illustrated the saying, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Captain after captain has "retired on a pension," not through any information as to charges to be brought against him, but through simple fear that he might be the next to be struck at. Such retirement, though not so dramatically effective as removal, is more effective practically; for, being nominally voluntary, it makes reinstatement by the courts impossible. The places of such men are now filled by captains who, not having had to pay for the appointments, are relieved of the temptation to reimburse themselves by levying blackmail. The present administration has therefore done for the police of the city what it has been [illegible] it was the function of government to do for a people—it has made vice more difficult and virtue easier.

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An Appointment in Behalf of Public Safety

An important reform has recently been brought about by the Administration at Washington with very little disturbance. Indeed, it is probable that few of those who will most profit by it know of its occurrence. It concerns the safety of all who travel by water—whether on the great ocean liners or merely on ferryboats. This reform has been secured by the appointment by the President of Mr. George Uhler as Supervising Inspector-General of Steamboats. Not long ago a great deal of anxiety was occasioned by the failure of the steamship St. Louis to arrive at the port of New York for several days after she was due. The danger to which her passengers were subjected would have been avoided by proper inspection of her boilers. Other vessels have constantly been allowed to go to sea without adequate provision for extinguishing fires, for lowering lifeboats, and for protecting in other ways the lives of those on board. Ferryboats, on which thousands daily go to and from their work, have been allowed to remain ill fitted with life-preservers. Either through dishonesty or inefficiency, the Steamboat Inspection Service has failed in great measure to prevent the continuance of these and similar conditions which might almost any day have resulted in a shocking disaster. Without waiting for such a disaster to occur, President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw have made a radical change in the administration of the service. Mr. Uhler, who has now become head of the bureau, is a man not only of high integrity, but of practical knowledge of his subject, executive ability, and a spirit of enthusiasm that is contagious. These traits may be illustrated by what has been told in the New York "Evening Post" of his work as President of the Marine Engineers' Association of the United States. When he held that office, which is the highest in the craft, he traveled about educating the men in their work. "He would set up his blackboard,' recounts Representative Miner, whom the "Evening Post" quotes, "and call them around him as a schoolmaster does his

pupils. He would set them to working out problems, and he made them do their own studying and thinking with everything. . . . He seemed to imbue them with his own spirit, and he put down drinking and deviltry wherever he went." This is the sort of chief the Steamboat Inspection Service supremely needs. The appointment, in which Secretary Cortelyou has a share, is a highly meritorious one, and is more important than many appointments that occasion much more discussion.

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Premier Combes's Victory

Last week, in the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Combes, the Prime Minister, obtained a more signal victory than any which he has yet won. By the law of 1900 it is now necessary for all associations in France, religious or otherwise, to obtain governmental authorization in order to maintain a legal existence or to exercise their functions. This measure was chiefly directed against the monastic associations, particularly those of the male teaching orders, whose schools are believed to be hotbeds of political intrigue. As is well known, the Radicals and Socialists now in power in France believe that all the Roman Catholic orders represent the negation of human liberty and the abdication of individual personality. Some orders declined to apply for authorization and withdrew from France; others, knowing that they had no chance of being authorized, also withdrew. On the other hand, a large number applied for authorization; some of these applications were granted. Definite refusals were advised, however, by the Cabinet in the cases of many of the monastic orders, and the Cabinet appealed to Parliament for confirmatory action. The appeal was referred by the Chamber of Deputies to a committee, which made a report in sympathy with the Cabinet's stand. Last week the Chamber itself voted to adopt the committee's report, and the majority vote is large enough to indicate that, notwithstanding any defection, the Cabinet commands more than sufficient strength to put in execution its policy of terminating the existence of objectionable religious teaching orders and of substituting a system of governmental schools. Of course such a triumph of drastic policy has not been obtained without much irritation and the creation of apparently needless animosities. Some of the excluded orders have performed admirably self-sacrificing eleemosynary work, and others have not the less admirably served French religious and political interests abroad, especially in the Far East. In these cases it would have seemed wise and just that the mother-houses in France should be kept open, and indeed this might possibly have happened if the vote could have been taken on each individual association separately. Such a course was naturally deprecated by the Government as involving it in great uncertainty and perhaps ultimate defeat. The tie which bound the questionable associations together was that they all depended on chiefs residing in Rome; consequently, according to the claim of Radical opponents, the members must be regarded as men without a country. The situation, both politically and religiously, is one of extreme interest. Friend and foe alike agree that no more thorough proscription has taken place since the days of the French Revolution.

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Taxation in Italy

In a recent number of the Toronto "Sun" Professor Goldwin Smith points out the ways in which the Italian people are ground down by taxation: "At the gate of every city there is a custom-house to take toll of the poor man's morsel of coarse bread and cup of thin wine. The tax-gatherer goes round, counting every leaf of tobacco that is grown. Salt is taxed, and the tax is so rigorously enforced that salt cannot even be taken from the sea." It is true that the burden of taxation in Italy continues to be crushing, especially in comparison with England, France, and Germany. Italy is taxed from two to five times as much as the latter countries are on petroleum, coffee, sugar, and salt. As for England, though the average wealth is three times as great as Italy's, the yearly interest-charge is not so large as in the Peninsula. Not only has taxation reached its highest point in Italy and cannot be increased, but this injustice is made tenfold more bitter because the poor realize that the rich often contrive, through

the favor of the collectors, to evade payment of their due share. Hence Socialism flourishes proportionately, having as its express object to start a revolution, overthrow the Government, set up a Commune, abolish the army and navy, and, above all, reduce the present burden of taxation. It is, then, as surprising as it is pleasant to note that Italian budgets now show a balance on the right side of the ledger. Commenting on them, Signor Maggiorino Ferraris, editor of that famous fortnightly, the "Nuova Antologia," declares, "I do not know of a country in Europe where the budget is in a healthier condition than in Italy." If Italy suffers by comparison with France and Germany in matters of taxation, in matters of national credit France and Germany now suffer by comparison. No part of Europe has been supposed to be more harassed by excessive taxation and depression of industries than has Italy; yet the Italian budgets would seem to show that she is, for the time being, really in the best condition of any European country. Deficits have been transformed into surpluses, first, by the extension of the wine industry; Italy now sells wine in vast quantities throughout the world. Again, the exportation of fruit, vegetables, and butter has been trebled during twenty years, while the export of cheese has been quintupled. More remarkable still is the industrial growth, which now requires nearly three times as much coal as it did two decades ago, in addition employing a vast amount of electrical power; in no country in the world has the development of electricity been more remarkable. Italy has long built her own locomotives, wagons, ships, and machines, and has woven her own cottons, woolens, silks; she now builds and weaves also for foreign countries. The result of all this is seen, not only in favorable budgets, but also in the fact that Italian securities are quoted at par, and the gold premium on Italian currency has vanished. It would seem as if this flourishing condition presented an opportunity for the lessening of the burden of taxation, and we are glad to learn that the State is to make a beginning in the grain and flour schedule. The natural resources of Italy are of the best; militarism and bad financing have been her curse.

English Political Parties It is asserted that since the last general elections in Great Britain the aggregate Conservative vote has declined seven per cent., while the Liberal vote has increased fifty-three per cent. The seats thus far affected are so few in number that the Tory majority in the House of Commons may continue to lose by-election contests and yet remain strongly intrenched in office. The reverses of last week, however, in supposedly safe constituencies, are none the less striking. At Woolwich, in succession to Lord Charles Beresford, the winning candidate was Mr. Crooks, a Liberal, and, what is more significant, a member of the Labor party. His majority was over three thousand; it was due principally to the fact that the constituency, which had never hitherto polled over 10,500 votes, polled more than 14,000. At Rye, in succession to Mr. Brookfield, Conservative, Mr. Hutchinson, Liberal, was chosen by a majority of over five hundred, obtaining more than two thousand more votes than he did in 1900, when he opposed Mr. Brookfield, while the Conservative vote fell off about a thousand. At North Fermanagh, Ireland, in succession to Mr. Archdale, Conservative, Mr. Mitchell, Liberal, was elected by a majority of 150. These are the first Liberal gains since that party took up a definite attitude in the army controversy. Mr. Winston Churchill seems following in his father's footsteps as the leader of a new fourth party brought into being by the present condition of criticism of military methods. The division last week in the House of Commons on the amendment to the army estimates (providing for the reduction of the army by 27,000 men) shows, as even the London "Times" admits, that the revolt against the methods of the present Cabinet is one to be seriously reckoned with. Two events will nevertheless aid the Cabinet. The reappearance in England of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, can be compared only with the returns to Rome of victorious generals and pro-consuls, and will probably strengthen the Cabinet materially. A far more striking addition of strength, however, is likely to come through the introduction of the promised Irish Land Bill, which, it is confidently assumed by Conservatives and

Liberals alike, will largely follow the lines laid down by the recent conference between Irish landlords and tenants, when, apparently for the first time in Irish history, agreement was reached between these two classes. If such a measure could be passed, it might easily stand as the most vital piece of British legislation in our time. It has already accomplished the seemingly impossible task of putting the Irish Nationalist party in Parliament under full restraint, and for the first time in a long period this party no longer retards the course of public business.

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The Death of Dean Farrar

The Very Rev. Frederic William Farrar, whose "Life of Christ," "Life and Works of St. Paul," and other religious books have had a wide reading in America as well as in England, died last Sunday. He was born in Bombay, India, in 1831. He received his bachelor's degree from the University of London, and was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was from 1876 to 1890 connected with Westminster Abbey, first as Canon and then as Archdeacon. The preaching of Canon Farrar will long remain in thousands of minds as one of the finest associations clustering about that great Abbey, and the Church of St. Margaret's in its shadow. At the time of his death he was Dean of Canterbury. He had a long experience as a teacher of boys, first as Assistant Master at Marlborough College, then Master at Harrow, and again in Marlborough College as Head Master. He seemed to have an instinct for discerning the peculiar temptations of boys and the ideals that they secretly cherish; and by this instinct he was enabled to preach to boys with peculiar effectiveness. Two of his earliest works, "Eric; or, Little by Little" and "St. Winifred's; or, the World of School," deal with English public-school life. His religious books attained a remarkable popularity. These, together with works on temperance, number over seventy titles. Their circulation has been very extended, and their influence has been for tolerance, breadth, and hopefulness. Indeed, the phrase, "the larger hope," to which he gave currency, well epitomizes this influence. His writing is marked by readableness, fluency, and pictorial rather than creative imagination. He was one of the earliest to present the life of Christ as a picture with its background of scenery, customs, and human life. His works on the Bible, notably "The Bible: its Meaning and Supremacy," represent it, not as a repository of infallible law, but as a record of divinely inspired life. In these as in his other books, Dean Farrar was a popularizer of the less dogmatic and traditional, the more vital and reasonable, conception of religion.

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Enlarging the Conception of Theological Education

During the past winter the Union Theological Seminary of New York has been carrying on a number of "courses for lay workers." These courses have been designed to increase the efficiency of Sunday-school teachers and officers, secretaries of Christian associations, and others engaged in church work outside of the ministry. Similar courses were given a year ago. Classes have been held not only at the Seminary itself, but in churches as well. Within a week the students of the Seminary have conducted a conference of college men for the consideration of the opportunities and work of the ministry. What the function of the minister is under present religious and intellectual conditions, what channels of usefulness are opened to him by those conditions, and how his work is viewed by laymen and ministers to-day, formed the subject of a number of addresses by representative men, some of whom have a National reputation. Fifty students from the most important Eastern colleges accepted the personal invitations to attend which had been sent them. The conference was markedly successful. These courses for lay workers and this conference on the work of the ministry are here reported in juxtaposition, because they are both indicative of a broad conception of the function of a theological seminary. The traditional view has been that the function of the seminary is to supply its students with a technical or quasi-technical training in certain branches of learning supposed to be suitable for a clergyman's mind. The view which is here exemplified is that the function of the seminary is to supply the Church with

men and women mentally and spiritually equipped for the work which the Church of the present has to do. The latter view includes all that is of lasting importance in the former—for a part of the work of the Church is to maintain scholarly standards in religious investigation and thinking—but it contains more besides. It includes within its range practice in practical service for men, as Union Settlement, vitally connected with the Seminary, testifies; it includes also the improvement of the work of the laity and the increase of the number of well-educated men to enter upon special training for the ministry, as these courses and this conference bear witness. The Union Seminary is doing much toward enlarging and vivifying the conception of what the aims of the theological seminary should be.

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The Beecher Memorial

The proposal for a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher was laid before Plymouth Church last Friday evening. In the absence of the pastor of the church, the plan was put before the church by the Chairman of the Memorial Committee, Mr. Elijah R. Kennedy, substantially as it has been already reported in these columns. The place determined upon for the Memorial is on the west side of the church building. The property on Orange Street, from which the main entrance to the church leads, has already been bought. At the meeting it was proposed that lots should be obtained so that the property would reach through to the rear of the church on Cranberry Street. In that case the Memorial would cover a ground space of fifty by two hundred feet. Mr. Kennedy declared that the hall would be as fine as anything of the kind in the world. In stating his own opinion he said he would like to see a reading-room and library, not to be a miscellaneous collection of books, but the best possible collection of works on Christian patriotism. A committee of ten was appointed to take up the matter of the fund and to provide plans so that Plymouth Church might do its part in raising funds. Mr. B. F. Blair was made the Chairman of this committee. It was announced that $42,113.46 had been pledged for the Memorial. The Treasurer of the fund informs us that over $13,000 has been paid in up to the date of our going to press. It should be added that the subscriptions received are from men of different denominations and different political faiths; the memorial is neither denominational nor political in its character.

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The American Tract Society

Last week the annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held in Washington. During the year publications have been issued in English, German, Italian, Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, Spanish, and in the dialects of India and the Pacific Islands. The number of distinct publications is now nearly nine thousand, of which about two thousand are volumes. The whole number of tracts and periodicals reaches nearly eight hundred millions, and does not include the millions of tracts and volumes issued at missionary stations in foreign lands. There is no more serious question than that of supplying wholesome reading matter for the great masses of people who never enter a book-store, seldom are found in a church, and are practically outside of Christian influences. These immigrants, miners, lumbermen, fishermen, day laborers in cities, sailors, and soldiers, are, for the most part, not ill-intentioned nor illiterate. Even those who are foreign-born can generally read, and will read, if only they can find something that they can understand. Another phase of the same problem appears in the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico. From each one of these comes word of a great desire for reading. Upon the quality that is furnished will depend the quality of the self-government in those islands. The question takes on another form, yet has the same substance, if we turn to what are known as mission lands. The churches of America send out a large number of missionaries, employ an army of native preachers, teachers, and other helpers, organize churches, and have already accomplished marvels in Asia, Africa, and the South Seas. The American Tract Society's colporteurs meet the immigrants as they land, and give to each in his own tongue a message of helpfulness in his new life; don the miner's costume, that they may gain fellowship with the toilers underground; seek

out the lumber camps, the fisher folk, the gangs in subways or on railroads. Its libraries cheer sailors and soldiers on ships or in camp. It publishes child's papers for the school children of the West Indies, and papers, tracts, and books for all of every language under the flag. It has recently donated a printing-press to an American mission in India, and its gifts of money and books receive heartiest thanks from laborers of every denomination in every country of the world. Keeping pace with the advance in modern methods, it has enlarged the scope of its work till it includes, not merely the tract as known a century ago, but books by noted authors, newspapers, and annotated editions of the Scriptures in twenty-one languages, while it aids the publication of a large number of others.

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A Spokesman for Both Church and Workingman

An appointment has recently been made in the Presbyterian Church which seems to us indicative of a wholesome change that is taking place in more than one religious body. It implies a recognition on the part of the Christian Church that the alienation from it of the great mass of wage-earners has become a distinct phase of present religious conditions, in the United States at any rate. No one is better aware of this alienation than the wage-earners themselves. Indeed, it is the fact that this is a conscious alienation that makes the relationship of wage-earners to the Church different from that of other men. It is because he was once a mechanic, an employee in a factory, that the Rev. Charles Stelzle, of St. Louis, understands what this separation between the Church and the workingman means from the point of view of each side. This fact has been one of the causes of his success as pastor of the Markham Memorial Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, in a section of the city where the inhabitants are mainly manual laborers. As the readers of The Outlook know, Mr. Stelzle has made some special study of the attitude of trade-union leaders toward the Church. By early environment and training, by the nature of his ministerial work, and by special investigation, Mr. Stelzle is, therefore, peculiarly fitted for carrying out an undertaking for which he has recently been selected by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. He is to make a tour of the large cities with a two-fold purpose: on the one hand, to place the claims of the Church before the workingmen; and, on the other hand, to present the claims of the workingmen before the churches. He has a well-achieved right to speak for both. Whatever the immediate outcome of Mr. Stelzle's tour may be, the very proposal of it is a sign that at least one branch of the Church is openly admitting the existence of a condition which, because it is not very creditable to the Church, has been officially either denied or ignored. This branch of the Church is aware that the condition is serious and has taken a very wise first step toward meeting it.

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The Liquor Interests and Home Rule

In Vermont and New Hampshire the liquor interests have been conducting a vigorous and successful campaign for the principle of local option, but in Rhode Island, in New York, and in Illinois they have been conducting a campaign equally vigorous against this very principle. Even in New Hampshire the bill which they introduced into the Legislature to substitute local option for prohibition, itself violated the local option principle. It permitted the towns to vote as to whether they will have saloons or not, but it forced the saloons upon the cities whether they wished to license them or not, and forced the towns to license liquor-selling in hotels. Last week, however, the temperance forces of New Hampshire aroused themselves and secured the amendment of the bill, before its final passage, so as to secure complete local option everywhere. In Rhode Island the disregard of the local option principle by the liquor interests has been still more gross. The residents of Block Island voted by a large majority not to license the sale of liquor in their township; but the liquor interests, with the aid of the State machine, secured a hurried special act of the Rhode Island Legislature forcing the saloon upon the people of Block Island against their protest. The temperance people of the State

are now in arms to secure the repeal of this special law, but thus far without success.

In New York the violation of the home-rule principle by the liquor interests is as flagrant as in Rhode Island. It is not, indeed, so brazen in its effrontery, but is more contemptible, because it substitutes stealth for boldness. The present New York law concedes local option only to rural communities. The people in towns and villages are permitted to decide every year whether they will license the sale of liquor in stores, bar-rooms, or saloons. It was not known that this law was in danger of attack from any quarter, when a few alert temperance people suddenly learned that the Assembly Excise Committee had decided to report favorably a bill introduced by a Mr. Yale, denying the people in any district the right to vote upon the sale of liquor by hotels. If this bill is passed, any man who pays the tax may open a so-called hotel in any community in the State and sell liquor on Sundays as well as week-days. The experience of the cities with the so-called Raines Law hotels indicates that they are even worse, as a rule, than bar-rooms without hotel accessories. If this bill is enacted into law, no community, however great the majority against license, can prevent the establishment within it of a center of degrading influences with licensed activity seven days in the week. This measure ought to enlist against it all who believe in local self-government. It ought to secure the support of those only who believe in the free and unrestricted sale of liquor regardless of the sentiments and opinions of the local community. It is not easy to think of any law which the Legislature could enact which would more directly attack the principle of home rule, to which every party in New York, if not in every American State, is absolutely committed by its platform pledges to the people. The Yale bill should call forth the indignant protest, not only of those who care for enforceable temperance laws, but of all people who believe in the principles of democracy.

In Illinois—the remaining State in which the liquor interests are conspicuously arrayed against the home-rule principle—we are glad to state that their attitude is defensive rather than offensive, for in Illinois it is the anti-saloon forces that are pursuing an aggressive campaign. They are demanding, with apparently an overwhelming popular sentiment back of them, that the State shall have a law by which the people of every community shall constitute the licensing board and shall have a right to keep saloon-free their neighborhoods, towns, and counties. The Illinois measure is of far-reaching importance, and is being pushed with vigor by the Anti-Saloon League. The success of the similar league in Ohio indicates that the Illinois movement is certain to triumph if its supporters have enlisted for the war and not merely for one campaign. The principle it would establish is one which the liquor interests must accept when it hurts them, as well as espouse when it helps them. Every community has a right to govern itself, if it does not thereby injure the State. No one can contend that the State is injured when any community closes the bar-rooms within its borders. The right of the community under our system of self-government is absolute, and by the exercise of this right a steadily increasing part of the territory of this country can be effectively freed from the impoverishing and degrading traffic of the saloon.

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Trades-Unionism and the Individual

One objection brought against trades-unionism is that it reduces all men to the same level; fixes a certain standard of wages for all alike, the good and the poor worker, the expert and the inexpert; and thus puts a premium on laziness and shiftlessness by denying to energy and intelligence its just reward. This, if true, is a fatal objection to trades-unionism. For under our present industrial system a number of workmen unite in making an article which is the joint product of their various forms of labor, so that the incentive furnished by pride in the product of one's labor is taken away. If, in addition, all men doing the same kind of work are required to receive the same rate of wages, irrespective of the quality of the work or the amount produced by it, then the economic incentive furnished by increased returns for increased or improved

work is taken away. The reader will recall the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, in which the lord of the vineyard gave a penny to each laborer, whether he had worked all day long or only for the last hour. If this were the regular method of paying wages practiced by the employer of the parable, it is very certain that before long the laborers would have declined the invitation to labor until the twelfth hour.

The object of life is the development of individual men and women. If trades-unionism tends to prevent such development, by treating all alike, if it fixes a maximum rate of compensation and gives this to the poorest workman and prevents the best workman from getting any more, it is radically bad. No economic advantage can compensate for discouraging endeavor, dwarfing growth, and reducing all men to the level of the poorest or even of the average. To ascertain what is the custom of trades-unions in this respect, The Outlook some time ago addressed a letter to five of the largest trades-unions in the country. It selected for this inquiry trades-unions of different types. They included miners, tailors, printers, masons, machinists, and railroad employees. In addition, The Outlook prints an interview with a trades-union representative, whose high character is attested by the positions he has occupied in this city outside his trade, as President of the Social Reform Club, and as a member of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union. The answers to these inquiries, addressed by letter and in person, are printed in full elsewhere in this issue. We invite our readers to give to them a careful and unprejudiced reading. We might leave them thus without note or comment, but it seems proper to add a few words as to the result of this inquiry on our own minds.

It is clear that it is not an essential characteristic of trades-unions to fix a maximum rate of wage. Not one of the trades-unions to which The Outlook has applied for information does so. We have not been able to learn, by a somewhat extended inquiry, that any trades-union ever does so or ever has done so. If any of our readers can specify any trades-union which puts any such limit on the rate of compensation which an expert workman may receive, we shall be glad to have him give us the information, provided he is able to speak with certain knowledge, not at second hand, and to specify the trades-union, so that we may ask it for an explanation and give it an opportunity to be heard in its own defense. Nor, apparently, is the freedom of individuals to make more than the standard rate of wage a mere nominal freedom. It appears from these letters to be habitually exercised. Mr. Boulton tells the rather remarkable instance of one man who receives more than double the standard rate of wages by reason of the excellence and value of his work. We judge from the letters and from Mr. Boulton's article that no trades-union interferes to prevent any member from earning the largest possible wage. It only prevents the wage for any member falling below a minimum standard.

And, apparently, only one of the trades-unions represented in this correspondence fixes a maximum output. This is the United Garment Workers of America. The General Secretary of that organization states that such a maximum output is enforced "for the purpose of preventing rush work." Other inquiries, however, lead us to believe that there are other trades-unions which fix a maximum *amount of product*, and that members are not allowed to produce more than this maximum. Two grounds are alleged in justification for this practice: first, that it prevents hurried, careless, and imperfect work; second, that it prevents employers from hiring some abnormally expert workman, and making him a standard to whom all others are unreasonably expected to conform, under penalty of a fine or a reduction of the wage. We suspect a third reason is still more effective, namely, that, as the trust sometimes reduces the output of the product in order to raise the price of the article, so the workingmen sometimes reduce the output of the product in order to raise the price of labor. Such an attempt to create an artificial price by producing artificial conditions is as just in the one case as in the other, and no more so.

The objection to the trades-unions that they tend to dwarf the development of the individual is probably not wholly unreasonable. Like other democratic developments of modern society, they may sometimes sacrifice the individual to the

supposed general advantage of the mass. But the objection is probably partly due to a general impression that organization necessarily sacrifices the individual; and this is certainly an error. As a rule, the more highly developed the organization, the more highly developed the individuals of whom it is composed. Compare the days of railroads and of stage-coaches; who can doubt that the trainmen are a more intelligent class than the hostlers, and the locomotive engineers are more intelligent than the coachmen? Compare factory days with those of individualistic labor; who can doubt that the factory hands of the twentieth century are more intelligent than Silas Marner? America is politically far more highly organized than Russia; who can doubt that the American farmer is immeasurably more highly developed than the Russian farmer? It can scarcely be doubted that, in the main, labor organizations have developed the life and character of their members. On the average, union workingmen are a higher class of laborers—more intelligent, more efficient, better workers, than those who are not in the unions; the evidence of this fact is that, as a general rule, they are better paid. That trades-unions are sometimes tyrannical, vexatious, irrational, cannot be doubted. They are sometimes indifferent if not complaisant toward violence; sometimes selfishly disregard public interests in pursuing their own; sometimes are oppressive toward their own members; sometimes are irritatingly combative; sometimes disregard their moral obligations and violate their contracts; and are often grossly unjust to members of their own trade who are not also members of their own order, much as ecclesiastics were in the Middle Ages to Christians who were not also churchmen. But that, as a whole, trades-unionism tends to prevent individual development has not been proved and cannot be assumed. That they generally fix, directly or indirectly, a maximum rate of compensation, so that an exceptionally capable and efficient workman is prevented from receiving more than the average workman, appears to be disproved by these letters. Certainly no one who takes the trouble to read these semi-official statements should reaffirm the charge that trades-unionism has the habit of fixing a maximum rate of compensation, and so leveling all workmen down to an average standard, without offering some evidence to substantiate the statement.

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A Wandering Scholar

Mr. Charles G. Leland, who died in Florence last week at the age of seventy-eight, belonged to a class of wandering scholars, students, and writers which has never been large in any country, and to which Americans have not furnished many illustrious members. The spirit of adventure which formerly sent men far and wide in search of new fields of action and new forms of experience still survives, especially in peoples who have English blood in their veins; and among modern Englishmen the passion for the individual career has manifested itself in many forms. General Gordon was a type of the man of adventure in military life; Laurence Oliphant an example of the wanderer who finds novel experiences at the ends of the earth; Richard Burton an exponent of a kind of cosmopolitanism which, touching many remote things, never loses the flavor of individuality; Edward Henry Palmer, the narrow-chested, consumptive boy and student, revived in the romance of his own career, both intellectual and active, the energy, curiosity, and variety of the sixteenth century; George Borrow peddled Bibles in Spain or lived on the road with the Gypsies with equal zest; and Robert Louis Stevenson was at home in the Forest of Fontainebleau, on the rivers of France, on an emigrant train crossing the continent, in the Adirondacks, or in the South Sea Islands. Men of this class cannot work in harness; they must make their own paths, hew their own way, so to speak, and, although they are often men of fortune, they are never men content with ordinary conditions. They have the thirst for knowledge, for adventure, for different kinds of life, for experience, which sends them to the farthest corners of the globe and makes them the friend and confidant of alien races.

Of this class of modern adventurers Charles G. Leland was perhaps the most conspicuous American example. There have been other Americans in recent days, among them Mr. W. J. Stillman, who have touched life in many lands and shared in

many unusual experiences with remote peoples; but Mr. Leland was a Gypsy Scholar in the most uncompromising sense of the phrase. He loved the open road which, to such a nature as his and that of Borrow, is the path of freedom and joy. He took delight in peoples who reversed in habit, tradition, and standard the race among whom he was born; it was his pleasure to get as far away from the established civilization as possible. Born in Philadelphia, in the old Dolly Madison house on Chestnut Street, his introduction to the magical art was almost contemporaneous with his birth. It is reported that, three days after he had opened his eyes in this world, he was carried by an old Dutch nurse into the garret, where he was found in his cradle, a Bible beside him, salt to secure long life, money in his hand to avert want, and burning candles about him. It is said that among the negroes in the country Mr. Leland was regarded as a supreme master of the voudou, and he possessed a black stone which had such magical properties that it brought pilgrims to him from long distances eager to make use of its supernatural qualities. This was precisely the kind of reputation that gave Mr. Leland the deepest satisfaction, and the people who would seek him for such a purpose were the people who most deeply interested him.

Although never an accurate scholar and never in any sense an exact man, Mr. Leland's store of curious knowledge of all sorts was laid on a broad foundation of a knowledge of substantial and real things. He was one of the members of that extraordinary school which Bronson Alcott kept for a time, in which the teacher punished himself instead of the offending pupil, by way of carrying out practically the principle of vicarious suffering. By Mr. Alcott he was introduced to Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which he knew intimately at a very early age, as he did many of Shakespeare's plays. At the age of ten he was writing verse, at fourteen he was reading Gower and Chaucer and the old English poets of their period with infinite delight, varying these serious studies with excursions into the field of occultism. He was even then something of an alchemist and not a little of a Rosicrucian. While he was yet a boy he was on intimate terms with the old French of Villon. When he entered Princeton, at the age of sixteen, one of the instructors at the college is reported to have said that there were probably not ten men in North America who had read more extensively than this young undergraduate. Naturally, the Transcendental movement, then in the air, found him what is called a "sensitive," and he was soon deep in Fichte, Schelling, Kant, and the German mystics of the earlier times. It is reported that he read the "Critique of Pure Reason" more than thirty times. Such a student, browsing at large over the whole field of knowledge and following his tastes rather than the lines of study marked out by the curriculum, invariably takes away a great mass of material from his college, but stands very low in his class. He declared later that he graduated lowest but one in his class; but the faculty, recognizing that this was not just, gave him the poem—the second highest honor.

He was on the Continent at a most exciting time, and had the great delight of going through the adventurous year of 1848 in the very heart of the popular movement in Europe. His room in Paris became a center of all sorts of queer bohemians. He heard the first shots fired in the revolution which made Louis Philippe a fugitive; and he had the proud satisfaction of rushing through the streets of Paris with a mob of students, a red shawl around his waist and a gigantic pistol in his hand. That moment on the historical barricade on the Faubourg St. Antoine was one of the most dramatic episodes in his life. Later he studied law, but adopted authorship as a profession, and made his entrance through the door of journalism. He was connected with a number of journals in New York and Philadelphia, and with one Boston antislavery paper. He was an indefatigably industrious and extraordinarily entertaining writer. Whenever he could, he traveled extensively through the heart of the country, studying life in its most characteristic aspects. In 1869 he returned to Europe, and for the next ten or twelve years was absorbed in the study of the Gypsies, whose language, customs, history, and character he knew by heart. He and Palmer were so thoroughly versed in

Gypsy lore of all sorts that they could deceive the Gypsies themselves. His books on "English Gypsies" and "Gypsy Sorcery" are among the most important and fascinating contributions to this very interesting subject. He was an enthusiastic student of all folk-lore, and his knowledge of Indian folk-lore was so extensive and his ability to secure the confidence of the Indian so striking that he always believed he had Indian blood in his veins. On his return to this country in 1880 he devoted a great deal of time to the introduction of industrial education into public schools, and rendered no small service in that direction, incidentally writing some excellent text-books on the crafts. He was one of the originators of the Folk-Lore Congress held at Paris in 1889. The well-known "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," written during or not long after the Civil War, secured him almost instant National popularity.

Mr. Leland was a man of striking personality, with a vivid interest in everything which was significant of life, an insatiable curiosity, a power of production which never seemed to ebb, and a remarkable faculty of being at home with all sorts of people and of enjoying all kinds of experience. In this busy country, with its immense commercial activities and strong bent toward practical life, Mr. Leland's tastes and career stand out with striking individuality.

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The Panama Treaty Ratified

By far the most important event of the special session of the United States Senate, which has now terminated, was the ratification last week of the Panama Treaty, absolutely unamended, with the Republic of Colombia, for the construction of an isthmian canal. The vote for ratification was 73 to 5, those voting in the latter category being Senators Morgan, Pettus, Teller, Daniel, and Martin. Thus, in order to please these five men, the majority of United States Senators have not only been put to unnecessary trouble, but have been, as a public body, humiliated in the eyes of the whole world. The prestige of the Senate is indeed at a low ebb when it can be, so to speak, "held up" by a few men, who have also defied the practically unanimous opinion of the whole country.

It is only fourteen months since an even more overwhelming vote was taken in the other branch of Congress on an isthmian canal. On January 9, 1902, the Hepburn bill for a Nicaragua canal passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 308 to 2. At that time many papers were in the habit of treating the proposed waterway through Nicaragua as the only possible "American" canal. The campaign of education has made good progress since then.

The ratification is a distinct triumph for President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, to be reckoned among the most notable of their careers. In pressing the treaty upon the Senate Mr. Roosevelt has shown a praiseworthy perseverance, which now has been crowned with deserved success.

It was evident that the great majority of Senators, irrespective of party, held—(1) That the correct view was that presented by Attorney-General Knox, in his report on the title which the Panama Canal Company is capable of giving to its property and franchises (that the company had come legitimately into possession of the canal concession, and hence had an undoubted right to transfer it to the United States); (2) that no necessity existed for inquiring into the credentials of Señor Herran, the Colombian representative; (3) that one country, in making a treaty with another, must recognize the *de facto* government of that country; (4) that the United States Government could not be accused of taking a position against the political party out of power in Colombia: and (5) that, as our Government had not "in effect committed itself to the concordat between the Pope and the Colombian Goverment," there could be no pretext for the interference by Colombian authorities with the religious affiliations of Americans in the canal zone. Three principal amendments, all unsuccessful, were offered by the Democratic minority. The first provided that the canal zone should be absolutely controlled by the United States. The second was a substitute for Article IV. of the treaty, which disavows any intention on the part of the United States to increase its terri-

tory at the expense of South or Central America. The substitute reiterated the doctrine of non-interference with the affairs of *all* the American Republics, with the view of reassuring Mexico on that point. As Mexico may properly be regarded as constituting a part of Central America, the substitute was defeated. Every one knows that we cherish as benevolent feelings towards Mexico as towards any other American Republic. Another amendment had to do with the necessity for the canal's permanent defense, whether it needs it or not. This was defeated, on the ground that the United States is strong enough to defend the waterway without permanent fortifications, and that, in any case, it would be unwise unnecessarily to affront Colombian susceptibilities.

The pride of the Colombians, however, will receive some shock when Senator Morgan's long and bitter denunciations reach Bogota. His speeches and Senator Cullom's brief reply were all of the debate permitted to be published *in extenso.*

When the treaty is ratified by the Colombian Congress, the world will, for the first time in history, be assured that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are to be united by a waterway large enough to admit ships of any existing tonnage. As the necessary counterpart to that ratification, the action of the United States Senate last week is an epoch-making one. It gives to this country a commanding position as a world-power, and it adds incalculably to the world's civilizing influences.

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Lenten Meditations

The Two Lord's Prayers

And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.

Once he took three of his disciples up into the mountain with him, and they saw there, conversing with him, Moses and Elijah. By what strange spiritual sight did they recognize these unknown? Once he took them with him and bade them watch, and as they fell asleep they caught a sentence of his prayer, and as they wakened, in that strange moment midway between sleep and waking, they saw—or did they but feel?—the presence of an angel with their Master, strengthening him. The solitary place, then, was not always solitary. The communion was sometimes a communion of spirits. Each time, too, the disciples heard, or somehow knew, the answer which their Master received. His prayers were not, then, as ours too often are, mere monologues. They were true communions; an interchange of life with life; an intercommunication of earth with heaven. Once, when he entered into his closet to pray to the Father which seeth in secret, the door was left open, and the eleven heard the prayer, and John afterward recorded it. This prayer, in the seventeenth chapter of John, is the true Lord's Prayer, the real interpretation of his own spirit. It is strangely like and strangely unlike that other prayer which he gave to his disciples when they asked him for a new ritual.

That is not a distinctively Christian prayer. It belongs to all humanity. The pagan may utter it no less than the Christian. How shall we pray? With what words, in what form, by what ritual, according to what etiquette, can we, his subjects, approach acceptably the Great King? Christ's answer, applicable alike to all who feel any need of help from above, is: Come to him as children come to their father—say, "Our Father;" reverently—"Hallowed be thy name;" seeking to make his will your will, not your will his will—"Thy will be done;" for the rest, tell him simply what you want. What is it we children want? Are not our wants all comprised in these four things: Food; Forgiveness; Guidance; Strength? Ask for them; that is all.

When Christ prays, giving expression to his own deepest desires for us who are his pupils, his followers, and his friends, he comes to God in the same spirit of sonship—"Father," he says; in the same reverent desire for his Father's will, expressed less by his words than by his life, which has been one unbroken prayer that his Father's name may be hallowed—"I have glorified thee on the earth." But his petitions are not the same. He does not ask for food; he knows that the heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask him. Nor for forgiveness; he assumes that those for

whom he is about to die, and who have received his words and are trying, however imperfectly, to take them as the law of their life, are already forgiven. He does not even pray that they should be so guided as to escape temptation: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world;" he is come into the world to meet its temptations and to conquer them, and he does not ask that his followers shall live apart from the world or flee from its temptations. He calls them to go into the world, not apart from it. "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

He asks for us who are his pupils, his followers, and his friends far higher things than he bade his pupils ask in the first hour of their acquaintance with him, when he was interpreting to them, not his wishes for them, but their wishes for themselves. He asks that we may be kept in intimate fellowship with the Father, as he has been kept in intimate fellowship with the Father: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are one." He prays that thus they may be kept out of companionship with the Evil One, living in an evil world yet not contaminated by it, because not in companionship with its Prince: "I pray . . . that thou shouldest keep them from the Evil One." He prays that their acceptance of the truth may purify and cleanse them and make them whole: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." He prays that they may share his glory because they see it, and may see his glory because they share it: "That they may be made perfect in one; . . . that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me."

There are two Lord's Prayers: let us not confound them. The first is childhood's prayer; the prayer of a soul which has not yet learned how to pray, because it knows not what to desire. The other is Christ's own prayer; the culmination of prayer; the prayer of the Master; the prayer also of the disciple who has lived long enough with Christ to catch Christ's spirit and to wish what Christ wishes for him. He is not burdened for food—for he has learned how both to abound and how to suffer need and still to be content; nor for forgiveness—for already the song of the forgiven is singing in his heart, prelude to the new song of the redeemed in heaven; nor for escape from temptation—for the martial eagerness of the soldier is his, and his desire is to fight a good fight and come off conqueror. His prayer is that he may have fellowship with God through Jesus Christ; that he may have no fellowship with the Evil One; that he may be one with God as Christ was one with God; and that his may be the purity and health and glory that living with God and in God brings to God's children.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XIII.

May 22.

WE went this morning to see a review of Italian troops in the open ground on the other side of the Tiber. In some ways Italy is more democratic than America. In New York there would have been provision at such a review for carriages, or else there would have been a stand erected on which one might, for a consideration, get seats. Not so here. Our carriage was stopped three or four blocks from the grounds where the review took place, and we had to walk the rest of the way and take our chance with the pedestrians. There was a woman who had chairs to rent, but we could see nothing if we sat down, and the chairs were valuable only because we could stand up on them and look over the heads of the people. The only carriages allowed in the place were those which brought the Court party from the Quirinal. The variety of uniforms furnished a fine color effect, and the cavalry exhibited some fine mounts; but the marching was not so good as we would have seen in the crack regiments of New York, and the cavalry line, as it galloped past us, was decidedly broken. We had a good view of the King. He sits his horse well and is a fine-looking man. My Italian companion says of him

that he hates the show which court etiquette imposes on him, and every now and again runs away from the guard which, after the assassination of his father, is supposed to be necessary to his protection.

The occasion for this review was the visit of the Shah of Persia, which also furnished an incident curiously illustrating a political condition which it would be impossible to maintain in the United States; it could not survive the satirists. Ever since the Italian Government has occupied Rome as its capital, the Pope has confined himself to the Vatican, including the park which adjoins St. Peter's, which is all that is left of the Papal domains. These he never leaves, on the theory that to do so would be to render him subject to the civil power of Italy. The Roman Catholic countries, France, Spain, Austria—I do not know about Germany—send two ambassadors to Italy, one to the Papal court, one to the Italian court. The Vatican is the palace of the one, the Quirinal of the other. The Pope will receive no guest who comes from the Quirinal, much as, in a country town, Mrs. A., after a social quarrel with Mrs. B., is "not at home" to Mrs. B. nor to any one who comes from Mrs. B.'s house. The Shah was a visitor at the Quirinal; was prepared to pay his respects to the Pope; was informed that if he desired to be received he must go from the quarters of some ambassador to the Vatican; replied that he would go from the embassy of his own country or not at all, and left Rome without calling on the Pope. The papers say that he was deluged with telegrams and letters from all over Italy thanking him for his course. So far as I can judge from inquiry, most of the Italians are in their religious affiliations, if not in their religious convictions, Roman Catholics, but only a small minority are Papists. Every Italian is compelled to choose between loyalty to the kingdom of Italy and loyalty to the Pope; and most of the men in the towns choose the former. I do not know about the women, nor about the rural populations. I am inclined to think that if I lived in Italy I should vote for the maintenance of a large standing army, because the three years' service in camp is, next to the school system, the most efficient method of developing loyalty to the Government and counteracting the influence of the clerical party, who are avowedly in favor of overthrowing the Government and restoring Rome and the former Papal States to the Papacy.

May 24.

We had a very interesting experience today. By the kindness of Dr. Kennedy, of the American Roman Catholic Theological College, and Bishop Gorman, of the United States, we were taken into the Vatican gardens. These gardens are really a park of considerable extent, and constitute, with St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace, the remnant of the Papal territory where the Pope is the supreme authority. They are laid out with great taste, with walks and lawns and flowers and fruit trees and fountains, but are, very properly, not open to the public. Indeed, I believe that admission to them is rather difficult to obtain. We happily obtained even more. For in walking about the grounds we presently came upon a house, neither large nor ornate, which we were told was the Pope's summer retreat. Here he comes sometimes to spend a night, sometimes a week, in quasi-retirement. After some little delay, we were admitted and conducted over it, rather to the surprise of Dr. Kennedy, who had not anticipated obtaining this privilege for us. We went out on to a large balcony or platform, where we had a fine view of Rome and the surrounding hills. Then we were taken rapidly through the apartments—a reception-room, its ceiling crowned with a dome representing the blue vault of the heavens, with the constellations indicated on it by gilt stars, each constellation having an appropriately sized electric light or group of lights, so that at night it furnished a sort of miniature facsimile of the heavens; the oratory, a completely furnished chapel, but not larger than a moderate-sized bedroom; the throne or audience room, with a plain armchair of that prescribed type which is used by the Pope on all official occasions, and a beautifully inlaid desk, a present to him by I forget what royal donor; and, not least interesting, his bedroom and dining-room, both in one. The dining-table was hardly larger than an ordinary dressing-table, and could not well have served as a dining-table for more than one. "Where does the Pope eat," I asked innocently enough, "when he has com-

pany?" "He never has company at table," was the reply; "he always eats alone." "Always?" I asked; "are there no official functions at which he eats with others?" "Rarely," was the reply, "and then never at the same table with any other person, always at a table by himself."

And to this the Pope is condemned by the requirements of his position. Set apart from the rest of mankind, without wife or children or anything which most of us call a home, without society, or the familiarities of equal friendship, or variety of life, or enjoyments of travel, confined by the policy of his Church—how far he is personally responsible for that policy I do not know—to one palace and its park; eating, sleeping, living, generally worshiping, in isolation—this is the price he must pay for the honor of being the head of the most influential organization in the world, and the privilege of rendering to mankind what doubtless he accounts the highest service which God permits any of his children to render to their fellow-men. It is a costly purchase; yet if I could believe as he does, I should also believe with him that it was worth the price.

May 25.

To-morrow we leave Rome, and I know nothing about the modern city. I had meant to attend a meeting of Parliament, which is in session, but I have had no time. I cannot compare the Rome of to-day with that of twenty-five years ago, except as the accounts of other travelers give a basis for the comparison. Taking that as a basis, the contrast is startling. The city is as clean as Paris or Vienna, and much cleaner than Naples, London, or New York; the health of the city, as indicated by its death-rate, is equal to that of any European city of equal size; the Pontine marshes are drained, and the Roman fever has well-nigh disappeared, though those who live on the Campagna protect themselves from the pestilential mosquitoes by gloves for their hands, wire masks for their faces, and nettings for the doors and windows of their houses—alas! no chain armor has yet been invented which is proof against the less pestilential but not less irritating fleas; the water is excellent, the water supply abundant, and the fountains are a feature of the city which I wish some man of wealth would introduce into New York City; the cab service is cheap and the cabmen obliging—the warnings I had received against extortion have not been justified by my experience. I decided on arrival that when I could not afford a franc for a cab I would walk or ride in a horse-car; and as a franc was a trifle over the legal tariff, and the cabmen on the neighboring stand soon learned my custom, I found myself hailed by three or four men at once when I came within their sight, and was always well served. The cost of living is greater than at Naples, but not great for a capital; the owners of private picture galleries open them to the public with a generosity which has no parallel in any city in America, and in them are to be found some of the very finest works of the older artists. Of modern art I have seen but little, I might say nothing save for a visit to the studio of one of our fellow-countrymen, Mr. Ezekiel, whose "Jefferson," now erected in the public square at Louisville, and whose "Dead Christ" in Paris, copies of both of which he showed us, impressed me as remarkable alike in originality of conception and sincerity of feeling.

The Italian people impress me as religious in temperament, and yet, by reason of circumstances, without a religion. Their patriotism and their piety are at war, and unhappy is the lot of any people of whom that is true. I cannot but believe that this is the fault of the Church rather than of the State. "The Italians," said a Waldensian clergyman to me, "with few exceptions, either fear God or do not believe in him." This seems to me too epigrammatic to be true, and yet to veil a truth beneath the epigram. They have lost their faith in the old forms; they have found no new forms through which to express their faith. They are no longer Romanists; they certainly are not Protestants—they cannot be; their temperament demands a richer, warmer, less intellectual, more emotional, more sensuous symbolism than Protestantism affords. They are without great leaders; for in politics Cavour, and in religion Gavazzi, have left no successor. And yet the people are moving upward and forward, though without leaders and without programme, to a higher form of life than any that Italy has ever known, even in the best days of her past. L. A.

The Efficiency of Union Labor

BY A. J. BOULTON

Mr. A. J. Boulton, former Vice-President of New York Stereotypers' Union No. 1 and member of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union, has for many years held a high place among energetic workers in public-spirited movements, and two years ago was elected President of the Social Reform Club—the first trades-unionist to occupy this position. The following interview with Mr. Boulton, which took place at the request of the editors of The Outlook, turned upon the questions of efficiency and discipline, which the unions are often commonly believed to overlook in their effort to wrest from employers the largest possible wage for the least possible work. The conversation began with regard to the high wages asked by the union, but soon and naturally led to the points upon which the attitude of the unions has been most sharply arraigned. The questions are printed only where necessary to introduce Mr. Boulton's answers regarding them.—THE EDITORS.

HOW do union wages in New York compare with non-union?

Among stereotypers the union scale is now $27 a week. There are non-union men in this city getting as low as $16. Hardly any of them are getting over $20. The only large non-union office in the city pays from $16 to $22.

Could you save it money and unionize it?

Yes, I think we could. By putting our men into another office we saved it twelve dollars a week.

How?

By doing the work with two men less—or really with three men less. They had nine men in the office, and paid wages running from fourteen dollars a week up to thirty dollars for the foreman. Our scale is twenty-seven dollars a week. The foreman need not necessarily get any more than the men. That is at the option of the employer. As a matter of fact, the foreman of the newspaper referred to gets thirty-five dollars for seven nights, but he need not receive more than the men are paid. Our foreman is a working foreman in an office like that. When it was a non-union office, the foreman very largely walked around.

Do union stereotypers need less oversight?

Yes. They know as much about the business as the man in charge. They have all served their apprenticeship, and they know their work.

You claim that the union has the best men in the trade?

Yes. All the best men are always anxious to get in. They know they can't get in unless they are competent. Competent men try to get into the union because wages are higher in the union than out. We test men to see if they are efficient. We give a stranger in town a permit to go to work. He cannot be admitted to the organization unless he is getting the scale. His efficiency is guaranteed by the fact that the employer is willing to pay him the scale. The employer is practically the determining factor as to whether he is efficient or not. We seek to get every competent man in. We offer a large selection to employers. We say to the employers, We have an organization of 550 members. You don't have to keep any one of our men a day longer than you want. You have all those men to pick from. If you have a non-union office, you have no men to pick from. The "——" is now the only non-union newspaper office in the city. Its foreman can neither get men nor suggestions from other offices. He is not in a position to go around and see all the improvements that have been made. If I meet the foreman of another office, and he tells me of some way to more quickly dry a mold or get out a starter, I take advantage of the information. By systematizing the work and having each man do the kind of work he can do best, the union does cheaper work. It is by this systematizing of work that New York can compete with other places.

How does your scale for stereotypers in New York compare with what is paid in smaller cities?

Our scale in New York runs from fifty

cents to one dollar a day more than in any other place in the country. It is fifty cents a day more than in Boston, and a dollar a day more than in Chicago or Philadelphia:

Are the New York union stereotypers superior to the union stereotypers in those places?

Yes; very much. For instance, we require a five years' apprenticeship. They require only four. High wages in every line of work attract the good mechanic. It is the good man who comes on from those places to New York. He feels that he is a hustler, and he says to himself, I am competent to hold a position anywhere, and it is as natural for him to seek the place where he can earn the best wages as for water to run down hill. Many of our men here have to go out of town because they are crowded out. The bosses won't pay them the money when they can get better men. Many of those who were born in New York have drifted to Philadelphia and other places, because they were not speedy enough as far as the work was concerned. Nearly all last summer most of our men in the book and job offices were getting $27 a week, though the scale was then only $24. The bosses were voluntarily paying more. There was a rivalry to get first-class men. New York publishers do the stereotyping for the big editions more cheaply than it can be done anywhere else. They make the plates here and send them all over the country. New York gets trade away from other places.

Of course you want to remember this—that a great city like New York is where the great plants are. They have superior machinery, and the machinery plays quite a part in the cheapening of production. Every new machine that can take the place of a high-priced man will find a ready sale in New York City.

What is the attitude of your union toward machinery?

Our union has always favored machinery. We have never tried to obstruct its use in any way. I think the trade-union movement is too intelligent to have any other feeling than that opposition to the employment of improved machinery would be an injury to the union. The unions which oppose it sooner or later realize that they have made a mistake.

Some unions have successfully fought off improved machinery. In the glass trust the company and the employees entered into contracts. They agreed to use certain machinery, and made a contract as to the output. The glass trust wanted the plate-glass workers to shut down in May instead of June, to limit the output. The workers agreed to this, fearing that the employers might introduce new machinery if they didn't. The advantage to the glass trust of limiting production would be so great that they would be willing to let the new machinery go. Of course the men would not be willing to concede to the glass trust's wishes unless the glass trust would give them something in return. The wages average about $4.50 a day.

I think that the general effect of the trade-union movement in this country has been an incentive to the production of improved machinery. High wages always offer an incentive to the introduction of improved machinery. In a part of the country where wages are low an employer would not have this incentive. But where he sees a lot of men working and making four dollars a day, he thinks, If I make a machine that can take the place of some of those men, it will be wanted. If they are getting only two dollars a day, it is not worth bothering about. The autoplate machine, for instance, costs $20,000, so unless it displaced a number of high-priced men it would not pay. The higher the wages the greater the incentive for improved machinery. The high-priced men are always more intelligent and better able to use high-priced machinery.

Shorter hours, too, have been an advantage to the employer. In shorter hours a man is able to keep his mind alert. The longer he works, the greater the danger of accidents. A man becomes stupid and careless and lacks energy after long hours of work.

Something that the trade-union has learned is that improved machinery does not displace the number of men that at first glance it appears to do. I can remember when, fifteen years ago, the molding-machine was introduced into the stereotyping business. It is used on newspapers and magazines for taking an impression from type. The machine does in half a minute what it would take a man

three minutes to do. It cheapened the getting out of the plates, so that the publishers used more plates. The same thing is true of the autoplate machine. If they now made only the same number of plates as before its introduction, fewer men would be employed, but as a fact they make more plates. I find very little hostility even outside of our union to improved machinery, partly from the idea that it would be foolish to oppose it, and also from the idea that to cheapen production is going to increase production.

What about the common statement that the unions fix a maximum scale of wages?

I do not know of any trade-union that imposes a maximum scale. I do not think any trade-union would be so foolish. The members do not feel that every one ought to be placed on the same level. They feel their individual worth as much as if they were not members of a union. If we had such a maximum, the best men would want to stay out. Our object is always to get the best men into the union. Sometimes we find good men who oppose the union, but when we do we try to secure them, as they strengthen the union. But the man who is not competent we want to leave outside. He is no menace to us on the outside, and if inside he does not give satisfaction. If the employer pays every one the same scale, it is his own fault. The union merely fixes the minimum scale, and we are glad to have him pay more.

One-third of the men in our union were receiving premium wages during the past year because business was brisk, but there never has been a time when a considerable number of them were not receiving premium wages. There were always some experts who received more. Map work is difficult work, and some men are much more apt at it than others. If a firm has a good deal of map work, it is anxious to get the very best men. To secure them it must offer premium wages.

The scale is never raised unless the business warrants it. It is always done through discussion and agreement. We meet the employers and talk over the matter with them. Our scale in book and job offices was raised from $4 to $4.50 last fall. The employers had increased the selling price of the plates, and we thought it no more than fair that, if the value of the product had increased, the producer was entitled to a share in the increase.

The premium men go up with the scale. Quite a number of them now are getting premium wages. For example, take ——, the foreman of a large shop which sends its molds to twelve different cities. The molds are all made in New York City, mailed to the branch offices, plates cast there, and sent out. He is at present receiving $60 a week, over twice the union scale, and there is no jealousy among the members because he gets such high wages. This foreman has the rare knack of handling men to the best advantage, and competition for his services between two large offices sent his wages up from $40 (at which he had worked for years) to $60 a week. This is an individual matter with which the union has nothing to do.

Another illustration, but this time a body of men: The proof-readers on morning newspapers, as a rule, receive premium wages. The "Herald" pays $33 a week, the "Tribune" $32, the "Journal" and "Times" $30, the "World" $29, and I don't know a single office that pays as low as the minimum scale set by the union, which is $27. And the office that has its proof-reading done best and cheapest is the one that pays the highest wages, because the best and speediest men naturally gravitate there.

How about the man who is a little slow or a little old? How does the union affect him?

The man who is getting a little old or slow has, as a rule, to get on the substitute list. We try to "work him in" three or four days a week. He gets more money for three or four days a week at our scale than he would as a non-union man for a full week's work. We try to get him in a big office, where by working a little extra the men can carry him along. The younger men will work a little more to make up for his deficiency. They always sympathize with a man who is getting along in years, and do everything they can to help him along. We usually don't call him an old man till he gets to be sixty. When I was working on the "——" there was a change to be made there, and Mr. ——, the manager, said to the foreman, "We are going to employ

another man, and I don't want one who is gray-haired or who wears glasses." The foreman hires the men, but the manager tells him the kind he wants. The manager will go and look around the office, and say to the foreman, "There are too many men with gray hair and wearing glasses. You want to get some younger men in their place." Some of the older men leave town and get places in the smaller towns, where there is not so much rush. There is always a great drive in a big city like this. Of course that rush is more intense in a newspaper than in a book or job office.

The fact that the union has the scale so high keeps the employers from employing these old men. There is no question about that. A few years ago I was vice-president of the organization, and wanted to unionize the "—— ——" in Brooklyn. I went to see the owner, and explained to him that the composing-room was union, and for a trifling expense he could make the stereotyping-office union. There were two men there. One was being paid our scale, the other not so much. I said that by paying five dollars a week extra he could make it a union office. He said, "Now, Boulton, —— there has worked for me fifteen years. He is a good, faithful man, and I could not see him go out of town." I said, "We do not propose to have him go out of town. We propose to take him into the organization. We can't take him in according to our rules while he is being paid less." The owner said, "I realize that I shall have to unionize my office if you insist on it. But if you do, I am not going to pay the scale to a man who is blind in one eye and has no energy. If I am going to pay the scale I want a strapping young fellow in here." He lost his interest in his old workman at once.

Have you not some rules by which you limit the work a man shall do?

No; we have no such rules at all. It is because we have not that the employer pays premium wages. The employer or the foreman, as the case might be, finds out that a man turns out good work and a great deal of it. Then they say, "If we don't give him more money, some other firm will find out about him and he will be offered more somewhere else." When a man is speedy and does good work at the same time, even the boys get to talking about it.

But aren't there in some trades rules against speeding?

Carpenters don't object to being speeded, but they do object to the employer selecting a young, vigorous fellow and quietly saying to him, "If you hustle to the best of your ability, I will give you a quarter of a dollar or half a dollar a day more; but don't say anything about it." He understands that he is given that money to set a pace for the rest of the men. That thing is worked so underhandedly that even when the men stand in line to get their pay in envelopes, the speeder gets only the same pay as the rest on the outside of the envelope. The employer goes around and points to his work, and expects the same of the others. When the men find that some man is rushing, they know very well that he is the driver, and he is cutting out a pace.

Yet the carpenter organization does not pretend to discipline those fellows. It doesn't fine them, but there is a feeling among the men against them. The organization always feels that by turning out a large product it makes a better claim for high wages But when a big strong fellow and fast workman sets a pace that it is impossible for the rest to follow, that is not fair. They are all willing to do a good hard day's work. My brother, who is a builder, said he never saw a time when union men were unwilling to do a good day's work. The men who loafed on him were always found to be the non-union men.

When my uncle went into partnership with him in the construction business over ten years ago, they took a large job of fourteen houses, small stores with flats overhead. When it came time to do the carpentry work, the walking delegate appeared and said to my uncle, "Mr. Boulton, you have got to employ card men here." My uncle said, "I have figured on this job with non-union men. I have been figuring on doing this with the men I have in the shop [the unions don't bother much with men in the shops]. If you will allow me to finish it with them, I will agree to use union men in my shop hereafter." The delegate said, "You can do it cheaper with union men. I want to put union men on so you will make

something on the job." The old gentleman got indignant, and said, "Do you mean to tell me I don't know my business?" The delegate said, "If you think you can do this job cheaper with non-union men than with union men, you don't understand it. You ought not to be in the business."

They talked it over and my uncle said, "Well, I suppose the non-union men can work all day, or finish out the week." The delegate said, "No; they must stop at noon. There is a crowd of men waiting to come here at noon." My uncle said, "Well, call them up by telephone." The delegate said, "If any one of these men does not satisfy you, don't think you have to keep him. How long has that man on the wainscoting over there been working for you?" "He has worked for me about two years." The delegate said, "He could not work for me two minutes. The man I send down to you this afternoon to do this wainscoting, if he does not do twice as much as that man, you will not need to pay him at all. We would pay to have him out of the union."

The men came, and my uncle said that the man who worked on the wainscoting did a good deal more that afternoon than the other man had done in a day. The non-union men were paid $2.25, and the union men got $3.25, so there was only a dollar's difference, but much more than that in the amount of work. He said he made $800 more on that job than he had figured on making—that much more than he would have made if the delegate had allowed him to go on with non-union carpenters.

In the carpenters' organization, if you go around on the buildings, you notice there are very few gray-haired men at work. That is where the strain and rush are. If you go to the shops, you will find that the majority are gray-haired men. In Brooklyn, where the scale is $3.60 a day, and will be $4 the first of May, they allow men in the job shops who have a privilege card in the union to work there for $18 a week. It is steady work. In the job shops there is some place for the older man to go. He is not absolutely driven out of town.

How does it happen that the general public has the idea that union men are time-killers, and longs for a return to the old days of the non-union men?

The reason is that the householder and the professional man simply deal with the men sent out from the job shops. They have these men in their employ from the job shops who are not speedy, who could not hold up their end in new work, and there is no particular incentive for them to work fast when they go out to do job work. Then there is their employer's point of view. If I have a lot of orders in, and I am sending a man out to a job, I say, "Hurry up; I have a lot of things to do." But if work is slack, the man knows it, and works accordingly. If work is slack and he were to rush a job, his employer might say, "That fellow is a know-nothing." The employer charges for his services so much a day. That same man, if he were put out on contract, would hustle, because his employer would want him to hustle.

What about the limitation of apprentices?

We limit apprentices so as not to have too great a surplus of labor on the market. I think that in our craft particularly we are quite liberal with the apprentices. We allow an apprentice to one journeyman. If there are three journeymen, we allow two apprentices and one helper. For five journeymen we allow three apprentices, and after that one apprentice to every three journeymen. If we did not limit the apprentices in the big offices, they would hire boys to do the bulk of the work, leaving the expert work to a few of the older men. The result would be that most of the men would be thrown out. The end would be that there would be so many stereotypers that wages would have to go down. Professional men have a natural protection against overcrowding in that it costs so much money to learn a profession that few men can afford it. The law, too, requires a doctor's or lawyer's apprentice to study several years during which he earns nothing. Apprentices in our business in the first year get six dollars a week. We seek to do artificially what is accomplished naturally, and through law, in the professions.

In a union office who determines what men may be discharged?

In each office there is a chairman who represents the union, and a foreman who represents the management. The fore-

man can discharge any man in the office for any cause whatever except the chairman. The union protects the chairman. He cannot discharge the chairman except for cause. The cause would be either inefficiency or drunkenness or something of that kind. He could discharge every other man without question. We have to make the chairman not afraid of the foreman, so that he knows if he does his work the foreman cannot discharge him. The foreman might abuse the apprentices or put in more than he ought, and everybody would be afraid to object.

Does not the union foment friction?

A union employer has less friction with his men than a non union employer. There is more harmony and more discipline. In a union office, if a man comes in over five minutes late, the foreman tells his sub to go to work. The man can go home. All that falls on the union, not on the employer. The employer knows the men will come on time and be sober. If a man was intoxicated, the chairman of the chapel would have to report that the man had showed up unfit for work. The man could not be fined less than ten dollars, but he could be fined as much more as was thought proper. That is a protection to the employer. There is hardly a meeting in which fines are not levied. If the chairman should fail to report such cases, he would be fined. That keeps the chairman fair, otherwise he might hound some fellows and favor others. The union pays damages if botchwork is done by drunken union men. For example, the stereotypers employed on one of the Hebrew papers on the East Side got the worse for liquor. They spoiled some work, and delayed getting out the paper, and broke the machinery. They got the place in a thoroughly demoralized condition. The manager called up our office on the 'phone, and our president visited the place and told him the first thing he would have to do would be to discharge the two men, and we would furnish him with two good, competent men. The two men put everything in perfect order in three days. The employer was asked to send his bill for the amount of the damage to the organization. The union paid the bill, and the two men who had held the position were fined the amount of the bill. They paid it in installments. We never ask a man to do the impossible.

Afterwards a combination of the East Side papers was attempted to be formed to shut out the union, and this man, who was the largest employer on the East Side, refused to go in. He said he had been treated so fairly by the stereotypers that he was not going to join in any proposition that would injure them.

Does not such discipline cause friction within the union?

In every organization there are two factors—the radicals and the conservatives. The radicals are seeking to use the organization to increase wages; the conservative men always say, before we do anything, Is it just, and will the condition of the trade warrant it? Before an increase of pay is demanded, a vote of the organization is taken, and the subject is thoroughly threshed out as to whether the trade conditions in the city and country warrant it. We watch trade conditions throughout the country.

Twice a month there is a meeting. Everything concerning trade matters comes up, and the meeting acts as an education. It increases the intelligence of those who come. I know men in the organization who could hardly write their names when they joined, but work in the union started them on the road to self-education.

The Question of a Maximum Wage

Not long ago The Outlook sent to a number of representative labor leaders and officers of labor organizations the following questions: (1) Do trades-unions fix a maximum wage, so that more than average merit cannot earn more than average wages? and (2) Do they fix a maximum output, so that a wage-earner of more than average ability is no. permitted to produce more than the product of the average worker? We print below the answers received, and in our editorial columns we comment on the bearing of the facts thus ascertained upon the labor question.—THE EDITORS.

I.

FROM JOHN MITCHELL

President of the United Mine Workers of America

The United Mine Workers of America does not fix a maximum rate. It does fix a minimum scale. If a workman develops an unusual degree of skill, the employer is at perfect liberty to pay him or any other workman a higher rate than the rate fixed in our agreements with such employer. What we seek to do is to fix a reasonably fair rate of wages for all men who work in the mining industry, so as to give them a wage that will enable them to live in a manner conformable to American standards, and put something away for old age or infirmity.

In the mining industry fully seventy per cent. of the workers are employed on piece-work, and their earnings are of course regulated wholly by the amount of work they do, excepting that we fix a certain price per ton in our agreements with the operators, and the workman who performs the most labor makes the highest wages. We do not place any restrictions upon the amount of labor that shall be performed.

II.

FROM HENRY WHITE

General Secretary of the United Garment Workers of America

(1) Trade-unions do aim to establish a minimum wage, which does not, however, prevent those having more than the average ability from getting an increased wage.

(2) The maximum output is usually enforced for the purpose of preventing rush work.

I desire to say, in addition, that the effect of such rules is to eliminate the least competent workman. If the employer is given the option of choosing his men, he will naturally select the more competent, and the others will, in time, leave the trade for other occupations more suited to their abilities. Such is the case in the cutting trade in this city, which accounts for the efficiency of the New York cutters in comparison with those of other cities.

III.

FROM JAMES M. LYNCH

President of the International Typographical Union

The subordinate unions of the International Typographical Union fix a minimum wage, and not a maximum wage. The minimum wage is believed to be in accordance with the earning powers of the average printer, and there is nothing to prevent a firm or employer from recognizing more than average merit if it or he desires to do so.

The International Typographical Union does not fix a minimum or maximum output. Our members working by the piece and on time, both at hand and machine work, are expected to perform a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

The International Typographical Union has been in existence for more than fifty years, having been organized in May, 1852, and the above has been its policy during all that time.

IV.

FROM JAMES DUNCAN

National Secretary of the Granite Cutters' National Union

The Granite Cutters' National Union does not fix a maximum wage. What it does is to fix a minimum wage for those employed under what is called the day-work system. Thus, in as far as day work is concerned, wages are graded upwards, and men of more than ordinary ability can receive the full value of their services, by mutual agreement with the employer. Those who are employed by the piece, in that they receive so much

per foot instead of so much per diem, also receive the full value of their labor, in accordance with the scale prepared; so the whole tendency of our National Union, which has a first-class system of agreements with employers, is and has been to fix a minimum, and grade upwards according to ability, instead of fixing a maximum, which we would consider retrogression of the most objectionable kind.

To your second question, I answer that the reply to your first question suggests what may be said to the second. There is no maximum output contemplated by our laws or any of our agreements, for inasmuch as our wage rate is established upon a minimum, the more a man produces the better chance there is for his increased day-wage rate, and if he is employed by the piece, his increased output would give him in comparison increased compensation.

V.

FROM JAMES O'CONNELL

International President of the International Association of Machinists

(1) Organizations do not fix a maximum wage. On the contrary, a minimum wage is established which places the mechanic with the greatest skill or merit in a position to advance himself to the highest wages paid in his trade or calling.

(2) The maximum wage is not set by any trades organization, in so far as I am acquainted. The organization that I represent requires its members to perform a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, and we recognize that one man is capable of producing more than another, because we are not all mentally or physically constructed alike.

I quote from the Constitution, Art. I., Sec. 4:

> Each lodge (or lodges) shall establish a minimum scale of wages in its locality, and no machinist who is a member of the organization shall work under that scale in that locality; nor shall an applicant for membership be considered eligible unless he receives the minimum scale of wages in his locality.

VI.

FROM E. E. CLARK

Grand Chief Conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors of America

I consider the subject of your questions a very important one. It does not, however, apply to the class of employment in which the members of our Order are engaged as it would in the industrial trades or in manufacturing lines.

The general basis of pay for our members is a certain rate per mile run or trip made. This full amount is paid, no matter how quickly the trip or run may be made, but if they are delayed beyond a certain maximum time, they are paid for the additional hours required of them; as, for instance, if a division of a road is 100 miles in length, a freight conductor would receive, say, $3 per trip over the district, and if on any trip he is required to work longer than ten hours, he is paid additional at the rate of ten miles per hour for the extra hours. On some roads the rate per mile or per trip is different for different classes of trains, dependent upon the nature of the work which the trains are required to do.

The only limit we put upon the amount of work a man shall perform or the amount of his earnings is the proviso which obtains in all of our working agreements, that after a man has been continuously on duty, say, sixteen hours, he shall be entitled to eight hours' rest before being required to again start on a trip, it being understood that this rest is to be taken at a terminal, and that the rule does not permit the men to abandon their work between terminals.

Our general rule for promotion of men is, that if merit, ability, and qualifications are equal, the man longest in the service will have preference for promotion and the more desirable runs, but we make no rule which contemplates the promotion of incompetent or indifferent men.

We aim to gather into membership the thoroughly competent and reliable train conductors. We aim to protect them against injustice, and to secure the highest rates of pay, the shortest hours of labor, and the most favorable conditions of employment which can be secured within the limits of justice, right, and reason.

I have heard the claim made that some trades-unions did fix a maximum wage and a maximum output for their members. Personally, I think such action is a mistake. I think that we should make every effort to secure for all industrious men a

living minimum wage, but that, having established the minimum wage, we should not restrict the ability or the disposition of a man of more than average ability or willingness to earn more by producing more.

THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter III.—The Jumping-off Place

SOMETIME, no matter how long your journey, you will reach a spot whose psychological effect is so exactly like a dozen others that you will recognize at once its kinship with former experience. Mere physical likeness does not count at all. It may possess a water-front of laths and sawdust, or an outlook over broad, shimmering, heat-baked plains. It may front the impassive fringe of a forest, or it may skirt the calm stretch of a river. But whether of log or mud, stone or unpainted board, its identity becomes at first sight indubitably evident. Were you, by the wave of some beneficent wand, to be transported direct to it from the heart of the city, you could not fail to recognize it. "The jumping-off place!" you would cry ecstatically, and turn with unerring instinct to the Aromatic Shop.

For here is where begins the Long Trail. Whether it will lead you through the forests, or up the hills, or over the plains, or by the invisible water paths; whether you will accomplish it on horseback, or in canoe, or by the transportation of your own two legs; whether your companions shall be white or red, or merely the voices of the wilds—these things matter not a particle. In the symbol of this little town you loose your hold on the world of made things, and shift for yourself among the unchanging conditions of nature.

Here the faint forest flavor, the subtle invisible breath of freedom, stirs faintly across men's conventions. The ordinary affairs of life savor this tang—a trace of wildness in the domesticated berry. In the dress of the inhabitants is a dash of color, a carelessness of port; in the manner of their greeting is the clear steady-eyed taciturnity of the silent places; through the web of their gray talk of ways and means and men's simpler beliefs runs a thread of color. One hears strange, suggestive words and phrases—arapajo, capote, arroyo, the diamond hitch, cache, butte, coulé, muskegs, portage, and a dozen others coined into the tender of daily use. And occasionally, when the expectation is least alert, one encounters suddenly the very symbol of the wilderness itself—a dust-whitened cowboy, an Indian packer with his straight fillet-confined hair, a *voyageur* gay in red sash and ornamented moccasins, one of the Company's canoemen, hollow-cheeked from the river—no costumed show exhibit, but fitting naturally into the scene, bringing something of the open space with him—so that in your imagination the little town gradually takes on the color of mystery which an older community utterly lacks.

But perhaps the strongest of the influences which unite to assure the psychological kinships of the jumping-off places is that of the Aromatic Shop. It is usually a board affair, with a broad high sidewalk shaded by a wooden awning. You enter through a narrow door, and find yourself facing two dusky aisles separated by a narrow division of goods, and flanked by two wooden counters. So far it is exactly like the corner store of our usual districts. But in the dimness of those two aisles lurks the spirit of the wilds. There in a row hang fifty pairs of smoke-tanned moccasins; in another an equal number of oil-tanned; across the background you can make out snowshoes. The shelves are high with blankets—three-point, four-point—thick and warm for the out-of-doors. Should you care to examine, the storekeeper will hook down from aloft capotes of different degrees of fineness.

[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

Fathoms of black tobacco-rope lie coiled in tubs. Tump lines welter in a tangle of dimness. On a series of little shelves is the ammunition, fascinating in the attraction of mere numbers—44 Winchester, 45 Colt, 40–82, 30–40, 44 S. & W.—they all connote something to the accustomed mind, just as do the numbered street names of New York.

And exploration is always bringing something new to light among the commonplaces of ginghams and working shirts and canned goods and stationery and the other thousands of civilized drearinesses to be found in every country store. From under the counter you drag out a mink skin or so; from the dark corner an assortment of steel traps; in a loft a birch-bark mokok, fifty pounds heavy with granulated maple sugar, dispenses a faint perfume.

For this is above all the Aromatic Shop. A hundred ghosts of odors mingle to produce the spirit of it. The reek of camp-fires is in its buckskin, of the open woods in its birch bark, of the muskegs in its sweet grass, of the open spaces in its peltries, of the evening meal in its coffees and bacons, of the portage trail in the leather of its tump-lines. I am speaking now of the country of which we are to write. The shops of the other jumping-off places are equally aromatic—whether with the leather of saddles, the freshness of ash paddles, or the pungency of marline; and once the smell of them is in your nostrils you cannot but away.

The Aromatic Shop is always kept by the wisest, the most accommodating, the most charming shopkeeper in the world. He has all leisure to give you, and enters into the innermost spirit of your buying. He is of supernal sagacity in regard to supplies and outfits, and if he does not know all about routes, at least he is acquainted with the very man who can tell you everything you want to know. He leans both elbows on the counter, while you swing your feet, and together you go over the list, while the Indian stands smoky and silent in the background. "Now, if I was you," says he, "I'd take just a little more pork. You won't be eatin' so much yourself, but these Injuns ain't got no bottom when it comes to sow-belly. And I wouldn't buy all that coffee. You ain't goin' to want much after the first edge is worn off. Tea's the boy." The Indian shoots a few rapid words across the discussion. "He says you'll want some iron shoes to fit on canoe poles for when you come back up stream," interprets your friend. "I guess that's right. I ain't got none, but th' blacksmith'll fit you out all right. You'll find him jest below—never mind, don't you bother, I'll see to all that for you."

The next morning he saunters into view at the river-bank. "Thought I'd see you off," he replies to your expression of surprise at his early rising. "Take care of yourself." And so the last hand-clasp of civilization is extended to you from the little Aromatic Shop.

Occasionally, however, though very rarely, you step to the Long Trail from the streets of a modern raw town. The chance presence of some local industry demanding a large population of workmen, combined with first-class railroad transportation, may plant an electric-lighted, saloon-lined, brick-hoteled city in the middle of the wilderness. Lumber, mines—especially of the baser metals or commercial minerals—fisheries, a terminus of water freightage, may one or all call into existence a community a hundred years in advance of its environment. Then you lose the savor of the jump-off. Nothing can quite take the place of the instant plunge into the wilderness, for you must travel three or four days from such a place before you sense the forest in its vastness, even though deer may eat the cabbages at the edge of town. Occasionally, however, by force of crude contrast to the brick-heated atmosphere, the breath of the woods reaches your cheek, and always you own a very tender feeling for the cause of it.

Dick and myself were caught in such a place. It was an unfinished little town, with brick-fronted stores, arc-lights swaying over fathomless mud, big superintendent's and mill-owner's houses of bastard architecture in a blatant superiority of hill location, a hotel whose office chairs supported a variety of cheap drummers, and stores screeching in an attempt at metropolitan smartness. We inspected the stand-pipe and the docks, walked a careless mile of board walk, kicked a dozen pugnacious dogs from our setter, Deuce, and found ourselves at the end of

our resources. As a crowd seemed to be gathering about the wooden railway station, we joined it in sheer idleness.

It seemed that an election had taken place the day before, that one Smith had been chosen to the Assembly, and that, though this district had gone anti-Smith, the candidate was expected to stop off an hour on his way to a more westerly point. Consequently the town was on hand to receive him.

The crowd, we soon discovered, was bourgeois in the extreme. Young men from the mill escorted young women from the shops. The young men wore flaring collars three sizes too large; the young women, white cotton mitts three sizes too small. The older men spat, and talked through their noses; the women drawled out a monotonous flow of speech concerning the annoyances of domestic life. A gang of uncouth practical jokers, exploding in horse laughter, skylarked about, jostling rudely. A village band, uniformed solely with cheap carriage-cloth caps, brayed excruciatingly. The reception committee had decorated with red and white silesia streamers and rosettes an ordinary side-bar buggy, to which a long rope had been attached, that the great man might be dragged by his fellow-citizens to the public square.

Nobody seemed to be taking the affair too seriously. It was evidently more than half a joke. Anti-Smith was more good-humoredly in evidence than the winning party. Just this touch of buffoonery completed our sense of the farce-comedy character of the situation. The town was tawdry in its preparations—and knew it; but half sincere in its enthusiasm—and knew it. If the crowd had been composed of Americans, we should have anticipated an unhappy time for Smith; but good, loyal Canadians, by the limitations of temperament, could get no further than a spirit of manifest irreverence.

In the shifting of the groups Dick and I became separated, but shortly I made him out worming his way excitedly toward me, his sketch-book open in his hand.

"Come here," he whispered. "There's going to be fun. They're going to open up on old Smith after all."

I followed. The decorated side-bar buggy might be well meant; the village band need not have been interpreted as an ironical compliment; the rest of the celebration might indicate paucity of resource rather than facetious intent; but surely the figure of fun before us could not be otherwise construed than as a deliberate advertising in the face of success of the town's real attitude toward the celebration.

The man was short. He wore a felt hat, so big that it rested on his ears. A gray wool shirt hung below his neck. A cutaway coat miles too large depended below his knees and to the first joints of his fingers. By way of official uniform his legs were incased in an ordinary rough pair of miller's white trousers, on which broad stripes of red flannel had been roughly sewn. Everything was wrinkled in the folds of too-bigness. As though to accentuate the note, the man stood very erect, very military, and supported in both hands the staff of an English flag. This figure of fun, this man made from the slop-chest, this caricature of a scarecrow, had been put forth by heavy-handed facetiousness to the post of greatest honor. He was Standard-Bearer to the occasion! Surely subtle irony could go no further.

Some sudden movement caused the man to turn. One sleeve of the faded, ridiculous old cutaway was empty. He turned again. From under the ear-flanging hat looked unflinching the clear, steady blue eye of the woodsman. And so we knew. This old soldier had come in from the Long Trail to bear again the flag of his country. If his clothes were old and ill-fitting, at least they were his best, and the largeness of the empty sleeve belittled the too-largeness of the other. In all this ribald, laughing, irreverent, commonplace, semi-vicious crowd he was the one note of sincerity. To him this was a real occasion, and the exalted reverence in his eye for the task he was so simply performing was Smith's real triumph—if he could have seen it. We knew now, we felt the imminence of the Long Trail. For the first time the little brick tawdry town gripped our hearts with the well-known thrill of the jumping-off place. Suddenly the great, simple, unashamed wilderness drew near us as with the rush of wings.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Story of Gladstone's Life," etc.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH is now, as everybody knows, out of office. *Il reviendra*, no doubt, and in a happier sense, we may trust, than fate allowed to the once-famous personage concerning whom the words I have quoted were said and sung throughout France. *Il reviendra* was the burden of the chant composed to the honor of the late General Boulanger and echoed through all the French music-halls at the time when Boulanger got into trouble with the existing government. But Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a man of very different order from Boulanger, with whom he has, so far as I know, nothing whatever in common except the fact that they were both born in the same year, 1837.

The admirers of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach may take it for granted that he will some time or other return to a high position in an English administration. Whether that administration is to be Liberal or Conservative we must wait for events to show. One can imagine the formation of a Conservative Government which might rise to the level of Hicks-Beach; or one might imagine the formation of a Liberal Government in which Hicks-Beach could see his way to take office; but I think it would be hard to realize the idea of such a man being left out of office or kept out of office for many years. He was, according to my judgment, the most efficient and capable member of the Conservative Government now in office, the Government from which he felt himself compelled to withdraw, or in which, at all events, he was not pressed to continue. He was not a brilliant figure in that Government. He had not the push and the energy and the impressive debating powers of Mr. Chamberlain, and he had not the culture, the grace, and the literary style of Mr. Arthur Balfour. He made no pretensions whatever to the gift of oratory, although he had some at least of the qualities which are needed for oratorical success. His style of speaking is remarkably clear and impressive. No question, however complex and difficult, seems hard to understand when explained by Hicks-Beach. He compels attention rather than attracts it. There are no alluring qualities in his eloquence, there are no graces of manner or exquisite forms of expression; there is a cold, almost harsh clearness enforcing itself in every speech. The speaker seems to be telling his hearers that, whether they agree with him or not, whether they like him or not, they must listen to what he has to say. There is a certain quality of antagonism in his manner from first to last, and he conveys the idea of one who feels a grim satisfaction in the work of hammering his opinions into the heads of men who would rather be thinking of something else if the choice were left to them. "Black Michael" is the nickname familiarly applied to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in private conversation by the members of the House of Commons, and the nickname has found its way into the columns of "Punch" and other periodicals. The term "Black Michael" does not, we may assume, refer merely to the complexion of Hicks-Beach, to the color of his hair; but means to suggest a grim darksomeness about his whole expression of countenance and bearing. Certainly any one who watches Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as he sits during a debate in the House of Commons, waiting for his turn to reply to the attacks on some measure of which he is a supporter, will easily understand the significance of the appellation. Hicks-Beach follows every sentence of the speaker then addressing the House with a stern and ironical gaze of intensity which seems already to foredoom the unlucky orator to a merciless castigation. I must say that if I were a member of the House of Commons devoted to the championship of some not quite orthodox financial theory, I should not like to know that my exposi-

[1] Subjects already treated in this series have been: Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Lord Aberdeen, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, John E. Redmond, and John Burns.

tion of the doctrine was to be publicly analyzed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Yet Hicks-Beach is not by any means an ungenial man, according to my observation. Some of his colleagues say that he has a bad temper, or at least a quick temper; and I must say that I can easily understand how a man of vigorous intelligence and expansive views might occasionally be brought into a mood of unphilosophic acrimony by the goings-on of the present Conservative administration. During my many years of service in the House of Commons I had opportunities of coming into personal intercourse with Hicks-Beach, and I have always found him easy of approach and genial in his manners. At different times while he was holding office I had to make representations to him privately with regard to some difficulty arising between an administrative department and certain localities which felt themselves oppressed, or at least put at a disadvantage, by the working of new regulations. I always found Sir Michael Hicks-Beach ready to give a full and fair consideration to every complaint and to exercise his authority for the removal of any genuine grievance. But I can easily understand that observers who have not had personal dealings with Hicks-Beach and have only observed him as he sits silent, dark, and grim during some debate in the House of Commons, may well have formed some very decided impressions as to his habitual moods and tempers. A member of the House once asked me whether I was aware of the fact that a certain line in one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" was supposed to contain a prophetic description of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. I gave up the puzzle, and then my friend told me that the description was contained in the lines describing the Roman trumpet-call which tell that

"The kite knows well the long stern swell."

I hope my American readers will not have quite forgotten the meaning of the term "swell," now somewhat falling into disuse, but at one time very commonly employed in England to describe a member of what would now be called "smart society."

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has held many offices. He has been Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and Secretary to the Poor Law Board; he has been twice Chief Secretary for Ireland, or, to speak more strictly, Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and he has been twice Chancellor of the Exchequer. I need hardly say that he was not able to accomplish much during the periods of his Irish administration. I have said in preceding articles that it is not possible for the Chief Secretary of a Conservative Government to accomplish anything worth attempting in the work of Irish administration. What Ireland demands is the right to manage her own national affairs in her own domestic Parliament, and there is nothing worth doing to be done by any government which will not take serious account of her one predominant claim. No patronage of local charities, local flower-shows, and local racecourses, no amount of Dublin Castle hospitalities, no Viceregal visits to public schools and municipal institutions, can bring about any real improvement in the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. I have no doubt that Hicks-Beach did all in his power to see that the business of his department was efficiently and honestly conducted in Dublin Castle, but under the conditions imposed upon him by Conservative principles it was impossible for him to accomplish any success in the administration of Irish affairs. It has often come into my mind that a certain sense of his limitations in this way was sometimes apparent in the bearing and manner of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, when he had to take any prominent part in the business of Dublin Castle. He has an active mind and a ready faculty of initiative, and there was no place for such a man in the sort of administrative work which mainly consists in the endeavor to keep things going as they have been going, and striving after an impossible compromise between despotic principles and a free constitutional system.

Hicks-Beach, of course, was more in his place when at the head of the financial department of the administration. He is admitted to have been one of the most skillful and enlightened among modern Chancellors of the Exchequer. His financial statements were always thoroughly clear, symmetrical, and interesting from first to last. He never got into any en-

tanglement with his figures, and his array of facts was always marshaled with something like dramatic skill. I do not profess to be very strong upon financial questions, but I could always understand and follow with the deepest interest any financial exposition made by Hicks-Beach. He seemed to me to be distinctly above the level of his party and his official colleagues on all such questions, and it has often occurred to me that such a man was rather thrown away upon a Conservative Government. Whatever else might be said against them, it could not be said that his speeches at any time sank to the level of the commonplace. There was something combative in his nature, and his style of speaking, with its clear, strong, and sometimes almost harsh tones, appeared as if it were designed in advance to confront and put down all opposition. The House of Commons had for a long time got into the way of regarding Hicks-Beach as a man in advance of his colleagues on all subjects of financial administration. Every Tory in office, or likely to be in office, now professes himself a free-trader in the English sense of the phrase, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was evidently a genuine free-trader, and never could have been anything else since he first turned his attention seriously and steadily to financial questions. I should describe him as one of the foremost debaters in the House of Commons among the men who made no pretensions to the higher order of eloquence; and probably an additional attraction was given to his speeches by that aggressive and combative tone which I have just noticed. I have sometimes fancied that his combativeness of manner and his dictatorial style were less intended for the discomfiture of his recognized political opponents than for that of his own colleagues in office. Long before there was any rumor of incompatibility between Hicks-Beach and the members of the present Government, I have often found myself wondering how the man who expressed such enlightened ideas on so many financial and political questions could possibly get on with a somewhat reactionary Conservative administration. Of course I have no means of knowing anything beyond that which is known to the general public concerning the causes which led to Hicks-Beach's withdrawal or exclusion from his place in the present Government. Even those London journals which profess to know everything about the inner counsels of the Cabinet did not, and do not, tell us anything more on this particular subject than the news, impossible to be concealed, that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had ceased to be a member of the Conservative administration. We were all left to make any conjectures we pleased as to the cause of this remarkable change, and I feel, therefore, no particular diffidence in expounding my own theory. During the long debates on Hicks-Beach's latest Budget proposals, which I had to follow only through the medium of the newspaper reports, I became possessed with the idea that Hicks-Beach was performing reluctantly an uncongenial and almost intolerable task.

Let me recall to the minds of my readers some of the conditions amid which Hicks-Beach found himself compelled of late to carry on his work. It should be said, in the first instance, that he never showed himself, and, as I believe, never could have been, a genuine Tory of the old school. He never exhibited himself as an uncompromising partisan on any of the great subjects which arouse political antagonism. He must have had very little sympathy indeed with the dogmas and the watchwords and the war-cries of old-fashioned militant Toryism. He never identified himself with the cause of the Orangemen in Ireland or the principles of the Jingoes in England. He seldom addressed the House of Commons on any subjects but those which belonged to his own department, and these were for the most part questions of finance. When, however, he had occasionally to take part in debates on subjects connected with England's foreign policy, he generally spoke with an enlightenment, a moderation, and a conciliatory tone which would have done credit to any statesman and seemed little in keeping with the policy and the temper of modern Toryism. But Hicks-Beach had fallen upon evil days for a man of his foresight, his intellect, and his temperament generally who had found a place in a Conservative Cabinet. The policy which led to the outbreak of the war in South Africa aroused a passion in the English public mind which found

its utmost fury among the partisans of Toryism. Tory and Jingo became for the time synonymous terms. The man who did not allow his heart and soul to be filled with the war spirit must have seemed to most of his friends unworthy to be called a Conservative. Even among certain sections of the Liberals it required much courage for any man to condemn or even to criticise with severity the policy which had led to the war. Any one who ventured on such a course, whether he were Liberal or Conservative, was straightway branded with the opprobrious epithet of pro-Boer, and that title was supposed to carry his complete condemnation. England had come back suddenly to the same kind of passionate temper which prevailed during the earlier part of the Crimean War. "He who is not with us is against us," cried the professing patriots at both times—he who does not glorify the war is a traitor to his own country and a pro-Boer, or a pro-Russian, as the case might be. This was the temper with which Hicks-Beach found that he had to deal during the later years of his financial administration.

It would be out of place to enter into any speculation as to what Hicks-Beach's own views may have been with regard to the whole policy of the war. It is now well known that Queen Victoria was entirely opposed to that policy, although she did not feel that her position as a constitutional sovereign gave her authority to overrule it by a decision of her own. There is very good reason to believe that peace was brought about at last by the resolute exercise of King Edward's influence. It is at least not unlikely that a man of Hicks-Beach's intellect and temperament may have been opposed at first to the policy which brought on the war, but may have, nevertheless, believed that his most patriotic course would be to remain in the Government and do the best he could for the public benefit. He soon found himself compelled to perform as disagreeable a task as an enlightened financial statesman could have to undertake—the task of extracting from the already overburdened taxpayers the means of carrying on a war of conquest with which he had little sympathy. It was perfectly evident that the needed revenue could not be extracted from the country without some violation of those financial principles to which Hicks-Beach had long been attached. There was no time for much meditation—the money had to be found somehow—and a great part of it could only be found by the imposition of a duty on foreign imports. We now know from public statements made by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach himself that while the war was going on he became impressed with the conviction that the whole administration of the military department was grossly mismanaged, and that the money of the nation was thrown away when the War Office came to spend it. The conviction thus forced upon him could not have tended to make the task of providing means for such further expenditure any the more agreeable to him. We may assume that he saw no other course before him than to make the best of a bad job and try to find in the least objectionable way the amount of money necessary to carry on the business of the State. It was evident to him that the principles of free trade must be put aside for the present, and he found himself driven to the odious necessity of imposing a duty on the importation of foreign corn, a duty which in fact amounted to a tax on bread. Hicks-Beach well knew that no tax could be more odious to the poorer classes of the British islands; but we may presume that in his emergency he could see no other way of raising the money, and he accepted the situation with a dogged resolve which made no pretense at any concealment of his personal dislike for the task. His manner of delivering the speech in which he set forth his scheme of finance was that of a man who has to discharge an odious duty, or what he finds himself by the force of circumstances compelled to regard as a duty, but will utter no word which might seem to make out that he has any excuse other than that of hateful necessity. The substance of Hicks-Beach's explanations on this part of his Budget might be summed up in such words as these: "We have got to pay for this war, and we have no time to spare in finding the money; we must cast aside for the time the principles of free trade; but do not let us further degrade ourselves by hypocritical attempts to make out that what we are doing is in accordance with the free-

trade doctrine." I remember well that on reading Hicks-Beach's Budget speech I became deeply impressed with the conviction that his task was becoming so intolerable to him that we might expect before long to see a change in the composition of the Government. But it appeared to me that, as the debate went on and the days went on, the position of Hicks-Beach was becoming more and more difficult. Some of the members of the Cabinet became to all appearance suddenly possessed with an inspiration that the time had arrived for a bold movement of reaction against the long-accepted doctrines of free trade. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had already receded so far from the established policy as to propose the imposition of a tax on the imported materials for making bread; and why, therefore, should we not take advantage—thus at least I construed their ideas—of this tempting opportunity to introduce a system of preferential duties and an imitation Zollverein for England and some of her colonies, and to break away from the creed and dogmas of men like Gladstone, Cobden, and Bright? These proposals must have opened to the eyes of Hicks-Beach a vista of financial heresies into which he could not possibly enter. He probably thought that he had gone far enough in the way of compromise when he consented to meet immediate emergencies by the imposition of a bread-tax. Is it possible that he may have felt some compunctious feeling because of his having yielded so far to the necessities of the moment? However that may be, I take it for granted, and took it for granted at the time, that Hicks-Beach found the incompatibility between his own views as to the raising of revenue and the views beginning to be developed by some of his colleagues becoming more and more difficult to reconcile.

Let me venture on an illustration, although it be not by any means photographic in its accuracy, of the difficulty with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer found himself confronted. Let us suppose Hicks-Beach to be the leader of a pledged society of total abstainers. At a moment of sudden crisis he feels called upon to relax so far the rigidity of the society's governing principle as to allow one of its members who is threatened with utter physical prostration a few drops of alcoholic stimulant. He finds his course cordially approved by some of his most influential colleagues, and at first he is proud of their support. But it presently turns out that they regard his reluctant concession as the opening up of a new practice in their regulations, and they press upon him all manner of propositions for the toleration and even the encouragement of what my friend Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the great English champion of total abstinence, would term "moderate drunkenness." Fancy what the feelings of Sir Wilfrid Lawson would be if by some temporary and apparently needful concession he found himself regarded by those around him as an advocate of moderate drunkenness! Such, I cannot help thinking, must have been, in its different way, the condition to which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach felt himself brought down, when he discovered that his introduction of an import duty on foreign grain was believed by his principal colleagues to be but the opening of a reactionary movement against the whole policy of free trade.

The Government of Lord Salisbury seemed to be in the highest good spirits at the prospects before it. Mr. Chamberlain in especial seemed to believe that the time had come for him to develop an entirely new system of his own for the adjustment of import and export duties. For many weeks the English newspapers were filled with discussions on Mr. Chamberlain's great project for the new British Imperial Zollverein, of which England was to be the head. Numbers of Mr. Chamberlain's Conservative admirers were filled with a fresh enthusiasm for the man who thus proposed to reverse altogether the decisions of all modern political economy laid down by Liberal statesmen and Radical writers. Stout old Tory gentlemen representing county constituencies began to be full of hope that the good old times were coming back.

That was the crisis—so far at least as the official career of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was concerned for the time. What may have happened in the private councils of the Government we of the outer world were not and are not permitted to know. All that we actually do know is

that Lord Salisbury resigned his place as Prime Minister, that Arthur Balfour was called to succeed him in office, and that a new administration was formed in which the name of Hicks-Beach did not appear. There were other changes also made in the administration, but with these I shall not for the present concern myself. The important fact for this article is that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was no longer Chancellor of the Exchequer. All manner of conjectures were made as to the reasons why Lord Salisbury so suddenly withdrew from the position of Prime Minister, and why he could not be prevailed upon to hold the place even nominally until after King Edward's coronation. I do not suppose that the resignation of Lord Salisbury had anything to do with the fact that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach ceased to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The vacancies were not made simultaneously, nor did there appear any reason to believe that Hicks-Beach was so closely identified with the political fortunes of Lord Salisbury as to be unable to remain in office when his leader had ceased to hold the place of command. So far as an outsider can judge, it must have been that Hicks-Beach could not get on with the new administration, or that the new administration could not get on with him. My own theory, and I only offer it to my readers as the theory of a mere observer from the outside, is that Hicks-Beach could not stand any more of the reaction towards protection principles—thought he had gone quite as far as any sense of duty to his party could exact from him, and made up his mind that if his colleagues were anxious to go any further in what he believed to be the wrong direction they must do so without any help or countenance from him.

This theory has taken a firmer hold than ever of my mind since I read the report of a speech lately made by Hicks-Beach weeks and weeks after he had ceased to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. That recent speech might have been made by a member of the Liberal Opposition. Certainly in some of its most important and striking passages it enunciated opinions and laid down doctrines which might have come from almost any of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's colleagues on the front Opposition bench. It denounced extravagant war expenditure at a time when Imperialist politicians are calling out for something very like military conscription, and it insisted that the defense of England by the strength of her navy ought to be the main consideration of English statesmanship. That was a doctrine which used to be proclaimed in distant days by such men as Cobden and Bright, which soon became an accepted principle among all genuine Liberals, but has lately been repudiated by all Imperialists, Liberal or Tory, who seemed to think that the one great business of English statesmanship is to turn England into a military encampment. The natural and reasonable conclusion to be drawn from such a speech is that during the last session or two of Parliament Hicks-Beach found it impossible to put up any longer with the reign of Jingo principles in the Cabinet, and made up his mind to set himself free from such a domination. The Tory Government has lost its ablest financial administrator, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has regained his position of independence.

The future must tell the story of Hicks-Beach's remaining career. That he has yet an important career before him may be taken for granted if only the fates allow him the ordinary length of man's life. Nothing but absolute retirement from Parliamentary work could reduce such a man to a position of complete neutrality, or could prevent him from having an influence which the leaders of both political parties must take into consideration. He is too strong in debate, too well trained in the business of administration, and too quick in observing the real import of growing political changes, and in distinguishing between them and the mere displays of ephemeral emotion, not to make his influence felt at any great crisis in the conditions of political parties. I hold, therefore, to the hope expressed at the opening of this article, that *il reviendra*—that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will come back before long to an important place in some administration. The House of Commons could not afford just now to lose the services of such a man, and I take it for granted that Hicks-Beach could not remain long in the House of Commons without being called upon to accept an official position. He is beyond question

one of the very ablest men on the side of the Government in that House, and his integrity, his moderation, his capacity to understand the significance of new facts, and his disinterestedness have won for him the respect of all parties in Parliament and outside it. We are, to all appearance, on the eve of great changes in the composition of our political parties. With the close of the war has come to an end that season of Jingoism which brought so many weak-minded Liberals into fascinated co-operation with the Tories. The reaction against Toryism must come, and it will probably bring with it a reconstitution of both parties on the principles which each may consider essential to its character at a time when peace at home gives our legislators a chance of studying the domestic welfare of the people in these islands. It will not be enough then for a public man to proclaim himself an Imperialist in order to win the votes of a constituency, or to denounce his rival as a pro-Boer in order to secure defeat for that unlucky personage. The constituencies will begin to ask what each candidate proposes to do for the domestic prosperity of our populations at home, and to demand an explicit answer. Under such conditions, whatever be the reconstitution of parties, I am strongly of opinion that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will before long begin a new administrative career.

The French Revolution: Two Views[1]

WE of this generation have cause for mingled gratitude and regret that our ancestors were possessed of the desire, and had the leisure, to write in minutest detail of their times. A passing thought might be given to the query as to how much posterity will be able to gather from our personal letters—or telegrams—concerning the daily happenings of our lives. That there is appreciation, from some quarter, ready and waiting for all sorts of old correspondence, journals, and diaries is clear, when one notes the product of the press. Significant or trivial, worthy or foolish, witty or dull, all is translated or edited, and is turned out volume after volume, to satisfy popular demand.

France has given us many of the most delightful records of past days, and one turns with pleasant anticipations to two recent books, "The Guardian of Marie Antoinette" and the "Memoirs of a Contemporary."

The first is published in two fine volumes, and gives the substance of the letters written to the Empress Maria Thérèse by the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, 1770–1780, admirably edited by Lillian C. Smythe.

The letters of the devoted Ambassador are well known to French and Austrian students of history, but their presentation to readers in this country will be of interest. For a quarter-century Florimond, Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, kept his hand upon the springs that moved the courts of Europe. To the world, the author says, he was an acute diplomatist; to the Empress of Austria, her private appointed guardian of Marie Antoinette's manners, mind, and morals; to Madame Elizabeth (the young sister of the Dauphin), who spoke her mind quite frankly, always "*le vieux renard.*"

The author shows great skill in her use of the facts at her disposal, weaving them into a lucid and engaging narrative—not an easy task when one remembers that the period described was one of most intricate and perplexing court intrigue. Marvelous to say, the daily letters from the Ambassador to his Empress were regularly despatched for ten years without a suspicion being raised either in the mind of the King, Louis XV., or of the spies in royal pay. One finds, therefore, a remarkable candor in the communications. Upon the marriage of the little Marie Antoinette to the Dauphin, the guardianship began.

Only fourteen, hardly knowing how to write, very childish in appearance, idle and pleasure-loving, as might be expected,

[1] *The Guardian of Marie Antoinette.* Letters from the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, to Marie Thérèse, Empress of Austria, 1770-1780. By Lillian C. Smythe. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Memoirs of a Contemporary. Being Reminiscences by Ida Saint Elme, Adventuress, of her Acquaintance with certain Makers of French History, and of her Opinions concerning them. From 1790 to 1815. Translated by Lionel Strachey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New

the little Princess was a lonely figure in the corrupt Court of France. It is a sad picture. Her only friend was the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, who, warning, guiding, persuading, first the child Dauphine, then the young Queen, was a powerful factor in her history, and to him was largely due whatever of success came to the unfortunate Queen of France. It is suggested that his guiding hand might perhaps have averted the most terrible of royal shipwrecks, the terror of which he foresaw, but he was called at that very time to the apparently greater danger threatening Austria after the death of Maria Thérèse, and could only warn his beloved Queen from a distance. He died after an exhausting journey to England, whither he went in 1794 with the hope of raising subsidies in London for the punishment of France.

The dainty little figure of the French Queen has always been a center of warm interest. This picture of her daily life, her fascinating manners, her uncompromising truthfulness, her careless gayety, and her willful, foolish extravagances, all unite to deepen the impression. A vivid sketch is given of the four old aunts (of the Dauphin), the Mesdames of France, nicknamed by their unmerciful father "Loque," "Coche," "Graille," and "Chiffe," all ungraceful and even hideous women of *bourgeoises* tastes. These, with the intriguing brothers of the Dauphin and their wives, were to be companions and examples for the little Marie Antoinette. Her wits were soon on the alert, and her careful guardian had a task to restrain her use of them. She made honest efforts to improve the sluggish, almost imbecile, Dauphin, and her biographer gives many scenes disclosing the pathos of her position. She improved daily in appearance and gained in influence. The old King—Louis XV.—increased his attentions and friendliness, but for years her charms produced no effect upon the half-developed Dauphin.

All these facts have passed into history, but a new light is shed upon them in this intimate chronicle, skillfully edited with vivacious comments. Before the death of Louis XV., the Comtesse du Barry tried in vain to win toleration from the future Queen, but to none of her overtures was there a response, and, as is known, upon the succession of Louis XVI. the former royal favorite was retired to privacy. The contrast between the brilliant young Queen and her loutish husband was most painful. Daily they grew more and more opposed in thought, desires, and pursuits. "The Queen, alive in every nerve of her body, every thought of her mind, in vivid health, untiring, brilliant, emotional, to whom the day and night are too short for all her interests, witty, sweet-natured, proud, and sovereign; the King, dull, plodding, ignorant, stolid, half-alive, imperfectly conscious, undeveloped in body and in mind, toiling at his little mechanical duties of kingship, as he does at his forge, with a great desire to do his poor best, so seldom speaking that his disused voice squeaks with the effort, with the loud, meaningless laugh and 'horrid grimaces' and loutish tricks of the imbecile, yet with gentle, docile nature that submits meekly to the inevitable impulses from stronger wills. He lives a life by routine; she, by caprice. He is bent by every force; she resents even the shadow of domination. He took his kingdom with '*Quel fardeau pour moi!*' and she took hers with 'admiration of the arrangements of Providence that has chosen me for the most beautiful kingdom of Europe.'"

With these two young people on the throne France went lightly on to disaster—as the author says in commenting upon public opinion in 1778, when Franklin was being fêted by the Parisians. "The French welcomed with effusion the ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which they hailed as seed from Heaven, and sowed in a soil rank with the weeds of centuries, sour with oppression, and darkened by incredible ignorance; and they blossomed into 'The Terror.'" The tales told of the devotion of the fickle ladies of the court to Franklin are piquant. Madame de Créquy was an exception, and describes Franklin's way of eating eggs thus: He broke five or six eggs into a goblet, put butter, salt, pepper, and mustard upon them, and then "nourished himself with little spoonfuls of this *joli ragoût philadelphique*." He bit his asparagus, and took a knife to his melon. "*Vous voyez que c'etait un vilain sauvage.*"

In 1778 a Princess was born to the King and Queen, and though a Prince

had been desired, she was no disappointment to her mother, who said, "Poor little thing, you were not wanted, but you will be my very own the more for that; a son would have belonged to the State." Everywhere joy was evident, and devotion to the Queen; but the new ideas of nature, equality, and simplicity were undermining the principles of monarchy. The author asserts that the desire of Marie Antoinette for simplicity of manners was no pose, but was classed as such by those to whom pose was nature.

In 1790, upon the death of Joseph II., the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau was called from the guardianship of Marie Antoinette to save the empire of the successor of Joseph, his brother Leopold, and he left Paris never to return.

Here the narrative ends, in the deep shadow of coming destruction. The letters in the possession of the present Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau, the author tells us, repeat incessantly the forebodings of the statesman. "The most unceasing efforts, the most unwearying perseverance, cannot make them see with my eyes. . . . The danger presses equally upon all thrones; all will be overthrown if they do not unite to crush the monster rising against them." But his warnings fell unheeded, and his guardianship ended with the execution of Marie Antoinette.

The two volumes are embellished by exquisite portrait prints. One of Marie Antoinette when the Dauphine is especially beautiful. Almost the entire collection is now at the Château d'Argenteau, and was presented by its Imperial and Royal owners to the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, and has never before been reproduced. The portraits are all of great historical and artistic value.

Leaving the touchingly sad story of the unfortunate Queen—pure in life, though cruelly maligned by her enemies—always a lonely figure, and finally deserted by those whose lives were shamed by hers, we turn to the merry tale of one of the beautiful actors in the drama immediately succeeding that of the wrecked monarchy, the triumphant Republic of France. The few and fleeting scruples that came to the gay writer of the "Memoirs of a Contemporary" are as beautifully expressed and as truly superficial as those that move the emotions of the audience of the usual French play. "Ida St. Elme," self-styled and self-made adventuress, though probably innocent in childhood, became a thorough woman of the world—or the half-world—in her earliest youth. Of mixed Hungarian and Dutch parentage, born in Italy in 1778, and therefore a contemporary of Marie Antoinette, she came into contact with many of the men who were making French history during the period included between 1790 and 1815. The point of view is in interesting contrast to that taken by the French Court. She was married at twelve years of age to a Dutch gentleman who sympathized with the Revolutionary party in France, and for whom she seems to have entertained a high respect, though the attraction of the young French officers into whose company she was carelessly thrown proved too powerful for her vanity and inexperience. Before she was out of her teens she was embarked upon her adventurous career and became a skillful agent in political intrigue. She relates many anecdotes of famous men and women whom she knew. Moreau, Carnot, Beaumarchais, Pichegru, and finally Bonaparte, all are actors upon her stage. Some insight may be gained into the temper of the "Contemporary" from her candid estimate of herself. She says she had always been told of her beauty, and took it as a matter of course—but she was immensely flattered when compliments were paid to her wit. "But in my vanity there was nothing offensive to other women. I was really a good sort of soul. Still, if I was not disagreeable, I knew how to defend myself against attack from one of my sex." The reader of these vivacious reminiscences is not left in doubt as to that point, but it would be entertaining to know the feelings of that member of her sex against whom the "Contemporary" defended herself. General Moreau was a strong influence in her early life; while Marshal Ney, to whom she dedicated her mature womanhood, was the dominant power of her existence. She gives a pleasant picture of Beaumarchais, a harmless and gentle man, adored by his family, and a most engaging talker. He said, when he read the bulletins that Napoleon sent from

Egypt, that he fancied himself reading a chapter of "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." "He transcends probability; his ideas and actions are all marvel." During the first part of the Consulate it was resolved to exclude the ladies of the contractors and bankers from the society of the Tuileries, whose ranks were already meager enough. "Hence," is the comment, "the Consular Court was for some time a sort of magic-lantern show, with mixed pictures and a great many changes." It is possible that a prejudiced view is taken by the narrator of some witty encounters between herself and "Citizen Talleyrand." When she writes of him, she explains that there was not a vestige left in him of his former episcopal station except the manner of wearing his hair—as she expresses it, the Bishop of Autun had nothing left of the church but his powder and his good manners. "His cleverness in speech might have been exceeded, but not that of his reticences." At one time, in playful mood, the hand that was wont to sign treaties for France condescended to use thousand-franc bank notes as curl-papers for the fair hair of the "Contemporary." She was patient enough to have many tresses curled. Very early in her career she adopted the fashion of donning men's clothes whenever the fancy seized her. Being filled with a desire to share the experiences of an active campaign, she endured great exertion and fatigue and even suffered wounds, in order to follow the fortunes of Marshal Ney. In 1807 an appointment to the court of Elisa, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, sister of Napoleon, was secured for the adventurous Ida, just recovered from a wound received in battle, and she entered with zest into the intricacies of current politics in Tuscany.

From this Court she went to visit that of the Queen of Naples. Of her she remarks, "The Queen had a sneering chuckle whenever she spoke, which grew both tiresome and painful. By nature awkward and dull, she did her utmost to be affable that day."

Then came the campaign of 1812, and Ida made up her mind to brave the perils of the famous Russian expedition disguised, as usual, as a man. The horrors of the retreat from Moscow are briefly described, and, as she says quaintly, "Presently morals began to loosen," and theft, cruelty, and license reigned. Having for a companion a beautiful Lithuanian girl called "Nidia," Ida forded rivers, suffered cold and hunger, kept Cossacks at bay, and witnessed the horrible and pathetic scenes of that terrible catastrophe. Upon her return she began again to travel restlessly, and introduced herself at Gratz to Louis Bonaparte, former King of Holland, whom she characterizes as a bard grafted on a burgomaster, "but besides writing poetry he did a great deal of good"!

Established once more in Paris, she renewed her intrigues, and tried to restore Ney's waning enthusiasm for Napoleon, with but small success.

In 1814 Ida had an interview with "Madame Mère," as Napoleon's mother was called. She was seated at a table strewn with small pieces of bead-work, which she bought from poor women and distributed among the ladies about her. "I can easily believe that any one would be flattered to receive a gift from Mme. Mère," said Ida.

"A gift? A gift, did you say? What can you be thinking of! I pay for them, and am paid back. I see, my dear, that you are not at all economical. As for me, I am not like my daughters; I don't play princess, as they do!"

The year 1814 opened under dark auspices. Trade was languishing, and the hostility of the middle classes and society to the Emperor was evident. On March 29, 1814, a mournful procession left the Tuileries, and the Empress-Regent and her son, the King of Rome, took their departure, never to return. The next day the fate of Paris was to be decided.

Of less heroic mold than was the weak Louis XVI. when facing the final catastrophe, Napoleon is represented by the "Contemporary" as having attempted to take his own life by poison. She was in the palace of Fontainebleau, and, roused by unwonted noises, rushed to the Emperor's apartments, where she heard the word "poisoned" twice repeated. She remarks, in a true Gallic spirit, "Reawakened to his sense of moral greatness by the failure of his attempt on his own life, Napoleon resolved to submit to his fate, since, forsaken by all, he could not even find refuge in death."

After all was over, the "Contemporary"

was instructed with a secret mission to Elba, where she had a private interview with the great exile. Upon writing to Marshal Ney her observations gathered during her journey to and from Elba, he replied, "Whoever desires a change desires the ruin of France. Our sole want is peace. What matters it who governs? All that matters is France—her welfare and her dignity. Let us think of nothing but our country." But, as is known, Ney returned to his allegiance and met Napoleon, on his return, with loyalty.

The final chapters are devoted to the calamitous history of 1815, and the book ends with an outburst of French sentiment and religion. Ida, dressed in the garb of a Sister of Mercy (borrowed for the occasion), knelt beside Ney's bier, her "hero struck down by French bullets." Upon rising she made a vow to live henceforth according to the religion which granted her the blessing of praying for the hero's immortal soul, and addressed to him these words: "Ney, thou illustrious shade, how full of hope were the supplications I poured out in the presence of thy spirit! The promise I made in the depth of my sorrow I have faithfully kept. My vow has been observed. And, holding it sacred, Ida, in keeping before her mind thy noble nature, dares to trust her faults will be forgiven."

The translator and editor, Lionel Strachey, has preserved to a remarkable degree the vivacity of the original, and in his editing shows a judicious appreciation of the taste of English readers. Two portraits of Ida Saint Elme represent her as still a beautiful woman, though past her youth. A third shows her with short hair, in men's clothes, as she appeared in 1806. Many illustrations from old prints and many interesting portraits of more than ordinary value are scattered through the volume.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures du Dernier Abencerage. By Chateaubriand. Edited by James D. Bruner, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 96 pages. 30c.

Andromaque Britannicus and Athalie. By Jean Racine. Edited by F. M. Warren. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 350 pages.

Art in the Nineteenth Century. By Charles Waldstein. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 110 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Christ the Apocalypse. By the Rev. James Cooke Seymour. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 350 pages. $1.

The thought unfolded in this book, that Christ is the revealer of God's being, character, law, and grace, is thoroughly sound, but the exposition of it is continually injured by loose and careless or extravagant statements, *e.g.*, "If it is impossible for the Son of God to lie, then the first chapter of Genesis is true." No writer is trustworthy, however well-meaning, who regards it as "blasphemy" to say that Jesus used fermented wine at the Last Supper.

Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction, British and American (A). By Ernest A. Baker, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 610 pages. $2.50.

This contains brief descriptions and sometimes critical comment on about 4,500 novels, alphabetically under classifications and nationality. There are added a historical appendix and elaborate indexes. The whole takes up about six hundred closely printed pages, at least nine-tenths of which relate to the century just closed. The book might have been made smaller without greatly injuring its value, by such omissions as a few out of the twelve entries under "Tytler, Sarah," or one or two of the eight under "Crane, Stephen," and in other like cases. But perhaps all-inclusiveness was thought essential. The general usefulness of the work as a reference-book is apparent. So far as we may judge, the work has been done adequately and carefully.

Down the Orinoco in a Canoe. By S. Perez Triana. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 253 pages. $1.25.

This is no stereotyped book of travels. The first chapter reads like the beginning of an old Spanish romance. The region Señor Triana covered by muleback and canoe is one of the richest and most beautiful in the world, and has rarely been visited by civilized man since the old Spanish conquerors came that way. The Señor, son of an ex-Governor of Colombia, and a true South American, is thoroughly familiar with the history and legend of his native land, and wields a pen at once poetic, humorous, and picturesque. It is often too philosophic, giving pages of sage reflections where one would rather have descriptions of what he saw. Information as to South Ameri-

can resources, opinions regarding South America's place in the world's future, plans for industrial development which might form a basis for the permanent pacification of Venezuela and Colombia, contribute to the value and timeliness of the book.

Epoch-Making Papers in United States History. Edited by Marshall Stewart Brown. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×6 in. 207 pages. 25c.

Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 355 pages. $2.

This and the volume on Sophocles, the full title of which is given under that name, form the third and fourth volumes in the very competent series entitled "The Athenian Drama." The volume devoted to Sophocles contains translations of "Œdipus Tyrannus," "Œdipus Coloneus," and "Antigone," by Professor John S. Phillimore, of the University of Glasgow; the volume of Euripides presents "Hippolytus," "The Bacchæ," and "The Frogs," in the translation of Dr. Gilbert Murray, both volumes being supplied with elaborate introductions, with commentaries, notes, and illustrations. Dr. Phillimore discards blank verse, and his translation is in rhyme-couplets.

Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century. By H. V. Hilprecht, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia. 6½×9½ in. 810 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

From the Unvarying Star. By Elsworth Lawson. The Macmillan Co., New York, 5×7¾ in. 292 pages. $1.50.

This romance has real poetical feeling, a charming love story, and closer character study than is to be found in the average novel. The plot deals largely with the trials of a young English Dissenting minister, who is not only "pestered for opinion's sake" by a hypocritical and hard-grained elder, but is accused wrongfully of having an illicit love affair, the fact being that he has rescued his sister from a scoundrel (the excessive villainy of this man and his melodramatic death are the weakest points in the book) and is sheltering her from public scorn. With the exception named, the story is natural, simple, and sincere.

Great Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Pekin (The). By Michael Myers Shoemaker. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5⅛×8 in. 243 pages. $2.

Though twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Shoemaker's first visit to Russia, he detects but little improvement in the condition of intelligence among the rank and file of the inhabitants, "and the worst of it is that they appear indifferent to their ignorance." This author doubts if the building of the trans-Siberian railway will, after all, really consolidate the Russian Empire. He regards its consolidation, and also its extension, very much as an intelligent Russian would, appreciating the peculiar advantages of the Czar's government as applied, for instance, to Manchuria; Mr. Shoemaker hopes that Russia "will hold on to that province as tightly as England has to Egypt." In any case, he thinks one feature fortunate when the controlling element in Asiatic expansion is Russian, for, half Oriental as the Russian is, he knows better than do pure Europeans or Americans how to deal with Oriental races. For the sake of getting these first-hand observations we can afford to read some of the occasionally rather too literal transcripts from the author's daily journal. Mr. Shoemaker's account will be specially appreciated by those who have enjoyed his previous volumes, particularly his "Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires."

Heredity and Social Progress. By Simon N. Patten. The Macmillan Company, New York. 5×7¾ in. 214 pages. $1.25.

Under this title Professor Patten solves an economic problem by the aid of biology. The problem is whether the temporary surplus, which forms part of each year's product through human effort, can be transformed into permanent conditions or into mental traits. On the possibility of this depends all progress. The answer is sought in a study of biologic life, as a field the changes in which are parallel to those of economic life. Even an epitome of the analogy thus presented in this original and striking essay would exceed the present limits. It is not perfectly easy reading for the non-scientific reader, but it is simplified to the extent it will bear, and very clearly presented to those who will take care to understand. There is, of course, a certain analogy between "ecology"—the term here preferred to economics, as free from technical limitation—and biology; for there is an analogy between the life of the community and that of the individual. There is also an analogy between a social and a physical science, as ecology and biology; for physical forces have to do with each. But the analogy between these two fields is limited; they but partly coincide; man and society are dominated by superphysical as well as physical forces. While Professor Patten does not seem to press the analogy beyond its worth, he sometimes so expresses himself as to tempt that way a reader who is not on his guard; *e.g.*, "an ethical impulse begins in improved bodily mechanisms." His conclusions run counter to some widely held doctrines in economics and in education. "Progress is the development of the strong, not where they are strong, but where they are weak;" and the strongest men are weak in some point. "Education cannot improve natural characters"—the strong side—it is for the strengthening of the weak side of nature. "Men and women tend to be different. They must be kept on an equality by an education that shall give to each sex the qualities that are natural to the other." So in the field of reform: "Every class must give its strength and characters to other classes, and each race to its neighbors. Then a new surplus will appear," the basis of continued progress. The whole course of thought which issues in these conclusions is eminently fresh and suggestive.

History of Woman Suffrage (The). Edited by Susan B. Anthony and Ida Husted Harper. Illustrated. In 4 vols. Vol. IV., 1883-1900. Published by Susan B. Anthony, 17 Madison Street, Rochester, N. Y. 6×9½ in. 1,144 pages.

This volume covers the history of the woman's rights movement during the past two decade

and summarizes the present state of the law in all the American States not only as regards the voting and office-holding privileges of women, but also as regards the whole field of their civil rights. The editorial work is well done, and the narrative of events in nearly all the commonwealths is compact with significant facts. The work, therefore, is of value—particularly for reference purposes—to the critics of the movement as well as to its advocates. The defeats are recorded as fully as the victories—though of course the arguments presented by the opponents are not recorded with anything like the fullness accorded to the arguments in its favor. The defeats—except that in Kansas in 1894—seem not in any measure to have discouraged the suffragists. In each State where equal suffrage has been twice submitted to the voters—Colorado, Oregon, and Washington—they point out that the suffragists were much stronger at the second election than at the first. In most of the recent Western campaigns the chief supporters of woman's suffrage have been the Populists and Silver Republicans. The regular Republican conventions have been noncommittal and the Democratic conventions hostile toward the movement.

Human Destiny in the Light of Revelation. By John F. Weir, M.A. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 4½×7 in. 186 pages. $1, net.

This book is founded on the dualistic philosophy. Its teaching may be summarized briefly as follows: There are two worlds, a physical and spiritual, a natural and supra-natural. Science deals with the first, revelation deals with the second. Man by nature is of the earth, earthy; he is not a son of God. He was not made in the image of God. The statement in the first chapter of Genesis, that God made man in his own image, refers to a perfected creation, a perfect man. The statement in the second chapter of Genesis, that he was formed of the dust of the ground, states the historic fact, and in this it is not affirmed that he was made in the image of God. The divine life, which alone is capable of transforming man into God's image and making him a son of God, was brought into the world by Jesus Christ, and it is only through JesusChrist that men are made in God's image. They then become partakers of his nature, and so sharers in his destiny. The author leaves us in doubt respecting those patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament dispensation who were created before Jesus Christ, and those men of the pagan world who have never heard of him. The writer makes full and large use of Scripture in support of his theory, but the Scripture which he uses seems to us, in many cases, not to justify the conclusions which he deduces; thus: "It is plain that man was not created a child of God in the order of nature; for it is said that 'the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God'—that is, for that new birth, 'of the Spirit,' which implants in man 'the divine nature.'" But "manifestation" is not equivalent to "creation." The very fact that the creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God indicates that sonship already exists, though dormant, hidden, undisclosed. The volume will be interesting to the student of Scripture, but we do not think it will carry conviction to the average modern mind. Its scheme of life is too unnatural, the critic would say too artificial, the author would perhaps say too spiritual.

Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. In 2 vols. 6×9⅛ in. $12. Reserved for later notice.

In Piccadilly. By Benjamin Swift. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 264 pages.

A wild and tumultuous tale dealing with primitive passions in modern fashionable London. One always feels in Mr. Swift's books that he really should have been a tragic poet of the Elizabethan age rather than a modern realistic novelist. He uses an abrupt staccato style; his characters are mostly unlovely and often unreal; he often "writes at the top of his voice;" he has no sense of humor; nevertheless there are here and there flashes of real power and something very like real genius. This story of jealousy, illicit passion, hatred, and murder is far from pleasant, but it has virile force, nevertheless.

Italy and the Italians. By Edward Hutton. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5⅛×8 in. 343 pages. $1.50, net.

Mr. Hutton's impressions of Italy are printed on exquisite paper, as befits the often exquisite thought—a thought peculiarly attuned to those subtler charms of the Peninsula which are apt to escape the quick traveler. In Mr. Hutton we have a writer who seems to have lived in Italy, to have absorbed it, to have been absorbed by it, not merely to have seen it in a cursory manner. His language seems instinctively poetic, and we see through a poet's eye Genoa, Pisa, Siena, Orvieto, Rome—in fact, the principal Italian cities. We see notable personages too, and at close range: for instance, the Pope, the King, Cardinal Rampolla, the poet Carducci, the novelist Foggazzaro, and the dramatist Gabriele d'Annunzio. The last named becomes a somewhat more interesting character than in other descriptions of him. Mr. Hutton acknowledges that this Italian is "not without the words of the sensualist," in which madness he, like all in its grip, becomes "minute, dreary, infinitely infinitesimal." This, however, seems almost forgotten in the enthusiastic phrases which describe the genius of one who has often been regarded principally as a *décadent*. Another interesting allusion in this interesting book concerns the talent of the late Mr. Shorthouse. Mr. Hutton declares that "'John Inglesant' has caught more of the spirit of Italy than has any other book;" undoubtedly he meant to add "by a foreigner."

Jewish Ceremonial Institutions and Customs. By William Rosenau, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Friedenwald Co., Baltimore. 5×7½ in. 193 pages.

An interesting book, well illustrated. A note worth making is that at the present time no divorce can take place according to Jewish law except upon mutual agreement of husband and wife—a great mitigation of the Mosaic rule.

Leavening the Nation: The Story of American Home Missions. By Joseph B. Clark, D.D. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 7½ in. 362 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Mazzini. By Bolton King, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 380 pages. $1.50, net.

This biography is entirely worthy of such admirable paper, print, and binding. It is a dignified, painstaking, acceptable account of a great dreamer's life and thought. More nearly than any other attempt to deal with either, this book puts that life and that thought in truer perspective with other men's lives and other men's thoughts. The present volume is not only interesting personally and politically; a sufficient period has now intervened since Mazzini's death (1872) to enable us to judge both the man and the politician. As we turn page after page of this appreciation, Mazzini the ethical teacher looms luminously rather than Mazzini the man or Mazzini the statesman. When he was in the twenties, his inspiration of duty, and his conviction that all morality rested on an ideal, seemed to be as stimulating as during his last heroic days. Happiness was never the end of his life, but duty. Hence Mazzini's greatness as a man, revolutionist, politician, thinker, teacher, was purely that which belongs to character. Circumstance or status—the things which environ so many men's lives, warping them, or unnecessarily or unreasonably magnifying them—had little or nothing to do with the development of Mazzini's character. If he had not been a revolutionist, if he had not been a republican, if he had not been an enthusiast for unity during apparently hopeless years, his character must still have stood out beyond those even of such distinguished co-laborers as Cavour, Manin, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel. Fortunate it was for an often unpractical man that he had such associates—especially Cavour. Wherever we see Mazzini, as described by his latest biographer—during the 1831 revolution, at Marseilles, Geneva, London; during the 1848 rising and the all too short period of the Roman Republic, and then during the glorious days of the final welding of Italian unity—we learn from him, not only that democracy is the ideal government, not only that unity and peace must finally grow out of disintegration, but that society cannot rest on morality alone—it must also have religion—and, above all, that the spiritual, not the material, is lastingly paramount.

My Woodland Intimates. By Effie Bignell. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 241 pages. $1, net.

All who are pleased to listen to true tales of how little wild creatures may live on friendly and confiding terms with human beings who prove themselves worthy of such distinction will enjoy this volume of quiet nature stories.

Pastoral Visitation. By the Rev. H. E. Savage, M.A. (Handbooks for the Clergy Series.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 182 pages. 60c.

Specially designed for the instruction of Anglican clergymen.

Phillips Brooks. By William Lawrence. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 51 pages. 50c.

This is the address delivered on the 23d of January, the tenth anniversary of the death of Phillips Brooks. It is published just in time for Easter, and is an appropriate Easter gift. Edward Everett Hale is reported to have said that it is the best interpretation of Phillips Brooks and his work that has been given. We certainly think it is the best that we have seen in anything like so brief a compass.

Principles of Criticism (The): An Introduction to the Study of Literature. By W. Basil Worsfold, M.A. (New Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 256 pages. $1.12, net.

A new edition of a condensed and well-written survey of the general subject of literary criticism, with citation of principles from Plato, Aristotle, and the earlier and later critics, both Continental and English, and with a discussion of the various forms of literary art.

Proverbs and Common Sayings from the Chinese, Together with Much Related and Unrelated Matter, Interspered with Observations on Chinese Things in General. By Arthur H. Smith. (New and Revised Edition.) The American Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai. 6×9½ in. 403 pages.

Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. Edited by Franklin L. Riley. Vol. VI. Printed for the Society, Oxford, Miss. 6×9½ in. 567 pages.

Several of the papers contained in this volume are of National as well as State interest. Sociologists all over the country will be interested in Colonel J. H. Jones's compact account of "Penitentiary Reform in Mississippi." It is written in a spirit of fine humanity, and frankly recognizes that a negro legislature took the first steps to suppress the horrors of the convict lease system, and that the first white legislatures after the overthrow of negro government permitted the abuses of the system to develop. The final overthrow of the system, instead of bringing the financial losses which the materialists used to anticipate, has opened the way for a system of State employment which is more than self-supporting. The long chapter on "Suffrage and Reconstruction in Mississippi" is of even wider historical interest, and explains better than any recent work on the reconstruction period how the South was led to reject the Fourteenth Amendment, when its acceptance promised to restore the Southern States to their old places in the Federal system without negro suffrage. This offer was, without doubt, made in good faith by the overwhelming majority of the Republican Congress, and had it been accepted the Fifteenth Amendment could not have been adopted.

School History of the United States: Being a Revision of a Brief History of the United States. By Joel Dorman Steele, Ph.D., F.G.S., and Esther Baker Steele, Lit.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 432 pages. $1.

Selection of the Shorter Poems of Wordsworth (A). Edited by Edward Fulton, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 181 pages. 25c.

This latest addition to Macmillan's "Pocket American and English Classics" is edited with an introduction by Professor Edward Fulton, of the University of Illinois. It presents

an ample selection from the shorter poems of Wordsworth, and has an introduction of considerable length, which deals with Wordsworth's biography, the influences which were brought to bear upon him, his theory of poetry, his philosophy of life, and the quality and art of the shorter poems. The volume is supplied with notes.

Socialist and the Prince (The). By Mrs. Fremont Older. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 309 pages. $1.50.

Another novel in which the contentions of labor and capital form the web through which the thread of a love-story winds its way. The battle is waged in this instance, not in Wall Street, but in San Francisco, which is a welcome variation; and the burning question is not the matter of a coal strike or a corner in stocks, but of Chinese labor, the date of the story being that of the anti-Chinese labor agitation of some years ago. Paul Stryne, the workingmen's leader, is the best-drawn character in the book; his love-making to the capitalist's daughter, his mastery of his followers, his defection from their cause at a critical moment in a political campaign, furnish chapters of intense and dramatic interest.

Sophocles. Translated by John Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 355 pages. $2.

See the note under Euripides in another column.

Spirals in Nature and Art: A Study of Spiral Formations Based on the Manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci. By Theodore A. Cook, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5⅛×8 in. 200 pages. $2.50, net.

The accomplished author of "Old Touraine" has now published an ingenious study of spiral formations, specially based on the manuscripts and work of Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo was not only great as a painter, but also as an architect, scientist, engineer, mathematician, biologist. Through him we realize that certain natural laws bind an architect's work as they bind the growth of all organic structure, and in the present essay Mr. Cook suggests one of these laws. The investigation of spiral forms in nature is still incomplete, but much has been done by our author in his new volume to show how they have been and may be adapted in architecture.

Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience. By Rev. William L. Watkinson. In 2 vols. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. Per vol., $1, net.

These two volumes of brief sermons, like "The Blind Spot" and "The Bane and the Antidote," by the same author, exhibit insight and abound in illustrative writing that really illustrates. Mr. Watkinson does not hesitate to emphasize the reverse aspect of a truth, after stating its converse. His way of saying things is eminently terse, clear, concrete, and practical.

Studies in the History of Educational Opinion from the Renaissance. By S. S. Laurie, A.M., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 261 pages.

In this excellent book Mr. Laurie does not try to treat the whole question of education from the Renaissance to our own times. Instead, he adopts a far more interesting and popular method: he selects representative men from the fifteenth century to the present as subjects for his admirable appreciations; for instance, such educationists as Erasmus, who died in 1536; Montaigne, who died in 1592; Bacon (1626), Milton (1674), Locke (1704), and Herbert Spencer, who, happily, is still living. Mr. Laurie's characterization of these and other men is striking. Of course he calls Montaigne and Locke Rationalists, and Roger Ascham a Humanist, but Comenius is a "Sense-Encyclopædist," Milton is a "Classical Encyclopædist," while Spencer is a "Modern Sense-Realist." According to Mr. Laurie, the roots of the Renaissance are to be found further back in the Gothic Age than we sometimes think. Certain precursors of the Renaissance are evident enough in the Middle Ages, it is true—the Crusades and the age of chivalry, the beginnings of national vernacular literatures, and, above all, the freedom of discussion at the mediæval universities. These elements, however, in the opinion of many, are not so notable in foreshadowing the Renaissance as in adding distinction to the period of scholastic philosophy, cathedral schools, and university foundations—to the age of Dante, Giotto, St. Thomas, St. Francis, St. Bernard, and St. Louis.

Story of the Churches (The): The Presbyterians. By Charles Lemuel Thompson, D.D. **The Baptists.** By Henry C. Vedder, D.D. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7 in. Per vol., $1, net.

Illiteracy is in more degrees than is popularly supposed. The church member ignorant of the history of his own Church is not free from an illiteracy that is not creditable. These outlines leave less excuse for it than the big books hitherto dealing with the subject. What every church member ought to know is here presented in clear and compact form, sufficiently condensed for the limitations of busy people. So briefly is the story told as to make it easy for one to learn also about other churches than his own—an accomplishment now rare, but most desirable.

Theory of Education in Plato's "Republic" (The). By John E. Adamson, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 258 pages.

This is a book of no merely antiquarian interest. Plato is perennially fresh. His theory of education touches modern needs at many points, at none more than in regard to the social interest in education, the making of good citizens, for which a purely individual interest has too often been substituted. Those who are minded to turn from the new wine of our modern educational literature to the old wine of Plato's Academy will find Mr. Adamson's book not only instructive, but charming in its setting forth of principles thought out so long since, and still tasking wisdom to apply. According to Plato, religious and moral training in reverence toward God and the family virtues is primordial. In this a powerful factor is literature. But one must guard against the dangers of imitation. Individuality and self-reliance must be cultivated. The teacher must efface himself, not impress himself upon his pupils; to superintend and guide is his

sole function. Æsthetic and intellectual training are essential constituents of moral culture; the beautiful and the true are intimately related to the good. "The end of a 'musical' education is a good character." Other chapters deal with physical culture, social welfare, the cardinal virtue. But one may question if Mr. Adamson rightly conceives of patriotism as "a dangerous emotion." Defined as love of one's countrymen as a brotherhood, rather than of one's country as a place to make one's fortune in, only the lack of patriotism can be dangerous.

Theism. By Borden P. Bowne. Comprising the Deems Lectures for 1902. The American Book Co., New York. 5⅛×8⅛ in. 323 pages.

In this largely augmented revision of his work on "The Philosophy of Theism" Professor Bowne holds closely to the essentials of theistic argument, intent wholly on clearing up and settling its logical principles. Not, however, as if the issue between theism and its contradictories rested on logic. The office of logic ends with determining the correctness of the process of reason from premiss to conclusion—a purely regulative function. Tested thus by logical principles, atheism is shown to be "a mental outlaw," and "philosophically illiterate and belated." Viewed as a presentation of the logical validity of the theistic argument, Professor Bowne's outline might be called "the Logic of Theism." But he admits that the entire argument rests on the basis of "faith;" he insists that it must so rest, and rests securely so. Faith is rooted not in logic, but in life, in the mind's necessity of self-realization and self-preservation. The fundamental realities are the principles by which we live, and live our best life. These are assumed by an act of faith in the essential truthfulness of life and reality. He who will assume nothing of this cuts away the basis of science as well as of religion. But, so much being assumed, the issue between theism and atheism is virtually settled. Regarding these as rival hypotheses for the explanation of the cosmos and of man, it appears that while theism cannot be "proved" without begging the question, it cannot be denied without ending in absurdity. Atheism, as Professor Bowne observes, "is a kind of intellectual parasite." It has flourished less through any vitality of its own than on the faults of some theistic arguments. The thorough work in theistic thought accomplished during the past generation has bereft it of this nutriment, and "the atheistic gust" has mostly blown over. Professor Bowne has himself contributed to this, especially in the field of epistemology, where the suicidal nature of atheistic thought is demonstrated. Theism still has its puzzles, to which atheism has given more attention than to its own desperate ones. The problem of "the One and the Many," the inner relation of the world of individuals to God, is one of these, and here Professor Bowne himself is less clear than elsewhere. Theism will not be perfected till it has absorbed all the truth there is in Pantheism, and this Professor Bowne does not seem to have quite done.

Two Heroes of Cathay: An Autobiography and a Sketch. Edited by Luella Miner. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 238 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Under the Rose. By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 427 pages.

A love story of the time of Francis I. of France and Charles V. of Spain; the principal scenes are laid in the court of the former and the tent of the latter. There are princes and princesses to spare, and enough jesters to amuse them—the hero being a "fool," who came very near to playing a most serious joke upon himself.

"Unofficial:" A Two Days' Drama. By Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes (née Farwell). D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 275 pages. $1.

The combination of several situations which possess the inherent attractiveness peculiar to the staples of the story-teller's art are so strung together as to make this little volume an entertaining companion for a leisure hour when one wants to read something very light indeed.

Veronica. By Martha W. Austin. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 256 pages. $1.50.

One charm of this prose idyl lies in its sympathy with nature, appreciation of her moods, and acceptance of her ministries. It is a love story, and keen and delicate insight is displayed in depicting the tortures of a constant by an inconstant heart, and in showing the broadening and strengthening of the former through doubt as through faith.

We Shall Live Again: The Third Series of Sermons which have Appeared in the New York Sunday Herald. By George H. Hepworth, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 271 pages. $1, net.

Of the more than fifty sermonettes in this collection, which takes its title from the subject of the first, a large number open windows toward the world of spirit. Dr. Hepworth felt himself a citizen of that world as of this, and the uplifting influence of it pervades his thought. Life was to him worth living, and these short sermons to the readers of the New York "Herald" are pointed with an aim to make it so.

What Manner of Man. By Edna Kenton. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×8 in. 300 pages.

This is a modern version of "Prometheus Bound," the Prometheus being a woman whose martyrdom comes when she discovers why her artist-husband married her. Thayer, the artist, paints the souls of women; he is equal to heroic measures in bringing the soul to the surface while studying the embodiments transferred to his canvas.

Wisdom of James the Just (The). By Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 253 pages. $1.20, net.

The Bishop of Ripon assumes that the Epistle of St. James is an epistle and was written by James; he does not go into the critical discussion of this New Testament contribution to Hebrew wisdom literature. His comments are exegetical. His work is an elaborate untechnical commentary.

Correspondence

A Letter from Senator Hoar

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have seen in one of the papers that The Outlook has stated lately that I had reproved or rebuked the President of the United States for interfering with legislation, and, in commenting on that, added that I formerly made a public complaint of persons who ventured to exercise their constitutional right of petitioning Congress or the Senate.

I have done neither the one nor the other, and the statement of The Outlook rests on a total misunderstanding of what I said.

A Senator stated on the floor that a bill which he desired to have taken up and passed was approved by the President and one of the Heads of the Departments, and that the President, although he had shortly before vetoed a similar bill, was now satisfied that the bill ought to pass. Of that statement I complained, calling attention to the fact that such statements as to the opinion of the Crown are always held a breach of privilege in the British Parliament, and I urged that nobody had the right to undertake to influence legislation by statements of the opinion of the President; to which I added that "the time for the President to make up his mind about legislation is after we have passed it and not before, unless he avail himself of his constitutional right to make recommendations in his messages, which is the proper way."

I did not in the least reprove President Roosevelt, and did not complain that he had in any respect departed from propriety. All that I complained of was the habit that has grown up among some of the Senators of claiming to be special depositaries of the President's wishes.

Second. I never complained of the right of petition, or uttered a word or had a thought inconsistent with it. Some years ago there was a proposed treaty agreed upon between our State Department and the British Minister which provided, among other things, that when any question came up between the two countries, it should be left to a tribunal which should contain two Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. It also provided that other nations should be invited to accede to that treaty. We have only nine Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. It takes five for a quorum. So if that treaty had become law, and we had had a question with Great Britain grave enough to be referred to that tribunal, we must have withdrawn two of our Judges; and if two of the others—all of them being men of an advanced age—had happened to be at that time ill, we should have had a bare quorum to settle the greatest constitutional questions which might affect the fate of the Republic.

Further than this. The treaty provided that any other countries that saw fit might become parties to it. So we might have made treaty oblgations which would require the taking from their duties for a long period of time the whole of the Supreme Court of the United States, or a majority of it. The investigations which might come up might take, as the Canada dispute has taken already, a good many months. We might have boundary questions, like the Venezuela case, or questions of commercial or maritime rights, like the Canada fisheries case, or like the Behring Sea sealing question. In other words, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, as it stood, was utterly preposterous.

Now, before the treaty had been printed, and before the papers accompanying the treaty had been sent to the Senate and laid on the table, the press, and especially the religious press, was clamoring that we should adopt the treaty without delay and without amendments. One well-known paper, published in my own city, said: "Let the Senators stop talking about it and vote and go home." A very worthy orthodox minister in Worcester preached a foolish sermon from his pulpit denouncing the Senate for thinking that such a humane measure in the interests of peace needed any discussion. Then the petitions began to come in—petitions signed in utter ignorance of what the petitioners were talking about.

Now this was not simply harmless folly.

I was very eager at that time to get this treaty ratified with proper amendments. I got the pledges of many Senators, who would otherwise have voted against it, that if I would get certain amendments, among others one modifying this provision in regard to the Judges of the Supreme Court, they would vote for it. I got the votes of eleven Senators, nearly enough to secure its passage by the necessary two-thirds vote, by that amendment. But this public clamor which came from the press and the pulpit made it much harder for us to get Great Britain to amend it. The trouble with this angry talk about diplomatic matters is that the other side to the bargain, when we try to get them to come to our terms, says to our diplomatic agents, "Why, your own people are for this thing as it is. Your newspapers are writing articles for it. Your clergymen are preaching for it, and your citizens are petitioning for it." It is not a good Yankee method of making a bargain to have an agent in the midst of his trade reviled by his principal and employer because he does not come at once to the other side, unless the other side is to be expected to dictate the terms.

What I have said in this letter is in substance what I said in the Senate.

I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,

GEORGE F. HOAR.

Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

[In this letter Senator Hoar states two principles: from the first we dissent; with the second we agree. In our judgment, the President occupies a position much more nearly akin to that of the Prime Minister than to that of the King in England. The King has no politics and belongs to no party. The President, like the Prime Minister, is the official leader of the party which has elected him to office. There is very good reason, therefore, why he should inform Congress of the views which he entertains as the leader of his party, and this has often been done by Presidents in other ways than through formal messages. We are inclined to think that it would be well if the members of his Cabinet had seats in the House of Representatives and could be questioned on the floor of the House, as the members of the Government can be in the House of Commons. On the other hand, while it is quite legitimate for the press and the public to discuss the general principles involved in a treaty, as the principle of reciprocity involved in the Cuban treaty, and of an interoceanic canal involved in the Colombian treaty, the details should always be left to be settled by the authorities in Washington, and, in our judgment, those details should be discussed privately in executive session, and for the reasons which Senator Hoar has so admirably stated.—THE EDITORS.]

Lend-a-Hand Book Mission

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am constantly asked for information in regard to the Lend-a-Hand Book Mission. This was its origin. In 1892 a Southern minister and a teacher applied to me for the gift of second-hand publications to give to people in the rural districts who had no money to pay for them. Generous donations were sent, which were followed by touching expressions of gratitude.

Other calls received a liberal response. From this humble beginning has arisen a wide educational movement under the name of the Lend-a-Hand Book Mission.

Its object is to collect books and periodicals which the owners have read and laid aside, and place them in communities where the people are scantily supplied.

We are now confronted with new and important opportunities and responsibilities. In going from city to town and village the past winter, we everywhere found leading men and women of the South fully comprehending the ignorance and destitution of dwellers in remote places, and they are making energetic efforts to place higher mental advantages within the reach of the masses.

I have attended meetings of the Woman's Clubs in several States, and am greatly interested in the very successful philanthropic work they have entered upon. They are sending traveling libraries into the rural districts. Each library consists of from fifty to one hundred useful and entertaining books; one-third are for adults and the remainder are for children. A library remains in a town from two to six months, and then is transported to another equally needy community.

The country people who read these

books are kind, warm-hearted, and honest, with good capabilities, but lack development.

Some of the Woman's Clubs have so many applications on file that it is impossible to supply the demands, and people are obliged to wait for weeks before their turn comes to receive a library.

The value of providing useful literature cannot be overestimated. I have talked with this class of Southern people, and understand their aspirations and necessities. They have enlisted my sympathy and interest, and I wish to make a strong plea in their behalf.

Thirty traveling libraries through the Lend-a-Hand Book Mission have been presented to some of the Woman's Clubs. They ask and need our continued help. So many requests are coming to this Mission that at least one hundred and fifty traveling libraries are needed to carry forward this part of our work. The books most called for are "Black Beauty," "Ben-Hur," the Henty books, "Little Men," "Little Women," "Chatterbox," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Beautiful Joe," "In His Steps," "Adam Bede," Dickens's "Child's History of England," "Five Little Peppers," Phillips Brooks's Sermons, "Alice in Wonderland," etc. These and other books of a similar character are carrying brightness and knowledge into thousands of obscure homes.

Sunday-schools are constantly replenishing their libraries. What becomes of the old books? They would furnish excellent food for hungry minds. Town and city libraries sometimes have duplicate copies of volumes, which, after their early popularity has passed, would be a great boon to less fortunate libraries.

I have visited some of the State prisons. Convicts are especially glad to receive the "Youth's Companion" and the "Christian Herald." The wardens are uniformly polite, and consider it a privilege to give helpful publications to the unfortunate prisoners under their charge. Magazines, juvenile Sunday papers, Bibles, Scripture and picture cards can be used to great advantage.

All offers of reading should be made to me. Please do not send packages to the Lend-a-Hand Office, Boston, as this is my post-office address only, and it is not a depot for reading supplies.

Please send me a list of what has been collected, and I will reply, giving information to whom and to what place in the South your reading material can be forwarded. The freight must be *prepaid* by the donors.

This useful work of making thousands of restricted lives richer and happier has no boundary line, and its influence cannot be measured.

SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

Lend-a-Hand Office, 1 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Mormon Attitude

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of February 14 you state that "testimony . . . was to the effect that *no* Mormon would run for political office without the consent of the 'First Presidency' of the 'Church.'" This statement will not be borne out by the facts, which are well understood in this section, and should have been known by the Senators from Utah, Idaho, and Colorado. The organization of the "Mormon Church" is most thorough and efficient, and it is true that no church officer would leave his church work for a political position which would take him away from his church duties, without resigning or securing leave of absence from his immediate superiors (not necessarily from the "First Presidency"). Would this not be true of any church organization? Any Mormon who is not an officer of the Church *would not* have to secure permission from any one.

With the practical abandonment of polygamy and admission of Utah as a State came a breaking up of the old division into Mormon and anti-Mormon parties and a readjustment along National party lines. It is claimed by the "Mormons," and believed by the unprejudiced "Gentiles" who are in a position to judge, that for the past fifteen years the "Mormon Church" has not in the slightest particular interfered with the political beliefs of the members of that body The writer of this letter is not a member of the "Mormon Church," but rather entirely opposed to their peculiar beliefs.

Boise, Idaho. J. R. F.

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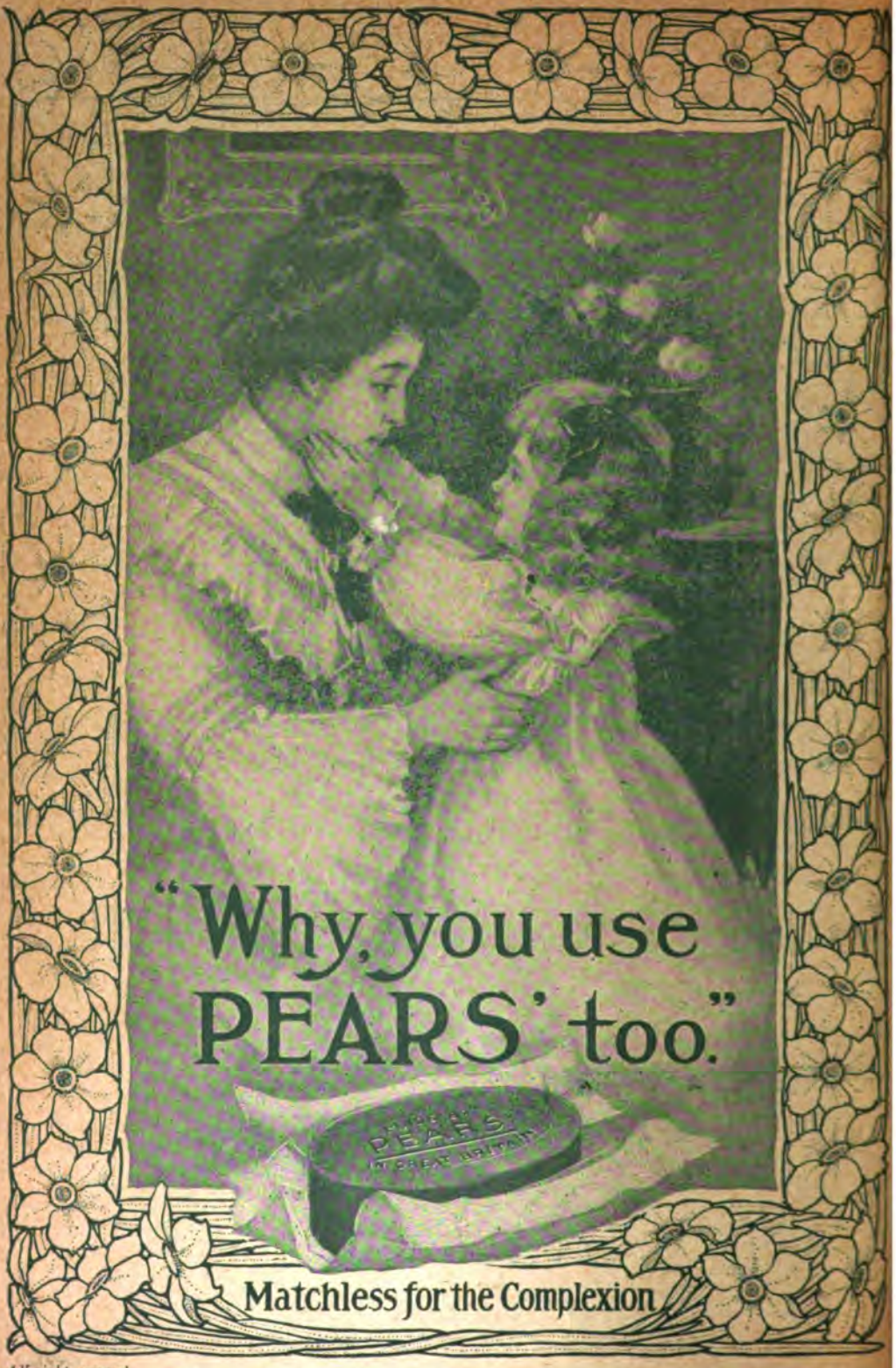
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The Outlook

Saturday, April 4, 1903



Illustrated Magazine Number for April



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The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 73 April 4, 1903 No. 14

The Tenement-House Bill

The delegation which went to Albany from the city of New York last week to protest against any changes in the amended Tenement-House Bill prepared by the Tenement-House Commissioner, and passed unanimously by the State Senate, is said to have been one of the largest and most influential that has ever been seen in Albany. Some three hundred citizens, including representatives from the tenement-house districts, went up on a special train, and some forty or fifty more went up on one of the regular trains. Both delegations visited the Governor, and received explicit assurance from him that no legislation would receive his approval which had the effect to impair the efficiency of the present law in the protection it affords to the poorer people in New York. A hearing was to have been given on the bill by the Assembly Committee which has it in charge, but the canal bill occupied the attention of the House until eight o'clock in the evening, so that most of the delegation had been compelled to return to the city before the Committee could be convened. The selected speakers, however, remained, and presented the cause of the people to the Committee, and they included, besides representatives of the Tenement-House Commission, others who represented the better class of builders. The opposition to the bill in its present form comes mainly from speculative builders, who wish to put up cheap and poor tenements, and owners of old tenements built before the present law, not constructed for tenement-houses, and unequipped with any proper sanitary provisions. These the law requires them to add, and to this some of the landlords object. The argument for the Commissioner's bill was tersely put by an Assemblyman from one of the river counties in private conversation with a staff representative of The Outlook. "We are," he said, "constantly passing legislation for the protection of fish and game in the country, and it seems as though we might legitimately pass legislation for the protection of women and children in the crowded sections of the great cities."

❀

New York's Canal Referendum

After an exciting contest in each house, the New York Legislature last week passed the bill submitting to the voters of the State the proposition to issue $101,000,000 worth of bonds for the construction of a thousand-ton barge canal in the place of the present Erie Canal. In the Senate the vote stood 32 to 14, in the House 87 to 55. In both bodies a small majority of the Republicans voted against the bill, while all the Democrats in the Senate and all but three in the House supported it. The division, however, was in no sense partisan. It was altogether sectional. The representatives of Greater New York and of Buffalo, without regard to party, supported the bill, while a majority of the representatives of the rural counties, without regard to party, voted against it. The smallness of the Democratic vote against the bill was due to the smallness of the Democratic vote from the rural counties not bordering upon the canal. The arguments used against the canal were the enormous cost of the project, the decreasing value of canals because of railway competition, and the injustice of taxing rural New York to cheapen the transportation of Western grain. The replies made by the friends of the canal are badly reported in the despatches, but are briefly as follows: (1) The cost of the improvement is less in proportion to the wealth of the State than was the cost of the original canal in 1817 or its widening in 1835. The

original canal cost the State $9,000,000, or $9 per capita for the million people then living in the State; the widening (and deepening) in 1835 cost $25,000,000, or $12 per capita; while the present project calls for an expenditure of $101,000,000, or less than $14 per capita at a time when the average wealth is treble that in the former periods. (2) Water transportation is still far cheaper than railroad transportation, and barge canals equipped with electric traction bid fair to furnish effective competition for railways for a long time to come. Not only would they lower the transportation rates for building materials, coal, and manufacturers' materials of all sorts carried by themselves, but they would regulate the charges imposed by the consolidating railroads. (3) The argument that the rural counties must not be taxed for the benefit of New York and Buffalo is untenable, as these cities, with barely one-half of the people of the State, contribute more than two-thirds of the State taxes in which the rest of the State takes an equal share. Many of the individual benefits of the canal reach nearly the whole State, and it involves no sectional injustice in the use of State funds.

❀

The Alternatives Presented

That the bill which has passed the Legislature will be signed by Governor Odell was virtually pledged in his letter accepting the nomination for Governor. The people of New York State must therefore proceed to educate themselves upon the great business proposition to be voted upon in November. Practically there are but two courses of action. Either the proposed barge canal should be constructed, or canal transportation should be abandoned. The latter course seems to us the more hazardous of the two. Yet this is the course prescribed if a majority of the people of New York vote "no" at the approaching referendum. It will not do to say that a vote against the barge canal proposition opens the way to the construction of a ship canal by the National Government. In every State many of the firmest believers in canal competition for railways would oppose this stupendous project for the National Government, because it could be inaugurated only as part of a bankrupting scheme involving corresponding appropriations for all other States represented by efficient log-rollers in Congress. The producers of the lake regions already have an open waterway to foreign markets through Canada. It is primarily for New York State that the canal is designed, and the State must and should meet the cost of the improvements demanded. Neither will it do to say that a vote of "no" at the referendum opens the way for the improvement of the present canal. This used to be true, but to-day the students of canal problems are practically a unit in declaring that the barge canal equipped with electric traction is the only businesslike proposition under modern conditions. It is this proposition which the great commercial bodies of New York City have indorsed as essential to preserving the city's commercial ascendency, and it is this proposition which canal advocates throughout the State indorse as essential to effective regulation of railway rates. The aggregate expenditure proposed is enormous, but is only the sum expended every year by the city government of Greater New York. If it promises to add as much to the future wealth of the State, it should be indorsed. We speak with diffidence upon the problem, but we prefer to risk the large expenditure to the abandonment of canal competition.

❀

Boss Brayton Defines His Position

Boss Brayton, of Rhode Island, appears to wear his crown—or rather wield his whip—with almost as easy an indifference to public condemnation as Boss Addicks, of Delaware. When interviewed last week by the New York "Evening Post's" New York correspondent, who has so forcibly exposed his misrule, General Brayton talked with the utmost calmness of the situation and answered freely and fully every question put to him —except one. In brief, his statement was as follows:

I don't think there is much outright vote-buying done; the voters are paid for their time, because they have to leave their work and come down to the polls. Sometimes that takes all day. The manufacturers in the State are really to blame for present conditions. Some of them haven't treated the party just right. The Republicans have never passed any legislation that would bother them, like the ten-hour law and things like that, until

there was such a strong demand from the labor people and the citizens that the party had to do it, and then, with the people voting against us because we didn't pass such laws, and the manufacturers not helping us as they should, we have been caught between two fires. . . . I am an attorney for certain clients, and look out for their interests before the Legislature. I am retained annually by the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company. As every one knows, I act for the Rhode Island Company [street-railway interests], and I have been retained in certain cases by the Providence Telephone Company. In addition to these, I have had connections, not permanent, with various companies desiring franchises, charters, and things of that sort from the Legislature. I never solicit any business. It all comes to me unsought. You see, in managing the campaign every year I am in a position to be of service to men all over the State. I help them to get elected, and naturally many warm friendships result; then when they are in a position to repay me they are glad to do it.

Apparently this statement is as accurate as it is bold. The power of the machine in Rhode Island—and in every other State except Delaware—does not rest upon the personality of the boss, but upon the campaign-contributing interests for which he acts as agent. So long as the public conscience tolerates the giving of ill-disguised corruption funds by corporations and the receiving of ill-disguised bribes by voters and legislators, the boss system will endure and the removal of one agent will but make room for another. In conclusion, it may be noted that the one question which General Brayton declined to answer was the prospective fate of the bill repealing the special act forcing a barroom upon the people of Block Island, despite their vote. The repeal is demanded by well-nigh the whole public, but the boss seems to think the public interest in it will die down. The private interests, he knows, will remain alert.

❀

The Chicago City Election

In Chicago at the present time interest centers in the city election that is to take place Tuesday, April 7, when a Mayor and one-half the City Council are to be chosen. The opposing candidates for Mayor are Carter H. Harrison and Graeme Stewart. Mr. Harrison, the Democratic nominee, is now finishing his third consecutive term as Mayor of Chicago. Mr. Stewart, the Republican nominee, is a successful merchant and a member of the wholesale grocery house of W. M. Hoyt & Co. He is the Republican National Committeeman from Illinois, and a man of good personal standing in his community. The chief issue of the campaign is the traction question. Many of the most important street railway franchises expire on July 30 of the present year, and the questions involved in the renewal of those franchises have constituted for the last half-dozen years the most important topic of local political discussion. During the past winter the Council Committee on Local Transportation entered into negotiations over the question of franchise renewals with representatives of the companies, among the latter being Mr. Auerbach and Mr. Govin, of New York, representing Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. W. F. Harrity, of Philadelphia, the noted Democratic politician, representing the Widener-Elkins interests. The negotiations were broken off by the representatives of the companies, who claimed that the terms proposed by the city were too onerous. Mayor Harrison has recently said that Messrs. Harrity and Auerbach, during the progress of these negotiations, boasted to him of their power in National Democratic politics, and intimated that higher political honor might be in store for him if he would but assist them to secure the desired franchise renewals. The platforms of both the Republican and Democratic city conventions take progressive ground on the street railway question. Both favor State legislation authorizing cities to own and operate street railways. Both declare against franchise renewal grants for a longer period than twenty years. Both declare that any such grant must contain a clause reserving to the city the right to take over the property at or before the expiration of the grant. The chief difference appears to be as to the referendum. Mayor Harrison's platform demands that the people be given an opportunity to vote on the renewal grants before they shall become effective. Mr. Stewart's platform is silent on this phase of the question. Mr. Harrison, during the six years that he has been Mayor, has won favor with the people and has excited the enmity of some of the heavy financial interests by his stand on the traction question. He has, however, been the subject of considerable

criticism for administrative faults—particularly his failure to suppress gambling-houses and keep the streets clean. Mr. Stewart promises, if elected, to give the city a first-class business administration. His critics contend, however, that, with the traction question unsettled, no man should be elected Mayor of Chicago who is without a record on that question, which is the case with Mr. Stewart. The latter is subjected to some criticism, too—his friends claim unjustly—because his nomination came to him at the hands of a rather unpopular party machine. The favorite of the independent Republican element for the nomination was John Maynard Harlan, son of Justice Harlan, of the Federal Supreme Court, who polled seventy thousand votes as an independent candidate for Mayor in 1897. Without any organization to start with, Mr. Harlan secured more than a third of the delegates to the recent Republican city convention that nominated Mr. Stewart. There is also a full labor ticket in the field, but it is not expected to secure a heavy vote. The people of Chicago do not allow interest in a Mayoralty election to divert their attention wholly from the City Council, thirty-five members of which are to be elected at the same time. Chicago boasts of having the best Council of any large city in the country, and the nominations made—largely through the activity of the non-partisan Municipal Voters' League—assure the continued high quality of that body for the year to come.

❀

The Newark Indictments

There has never been any question that the frightful trolley accident in Newark, by which nine school-children were killed, was the result of criminal carelessness and recklessness. The only difficulty in fixing responsibility has been that the guilt is distributed among many people, all deserving of severe censure. Thus, not only were the trolley conductor and motorman clearly guilty of violating the regulations, but the superintendent and other operating officials of the trolley road were, it was shown, perfectly well aware that their rules were being violated daily, while the city officials were equally negligent in not enforcing the city by-laws, and the steam-railway company was also shown to be violating the city ordinances every day. None of these violations of law was slight or unimportant. The crossing was in any weather and at any time a most dangerous place—such a grade crossing as a proper railroad law would not permit to exist. Unfortunately, New Jersey has no Railroad Commission, and the attempt to carry through the Legislature a very moderate law for a Commission (a law the only fault of which is that it is not sufficiently stringent) seems unlikely to succeed. The Newark Grand Jury has now acted with courage and independence. It has not only found indictments for manslaughter against the roadmaster, general superintendent, division superintendent, and assistant superintendent of the trolley line, but also has gone to the fountain of authority, and has indicted the President, Vice-President, and executive officers of the North Jersey Street Railway Company. The list includes Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. John D. Crimmins, a well-known contractor and capitalist of this city, Mr. E. F. C. Young, a prominent banker of Jersey City. The Grand Jury takes the ground that the highest officials of the road are not only technically but morally responsible for the deaths of these children. It may be hoped that this direct placing of responsibility upon those highest in authority may have throughout the country the effect of increasing the watchfulness and administrative care which the officials of all such lines should undoubtedly exercise. The criticism has been made that in such a case as this it may be hard to secure actual punishment in the case of indicted officials who are only remotely concerned with the actual occurrence. It must be shown in this case that the executive officers either did know or should have known about the conditions at the crossing; the first is entirely improbable, the second may be held at least in theory. As to the responsibility of the officials who directly control the working of the trolley line in Newark there can be no question, and it may be added that equal responsibility rests upon the city officials who were willfully and perhaps corruptly blind to violations of the law. The citizens should watch for future violations of law as well as applaud prosecution for past offenses.

Labor Politics in England

The labor movement in England has reached a critical stage. Trades-unionists are beginning to separate themselves from the two existing political parties, drawing a hard and fast line of demarcation between Labor and Liberal or Labor and Conservative. The movement was initiated. in the first place by Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., and now boasts a membership of over 800,000, the constituent elements being the large trades-unions and members of the Independent Labor party and other Socialist organizations. Up to this time the Miners' Federation has held aloof, and also the extreme Socialists represented by the Social Democratic Federation. At the last general election fifteen candidates were voted for, but only two, Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., and Mr. Keir Hardie, were returned to Parliament. Mr. Bell has since been censured for the assistance which he rendered to certain Liberal candidates. At the next general election it is quite probable that some fifty candidates will be named. This great movement is largely the outcome of the Taff Vale decision, a judgment which seriously and radically affected the whole position of trades-unions. The Amalgamated Society of Railwaymen, of which Mr. Richard Bell is Secretary, has been mulcted in damages to the amount of £23,000. Trades-unionists, resolved to alter by legislative enactment the law as thus interpreted, are determined to place their own representatives in the House of Commons. This new political movement on the part of trades-unionists is not in open antagonism to either party, although at the present moment it seems to be antagonizing the Liberals to a greater extent than the Conservatives. It is probable that in the final issue the Radical wing of the Liberal party will compel the Liberals to make some sort of "give and take" alliance with the labor men, apportioning to them one seat in each of the large double-member industrial constituencies, and receiving in return the support of the trades-unionists and Socialists in constituencies where labor candidates would be without any possible chance of success. Any other solution would probably mean the keeping of the Liberal party out of office for many years still to come, or at least a paralysis of that party as an engine of government if returned to power with a slender majority.

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Macedonia

According to last week's despatches from Constantinople, considerable dissatisfaction was expressed at the Austrian and Russian Embassies with the tardiness of the Turks in carrying out the Macedonian reform plan. The Embassies are unable to watch the manner in which the Porte fulfills or fails to fulfill its engagements, because they have not received copies of the code of regulations drafted by the Turkish Council of State for the application of the reforms. Dissatisfaction has also been expressed in Macedonia even with the long-desired provision that the taxes shall not be assessed by the same person who collects them. The prompt payment of the local officials, especially the gendarmerie, provided by the reform which the Powers have imposed on the Sultan, would seem to remove the chief cause of bribery, outrage, and oppression, and we may look for some relief from the oppressive course taken by the civil and military representatives of the Turkish Government. The Sultan must certainly be allowed sufficient time in which to institute the reforms to which he has agreed, though the continued arrival of Macedonian refugees in Bulgaria is a disquieting symptom. The Powers are bringing pressure to bear upon Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to keep the Macedonian revolutionary committees quiet. The region about Samakov in Bulgaria has been their headquarters for arming. Bands of brigands, representing the Macedonian committees, form in that region and march over the border. After some weeks' absence they return without arms, and are again equipped. They declare martial law and condemn to death those who do not fall in with their plans, or help support the cause by contributions of money. In this way they have intimidated the Christian subjects on the Turkish side of the border, and especially the Greek Christians, to whom they, as Bulgarians, are inimical. Last week the President of the Græco-English Byron Society received a letter from the Greeks of Macedonia complaining that, after waiting for centuries for deliverance from the Ottoman yoke,

"we are now scourged by the heavier oppression of brigand bands aided by the Bulgarian committees, who not only rob, but do not stop at murder, cruelty to women, and arson." It would therefore seem as if Turkey's recent mobilization of 240,000 men might find abundant police duty at home and defensive work on the frontier.

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La Grande Chartreuse

Last week The Outlook chronicled the French Parliament's refusal to authorize a continuance of the work done by many of the Roman Catholic male teaching orders, on the ground that they fomented discontent with the actual Government. By the new Law of Associations every association, religious or secular, must obtain Governmental authority to exist. This week we have to record the Parliament's action in refusing authorization to the commercial monastic orders. Of these, the Carthusian is the most important, as it is the wealthiest order in France. The Carthusians (or Chartreux) have long been employed in the manufacture of a cordial—chartreuse. Most of the money they make is nobly used in benefactions and in the foundation of hospitals, schools, and churches throughout the country in the neighborhood of their great monastery, as Abbé Lemire claimed in defending them in Parliament last week; he also presented a petition signed by nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants of the country surrounding the monastery begging that the Carthusians be not banished. Replying, M. Combes, the Premier, declared that the Carthusians should not be favored because they were rich, or because their departure would certainly mean serious loss to the region in which their mother-house—La Grande Chartreuse—was situated (the country just north of Grenoble). The fact was, he said, that the Carthusians had conducted an active propaganda against the Republic, culminating in the signature of their Superior-General to a recent pamphlet urging all citizens not to pay their taxes, and to boycott the Republican officials. By a vote of almost three to two, the Radical and Socialistic majority in the Chamber of Deputies then refused authorization to the Carthusians. It is evident to many friends of the Government, however, that the extreme and atheistic Radical wing is now bent upon a destructive policy towards all forms of religion. However necessary it may have been to banish from France those monastic orders which have been shown to be at enmity with republican government, it is not necessary to go beyond this and denounce the Concordat—a time-honored pact, now a century old, between the Vatican and the Government of France, assuring financial support, not to the monks, but to the priests and bishops, who are, as a rule, of the admirable class described by Halévy in "L'Abbé Constantin." It would be better for the extremists to follow the advice which Premier Combes, himself a Radical, gave to them last week. He would not say that the day for the denunciation of the Concordat would not sometime arrive, but declared that the time for its denunciation had not yet come; and he declared that the Government would maintain the Concordat if, on their part, the clergy would keep out of politics.

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Captain Mahan on Personal Religion

Before the Church Club of New York, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, of the United States navy, who is widely known as the foremost writer on sea power and allied subjects, spoke last week on the subject of "Personal Religion." It is rare that this subject is touched upon without some appearance of disingenuousness or sentimentality. Captain Mahan's address, notable of itself as coming from a man of his standing, was therefore the more notable because of its dignity, its transparent sincerity, and the persuasive beauty of both its substance and its form. The extent to which the Christian impulse is to-day languid he attributed to two immediate causes: the advance of science, by which God is revealing those forces which seem to some eyes to obscure him; and criticism of the Bible, which seems to necessitate a radical change in our ideas concerning the nature of God's revelation—ideas, as Captain Mahan tersely expressed it, "which being ours were not necessarily God's." Back of these immediate causes he placed, however, the ultimate cause—the habit of being governed by appearances rather than by love of God himself. For this reason a

certain benevolent feeling toward mankind has to a great degree been substituted for personal loyalty to God as the controlling impulse of the Christian life, and humanitarian activity put in place of the Christian life itself. The remedy for a languid Christian impulse, he declared, is the restoration of the personal direct relation of the soul to God as the prime object. This means that a man should seek to save his own soul, not from hell, but from sin; not for his own sake, but for the sake of God, because sin is hateful to God; not to satisfy himself, but to lay his life at the feet of him who gave himself for that life. A man's soul is not his only charge, but it is the one specially committed to him alone; as he fulfills that charge, so he shows his love to God. Then out of that love and out of that duty duly performed all other love and other duties will naturally flow. Love to man and service of man will then rightly be the fruit of Christian life instead of being substituted for that life. Such an address cannot be reported thus in outline without being marred and deprived of its best qualities; but we do thus report it because it states an aspect of religious truth that needs to-day especial emphasis. No ripple of philanthropy in the sea of human life ought to be regretted because it has extended so far that the original impulse which sent it on its course has been forgotten; but, on the other hand, it will be the end of all service for man if that impulse ceases to be exerted. It ought to be said, however, that the highest religious condition is attained when humanitarian service is more than mere benevolence, more than even the fruit of personal religious loyalty—when it is undertaken as one of the essential ways by which men can identify themselves with him who went about doing good.

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Elgar's Cantata "The Dream of Gerontius"

Three times last week Edward Elgar's "sacred cantata," "The Dream of Gerontius," was performed: once, on Monday, in Chicago, by the Apollo Club; twice, on Tuesday and Thursday, in New York, by the Oratorio Society. Edward Elgar, who four years ago was an obscure provincial musician, has written to Cardinal Newman's poem music which has called forth a great deal of comment, much of it praise, in England, in Germany, and now in the United States. The poem represents the death of a man, the passage of his soul in the company of his guardian angel up into the piercing presence of God, and finally down to languish and to be cleansed in purgatory. It is a curious commentary, not only on the mediæval character of this Roman Catholic poem, but also on the mediæval spirit of some modern Protestants, that two or three of the chorus in New York refused to sing because of the doctrines embodied in the cantata! With enthusiastic devotion, Mr. Elgar, who is a sincere Roman Catholic, has written music marvelously expressive of the mystical spirit of a mediæval church; but instead of relying on antique devices, he has called to his use all the resources which the modern development of music offers. And of these resources Edward Elgar is a proven master. He wields the orchestra with the confidence and sometimes with the daring of Richard Strauss. He weaves the voices of the chorus as only a master of counterpoint can, so that in the midst of ultra-modern harmonies every part has strong melodic value. He uses the solo voices, too, not for singing recitatives and arias, after the conventional fashion of Handel or Mendelssohn, but rather for singing a continuous melody, as Wagner uses them in his music-dramas. Indeed, Elgar's cantata bears much the same relation to the traditional cantata or oratorio that Wagner's work does to the traditional opera. The impressive chant-like *Proficiscere* of the priest and assistants as they bid the Christian soul go forth into the unknown, the celestial song of the soul as he wakes in the world beyond, the uncouth dissonances of the "hubbub" of demons, who ages past were disinherited, "dispossessed, aside thrust, chucked down," and now assemble, "hungry . . . to gather souls for hell," the majestic hymning adoration of the choir of angelicals as they sing their "Praise to the Holiest in the height," the burst of sound as the gaze of God enters the soul of Gerontius, the final quietude as the soul sinks content to suffer and be purged—so varied are the demands upon the

spiritually dramatic imagination of the composer. Like Verdi's "Requiem," the "Dream of Gerontius" witnesses to a composer who has a vivid religious faith, much as the cathedrals of France or the old morality plays are artistic monuments to the faith of men in other ages. Whether this work will separately long endure no one with real critical judgment is likely to say; but it will be strange if it does not endure as at least an influence in the future development of oratorio. The typical British "sacred cantata" has been an uninspired thing that has done much to vitiate English taste in music. "The Dream of Gerontius" has dealt a blow at the enervating musical tradition which has kept this form of music half-alive among English-speaking peoples.

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Jewish Socialists Take up Co-operation

Among the Jews in the United States the idealism of the race has for many years expressed itself largely in the enthusiastic advocacy of revolutionary socialism. At the present time, however, the social unrest among them has resulted in an effort to give their ideals an immediate application in industrial life. In other words, they are turning from declamations about the co-operative commonwealth that is to be, to practical efforts to establish now co-operation in the management of the stores by which they are served and the little factories in which they work. This new movement, we are informed by a reliable Hebrew correspondent, was really inaugurated about three years ago, but during these three years has grown until the New York society has a membership of six hundred persons, the Philadelphia society a membership of fifteen hundred, the Boston society a membership of three hundred, and other societies are being formed rapidly in other Jewish centers. The New York society has for over a year conducted "a large and prosperous hat and shoe and men's furnishing goods establishment, which sells the goods made by the Jewish labor unions of the East Side workers." Most of the purchasers are in some way partners in the undertaking, and all of them of course will share in the profits from their purchases. Very recently the New York society opened a tea store, and is hopeful of success along this line also. In Philadelphia the Jewish Co-operative Society has been in business for two years, and has recently purchased its own building. The hat and shoe stores conducted by the Philadelphia society have been prosperous and constantly growing establishments. In Worcester, Baltimore, New Britain, Newark, and other places where smaller societies have been started, plans for similar undertakings are being eagerly pushed. In some cases the capital for these undertakings is obtained by the sale of shares at five dollars each, and in other cases social entertainments are held to raise the needed funds. In New York the movement has awakened such popular interest that the Jewish daily paper "Forwards" now publishes a weekly department devoted to the co-operative cause, which is read with keen interest by the radicals of the Jewish quarter. In this country, under Gentile auspices, mercantile co-operation has never been a success; but it is possible that the business talent of the Jewish race, combined in this undertaking with its instinctive idealism, may lead to success.

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Peace for Ireland

Last week Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced the Government's Land Bill in the House of Commons. As already foreshadowed in The Outlook, the measure largely follows the recommendations of the now famous conference recently held between Irish landlords and tenants, when, for the first time in history, a plan of land settlement was agreed upon by the two parties.

Nine-tenths of the discontent in Ireland seems to have arisen from agrarian distress. This discontent has, in turn, caused violence and sedition, making still unhappier an island unhappy enough by reason of falling prices for farm produce, industrial depression, absentee landlordism, and evictions. Conditions have improved, however, by reason, first of all, of Gladstone's Land Act of 1881. The great Liberal Premier and his coadjutors sowed the seed of which the Conservatives are now reaping the crop. The latter, however, are even outdistancing the Liberals in radical land reform. Mr.

Wyndham's bill is more sweeping than any measure ever presented by his political opponents; indeed, for proposing almost this very scheme Mr. Davitt was imprisoned in 1879. Mr. Wyndham's speech in introducing the new bill is likely to rank as the chief Irish event of our time. The great-grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—the rebel who forfeited his life for the Irish cause—has gone a long way towards establishing his reputation as a statesman of the first rank.

Mr. Wyndham proposes to convert discontented tenants into contented proprietors, and at the same time amply to compensate the present owners. His system involves both cash and credit. He asks for a free grant-in-aid of $60,000,000 to be used to pay to the vender a percentage of the purchase-money; a percentage largest on small estates and smallest on large ones. A gift of $60,000,000—the first proposal by the Conservatives of such an outright bonus—is none too dear to pay for the settlement of the Irish land question; it would be cheap at a higher price.

While cash aid is necessary, we attach greater importance to the credit operation. This is to be conducted by capitalizing the land at $500,000,000 and issuing stock upon it in yearly installments of about $25,000,000, guaranteed by the Government, unredeemable for thirty years, and bearing interest at two and three-quarters per cent. This plan appears to be both safe and profitable, since (1) the land has a much greater value than the sum (five hundred millions) to be lent on it, and (2), borrowing at a low rate of interest, the Government will repay itself at a higher, as three and one-quarter per cent. is to be paid on sums necessary to be advanced in order to induce purchases. Further, it is announced that, under the new régime of peace, the present enormous annual cost of Irish administration (largely on account of the inordinately large constabulary force) will be reduced by $1,250,000. Thus, if the interest charged on the free gift of sixty millions be put at $1,975,000, the maximum annual net cost to taxpayers may not now exceed two millions, or, at a later time, $725,000.

There is to be a very long period of repayment—sixty-eight and a half years. The present landowners need not fear either confiscation or expatriation; they may retain their home demesnes and sporting rights, and continue as a support to industrial and social Ireland. Their land is to be appraised at values judicially established by the last Land Commission, and they are to be assured of a payment on liberal terms by the credit of the Imperial Government itself. The tenants may receive from the Government advances up to $2,500 on holdings in congested districts, and to $5,000 in non-congested districts. To all Irish tenants, however, past and present, the most astonishing and gratifying provision is that which includes evicted persons within the bill's scope. As reported in the despatches from London, any persons who within twenty years have been tenants may purchase holdings and obtain the necessary loans. The act, if passed, will take effect November 1, 1903.

The whole plan shows that the party in power is determined to go to a great length if it be convinced that Irish landlords and tenants are prepared loyally to co-operate in making its scheme a success. We believe that such co-operation—really a contract—may be secured, if for no other reason than that the British Government has not lost one cent from advances made to eighty thousand peasant proprietors under the previous and less radical Land Act.

No bill ever presented in Parliament has commanded more instantaneous and unanimous support. Conservatives, Liberals, Nationalists, were for the nonce of one mind. Colonel Saunderson, the extremest advocate of landlordism, spoke with enthusiasm of the measure, and Mr. John Redmond, the leader of Irish tenantry representatives, praised the sincerity of the Government, and even claimed that the adoption of its scheme would not only settle the land questions, but might ultimately result in the complete disposal of all the controversies between England and Ireland. With Celtic eagerness, many Irishmen are expecting immediate results of this wholesale nature. They may well be warned that, even with the main point of contention settled, industrial depression, undue taxation, educational and religious difficulties, remain. Mr. Wyndham's treatment of the main cause of Irish discontent, however, is not only a great improvement on his scheme of last year, but seems the

most promising effort ever made. We trust that a new era is about to dawn on a new Ireland.

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The Coal Commission Report

The question whether the operators were right or the miners were right is not the most important question which the Coal Commission report, summarized in these columns last week, has decided. In fact, it decides, as might have been anticipated, that neither party to the controversy was wholly right. It decides that the miners had a grievance, and that the operators were wrong in refusing to give any consideration to their grievance, for the report definitely adjudges them an increased wage. It decides that some of their claims were impracticable, for it adjudges against them on the question whether the coal shall be weighed. It condemns the State for leaving the operators to protect their own property by a coal and iron police which they pay for, a method which has been condemned again and again by public writers. It condemns the miners for acquiescing in crimes of violence perpetrated in sympathy with if not in support of the strike, crimes for which there is no justification, no excuse, scarcely a single apology. The Scotch verdict of "not proven" may be regarded as rendered on the charge brought against the miners' unions that they encouraged the crimes of violence, but they cannot be commended for having done all in their power to discourage such crimes. If the trades-unions were to expel from membership any man guilty of violence, and were to boycott any such person not a member of their order, it cannot be doubted that the crimes would be greatly diminished if not absolutely ended. It is, however, incidentally worthy of note that the murders, which were reported by some of the press as amounting to thirteen, have diminished, in the light of this investigation, to three in number.

But these aspects of the Commission's report are not the most vital nor the most important; there are two other aspects of this decision much more important: the illustration which it affords, first, of the right, and, secondly, of the power, of the public to intervene in a labor war in which public interests are concerned.

The doctrine of what is known as the "Manchester school" may be stated briefly in a sentence thus: Leave employer and employed absolutely free. Regard labor as a marketable commodity. Let the laborer and the capitalist trade and dicker respecting this commodity. The laborer will require the highest price, the capitalist will offer the lowest price. In the conflict of the market which ensues justice will be secured. Freedom of contract will result in equal rights. In this doctrine there was some measure of truth. It was an advance on serfdom. So long as the market-place contained a number of individual capitalists bidding against one another, and a number of individual laborers bidding against one another, a rough kind of justice was secured, though it was often accompanied with gross injustice to the weaker and the less skillful. But presently employers combined, partly for the purpose of preventing labor competition in the market, partly for other reasons; then laborers combined, partly for other reasons, but chiefly to prevent competition in the labor market. Capitalists ceased to bid against one another; laborers ceased to bid against one another. Capitalists combined and offered an ultimatum; laborers combined and offered another ultimatum. Competition was changed into war, the market-place into a battlefield.

Last spring a body of capitalists, who had control of all the anthracite coal in the country, and who were sufficiently combined not to bid against one another, were paying wages and furnishing conditions of labor which were unsatisfactory to the laboring men, and which the Commission now declare the laboring men had reason to be dissatisfied with. Then the laboring men combined and offered an ultimatum to the capitalists which they would not even consider as a basis for negotiations, and which the Commission now declare included some demands which it was impracticable to grant. Then began a tug of war between the capitalists at one end of the rope and the laborers at the other, and as fall approached it became evident that the Atlantic seaboard would be almost wholly deprived of its necessary fuel, while Western cities would be seriously inconven-

ienced by the lessened supply. The Manchester theory of freedom of contract was proved inadequate, because it took no account of two important factors: on the one hand, the possibility of such combination as would prevent the free competition on which it relied for adjustment of wages; and, on the other, the inconvenience and distress to the public in case no such adjustment took place.

Then it was that President Roosevelt appeared upon the scene and invited the contending parties to a conference. He did this with the explicit statement that he was concerned only for the third party —the general public; that he took no part in the controversy as advocate either of employer or employed, of capitalist or laborer; that he took part solely as an informal representative of the great public, on whom the most disastrous effects of the strike were about to fall. The reluctant acceptance of his interference by the operators, the appointment of the Commission, the return of the miners to work, based upon the agreement by both sides that the decision of the Commission should be accepted; the decision of the Commission and its acceptance alike by miners, operators, and the general public, emphasize the fact that there is a third party. It is a National recognition of the truth that there are other rights besides individual property rights; that no man may use his property to the injury of the community, or refuse to use it if that refusal involves serious and widespread injury to the community; that private rights, so called, are subject to the superior right of the public to have its interests promoted, its welfare regarded, its rights respected.

There is nothing absolutely novel in this doctrine; there is only a novel illustration and application of it. Health boards which forbid private owners to pollute private streams in such a way as to promote disease, legislation forbidding child labor, regulating woman's labor, prescribing conditions in mines and factories, railroad commissions exercising supervisory power over great railroad corporations in their management of State and National highways, tenement-house laws determining the conditions under which landlords may build and tenants may occupy houses in the great cities, are all illustrations of the same fundamental principle; but in this case that principle has been reasserted and carried a little further. The mine-owners may not do what they please with their mines. They may not quarrel with their workingmen and leave the community to freeze. Their right to own and operate the mines is a right conferred by society, and it must be exercised subject to the superior right of society to regulate the methods of operation, if it becomes necessary for the welfare of the community.

But the finding of this Commission and the general acquiescence in it illustrate not only the right of the people but their power. It was truly said, both by the President and to the President, that he had no legal power to compel either operators or miners to accept his arbitration. They might have refused his invitation, and no constable could have been sent after them. When the Commission was appointed, it was without legal power; it could not compel the attendance of witnesses or the production of papers. We do not think it had any power to administer oaths, or to punish for perjury in case of false testimony. Now that its decision is rendered, there is no legal power to enforce the decision. If the operators do not choose to pay the additional ten per cent. wages, there is no legal power to compel them to pay; if the miners do not choose to go on with their work under the conditions recommended by the Commission, there is no legal power to compel them to go on with their work. Everything from beginning to end is outside the domain of law. There is no coercive authority.

And yet it is quite apparent that neither miners nor operators have acted in the premises in a wholly voluntary manner. They have been coerced, not by law, but by public opinion. There are other powers in the country than those of sheriffs and constables; there are other incentives than those furnished by mere money considerations. Men care for the good opinion of their fellow-men; they are not wholly indifferent to the sufferings of their fellow-men. When the President proposed a method of adjustment which would give relief to the public, and the operators at first refused to consider this mode of relief, there was an outburst of

indignation against them. It found expression in some extraordinary propositions, such as that of the Democratic party of this State that the National Government take possession of the coal-mines, under the right of eminent domain, and operate them for the benefit of the public. It found expression in other forms, perhaps more sane, although more passionate. The small body of men who had the legal ownership of the mines, and legal authority to close them and leave the public to suffer, were not willing to face this public opinion; they were not willing to be held responsible by the public for all the suffering which would be entailed if the mines were not reopened. When at length the conditions of reopening were agreed upon between the operators and Mr. Mitchell, the threatened opposition to continuance of work upon those conditions, emanating from a few of the wilder spirits among the miners, disappeared before this same public opinion. The President, by his action, focused that public opinion. He did what a burning-glass does when it concentrates the rays of the sun on a pile of leaves and starts them into flame. Behind the verdict of the Commission is this same public opinion. So far as we know, no miners' union and no operator, either corporate or individual, proposes to disregard the Commission's decision. This is because the public have accepted that decision and have made it their own. The power of concentrated public opinion has perhaps never had a more striking illustration than that which is furnished by the forcefulness of this wholly extra-constitutional and extra-legal proceeding for the adjustment of a great industrial controversy.

It is this which gives to the decision its greatest significance. This, too, indicates to the public the method by which they may avoid future controversies of this description or solve them if they arise. For this purpose it is only necessary to give to the President the power which the Canadian law gives to the Minister of Labor, to appoint at any time a commission to inquire into conditions which threaten seriously the National well-being. The power of a President to appoint such a commission would be simply power to turn on the light, to ascertain the facts, to determine the responsibility, and to concentrate public opinion, making it effective by making it intelligent. The present conditions do not demonstrate, but they indicate, that a recognized body, impartial in its character and judicial in its spirit, with power simply to inquire into and report upon the facts, would possess all the power necessary for the adjustment of great industrial difficulties in which the interests of the third party, that is, the general public, are seriously concerned. With all that is said from time to time concerning the power of public opinion in America, we have not yet learned how to concentrate and so to utilize it. The Coal Commission's report, and its universal acceptance, indicate one way in which this dormant power can be used in the public interest and for the promotion of public justice.

A Preacher's Story of His Work

Twenty years ago there was a dying church on the East Side of New York. Families that had lived in the vicinity were moving away. Their houses were being transformed into flats. The incoming population was to all appearance indifferent to what the church had to offer. The emptying houses were being refilled with more people than they contained before. The emptying church became each year emptier and emptier. The church was offered for sale. Nobody would buy it.

To-day that church is one of the greatest powers for good in that great city. Its services are thronged. Working men and women sit and kneel beside people of wealth and power. A Parish House joined to it affords recreation for those who have no other places of recreation than the saloons, the dance-halls, and the street, as well as for those who choose to go there from homes of refinement for the social life it affords. A trade school is maintained by the church to supply industrial training for the boys of the parish. Active organizations thrive—religious because ministering to needs that are fundamentally human. The church which two decades ago was itself in the grasp of death is to-day living in that community that the community itself may have life and have it more abundantly.

Humanly speaking, this change has been wrought by one man. In 1882 he was acting as rector of St. James's Cathedral Church, Toronto, Canada. When he was called to this despondent church in New York, he went with a clear idea of what a city parish ought to be and what ends it ought to serve. That idea, by persistent, active, courageous faith, he has translated into a living, visible reality. That man is Dr. W. S. Rainsford, and his achievement is the great parish of St. George's.

The narrative of this achievement suggests the true solution of two kinds of perplexity. There is the perplexity of those who believe in Christianity, but, repelled by theories and dogmas, are distrustful of the Church; there is also the perplexity of those who are in the Church but do not see how to bring Christianity, which is the power of the Church, to bear upon the life of men outside. The story of this man's work, besides being full of sheer human interest, brings to those troubled by the one perplexity information as to what the Church at least in one place is doing, and to those troubled by the other perplexity encouragement as to what the Church can do.

The story of human achievement is first of all the story of man. The story of every human achievement is the story of some human life back of the achievement. So the record of what has been done near Stuyvesant Square in New York is ultimately the record of the experiences and activities of the man who has done it.

It is because The Outlook believes this that it has asked Dr. Rainsford to tell the story of his work. And Dr. Rainsford has consented. He has told it. He has not written it. "A Preacher's Story of His Work," which begins in this number of The Outlook, is literally his story as he related it in his study at St. George's Rectory. It is what he has talked of to those who listened. And the readers of this story, if they would get the story as it was given, must place themselves in imagination in that room, where books and antlers covering the walls, bearskins on couch or floor, and papers on desk betoken a life of combined thought and activity; and then settle themselves, not to read, but to hear.

Lenten Meditations

Why Need Christ Suffer?

Should we not rather ask, How was it possible that he should not suffer? Can one come to the suffering, the ignorant, the willfully sinful, seeking to deliver them from their suffering, their ignorance, and their sin, and not suffer for them and with them?

Could he deliver them and not have compassion on them? But what is compassion but suffering with another? Could he deliver them if he had not sympathy for them? But what is sympathy but suffering with another? Could we accept deliverance from an indifferent or unfeeling deliverer? Must he not feel our sorrows, if he is to succor us in them? Is not this in truth the nature of all deliverance: that the strong deliverer enters into our sorrow and our weakness, and so identifies himself with us, and then lifts us out of our sorrow and our weakness, and so identifies us with him? If he would have us share his experience, he must first share our experience with us.

And how this his participation in our suffering must have been intensified by his consciousness that most of human suffering is wholly needless! He knew the remedy, and he knew we would not accept the remedy. It is hard to stand beside the sick-bed and see the one we love suffer; how immeasurably more hard if we know how the suffering might be stopped, and yet are not permitted to apply the remedy! To see a young man walking carelessly, singing as he goes, down the road to death, to know what the end must be to him as it has been to so many before him, to long to halt him and turn him back, and to be utterly unable! To long to call out the word of warning to him, and be unable to speak; or to call it out, and hear his laughing rejection of the call; or to see him stop long enough to toss back a careless resolution to be broken as carelessly to-morrow! Oh! the unutterable pain of such an experience; who that has ever tried to be a deliverer to his fellow-men has not known this suffering? What must it have been for Christ to look down the ages, to see with prophetic vision all the misery

almost incur-
and have
an aspiration
aroused by
shocked
be targumed
the whole
—and have
the joys
They
because he could
met the min-
gave me
which
stinging-knife
glass of whisky,
in the glass.
the entire world never
was given me for one
strangeness that
than
might misunderstand them,
might understand
them. And yet—
would be
see, com-
the devouring appetite, as
some men Shakespeare, to feel
a thrilling one of his hor-
rors, as the actress clutched at
the "breaders of the Sea;" to
see the temptation which one
has felt, yet feels, and which he was
able to resist, is another—it is
a more endurable
experience. And this
the third great tempta-
tion, the ambition.
Three are
mystical
temptation when appetite
saying, Use your marvelous
power to feed yourself; and vanity
tempted him saying, Win the admiration
of the spectators who crowd Jerusalem,
by casting yourself down unhurt from the
pinnacle of the Temple; and ambition
tempted him, saying, Do obeisance to the
spirit that rules the world, that you may
conquer the world. Could such solicita-
tions to evil surge up to the very citadel
of his heart and he not feel a horror
which we in our best estate can but dimly
imagine? Thrice they came upon him.
Once in that temptation in the wilderness,
vanquished by his memory of the Bible
teaching of his childhood; once in that
hour when he prayed that the cup of his

were the contemporaries of that most
corrupt age, and actors who were the
demands and heroes of an epoch given
over to drunkenness and harlotry.

And yet this suffering of sympathy, of almost hopeless endeavor, and of social participation could not have been comparable to the suffering involved in entering into the experience of the sin which he had come to cure. "God made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." What does this mean? The minister may have

anguish might pass from him, and yet vanquished that prayer by the other prayer that he might be made strong to drink the cup which his Father gave to him; and once when that subtlest and most terrible of all temptations came upon him, the temptation to distrust his Father, and to believe that his God had forsaken him, almost yielded to for the moment, finally conquered in the triumph cry, Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.

Ought not Christ t' have suffered these things and to enter into his glory?

Why ought Christ to have suffered? Because he could not take away sin from the world without entering into the sin of the world; and he could not enter into the sin of the world without a suffering in spirit, of which the scourge, the crown of thorns, the nails, are but feeble and imperfect symbols. The whole life of Christ was a Passion; the whole life of Christ was a Crucifixion.

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English in the Home

It is not often that a book written largely for teachers deals with a vital subject in so fresh and practical a way as to make it of even more importance to parents. This may be said, however, of Mr. Percival Chubb's "Teaching of English," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and is the work of an experienced teacher saturated with the literary spirit and an exponent of the most genuine kind of culture. The value of Mr. Chubb's discussion is twofold: it makes clear the prime importance of familiarizing children from their earliest years with the best literature, and it furnishes for each stage of development suggestions with regard to the kind of books which ought to be put in the hands of a child. There are many fathers and mothers who are entirely unaware of the immense educational importance of the home. They do not understand that it is not only the first school in point of time which the child attends, but it is to the very end, in certain respects, the most important school. The best teacher a boy of imagination and gifts can have is a wise, sympathetic, and open-hearted mother who understands his nature, knows how to appeal to the best in him, and where to find the material to which he ought to have access. Literature is rich in the testimony of men of genius to the vital suggestion which they received from their mothers during those sensitive and formative years when the ideas which are afterwards to be developed are sown as seeds in the mind, or pass through their earlier stages of germination.

A wise and thoroughly trained head of a school for girls said, not long ago, that her chief difficulty was not with students but with parents. Many parents are obstacles in the way of the true education of their children. Instead of co-operating with teachers, they antagonize them; instead of assisting in the difficult work, they throw obstacles in the way of that work. They are always questioning the wisdom of the discipline, asking special favors which involve interruption of study, and, consciously and unconsciously, in many small ways hindering the work which the school is trying to do for the child. The chief injury, however, which many parents do to the school is in sending their children without that general training, that steady discipline, that influence for refinement, which the school cannot give, but upon which it must build. The rawness and crudity of many children who come out of well-to-do homes is amazing. These children know almost nothing of the things which in intelligent homes are in the very atmosphere. They have no fund of general intelligence; they are untrained in manners, in speech, in voice, and in mind; and the school has to do for them, in a very limited time and under very difficult conditions, the work that the home ought to have done under the best possible circumstances and with the fullest possible time.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in an introduction to this volume, brings out the relation of the child to the home and of the school to the home in a single sentence—"The one ruling maxim of English teaching ought to be: The child will speak and write the sort of English that he hears and reads." It is in the home that children acquire their use of language; it is in the home that proper facilities for reading must be supplied them. Mr. Chubb does not exaggerate when he says that on no other subject do the forces of the social environment,

against which the school has to strive, make themselves so continually felt as they do in English; and if there be a single test of education which may be applied to all men and women, it is, as President Eliot some time ago pointed out, the free, correct, and individual use of one's own language. The difficulty with which the school has to contend lies in the fact that this language is not properly taught in the great majority of homes, and that it is often grossly, not to say brutally, abused outside the home and the school in those general associations which all children form. It is quite impossible to convey a sound feeling for language and a right conscience about its use to a child who never hears the language properly spoken in his own home, and who hears it constantly misused by his associates and playmates outside. It ought to be understood, as Mr. Chubb points out, that good speech is not merely a matter of education; it is a point of social manners. "Why is it," he asks, "that the average English, German, or French child speaks and writes his native tongue more correctly and pleasantly than the average American child? The principal, though not the only, reason is to be found, not in a better and more laborious teaching of the school, but in a higher standard of social manners. We lack linguistic conscience and linguistic pride in this country. We do not attach to illiteracy the stigma that attaches to it abroad—a stigma that money, dress, ostentation, cannot atone for."

This is a new country of immense extent, and its people have been compelled to do an enormous amount of work in a very short period of time. It would have been very unjust, up to this time, to hold this country to the standards of physical order and neatness which rule in smaller countries like England and Belgium; but there is danger that slovenliness may become a national habit. Slovenliness is something more than a violation of good taste; it is indifference to the best way of doing things; it is a kind of easy-going morality in matters of method; it involves a low standard, and its influence upon children is in the last degree disastrous. Now, in nothing are Americans, as a whole, more slovenly than in their use of their own language. It is humiliating to notice how limited are the vocabularies of many children of good material surroundings, and how constantly slang, which is the evidence of poverty of speech, is substituted for the right and telling phrase or word. Everywhere—on railroad trains, in city street-cars, on ferry-boats—wherever men and women talk, one hears careless, inaccurate, and slovenly speech; speech which not only lacks shading, refinement, individuality, but which betrays the most limited knowledge, an uneducated ear, and a wholly untrained social sense. This vocal slovenliness the schools are doing what they can to correct; but it can never be thoroughly corrected until American fathers and mothers understand that they, and not the teachers in the schools, give children the language they speak. The home in which good English is spoken, by people whose voices are modulated, imparts the habit of good English speech without any didactic methods or any pedantic consciousness.

To this familiarity with good spoken English in the home must be added familiarity with the best written English; that is to say, with the best literature. Fathers and mothers of a good deal of intelligence are often at a loss to know what books to place in the hands of their children at different stages in their development. It is a matter of prime importance that that development should not be unduly hastened by the reading of books which at one period of life develop morbid emotions, and at another period foster and give expression to the most wholesome feelings. Mr. Chubb intelligently discriminates between the kinds of literature which are adapted to successive periods, and lays down principles that any intelligent father or mother can apply. He has rendered an important service, not only to the teachers of the country, but to the homes in which the Americans of the future are being trained.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers of "The Blue Flower," and with the cordial consent of Dr. van Dyke, The Outlook is able this week to present its readers with the charming poem, "Who will Walk a Mile with Me?" which prefaces the limited edition of "The Blue Flower," and which is too tender and beautiful to be confined to the readers of a single volume.



Friedrich Delitzsch

Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, whose lectures delivered before the German Court on the Babylonian origin of much of the religion of the Old Testament have called forth wide criticism, especially on the part of the German Emperor himself, is professor of Assyriology at the University of Berlin. Until recently the name Professor Delitzsch called to mind his father, Dr. Franz Delitzsch, who died in 1890, and who was distinctly a conservative in theology. The son, however, by utterances which in the German churches have been considered extremely radical, has gained a popular fame which the father never had. Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch's eminence as a scholar has been derived from his explorations in the territory which once was occupied by the great Babylonian Empire. There he has made notable discoveries, corresponding to those made by Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania. As the result of his archæological discoveries concerning the life of these ancient Babylonians, Dr. Delitzsch has formulated, concerning the Babylonian origin of religious conceptions of the Old Testament, conclusions which he regards as subversive of belief in revealed religion as commonly held. These conclusions regarding Biblical criticism are not, however, those of an expert; and they have been controverted by Biblical critics of the radical school. Unlike his theological opinions, his archæological discoveries have been of great value. By bringing to light records of the common life and of the political institutions of the ancient Babylonians, they have made the life of that ancient people seem very human to us, not to say almost modern. Dr. Delitzsch uses the English language fluently. American students in Germany have found him especially approachable. His interests are broad. He is far from being a recluse; he is rather, as one of his American pupils has said, a citizen of the world.



NIGHT IN THE WOODS



THE FOREST[1]

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

Chapter IV.—On Making Camp

"Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight."

IN the Ojibway language *wigwam* means a good spot for camping, a place cleared for a camp, a camp as an abstract proposition, and a camp in the concrete as represented by a tent, a thatched shelter, or a conical teepee. In like manner, the English word *camp* lends itself to a variety of concepts. I once slept in a four-poster bed over a polished floor in an elaborate servant-haunted structure which, mainly because it was built of logs and overlooked a lake, the owner always spoke of as his camp. Again, I once slept on a bed of prairie grass, before a fire of dried buffalo chips and mesquite, wrapped in a single light blanket, while a good vigorous rain-storm made new cold places on me and under me all night. In the morning the cowboy with whom I was traveling remarked that this was "sure a lonesome proposition as a camp."

Between these two extremes is infinite variety, grading upwards through the divers bivouacs of snow, plains, pines, or hills, to the bark shelter; past the dog-tent, the A-tent, the wall-tent, to the elaborate permanent canvas cottage of the luxurious camper, the dug-out winter retreat of the range cowboy, the trapper's cabin, the great log-built lumber-jack communities, and the last refinements of sybaritic summer homes in the Adirondacks. All these are camps. And when you talk of making camp you must know whether that process is to mean only a search for rattlesnakes and enough acrid-smoked fuel to boil tea, or a winter's consultation with an expert architect; whether your camp is to be made on the principle of Omar's one-night Sultan, or whether it is intended to accommodate the full days of an entire summer.

But to those who tread the Long Trail the making of camp resolves itself into an algebraical formula. After a man has traveled all day through the northern wilderness he wants to rest, and anything that stands between himself and his repose he must dispose of with as few notions as is consistent with reasonable thoroughness. The end in view is a hot meal and a comfortable dry place to sleep. The straighter he can draw the line to those two points the happier he is.

Early in his woods experience Dick became possessed with the desire to do everything for himself. As this was a laudable striving for self-sufficiency, I called a halt at about three o'clock one afternoon in order to give him plenty of time.

Now Dick is a good, active, able-bodied boy, possessed of average intelligence and rather more than average zeal. He even had theory of a sort, for he had read various "Boy Campers, or the Trapper's Guide," "How to Camp Out," "The Science of Woodcraft," and other able works. He certainly had ideas enough, and confidence enough. I sat down on a log.

At the end of three hours' flusteration, heat, worry, and good hard work, he had accomplished the following results. A tent, very saggy, very askew, covered a four-sided area—it was not a rectangle—of very bumpy ground. A hodge-podge bonfire, in the center of which an inaccessible coffee-pot toppled menacingly, alter-

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nately threatened to ignite the entire surrounding forest or to go out altogether through lack of fuel. Personal belongings strewed the ground near the fire, and provisions cumbered the entrance to the tent. Dick was anxiously mixing batter for the cakes, attempting to stir a pot of rice often enough to prevent it from burning, and trying to rustle sufficient dry wood to keep the fire going. This diversity of interests certainly made him sit up and pay attention. At each instant he had to desert his flour-sack to rescue the coffee-pot, or to shift the kettle, or to dab hastily at the rice, or to stamp out the small brush, or to pile on more dry twigs. His movements were not graceful. They raised a scurry of dry bark, ashes, wood dust, twigs, leaves, and pine needles, a certain proportion of which found their way into the coffee, the rice, and the sticky batter, while the smaller articles of personal belonging, hastily dumped from the duffel-bag, gradually disappeared from view in the manner of Pompeii and ancient Vesuvius. Dick burned his fingers and stumbled about and swore, and looked so comically-pathetically red-faced through the smoke that I, seated on the log, at the same time laughed and pitied. And at the last, when he needed a continuous steady fire to fry his cakes, he suddenly discovered that dry twigs do not make coals, and that his previous operations had used up all the fuel within easy circle of the camp.

So he had to drop everything for the purpose of rustling wood, while the coffee chilled, the rice cooled, the bacon congealed, and all the provisions, cooked and uncooked, gathered entomological specimens. At the last, the poor bedeviled theorist made a hasty meal of scorched food, brazenly postponed the washing of dishes until the morrow, and coiled about his hummocky couch to dream the nightmares of complete exhaustion.

Poor Dick! I knew exactly how he felt, how the low afternoon sun scorched, how the fire darted out at unexpected places, how the smoke followed him around no matter on which side of the fire he placed himself, how the flies all took to biting when both hands were occupied and how they all miraculously disappeared when he had set down the frying-pan and knife to fight them. I could sympathize, too, with the lonely, forlorn, lost-dog feeling that clutched him after it was all over. I could remember how big and forbidding and unfriendly the forest had once looked to me in like circumstances, so that I had felt suddenly thrust outside into empty spaces. Almost was I tempted to intervene; but I liked Dick, and I wanted to do him good. This experience was harrowing, but it prepared his mind for the seeds of wisdom. By the following morning he had chastened his spirit, forgotten the assurance breathed from the windy pages of the Boy Trapper library, and was ready to learn.

Have you ever watched a competent portraitist at work? The infinite pains a skilled man spends on the preliminaries before he takes one step towards a likeness nearly always wears down the patience of the sitter. He measures with his eye, he plumbs, he sketches tentatively, he places in here a dab, there a blotch, he puts behind him apparently unproductive hours—and then all at once he is ready to begin something that will not have to be done over again. An amateur, however, is carried away by his desire for results. He dashes in a hit-or-miss early effect, which grows into an approximate likeness almost immediately, but which will require infinite labor, alteration, and anxiety to beat into finished shape.

The case of the artist in making camps is exactly similar, and the philosophical reasons for his failure are exactly the same. To the superficial mind a camp is a shelter, a bright fire, and a smell of cooking. So when a man is very tired he cuts across lots to those three results. He pitches his tent, lights his fire, puts over his food—and finds himself drowned in detail, like my friend Dick.

The following is, in brief, what during the next six weeks I told that youth, by precept, by homily, and by making the solution so obvious that he could work it out for himself.

When five or six o'clock draws near, begin to look about you for a good level dry place, elevated some few feet above the surroundings. Drop your pack or beach your canoe. Examine the location carefully. You will want two trees about ten feet apart, from which to suspend your tent, and a bit of flat ground underneath them. Of course the flat ground



A WET DAY. LANDING AT THE CAMPING PLACE

need not be particularly unencumbered by brush or saplings, so the combination ought not to be hard to discover. Now return to your canoe. Do not unpack the tent.

With the little ax clear the ground thoroughly. By bending a sapling over strongly with the left hand, clipping sharply at the strained fibers, and then bending it as strongly the other way to repeat the ax stroke on the other side, you will find that treelets of even two or three inches diameter can be felled by two blows. In a very few moments you will have accomplished a hole in the forest, and your two supporting trees will stand sentinel at either end of a most respectable-looking clearing. Do not unpack the tent.

Now, although the ground seems free of all but unimportant growths, go over it thoroughly for little shrubs and leaves. They look soft and yielding, but are often possessed of unexpectedly abrasive roots. Besides, they mask the face of the ground. When you have finished pulling them up by the roots, you will find that your supposedly level plot is knobby with hummocks. Stand directly over each little mound; swing the back of your ax vigorously against it, adz-wise, between your legs. Nine times out of ten it will crumble, and the tenth time means merely a root to cut or a stone to pry out. At length you are possessed of a plot of clean, fresh earth, level and soft, free from projections. But do not unpack your tent.

Lay a young birch or maple an inch or so in diameter across a log. Two clips will produce you a tent-peg. If you are inexperienced, and cherish memories of striped lawn markees, you will cut them about six inches long. If you are wise and old and gray in woods experience, you will multiply that length by four. Then your loops will not slip off, and you will have a real grip on mother earth, than which nothing can be more desirable in the event of a heavy rain and wind squall about midnight. If your ax is as sharp as it ought to be, you can point them more neatly by holding them suspended in front of you while you snip at their ends with the ax, rather than by resting them against a solid base. Pile them together at the edge of the clearing. Cut a crotched sapling eight or ten feet long. Now unpack your tent.

In a wooded country you will not take the time to fool with tent-poles. A stout line run through the eyelets and along the apex will string it successfully between your two trees. Draw the line as tight as possible, but do not be too unhappy if, after your best efforts, it still sags a little. That is what your long crotched stick is for. Stake out your four corners. If you get them in a good rectangle and in such relation to the apex as to form two isosceles triangles of the ends, your tent will stand smoothly. Therefore be an artist, and do it right. Once the four corners are well placed, the rest follows naturally. Occasionally in the north country it will be found that the soil is too thin, over the rocks, to grip the tent pegs. In that case drive them at a sharp angle as deep as they will go, and then lay a large flat stone across the slant of them. Thus anchored you will ride out a gale. Finally, wedge your long sapling crotch under the line—outside the tent, of course—to tighten it. Your shelter is up. If you are a woodsman, ten or fifteen minutes has sufficed to accomplish all this.

There remains the question of a bed, and you'd better attend to it now, while your mind is still occupied with the shelter problem. Fell a good thrifty young balsam and set to work pulling off the fans. Those you cannot strip off easily with your hands are too tough for your purpose. Lay them carelessly criss-cross against the blade of your axe and up the handle. They will not drop off, and when you shoulder that ax you will resemble a walking haystack, and will probably experience a genuine emotion of surprise at the amount of balsam that can be thus transported. In the tent lay smoothly one layer of fans, curve side up, butts toward the foot. Now thatch the rest on top of this, thrusting the butt ends underneath the layer already placed in such a manner as to leave the fan ends curving up and down towards the foot of your bed. Your second emotion of surprise will assail you as you realize how much spring inheres in but two or three layers thus arranged. When you have spread your rubber blanket, you will be possessed of a bed as soft and a great deal more aromatic and luxurious than any you would be able to buy in town.

Your next care is to clear a living space



THE CAMP FIRE

in front of the tent. This will take you about twenty seconds, for you need not be particular as to stumps, hummocks, or small brush. All you want is room for cooking, and suitable space for spreading out your provisions. But do not unpack anything yet.

Your fireplace you will build of two green logs laid side by side. The fire is to be made between them. They should converge slightly, in order that the utensils to be rested across them may be of various sizes. If your vicinity yields flat stones, they build up even better than the logs—unless they happen to be of granite. Granite explodes most disconcertingly. Poles sharpened, driven upright in the ground, and then pressed down to slant over the fireplace, will hold your kettles a suitable height above the blaze.

Fuel should be your next thought. A roll of birch bark first of all. Then some of the small, dry, resinous branches that stick out from the trunks of medium-sized pines, living or dead. Finally, the wood itself. If you are merely cooking supper, and have no thought for a warmth-fire or a friendship-fire, I should advise you

to stick to the dry pine branches, helped out, in the interest of coals for frying, by a little dry maple or birch. If you need more of a blaze, you will have to search out, fell, and split a standing dead tree. This is not at all necessary. I have traveled many weeks in the woods without using a more formidable implement than a one-pound hatchet. Pile your fuel—a complete supply, all you are going to need—by the side of your already improvised fireplace. But, as you value your peace of mind, do not fool with matches.

It will be a little difficult to turn your mind from the concept of fire, to which all these preparations have compellingly led it—especially as a fire is the one cheerful thing your weariness needs the most at this time of day—but you must do so. Leave everything just as it is, and unpack your provisions.

First of all rinse your utensils. Hang your tea-pail, with the proper quantity of water, from one slanting pole, and your kettle from the other. Salt the water in the latter receptacle. Peel your potatoes, if you have any; open your little provision sacks; puncture your tin cans, if you have any; slice your bacon; clean your fish; pluck your birds; mix your dough or batter; spread your table tinware on your tarpaulin or a sheet of birch bark; cut a kettle-lifter; see that everything you are going to need is within direct reach of your hand as you squat on your heels before the fireplace. Now light your fire.

The civilized method is to build a fire and then to touch a match to the completed structure. If well done and in a grate or stove, this works beautifully. Only in the woods you have no grate. The only sure way is as follows: Hold a piece of birch bark in your hand. Shelter your match all you know how. When the bark has caught, lay it in your fireplace, assist it with more bark, and gradually build up, twig by twig, stick by stick, from the first pin-point of flame, all the fire you are going to need. It will not be much. The little hot blaze rising between the parallel logs directly against the aluminum of your utensils will do the business in very short order. In fifteen minutes at most your meal is ready. And you have been able to attain to hot food thus quickly because you were prepared.

In case of very wet weather the affair is altered somewhat. If the rain has just commenced, do not stop to clear out very thoroughly, but get your tent up as quickly as possible, in order to preserve an area of comparatively dry ground. But if the earth is already soaked, you had best build a bonfire to dry out by, while you cook over a smaller fire a little distance removed, leaving the tent until later. Or it may be well not to pitch the tent at all, but to lay it across slanting supports at an angle to reflect the heat against the ground.

It is no joke to light a fire in the rain. An Indian can do it more easily than a white man, but even an Indian has more trouble than the story-books acknowledge. You will need a greater quantity of birch bark, a bigger pile of resinous dead limbs from the pine-trees, and perhaps the heart of a dead pine stub or stump. Then, with infinite patience, you may be able to tease the flame. Sometimes a small dead birch contains in the waterproof envelope of its bark a species of powdery dry touchwood that takes the flame readily. Still, it is easy enough to start a blaze—a very fine-looking, cheerful, healthy blaze: the difficulty is to prevent its petering out the moment your back is turned.

But the depths of woe are sounded and the limit of patience reached when you are forced to get breakfast in the dripping forest. After the chill of early dawn you are always reluctant to leave your blankets, to fumble with numbed fingers for matches, to handle cold steel and slippery fish. But when every leaf, twig, sapling, and tree contains a douche of cold water; when the wetness oozes about your moccasins from the soggy earth with every step you take; when you look about you and realize that somehow, before you can get a mouthful to banish that before-breakfast ill-humor, you must brave cold water in an attempt to find enough fuel to cook with, then your philosophy and early religious training avail you little. The first ninety-nine times you are forced to do this you will probably squirm circumspectly through the brush in a vain attempt to avoid shaking water down on yourself; you will resent each failure to do so, and at the end your rage will personify the wilderness for the purpose of one sweeping anathema. The hundredth time will bring you wisdom. You will do



A SMUDGE IN THE TENT. DRIVING OUT THE FLIES

the anathema—rueful rather than enraged—from the tent opening. Then you will plunge boldly in and get wet. It is not pleasant, but it has to be done, and you will save much temper, not to speak of time.

Dick and I earned our diplomas at this sort of work. It rained twelve of the first fourteen days we were out. Towards the end of that two weeks I doubt if even an Indian could have discovered a dry stick of wood in the entire country. The land was of Laurentian rock formation, running in parallel ridges of bare stone separated by hollows carpeted with a thin layer of earth. The ridges were naturally ill adapted to camping, and the cup hollows speedily filled up with water until they became most creditable little marshes. Often we hunted for an hour or so before we could find any sort of a spot to pitch our tent. As for a fire, it was a matter of chopping down dead trees large enough to have remained dry inside, of armfuls of birch bark, and of the patient drying out, by repeated ignition, of enough fuel to cook very simple meals. Of course we could have kept a big fire going easily enough, but we were traveling steadily and had not the time for that. In these trying circumstances Dick showed that, no matter how much of a tenderfoot he might be, he was game enough under stress.

But to return to our pleasant afternoon. While you are consuming the supper you will hang over some water to heat for the dish-washing, and the dish-washing you will attend to the moment you have finished eating. Do not commit the fallacy of sitting down for a little rest. Better finish the job completely while you are about it. You will appreciate leisure so much more later. In lack of a wash-rag you will find that a bunch of tall grass bent double makes an ideal swab.

Now brush the flies from your tent, drop the mosquito-proof lining, and enjoy yourself. The whole task, from first to last, has consumed but a little over an hour. And you are through for the day. In the woods, as nowhere else, you will earn your leisure only by forethought. Make no move until you know it follows the line of greatest economy. To putter is to wallow in endless desolation. If you cannot move directly and swiftly and certainly along the line of least resistance in everything you do, take a guide with you; you are not of the woods people. You will never enjoy doing for yourself, for your days will be crammed with unending labor.

It is but a little after seven. The long crimson shadows of the north country are lifting across the aisles of the forest. You sit on a log, or lie on your back, and blow contented clouds straight up into the air. Nothing can disturb you now. The wilderness is yours, for you have taken from it the essentials of primitive civilization—shelter, warmth, and food. An hour ago a rain-storm would have been a minor catastrophe. Now you do not care. Blow high, blow low, you have made for yourself an abiding-place, so that the signs of the sky are less important to you than to the city dweller who wonders if he should take an umbrella. From your own doorstep you can look placidly out on the great unknown. The noises of the forest draw close about you their circle of mystery, but the circle cannot break upon you, for here you have conjured the homely sounds of kettle and crackling flame to keep ward. Thronging down through the twilight steal the jealous woodland shadows, awful in the sublimity of the silent places, but at the sentry outposts of your fire-lit trees they pause like wild animals, hesitating to advance. The wilderness, untamed, dreadful at night, is all about; but this one little spot you have reclaimed. Here is something before unknown to the eerie spirits of the woods. As you sleepily knock the ashes from the pipe, you look about on the familiar scene with accustomed satisfaction. You are at home.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH

The New Opera Director

Mr. Heinrich Conried, who has just been elected Director of the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York City, is one of the most prominent and picturesque personalities in the dramatic world. His genius for stage direction is so great that his own theater (the Irving Place, New York City) may be said to be the only American playhouse preserving the classic traditions of the Comédie Française at Paris or the Burg Theater at Vienna. The guiding principle of each of these three theaters is to seek for excellence in performance rather than of performer. At each, leading actors are often invited to assume minor rôles. Theater-goers thus have the comfortable assurance that every character will receive adequate representation, and that the resultant whole will be consistently artistic. The emphasis of this principle should be characteristic of next year's performances at the Metropolitan Opera-House under Mr. Conried's direction. The audience will then have an opportunity to hear, not merely singers, but operas.



PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND, AT OVERBROOK, PA.

Walter Cope: Architect

By R. Clipston Sturgis

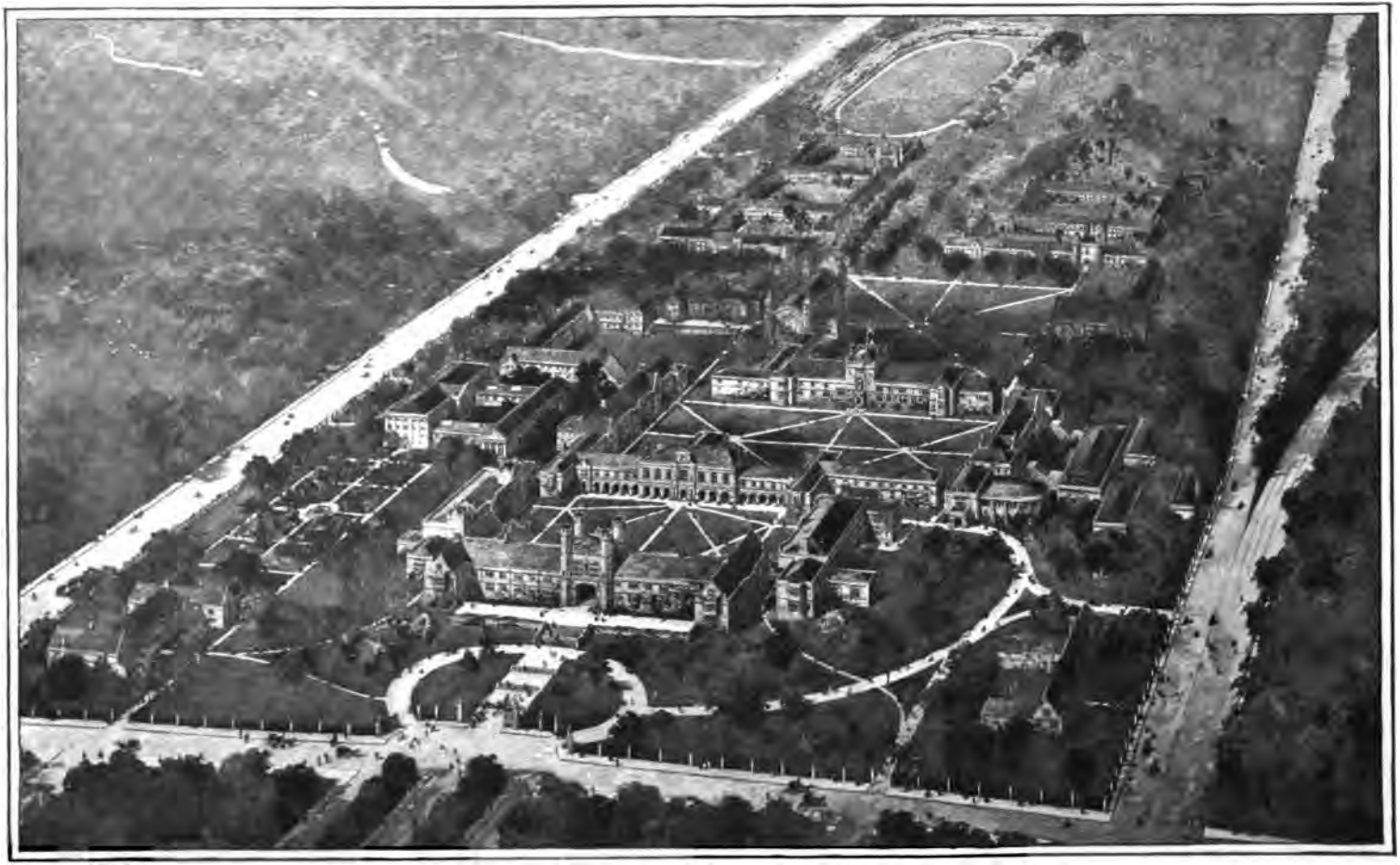
Believing that the architect has a distinct place in the development of the higher civilization through æsthetics, and that the general good of a community receives a constant if silent stimulus by reason of rational and lofty ideas in building construction and ornamentation, we are glad to print this appreciation of one distinguished architect by another. Though young in years, Walter Cope achieved a genuine fame and a permanent place in the history of American architecture. He was a Philadelphia boy; he was born there in 1860, and there he died in 1902. He was the pupil of no particular school of architecture, nor had he other training than that of his own industry and enthusiasm. The happiest hours of his early boyhood were spent in a little workshop which his father gave him. Walter Cope was the kind of boy who generally had a finger tied up with a rag, and at least one black nail, but he was not long in mastering all kinds of carpenter's tools, even doing creditable metal work. He was, however, always drawing, and more and more as he grew older his love of beauty gained on his taste for practical mechanics. At nineteen years of age he became draughtsman to a builder, and later to an architect. At twenty-four he went abroad to study; he was all alone and worked very hard, drawing a great deal of detail, especially of French Gothic, which made a lasting impression on his mind. . When he returned to Philadelphia he went into partnership with the late John Stewardson, and it was not long before the now well-known firm of Cope and Stewardson achieved enviable repute.—THE EDITORS.

IT is impossible for one who knew him to write of the work of Walter Cope without having his judgment influenced by the strong individuality of the man himself. It is right that it should be so, for all his work was imbued with his own characteristic personality. At the time of his death he was a young man, but he was at the head of a large office, was engaged in large undertakings, and was necessarily debarred from doing much with his own hand. Yet, notwithstanding this, the work executed by his office was as instinct with his spirit and thought as if his own hand had put on paper and his own mind had directed the execution of the buildings erected by the firm.

No one could come in contact with him without feeling the strong influence of a master mind; yet withal he was modest and unassuming, appreciative and sympathetic. His mind was always actively at work. There were no off days; but it was not always nor only architecture. The last time I was with him we tramped the woods one late autumn day, and he opened my eyes to so many unnoticed beauties of wood and meadow that I felt as if I must have often walked before blindfold. He gathered a winter bouquet—goldenrod and various grasses gone to seed—almost as lovely in their gray and silver feathers as in their more gorgeous summer colors. He pointed out the beauty of the bare-limbed trees. Some day, he said, he wanted to make a collection of photographs of trees in winter. I had never noticed what he called the Gothic structure of the tulip-tree: when young, twelfth-century lancet lines, upspringing; when old, fourteenth-century, with the quick curves and cusps of the later work. For the snow breaks the ends of the pendent lower branches,

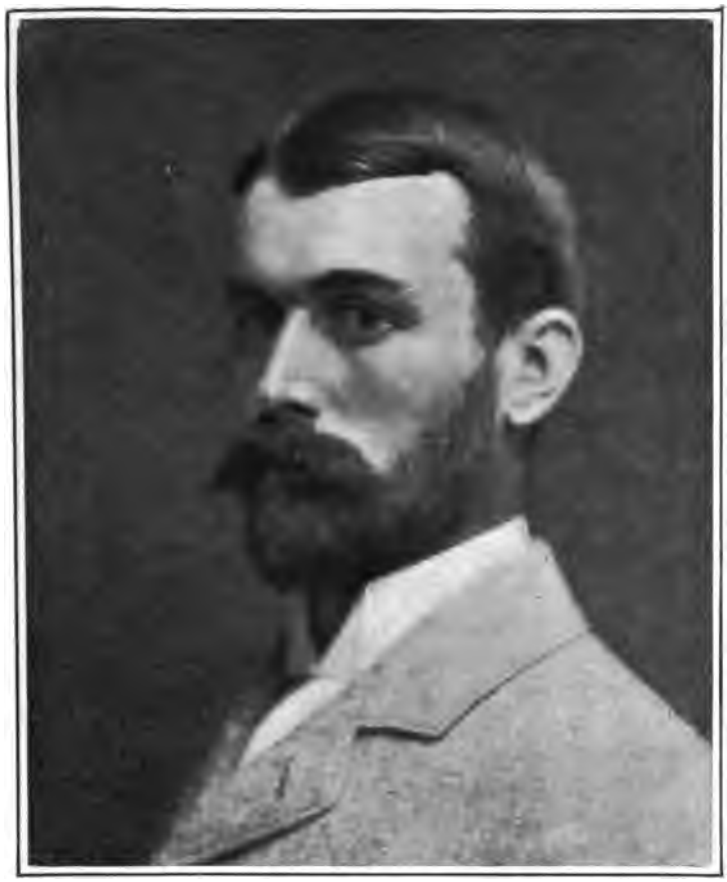


THE CUPPLES DOORWAY, WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY



DRAWN BY H. HAWLEY

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS



WALTER COPE

and they break out again with sharp up curves, making the line of the cusp with the main branch.

These little things, to my mind, show the thought of the man ; and that joyous, appreciative observance of all that was beautiful expressed itself in all his work. To what thing soever he put his hand he did it with his whole heart. Personality was then the keynote of his work, but he was too faithful a student and too learned to fall into the common error of striving for originality. His work was all based on good precedent, modified wisely to meet the occasion, and ever touched with his own individuality, so that none could ever say, This is Tudor and that Georgian, except with the reservation that it was neither the work of the copyist nor of the purist, but rather of the student who knew the terms of that language and used them freely to express modern ideas.

Perhaps his best-known works are his collegiate buildings—for the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, for Bryn Mawr College, for Princeton, and for Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. In all of these he has shown very clearly the qualities above referred to, and in some of them another and very valuable quality—just common sense. It appeared as if he approached a problem, large or small, with a view to reach a clear understanding of the needs, and then to present a solution of those needs, and finally to clothe them in beautiful forms. I was one of those who judged the competition for Washington University ; and if there was one thing more than another which determined the jury in favor of the design eventually selected, it was the evidence of thought and study which showed in the block plan, with its changing and yet associated axes following the marked contours of the land, and the intelligent understanding of the needs of each group

of buildings; the accessible, dignified, and formal arrangement of the academic group, the domestic character of the dormitories, and, finally, the detailed study of the needs of each building. Much time and thought had been expended here, and comparatively little on the expression; but I, for one, felt convinced that a man who could approach a subject in such a spirit could certainly express it in fit terms. The event justifies this confidence.

Nor was he ever content with the solution of a general problem. Many a man works at his best in the zeal and the excitement of imaginative expression. Every faculty is alert and strained when one is studying a big scheme, and trying to make his mind-picture so vivid as to enable him to put it on paper. But when it comes to the often long-delayed execution, the keenness of the vision is past and the subject is stale—one has other irons in the fire. It was not so with Cope. One has but to examine his detail, the door to the Cupples building or any other small bit, even the contour of a molding, to see how fresh was his enthusiasm up to the last stroke of the work. This was more than faithful thoroughness, this was the devotion of the lover.

The Pennsylvania State Institution for the Blind at Overbrook, Pa., was an example of a certain versatility of temperament which showed only occasionally. I don't know what prompted this effort, but whether it was a sight of Spain, or of Spanish America, he succeeded in getting at the kernel of the matter and expressing something in Spanish which is yet his own sentiment. The building is pleasant in mass and pleasant in detail. The Law School for the University of Pennsylvania was not such a far cry from his collegiate work as this Spanish effort, but it is, at all events, of another century of English work, well removed in sentiment from the earlier; but it is equally well understood and expressed, and has virile and interesting quality. The English were never purists anyway, nor sticklers for style and period. I fancy they used such material as they had, whether mental or physical, and put it together in a way that would meet their needs and would look well; and I think Cope did somewhat the same thing. If things looked well, he let them go, whether they tallied with orders or with the twelfth century or not; and if they did not look well he would never dream of letting



THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA LAW SCHOOL



A GATEWAY AT WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS

them go, but would change and modify, redesign completely if necessary, and never be content until they did look right. With what is generally considered less important work—*i.e.*, domestic—Cope was equally successful, but especially with houses set in the surroundings of the country he loved. In such work he was exceptionally at home, and absolutely free from any touch of that love of ostentation which makes so many of our country houses seem merely vulgar when they wish to look grand. It is true that the larger work affects a larger number of people, but I believe the architect can do no nobler duty than to help to show people what domestic architecture in town or country should be. It may be the purely domestic side shown in the country house, together with knowledge of and love for the animals that are housed in stable and barn, and the love of flowers and green things that are fairly and in order set about the house; or it may be the grand town house, where is shown the knowledge of the lives of gentlefolk, and means and methods for entertaining friends and performing those social duties which, if worth doing at all, are worth doing well. His houses are quiet, simple, modest, unassuming, yet full of charming touches—in short, quite like himself.

Spring Song

By Charlotte Fiske Bates

Buds of the cherry and peach and plum,
Slowly to perfect blossom come!

Eden-like apple-blooms, linger long,
Where ye tint the canvas and key the song.

For when your beauties have opened wide,
Artist and poet and all have sighed

That the lovely things of the fresh young May
Have bloomed to ripeness, and touched decay.

Winds, move softly, lest ye should blow
Over this May-time the thought of snow;

Every blossom that lights the spring,
Fly away with a tardy wing!

Childhood of Nature! Why, far more,
Do I cling to thee than I clung before?

Is it because I am growing old
I count thy days with a backward hold?

Because the curfew of life has rung,
Do I joy in beauty so fresh and young?

Is it because I am nearing the night,
I crave so keenly thy precious light?

Rather, if nearing Eternal Day,
Why do I cleave to a mortal May?

Yet so I do, and I hold it fast,
Lest too soon it be overpast.

Childhood of Nature! I love thee so,
With sorest grudging I let thee go;

For I feel at my heart a subtle pain
When thy buds are a year away again!

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY

BY JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY[1]

OUTLYING colonies, inadequately defended, are, in time of war, sources of serious weakness to the mother country. This military axiom was never better exemplified than in the case of Spain at the time of her struggle with the United States. The naval strategist saw at a glance that her undoing lay in her possessions in the East and West Indies, and that a campaign in the Peninsula was inadvisable unless control of the sea were first obtained, and that, if attempted, it would be productive of great loss without compensating advantage. On the other hand, destruction of Spanish power in the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico would force the Madrid Government to its knees, while Continental Europe, unfriendly to our action and policy, would not be disposed to regard with

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This is the sixth of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.

approval an American invasion of the territory of one of its powers, but, on the other, could not question the destruction of Spanish power in the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico, although the result would be to force the Madrid Government to yield.

These conclusions caused the Navy Department, in preparing plans for war, to fix primarily on the East and West Indies as theaters of naval operations. Annihilation of the Spanish squadrons in those regions would require the despatch from Spain of new forces, which, deprived of support at points of destination and embarrassed by voyages far distant from their initial bases, could be met and overcome by superior commands. Observance of a policy predicated upon these deductions assured complete defeat for the enemy, protection of our own shores and commerce, and achievement of the humanitarian purposes of the war—freedom of Cuba and accordance to its people of the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Thus the campaign adopted by the Navy Department had two main objectives—the absolute crushing of the Spanish squadron in Philippine waters and the control of the sea in the Atlantic Ocean. Strategical and tactical blunders by the Spanish Admiral in the Far East, the demoralized condition of his command, and the promptness, magnificent courage, and high efficiency of the officers and men who fought under the Stars and Stripes, enabled the attainment of the former object first. The victory gained in Manila Bay was important from a strategical standpoint, but, of far greater consequence, was productive of far-reaching international and territorial results. It must, therefore, take rank as one of the foremost achievements of modern wars.

Seven hours only were required by the American squadron to place the Philippine Archipelago at the mercy of the United States, and relieve this Government of anxiety for the Pacific slope and its trans-Pacific trade. More than seven years, however, had been needed to provide the ships and perfect the personnel which accomplished this result. The men-of-war participating in the actual fighting on that famous first of May, 1898, were born of the New Navy, and well they demonstrated their birthright. The flagship was the protected cruiser Olympia, of 5,800 tons displacement, which had been laid down in San Francisco in 1890. Following her lead were the protected cruiser Baltimore, of 4,600 tons, built at Philadelphia in 1887–88; the protected cruiser Raleigh, of 3,217 tons, built at the Norfolk navy-yard between 1889–92; the protected cruiser Boston, of 3,000 tons, one of the pioneers of the New Navy, the keel of which was laid at Chester, Pa., in 1883; the gunboat Concord, 1,710 tons, contracted for in 1888; and the gunboat Petrel, 892 tons, of date of 1887. Accompanying them were the modern revenue cutter McCulloch, 1,400 tons, used as a despatch-boat, the collier Nanshan, and the supply-ship Zafiro, the last two purchased at Hongkong just before the outbreak of the war.

The possibility of a rupture with Spain existed during the closing year of the administration of President Cleveland, and Secretary Herbert had taken precautionary measures to maintain an effective naval force in Asiatic waters. Examination of the list of vessels on foreign stations in 1898 shows that the fighting ships in the East were the Olympia, Boston, gunboat Machias, and gunboat Yorktown. The Machias and Yorktown required overhauling and were ordered to return to the United States, but, that there should be no diminution of the strength of the squadron, they were replaced by the Petrel and Concord.

Portentous signs of war caused the Department under Mr. Herbert's successor to give the closest study to the number and character of the fleet stationed by Spain in the Philippine Islands. Lieutenant George L. Dyer was appointed naval attaché in Madrid in the summer of 1897, and it was a comparatively easy matter to ascertain through him the exact number of Spanish ships in the East, and whether despatch of reinforcements was contemplated; but it was far more difficult to find out the condition of the vessels. As a matter of fact, the Department was unable to learn the state of their effectiveness. It knew that the Spanish force comprised the iron cruiser Reina Cristina, flagship, of 3,520 tons, built at Ferrol, Spain, in 1887; the wooden Castilla, 3,260 tons, launched at Cadiz in 1881; the iron gun-



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY. TAKING THE CREW FROM THE BURNING REINA CRISTINA
The lower panel gives a general view of the battle at its height.
Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

boats Don Juan de Austria and Don Antonio de Ulloa, 1,159 tons each, constructed at Cartagena and Carraca respectively, in 1887; the steel gunboats Isla de Cuba and Isla de Luzon, 1,045 tons, laid down at Elswick, England, in 1886; the Velasco, 1,152 tons, constructed at Blackwall, England, in 1881; gunboats Marques del Duero, 500 tons, and General Lezo, 525 tons; surveying ship Argos, 508 tons; and a score of mosquito gunboats. The march of events pointing inevitably to war, Spain made a feeble attempt to augment her shore defenses, and sent to Manila the Isla de Mindanao, one of her large auxiliary ocean liners, heavily laden with guns and other munitions of war.

None of the Spanish vessels in the Philippines was capable of operating at a considerable distance from a well furnished and protected base, but, if in effective condition, they comprised, with the shore defenses, a formidable force for the small United States squadron to attack, especially as the latter was certain to have the ports of Asia barred by the institution of unyielding neutrality, and was seven thousand miles from a port where it could hope to obtain assistance. In estimating Spain's strength in the East Indies, therefore, it was necessary to consider the batteries placed at the points at which it was likely her fleet would take station for the battle. A dispute with Germany over the Caroline Islands had threatened war a few years before Spanish-American relations became acute; and, to defend her possessions in the Pacific from German assault, Spain installed at Manila and other important points high-powered guns capable of sinking any of the ships of our little squadron. Manila was defended in the fall of 1897 by four 9½-inch muzzle-loading rifles; four 5½-inch converted breech-loading rifles, and fifteen 6.3-inch obsolete muzzle-loading bronze rifled guns, distributed in front of and along the mediæval wall located on the bay shore of the city. A casemated earthwork of entirely modern character, over which poked the muzzles of two 15-centimeter Ordonez rifled guns, was built at Sangley Point. A stone redoubt at Cavite and the antiquated Fort San Felipe adjacent were the sites of three 6.3-inch Armstrong muzzle-loading rifles. The entrance to the Bay of Manila is divided by the island of Corregidor into two channels, one known as the Boca Grande and the other as the Boca Chica. Boca Grande was covered by three 6-inch Armstrong breech-loading rifles, three 12-centimeter breech-loading rifles, and three 16-centimeter Palliser muzzle-loading rifles, and Boca Chica by three 8-inch muzzle-loading Armstrong rifles, three 18-centimeter Palliser muzzle-loading rifles, and two 16-centimeter Hontoria breech-loading rifles. Within twenty-four days the defenses of the entrance of Manila Bay were put in condition for action, and just before the declaration of war the battery at Sangley Point was reinforced by one 14-centimeter breech-loading rifle. Several hulks were sunk in the northwest channel of Subig Bay; but four 15-centimeter guns sent to defend this harbor lay unmounted when the American squadron arrived.

Every effort was made by our Navy Department to learn the number and caliber of the guns comprising the batteries defending Manila and Subig Bay, and while some information was obtained through our naval attaché and confidential sources in Madrid and through United States Consul O. F. Williams, who remained in Manila until forced to leave, it was not sufficiently accurate to be of much value. The condition of the defenses in 1897 was reasonably well known. As war approached, additional guns were placed, but in what numbers and at what positions could not be ascertained. Mines were also reported to have been laid.

The mistake of underrating the strength of the enemy was not made. It was advisable that our squadron should be superior to that of Spain in order to offset the advantage lent to the latter by the shore batteries. The Olympia completed her tour of duty on the Asiatic Station in the winter of 1897–98, and was ordered to San Francisco for repairs and alterations. Ten days after the destruction of the Maine, these orders were revoked and she was directed to remain in the East. The Raleigh was attached in 1897 to the European Station, which was certain to be abandoned in case of war, and instructions were sent to her in December of that year to join the Asiatic Squadron. The Baltimore was placed in commission



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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

in October of 1897, and relieved the Philadelphia as flagship of the Pacific Station. She was destined to remain but a short time on this duty. The Department had selected her to replace the Olympia on the Asiatic Station, but in March of 1898 she was ordered to reinforce that vessel. Besides the additional strength she gave the Asiatic Squadron, her assignment to it was important for another reason. While all of the ships were provided with ammunition sufficient for battle, their magazines contained the allowances of peace. Hostile operations require abundant supplies. The wooden cruiser Mohican, at Mare Island, California, was loaded with powder and projectiles and was hurried to Honolulu, where the Baltimore was anchored. The transfer of her precious cargo to the Baltimore was promptly effected, and on March 25 the Baltimore sailed for Hongkong via Yokohama. By utilizing the Baltimore instead of a merchant ship for the transportation

of the munitions, there was less chance of their capture in case the Spaniards should enterprisingly seek to gain possession of them; but it was within the bounds of possibility that a bold plan to intercept the cruiser would be attempted, and a feeling of intense anxiety pervaded the White House and Navy Department until news of her safe arrival at Hongkong on April 22 reached the Bureau of Navigation. After the war with Spain, a report gained credence that, in order to provide the Asiatic Squadron with sufficient ammunition to engage the Spanish force, the Department had found it necessary to send a special train carrying supplies across the continent to San Francisco, where the freight was transferred to the Mohican. As a matter of fact, with the ammunition brought by the Baltimore the Asiatic Squadron was amply supplied, and did not expend a third of its ammunition at the battle of Manila. As to the railroad train, the only one sent across the continent consisted of fourteen cars, and was assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., on June 30, 1898, almost two months after the battle. The munitions it carried were intended to form a large reserve supply for the Pacific and Asiatic Squadrons, there existing at the time some apprehension that Spain might send a fleet from Europe to the Philippines and that Germany might provoke us to war. At no time, however, was any American squadron so short of ammunition that it would have been unable to engage an enemy's fleet.

The last reinforcement given to the Asiatic Squadron comprised the auxiliaries McCulloch, Nanshan, and Zafiro. The McCulloch had been built on the Atlantic coast and was ordered to San Francisco via the Suez Canal to perform revenue cutter service. Under the law authorizing the transfer of revenue cutters to the control of the navy in time of war, she was attached to the Asiatic Squadron, and on April 8 was caught by cable at Singapore and directed to proceed to Hongkong, avoiding Spanish ports and vessels *en route*. As the Asiatic Squadron had no base nearer than San Francisco, though supplies could have been obtained at Honolulu, then the capital of an independent republic, it was necessary to provide it with a collier and a supply ship, and the British steamers Nanshan and Zafiro were purchased at Hongkong and loaded with coal and other necessary supplies. On the eve of war the Navy Department was able to make the following comparison of the strength of the naval forces of the United States and Spain in the East:

	United States.	Spain.
Vessels: Cruisers	4	2
Gunboats	3	11
Mosquito craft	0	25
Armed tonnage	20,619	20,693
Guns in main battery	53	44
Guns in secondary battery	84	81
Broadside discharge main battery guns	3,700	3,000

Afloat, the United States was superior, but Spain was stronger so far as *matériel* was concerned, taking her land and naval forces together. The batteries defending Manila Bay were capable of firing at a single discharge 3,750 pounds of metal. It is the testimony of experts that guns ashore are, by reason of steadiness of platform and protection afforded to the gunners, capable of more effective results than guns installed on men-of-war.

Personnel is largely the deciding factor in naval engagements, and this fact was to be demonstrated in the battle of Manila Bay. The commander-in-chief of the American force was Commodore George Dewey. The selection of Commodore Dewey to command the Asiatic Squadron was made during the fall of 1897. Rear-Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, called the attention of the Secretary to the fact that the tours of duty of Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., in command of the European Squadron, and Rear-Admiral Frederick V. McNair, in command of the Asiatic Squadron, would expire within a few months, and that it was advisable to relieve them. The Secretary examined the Naval Register, and found that there were three officers whose turn for sea had come: Commodore E. O. Matthews, Commodore John A. Howell, and Commodore George Dewey. Commodore Matthews was Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, from which place it was not thought desirable to take him; Commodore Howell was Commandant of the League Island Navy-Yard, and Commodore Dewey was President of the Board of Inspection and Survey. Both had had long service and valuable experience; Howell had reputa-



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THE OLYMPIA

tion as an ordnance expert of marked ability; Dewey had served as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment of the Navy Department, and subsequently as a member of the Examining and Retiring Boards, receiving in 1895 his orders to the Board of Inspection and Survey. The Asiatic Squadron, in case of war with Spain, offered the larger probable opportunity for distinction, although the European Squadron was a choice flag command of the navy and included the Spanish waters. I decided to give Dewey the Asiatic and Howell the European station, and this arrangement, on my submitting it to President McKinley, who had made no suggestion in the matter, and who always left such matters to the Secretary, was approved by him. I remember his simply saying to me, in his characteristically pleasant way, "Are you satisfied that Dewey is a good man for the place and that his head is level?" to which I affirmatively answered. Political or personal influence had nothing to do with his selection. Indeed, war was not then—in the fall of 1897—so imminent that there was reason for departing from the usual routine of making in the usual regular sequence the selection of the two or three officers whose turn to go to sea had come. A month before war was declared Commodore Howell was withdrawn from Europe, the European Squadron having

been broken up, and placed in command of the Northern Patrol Squadron, organized to defend the North Atlantic coast; he was subsequently ordered to Cuban waters as Commander of the First North Atlantic Squadron.

The orders to Dewey were signed on October 21, and he was directed to sail for Nagasaki, Japan, and there relieve Rear-Admiral McNair. He gave immediate evidence of the fact that the Department was warranted in placing faith in him. As soon as it was definitely decided that he should assume command of the Asiatic Station, he began collecting data in regard to the Spanish forces in the Philippines, and the Department assisted him in every possible way. Moreover, before and during the war the Department made it a first duty to advise him of every development which would be of interest or importance in the conduct of military operations. Before he sailed, the policy of the Administration toward Spain was outlined to him, and he received specific instructions as to the course to pursue in the contingency of war.

When Dewey assumed command of the Asiatic Station on January 3, he found a thoroughly efficient and well-trained force, and the credit for this condition is due to Rear-Admiral McNair. When the latter arrived in Washington, he stated that he had turned over to Dewey plans for an attack upon the Spanish forces, similar in many respects to those afterwards followed.

Protection of American interests had required the scattering of the ships of the Asiatic Squadron along the Chinese and Korean coast. Believing the time for action not far distant, orders were cabled to Dewey on February 25 directing him to mobilize his squadron, with the exception of the unseaworthy Monocacy, at Hongkong, and to keep his ships filled with coal. "In the event of declaration of war with Spain," he was advised, "your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands." Other preliminary orders were issued, including an instruction, cabled on April 7, to land all woodwork and stores not considered necessary for operations, and on April 21 the Commander-in-Chief was informed that the naval force on the North Atlantic Station was blockading Cuba and that war might be declared at any moment. Commodore Dewey had been active in carrying out his instructions to prepare for war. Everything had been done that promised increase of the effectiveness of his command. Machinery was examined and repairs made where needed; guns were overhauled; magazines, magazine hoists, signal apparatus, in fact, every little detail which made up the complex engines so soon to be put to test, underwent careful and conscientious scrutiny. Arrangements were made with the British authorities to dock the Baltimore immediately upon her appearance in the harbor, and two days after her arrival she was cleaned and coaled and reported ready for war. White is the peace garb of American naval vessels, and so decorated they form splendid targets. To make the ships as inconspicuous as possible, the Department ordered that they be painted slate color. Thus clad, they awaited instructions to advance on the Spanish force. Great Britain did not, however, permit them to remain in the harbor. She gave recognition of a state of war by issuing on April 24 her proclamation of neutrality. Dewey at once ordered the Boston, Concord, Petrel, McCulloch, Nanshan, and Zafiro to Mirs Bay, an inlet on the Chinese coast, distant thirty miles from Hongkong, which he had selected as a rendezvous. The Olympia, Baltimore, and Raleigh took advantage of the twenty-four hours' grace allowed by the proclamation to remain until the expiration of that time. The purpose of their stay was twofold: Commodore Dewey desired to confer with the United States Consul at Manila, who was *en route* to Hongkong on an overdue steamer, and certain parts of the machinery of the Raleigh were undergoing repairs in a machine-shop ashore. Neither the Consul nor the machinery came within the time-limit, as the Commodore received from the Department the instruction which moved him at once to action.

This instruction was not striking in its originality; in fact, it was simply in line with the programme of procedure which Dewey knew so well. As soon as war was declared, it was the unanimous opinion of the Department, agreed on by the Secretary, the Assistant Secretary, and

the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, indeed by all who expressed an opinion, that we should strike at once at the Spanish fleet in the Philippines. On Thursday, April 21, I urged this action on President McKinley. He thought it not quite time. But early Sunday forenoon, the 24th, I conferred with him at the White House. So vivid is the picture he presented on that memorable occasion that it has remained in my memory with the distinctness of a first impression. It inshield before or after I went to the White House, was put in cipher and cabled. It was as follows:

Washington, April 24, 1898.

Dewey, Hongkong:

War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors. LONG.

It was sent none too soon. Just after it had gone, word was received from



THE LATE CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY
Who commanded the Olympia at Manila.

was a lovely, sunny spring day, a bright contrast to the grim business in hand. We sat on a sofa, he thoughtful, his face showing a deep sense of the responsibility of the hour. My memory is that I took to him for approval the now famous despatch, and that it had been prepared by the Bureau of Navigation before I went to the White House. I am advised, however, by officers of that Bureau that it was not prepared till after my return. At any rate, the President gave me that morning the desired authority, and the despatch, whether drafted by Rear-Admiral Crown-

Dewey that the Governor of Hongkong had issued a proclamation of neutrality, which required the departure of the American ships. With this famous despatch ceased all immediate control by the Department of Dewey's conduct. He was left unfettered, and to him and to his subordinates was confided the responsibility of achieving his task. Accompanied by the Raleigh and Baltimore, the Olympia left Hongkong, and, with the bands playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and followed by the ringing cheers of British sailors and soldiers, steamed for Mirs

Bay. Consul Williams and the completed parts of the Raleigh's machinery arrived twenty-four hours later, and on April 27 Commodore Dewey signaled his command to get under way. Shortly after leaving Mirs Bay the crews were assembled, and to them was read the bombastic and abusive proclamation issued at Manila on April 23 by the Captain-General of the Philippines. This proclamation is worthy of examination because it shows the contemptuous view of us entertained at the time by the officials of Spain:

Spaniards! Between Spain and the United States of North America hostilities have broken out.

The moment has arrived to prove to the world that we possess the spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, take advantage of our misfortunes and abuse our hospitality, using means which civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable.

The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, with their outrages against the law of nations and international conventions.

The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of Victories will give us one as brilliant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demand. Spain, which counts upon the sympathy of all the nations, will emerge triumphantly from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those States that, without cohesion and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions and the ungrateful spectacle of Chambers in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.

A squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor, and liberty. Pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable, the North American seamen undertake, as an enterprise capable of realization, the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion you profess, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, and to kidnap those persons whom they consider useful to man their ships or to be exploited in agricultural or industrial labor.

Vain designs! Ridiculous boastings!

Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into realization. You will not allow the faith you profess to be made a mock of; impious hands to be placed on the temple of the true God; the images you adore to be thrown down by unbelief. The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers, they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, or appropriate your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age. No, they shall not perpetrate any of these crimes inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish and abase the people that, claiming to be civilized and cultivated, have exterminated the natives of North America, instead of bringing to them the life of civilization and of progress.

Filipinos, prepare for the struggle, and, united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the calls of our enemies let us oppose, with the decision of the Christian and the patriot, the cry of "Viva España."

Your General,
BASILIO AUGUSTIN DAVILA.

Manila, 23d April, 1898.

"Mr. Dooley" could have written nothing funnier.

Following the reading of this proclamation, the crews were informed that the squadron was bound to Manila, there to "capture or destroy the Spanish fleet." The cheers that resounded and the delight manifested constituted a patriotic reply to the vainglorious utterances of the Spanish officer. It was a spontaneous declaration by the men who served the guns that they would courageously and enthusiastically execute the orders which had been given to their commander-in-chief.

The important problem Dewey was set to solve was the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet. Consul Williams had advised him that it was assembled in Manila Bay, which was defended by additional batteries and was also mined. The obvious strategical course for the Spanish Admiral to follow was either to establish his squadron at Subig Bay, from which point he could threaten the communications of the American commander and make well-calculated dashes upon his ships blockading Manila, or evade him, and force his men-of-war to burn up their coal in fruitless pursuit. Both plans would have required the concentration of the invading force, and would have prevented the despatch of troops for land operations. Admiral Montojo, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish squadron, seems to have had some notion regarding the advisability of establishing his base at Subig Bay. That arm of the sea had for thirteen years been subjected to exhaustive examination by a number of special commissions, and at Olongapo, situated on its eastern shore, the construction of a naval station had begun. It was hardly to be believed

that this point had not undergone some measure of effective defense. Dewey had been informed that the Spanish squadron proposed to take position at Subig Bay; and, in fact, that had been the intention of its commander-in chief. He sailed for Subig Bay on April 24, but on arrival found that the modern guns provided for its shore defense had not been placed. The Castilla started to leak, and it became necessary to pack her shaft alley with cement; the Velasco was not in condition for offensive work either at Subig or Manila; and the Ulloa was anchored by her infirmities at Cavite. The council of Spanish commanders convened at Subig advocated return to Manila because the water was shallow, and there was more chance of saving life there in case of disaster. This last conclusion shows the demoralization of the Spanish force. Montojo returned to Manila Bay with such speed as could be made by the inefficient ships of his command, and upon arrival placed them under the guns of the battery, where he awaited events.

Possessing little knowledge of the deplorable condition of the Spanish fleet, Dewey intrepidly steamed toward Luzon. The green hills of this island of Spain rose out of the water as dawn was breaking, on April 30. There was no enemy in sight, but the invisible Spanish signalman at Cape Belinao telegraphed that the Americans had come. Toward Subig Bay Dewey turned the prows of his squadron, and the Boston and Concord, when a short distance from their destination, were sent ahead to reconnoiter that arm of the sea. Twenty-four hours earlier and the Battle of Manila Bay would have been in history the Battle of Subig Bay. But no trace of the Spanish ships was found. When Dewey learned of the fruitlessness of his search, he stopped his squadron and signaled his captains to repair aboard the flagship. At this conference final plans were adopted for running past the batteries defending the entrance to Manila Bay and attacking the enemy if he had been guilty of the strategical mistake of selecting that harbor as the battle scene.

Crossing the China Sea little attempt was made to screen the movements of the squadron. Forcing the channel into Manila Bay, which was doubtless mined, and certainly defended by heavy guns, demanded the exercise of extraordinary precaution. When tropical night fell, the gleam of a single white light at the stern of each ship, by which the following vessel steered her course, was the only illumination allowed the squadron. Fortune smiled on the boldness of the assailant and aided his enterprise by giving him a night well suited to its achievement. A young moon furnished the little light needed to outline the Boca Grande, as the squadron, its guns loaded and ready for discharge, approached that channel. Across the face of the heavens sped black, thunderous clouds; the lightning flashing from them brought into sharp relief the headlands which nature had constructed as her defenses of the bay. Near the center of the wide entrance loomed the island of Corregidor, and within half a mile stood the rock El Fraile, a frowning sentinel.

Onward Dewey's vessels steamed, spurning danger, and heedless of mines or guns, which Spanish reports asserted would be potent for defense. With good British charts and relying solely upon American seamanship to navigate the ships, and with the Olympia in the lead, he moved toward El Fraile, ignorant that a formidable battery had been placed there. As the flagship turned in its direction, a Spaniard sighted the white light shining in her stern. Almost at the same instant a sheet of flame shot from the smokestack of the McCulloch. Signal lights communicating the news of the presence of the enemy were at once displayed at Mariveles Bay, and a rocket burst on the south shore near Punta Restinga. From the battery at the latter point came the first shot of the war in the East. El Fraile, too, opened fire. The Raleigh, Boston, and McCulloch returned the hostile greeting with more effect, one of their projectiles exploding among the gunners of the Restinga battery and silencing it after it had been in action only three minutes. There was no pause for this exchange, but the squadron moved on, and in half an hour entered Manila Bay, absolutely unharmed and encouraged by the wretched gunnery of the Spanish marksmen and the loss by its antagonist of a part of the strength upon which he had relied to do it injury.

Manila lay twenty miles away, the

lights illuminating it casting a bright glare upon the horizon. Desiring to attack by daylight, Commodore Dewey signaled that the speed should be four knots. When the lights twinkling this order and the bright replies made thereto by all the ships had died away, the men were permitted to lie down beside their guns. Few slept, for none knew what an hour might develop. The silvery sheen of dawn disclosed a fleet of merchantmen before the city of Manila, but they were not the craft that Dewey sought, and, paying little attention to the batteries which were wildly firing in his direction, he headed the Olympia toward a line of gray objects lying in front of a group of white buildings comprising the naval arsenal of Cavite. Following the Olympia in the order named were the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, and Boston. Action impending, the McCulloch and the colliers were sent to the middle of the Bay, there to give assistance to any of the ships, should assistance be needed.

Thus the opposing squadrons came face to face. Montojo had been informed on April 28 by the Spanish Consul at Hongkong: "Enemy's squadron sailed at 2 P.M. from the Bay of Mirs, and according to reliable accounts they sailed for Subig Bay, there to destroy our squadron, and will then go to Manila." He was apprised of Dewey's appearance off Cape Bolinao on April 30, and of his arrival off Subig Bay twelve hours later. He learned of the search made in Subig, but, despite the grim persistency which this procedure betokened, he seemed to think that Dewey would hesitate to force Manila Bay. If so, he underestimated his man and paid the penalty of his mistake. Officers and men of the Spanish force were in Manila, some in bed, when the news that the American squadron was in the Boca Grande reached the city. They were hastily summoned, and for several hours were compelled to suffer that nervous mood which oppresses most men prior to battle, before they sighted the ships destined to deal death and destruction among them.

Such little preparation as could be made in the short time remaining before the battle Montojo attempted. Yet the first gun had not been fired when the Spaniards knew that they were beaten. Montojo directed that every disposition be made to burn the coal and stores at Cavite arsenal, to prevent them from falling into Dewey's hands. He distributed his ships in a long, curved line, one end of which, protected by batteries and iron lighters loaded with sand, rested on Sangley Point. They were in such position that the batteries of Fort San Felipe and Cavite could fire over them. In the Spanish line of battle were the Don Antonio de Ulloa, Castilla, Reina Cristina (flagship), Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, and Marques del Duero. Lying at the arsenal were the Velasco, Lezo, and Argos, and the Manila took refuge in the roads of Bacoor, not far distant. None of these last-named vessels joined in the action. Admiral Montojo, in his comparison of the relative strength of the two squadrons, counted himself greatly inferior, as shown by this table, which he prepared:

	Tons.	Horse-Power.	Guns.	Men.
American...	21,410	49,290	163	1,750
Spanish...	10,111	11,200	76	1,875

Approaching the Spanish line, the momentous signal, "Prepare for general action," was flown from the signal-mast of the Olympia, and following it the inspiring flag of our country was broken out on every ship. What a thrilling moment! Answering the challenge, the Spaniards hoisted their red and yellow colors, and a deafening roar announced that the batteries of Cavite and Manila were endeavoring to cripple or destroy their audacious enemy. At twenty minutes after five the Spanish vessels joined in the thunder of battle. Save for two shells fired by the Concord at the Manila battery, our squadron proceeded silently, relentlessly, toward its naval antagonist. Fifty-six hundred yards distant, the Commander-in-Chief, without the smallest trace of excitement, turned to Captain Charles V. Gridley, commanding the Olympia, and authorized him to open fire. It was the now famous legend: "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley." Immediately one of the 8-inch guns of the forward turret sent its steel messenger of a nation's wrath toward the Spanish line. As each vessel got within range, it, too, discharged all available guns. Regardless of mines—two of which Dewey reported as exploding just

ahead of the Olympia—the flagship, followed by her supporting ships, ran parallel to the Spanish vessels, smothering some and demoralizing all by a deadly hail of projectiles. At the beginning of the action, a lead-colored launch steamed toward the flagship. Seemingly a dangerous torpedo-boat was coming to perform its deadly mission. The secondary batteries of the Olympia and Baltimore quickly picked up the range, and disabled the launch, which turned toward the shore, where she was beached. Another torpedo launch which Dewey discovered was equally unfortunate, being sunk in the shallow water near Cavite. The Spaniards claimed that no torpedo-boats participated in the action, and that the craft which was beached was really a market-boat performing its daily duty. These distracting incidents of the battle did not, however, divert the attention of the American gunners from the one important fighting ship of the Spanish force—the Reina Cristina. She was the target of all the marksmen of our squadron, and only when she was out of range did the Castilla and other Spanish vessels undergo a fire as murderous as that to which the flagship had been subjected. Believing that closer quarters might turn the tide of battle, Montojo, in the Reina Cristina, put out from the Spanish line. The maneuver promised nothing, but it created an opportunity to show to Spain and to the world how bravely a Spaniard could die. An exploding shell set the cruiser on fire forward, a 6-inch projectile pierced her stern, and through the hole thus made an 8-inch shell, with terrible energy, forced its way. Flames burst from the hull; white steam mingling with the black smoke showed that the steam-pipes had been penetrated. Uncontrollable, her decks filled with dead and wounded and slippery with blood, the Cristina retreated from the fire she had precipitated and sought refuge at Cavite. The Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon were signaled to aid the Marques del Duero and men from the Cavite arsenal in rescuing such of the crew as were alive, and this was accomplished under a fire as terrifying as that which had destroyed the Spanish flagship. The execution done by the American squadron is shown by the fact that when the Cristina went into action her complement comprised 493 men. The men able to respond to muster at Cavite Arsenal numbered 160, of whom 90 were wounded. The loss of the vessel in killed and wounded was thus 423 men.

Dewey passed up and down parallel to the enemy's line three times, the range decreasing from 5,600 yards to 2,600 yards as confidence grew in the charts and in the marks of the leadsmen, and contempt developed for the Spanish gunners afloat and ashore. Spanish shell churned the water along the path of the squadron, passed between the smoke-stacks of the ships, and, shrieking, flew high above their mastheads. Erroneously informed that the 5-inch battery was short of ammunition, the Olympia signaled at 7:35 A.M. to "withdraw from action," and, when out of reach of Spanish range, Dewey ordered: "Let the people go to breakfast." Except for a little coffee given on some of the ships in the early morning, the men had been without food for sixteen hours; yet they served their guns with the energy, alacrity, and courage which have so often been the characteristics of American seamen.

Distant from the Spanish squadron, the terrible effects of the American fire could be seen; the Reina Cristina lay under the north wall of Cavite. her bulwarks awash. The Castilla still floated, but she was on fire, and at ten o'clock her flag came down, and flames sprang from her hull, and, with fantastic leaps, licked her spars. The Don Juan de Austria, which had received almost the concentrated fire of the American squadron, when the destruction of the Cristina was complete, was badly damaged, and the Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon had been repeatedly struck. The Spanish ships, which had hastened in disorder behind Cavite Arsenal, were, with the exception of the Antonio de Ulloa, abandoned, and their sea-valves were broken. The commander of the Don Antonio de Ulloa disregarded Montojo's instruction to sink his ship, and gallantly remained to resume battle on odds promising certain disaster.

While the men were at breakfast Commodore Dewey consulted his captains in regard to conditions aboard their vessels and the next move in the programme. During the conference a strange vessel was sighted, and the captains returned to

their posts prepared to do battle in case reinforcements for the enemy had arrived. The stranger was found to be a merchantman. Dewey sent word to the Governor-General of the Philippines to order the batteries defending Manila to cease fire instantly or he would shell the city. This warning was effective, and then the Admiral returned to Cavite to complete the work of destruction. The Baltimore, leading the column in place of the Olympia, was granted permission to attack the enemy's earthworks. A duel of ship and shore occurred, described as one of the most picturesque events of that eventful day. The battery at Canacao was the first to withdraw from the contest, its flag hauled down and the men flying from their defenses. Fort Sangley was the next to undergo the American fire, the entire squadron joining in the attack. Bursting shell silenced the guns thrice, and finally a white flag succeeded the Spanish ensign, showing that the enemy had surrendered. As the Baltimore neared Sangley Point, the Don Antonio del Ullao opened fire. Upon that brave little craft were turned the guns of the Baltimore, Olympia, and Raleigh. Soon her crew swarmed over her side and swam ashore, and she listed and sank. At twenty minutes after twelve the cheering signal flew from the signal-arm of the Petrel, which gallantly stood in to the Cavite arsenal: "The enemy has surrendered." The battle was won. Dewey took station in front of Manila, and subsequently ordered the Baltimore and Raleigh to destroy the batteries on Corregidor Island. The McCulloch was sent post-haste to Hongkong to notify the anxious country of the victory, and a few days later the President and Navy Department were informed that the Commander-in-Chief could take Manila at any time, but he had not sufficient men to hold it.

The despatch sent by the McCulloch reached Washington early on the morning of May 6. It was in cipher, and it was not until almost nine o'clock that its translation was completed. A cheering mob of men and women crowded the anteroom of the Secretary's office. General R. A. Alger, then Secretary of War, came to offer his congratulations. I recall saying to him, referring to the military operations in the Orient, as he was preparing to return to his department:

"The navy has completed its work, General. The army's labor has begun."

Stupendous were the results of this brilliant victory. The Philippine archipelago, comprising 1,700 islands and inhabited by 8,000,000 people, belonged by conquest to the United States to hold permanently as indemnity for the war or as a means for exerting pressure upon Spain to sue for peace. Victory for American arms at the outset of the war produced a moral effect of incalculable advantage, and demonstrated to the world the powerlessness of our enemy. From this time the Pacific coast was entirely free of apprehension. Commerce was free alike from peril of the foe and from the high rates of friendly insurance. How great the lesson that could be drawn from the battle! Seven men slightly wounded, and no damage of any account to our vessels, made up the American casualties. Ten ships destroyed, three batteries silenced, and 381 killed are the gruesome totals of Spanish defeat. American valor had again won the victory. President McKinley at once appointed Dewey an acting Rear-Admiral, and recommended his promotion to the grade of Admiral, and that the thanks of Congress be conferred upon him. Each of the captains and many of the subordinate officers received advancement for gallantry in action. In this way only could substantial compensation be given, but it was given spontaneously, and the officers who received it knew that their greater reward would lie in the fact that they had gloriously observed the traditions which have made the American navy historically famous.

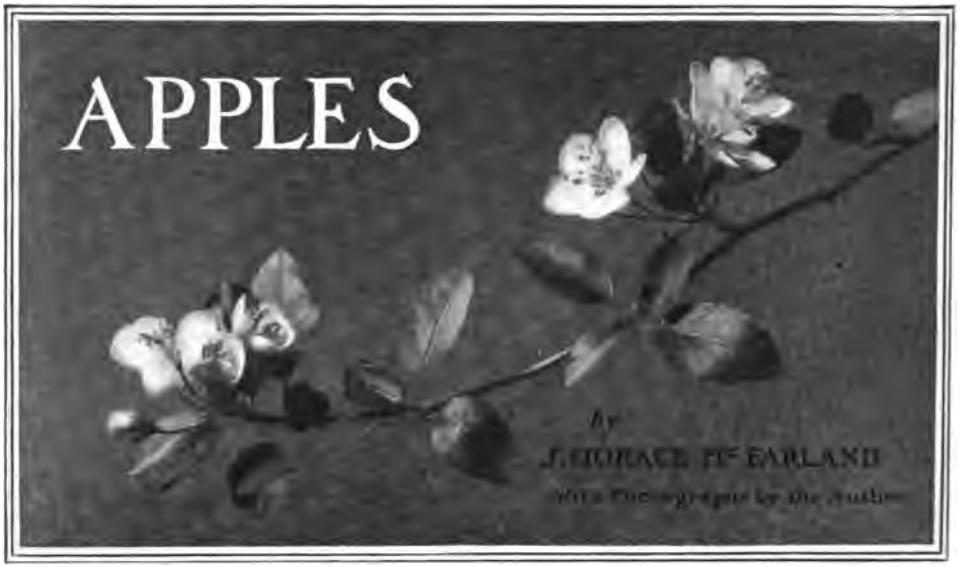
A Mile with Me

By Henry van Dyke

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!



WELL do I remember one of the admonitions of my youth, brought upon me by an attempt to take apple-blossoms from a tree in bloom because they were beautiful. I was told that it was wrong to pluck for any purpose the flowers of fruit-trees, because the possible fruitage might thereby be reduced. That is, feeding the eye was improper, but it was always in order to conserve the possibilities for another organ of the body. In those days we had not learned that nature provides against contingencies, and that not one-tenth of all the blossoms would be needed to "set" as much fruit as the tree could possibly mature.

The apple, well called the king of fruits, is worthy of all admiration as a fruit, but I do not see why that need interfere in the least with its consideration as an object of beauty. On the contrary, such consideration is all the better for the apple, which is not only most desirable and pleasing in its relation to the dessert, the truly great American pie, the luscious dumpling of the housewife, and the Italian's fruit-stand of our cities, but at the same time a benefaction to the eye and the sense of beauty, in tree, in blossom, and in fruit.

It is of the æsthetic value of the apple I would write, leaving its supreme place in pomology unassailed. Look at the young apple-tree in the "nursery row," where it has been growing a year since it was "budded"—that is, mysteriously changed from the wild and untamed fruit of nature to the special variety designed—by the nurseryman. It is a straight, shapely wand, in most varieties, though it is curious to find that some apples, notably the favorite "Rhode Island Greening," start in promptly to be picturesquely crooked and twisty. As it grows and branches under the cultivation and guidance of the orchardist, it maintains a lusty, hearty aspect, its yellowish, reddish, or brownish twigs—again according to variety—spreading out to the sun and the air freely. A decade passes, and the sparse showing of bloom that has decorated it each spring gradually gives place to a great glory of flowers. The tree is about to bear, and it assumes the character of maturity, for while it grows on soberly for many years, there is now a spreading, a sort of relaxation, very different from the vigorous upshooting of its early youth. After a crop or two, the tree has become, to the eye, the familiar orchard member, and it leans a little from the blasts of winter, twists aside from the perpendicular, spreads comfortably over a great expanse of ground, and settles down to its long, useful, and truly beautiful life.

While the young orchard is trim and handsome, I confess to a greater liking for the rugged old trees that have followed blossom with fruit in unstinted profusion for a generation. There is a certain

character of sturdy good will about these substantial stems that the clinging snows only accentuate in winter. The framework of limb and twig is very different from that of the other trees, and the twisty lines seem to mean warmth and cheer even against a frosty sky. And these old veterans are house trees, too—they do not suggest the forest or the broad expanse of nature, but instead the proximity of man and the home, the comfortable summer afternoon under their copious leafage, the great piles of ruddy-cheeked fruit in autumn.

I need hardly say anything of the apple-blossoms, for those who read these words are almost certain to have long appreciated their delicately fragrant blush and white loveliness. The apricot and the cherry are the first of the fruit trees to sing the spring song, and they cover themselves with white, in advance of any sign of green leaves on their twigs. The apple has an advantage; coming more deliberately, the little pink buds are set amidst the soft greens of the opening foliage, and the leaves and flowers expand together in their symphony of color and fragrance. The grass has grown lush by this time, the dandelions are punctuating it with gold, and everything is in the full riot of exuberant springtime.

But there are apples and apples and apples. Even the plain orchard gives us a difference in flowers, as well as in tree aspect. Notice the trees this coming May; mark the flat, white flowers on one tree, the cup-shaped, pink-veined blooms on another. Follow both through the fruiting, and see whether the sweeter flower brings the more sugary fruit.

Perhaps there is a "crab" in the old orchard, ready to give the greatest burst of bloom—for the crab-apple flower is usually finer and more fragrant than any other of the cultivated forms. It is an especial refuge of the birds and the bees, you will find, and it invites them with its



A FULL-BLOSSOMED APPLE BRANCH



THE BRILLIANT FRUIT OF THE NATIVE CRAB-APPLE

rare fragrance and deeper blush, so that they may work all the more earnestly at the pollination without which all this richness of bloom would be ineffective in nature's reproductive scheme.

This same crab-apple is soon to be, as its brilliant fruit matures, a notable object of beauty, for few ornamental trees can vie with its display of shining color. There was a great old crab right in the flower garden of my boyhood's home, amid quaint box-trees, snowballs, and lilacs. Lilies-of-the-valley flourished in its shadow, the delicate bleeding-heart mingled with old-fashioned irises and peonies at its feet. From early spring until mid-August the crab-apple held court of beauty there—and an always hungry boy often found something in addition to beauty in the red and yellow fruits that were acid but aromatic!

Why do we not plant more fruit trees for beauty? Not one of our familiar fruits will fail us in this respect, if so considered. The apricot will often have its white flowers open to match the purity of the last snow, the cherry will follow with a burst of bloom, the apples and crab-apples will continue the show, aided by plum and pear and peach, and the quince—ah, there's a flower in a green enamel setting!—will close the blooming-time. But the cherry fruits now redden in shining roundness, the earlier apples throw rich gleams of color to the eye, and there is chromatic beauty until frost bids the last russets leave their stems, leaving bare the framework of the trees to teach us in lines of symmetry and efficiency how strength and elegance are combined in nature's handiwork. Do you fear that some of the fruit may be taken? What of it? Plant for beauty, and the fruit is all extra—give it away freely, and pass on some of God's good gifts, to your own true happiness!

There is another crab-apple that is distinctive in its elegance, color, and fragrance. It is the true "wild crab" of eastern North America, and one who makes its acquaintance in blooming-time will never forget it. The tree is not large, and it is likely to be set with crooked, thorny branches; but the flowers! Deep pink or rosy red chalices, rather longer than the commonplace apple-blossom, and



hanging on long and slender stems in a certain picturesquely stiff disposition, they are a joy for the senses of sight and fragrance. This notable native may be found on rich side-hills and in dry glades—it is not fond of swamps. It is grown by some enlightened nurserymen, too, and can well be planted in the home grounds to their rue adornment. The blossoms give way to orm handsome yellow fruits, about an nch in diameter, which are themselves nuch more ornamental than edible, for ven the small boy will not investigate a econd time the bitter flesh. I have heard at a cider of peculiar "hardness" and otency, guaranteed to unsettle the firmest ead, is made from these acid fruits, but have not found it necessary to extend y tree studies in that direction.

The States west of Kansas do not know is lovely wild crab, to which the botanists ive a really euphonious designation as *Pyrus coronaria*. There is a prairie-States rab-apple, which I have never seen, but which, I am told, has nothing like the beauty of our exquisite Eastern native. This Western species lacks the long stem and the bright color of the flowers of our favorite, and its fruits, while quite as viciously sour, are a dull and greasy green. The great West has many other things, but we have the wild crab-apple.

Rather between, as to beauty, is the native crab-apple of the Southland, which is known as the Soulard crab. It is not as attractive as our own Eastern gem, a pure native possession.

Curiously enough, our own fruiting apple is not a native of America. It was at a meeting of a New England pomological association that I heard, several years ago, an old man of marvelous memory and power of observation tell of his recollections of seventy years, notable among which was his account of seeing the first good apples, as a boy, during a visit in the State of New York. We owe the apples we eat to Europe, for the start, the species being probably of Himalayan origin. America has greatly developed the apple, however, as one who has looked over the fruit tables at any great exposition will promptly testify, and nearly all our really good varieties are of American origin. The curious story of "Johnny Appleseed" is given us by historians, who tell us of this semi-religious enthusiast who roamed barefoot over the wilds of



AN APPLE ORCHARD IN WINTER



A "DOUBLE" APPLE-BLOSSOM

Ohio and Indiana a century ago, sowing apple-seeds in the scattered clearings, and living to see the trees bearing fruit, selections from which probably are interwoven among the varieties of to-day.

It is not only for the fruit that we are indebted to the Old World, but also for some distinctively beautiful and most ornamental varieties of the apple, not by any means as well known among us as they ought to be. The nurserymen sell as an ornamental small tree a form known as "Parkman's Double-flowering Crab," which produces blooms of much beauty, like delicate little roses. Few of them, however, know of the glorious show that the spring brings where there is a proper planting of the Chinese and Japanese crab-apples, with some other hybrids and varieties. The Outlook has many readers, I am sure, in New England, and to these a pilgrimage to Boston is always in order. In the Public Gardens of Boston are superb specimens of these crab-apples from the Orient, and for several weeks in May they may be enjoyed.

It is at the wonderful Arnold Arboretum, that Mecca of tree-lovers just outside of Boston and really within its magnificent park system, that the greatest show of the "pyrus family," as the apples and pears are botanically called, may be found. Here have been gathered the lovely blooming trees of all the hardy world, to the delight of the eye and the nose, and the education of the mind. To me the most impressive of all was a wonderful Siberian crab (one must look for *Pyrus baccata* on the label, as the Arboretum folks are not in love with "common" names) close by the little greenhouses. Its round head was purely white, with no hint of pink,



THE BEAUTY OF A FULL APPLE BRANCH

and the mass of bloom that covered it was only punctuated by the green of the expanding leaves. The especial elegance of this crab was in its whiteness, and that elegance was not diminished by the later masses of little yellow and red, almost translucent, fruits.

A somewhat smaller tree is commonly called the Chinese flowering apple, and its early flowers remind one strongly of the beauty of our own wild crab, as they are deeper in color than most of the crabs, being almost coral-red in bud. This "spectabilis," as it is familiarly called, is a gem, as it opens the season of the apple-blooms with its burst of pink richness.

The beauty-loving Japanese have a festival at the time of the cherry-blooming—and it is altogether a festival of beauty, not connected with the food that follows the flowers. They actually dare to cut the blossoms, too, for adornment, and all the populace take time to drink in the message of the spring. Will we workaday Americans ever dare to "waste" so much time, and go afield to absorb God's provision of soul and sense refreshment in the spring, forgetting for the time our shops and desks, our stores and marts?

Professor Sargent, that deep student of trees who has built himself a monument, which is also a beneficence to all

mankind, in the great volumes of his "Silva of North America," lives not far from Boston, and he loves especially that jewel of the apple family which, for want of a common name, I must designate scientifically as *Pyrus floribunda*. On his own magnificent estate, as well as at the Arboretum, this superb shrub or small tree riots in rosy beauty in early spring. While the leaves do come with these flowers, they are actually crowded back out of apparent sight by the straight wands of rose-red blooms, held by the twisty little tree at every angle and in indescribable beauty. If the visitor saw nothing but this Floribunda apple—"abundant flowering" sure enough—on his pilgrimage, he might well be satisfied, especially if he then and there resolved to see it again, either as he planted it at home or journeyed hither another spring for the enlargement of his soul.

There are other of these delightful crabs or apples to be enjoyed—Ringo, Kaido, Toringo—nearly all of Japanese origin, all of distinct beauty, and all continuing that beauty in handsome but inedible fruits that hang most of the summer. My tree-loving friends can well study these, and, I hope, plant them, instead of repeating continually the monotonously familiar shrubs and trees of ordinary commerce.

But I have not spoken enough of one notable feature of the every-day apple-tree that we may see without a journey to the East. The fully set fruiting branch of an apple-tree in health and vigor, properly nurtured and protected against fungous disease by modern "spraying," is a thing of beauty in its form and color. See those deep-red Baldwins shine overhead in the frosty air of early fall; note the elegance of form and striping on the leathery-skinned Ben Davis; appreciate true apples of gold set in green enamel on a tree of the sunny Bellefleur! These in the fall; but it is hardly full summer before the closely set branches of Early Harvest are as beautiful as any orange-tree, or the more upright Red Astrachan is ablaze with fruit of red and yellow. Truly, an apple orchard might be arranged to give a new picture of changing beauty of color and growth from early spring until fall frost, and then to follow with a daily panorama of form and line against snow and sky until the blossoms peeped forth again. Let us learn, if we do not already love the apple-tree, to love it for its beauty all the year!

Questionings

By Val Ormond

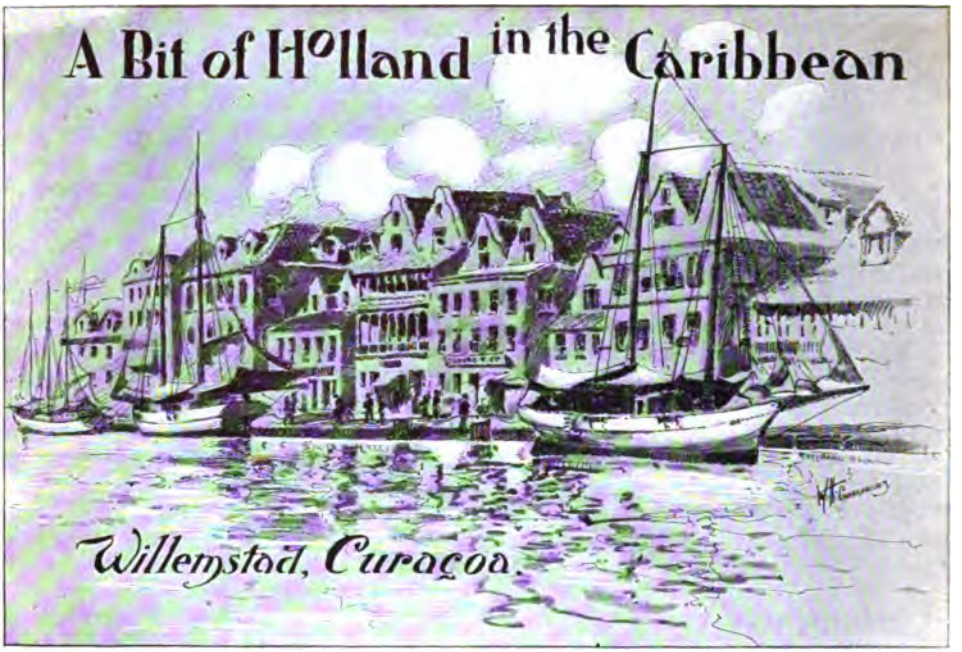
Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the night,
When moon-forsaken;
When stars refuse their light
Joy to awaken?
When Earth, from hill and dale,
Peers through a misty veil—
Dark, cold, and dimly pale,
And spirit-shaken:
Have ye heard?

Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the gale,
When Boreas scolds it;
When shivering Earth turns pale
As snow enfolds it?
When trees are leaf-destroyed,
And all things storm-annoyed,
E'en Nature song-devoid
While she beholds it:
Have ye heard?

Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the sea,
When winds are lashing;
When ships in misery
Are shoreward dashing?
The shrieking in the gloom;
The wailing o'er their doom,
When to their ocean-tomb
The ships go crashing:
Have ye heard?

Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the soul
When frenzy-driven;
When faith—the Master's dole—
Has vainly striven?
When Love's extinguished fires
Leave naught but cold desires,
When every Hope expires
That man was given:
Have ye heard?
Have ye heard.

A Bit of Holland in the Caribbean



BY WALTER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

DEPENDING upon Venezuela for most of the necessaries of life, the little Dutch town of Willemstad, or more commonly Curaçoa, since it is the only important place on the island of that name, really suffered more through the recent blockade by the allies than did the cities on the mainland, against which it was directed. Fresh beef, vegetables, fruit, to say nothing of coffee and sugar, all come from ports on the Venezuelan coast, but with these harbors guarded by a cordon of gunboats and cruisers, the source of supply was cut off entirely, and the fleet of coasting schooners engaged in the trade lay moored along the quay, their flags flapping idly in the breeze, while the crews slept beneath the awnings stretched over the decks.

Lying at anchor in the Schottegat, when I was in Curaçoa a few weeks ago, were the war-ships of many nations—English, German, American, Dutch—sometimes as many as a dozen, seldom less than four or five, their white hulls glistening in the sunlight, their masts rising above the low hills that separate the harbor from the town. Add to these the merchant vessels along the wharves in the bay of Santa Anna, from the big steamships of the Dutch and Spanish lines—transatlantic flyers in their day, renamed and reconstructed, and now filling a humble mission in the nomadic trade of the historic Spanish Main—to the vagrant Russian and English "wind-jammers" waiting till the blockade was raised to deliver their cargoes of coal to the Venezuelan railways, and one can form some idea of the traffic centered in this busy West Indian port.

And these hundreds of Jackies and sailormen must be fed, in addition to the town people, who under the blockade found prices higher and food scarcer every week. Go to the quaint market that stretches along the Waaj Gaat, and go early in the morning, when the snub-nosed punts are creeping beneath the bridge, with their deck-loads of fresh fish, and long pack-trains of donkeys are coming in from the country, their panniers filled with charcoal or bundles of fodder, sometimes with vegetables from the insufficient crop raised on the plantations.

Such a jumble of nationalities would surprise even cosmopolitan New York;

here the Chinese steward of the Marietta is counting out coppers into the dusky hand of a native muleteer, while his assistants hurry off to the launch with well-filled baskets. Beneath an awning are a group of German mess-stewards from the Falke and Vineta, their spotless white uniforms set off by funny little straw hats like inverted soup-plates. Japanese servants from the English ships, and stolid-faced Dutchmen from the De Ruyter and the Surinam, bargain with inky, wrinkled dames who squat about their stores of shining fish. Other dusky mothers are selling cheap prints in all the shades of the rainbow, while their chocolate-colored babies, quite naked, play about in the sun.



OLD HOUSES IN OTRABANDA

Then there are dock laborers scantily clad in flimsy duck trousers and shirts, and tall native women with the erect carriage and graceful swinging step that seem to come from balancing the week's washing or the day's marketing in long tray-like baskets on their heads. Dodging in and out of the crowd is the ever-present small dog, while hucksters, venders of lottery tickets, and braying burros add to the noise and confusion.

The navy stewards are early on the scene, and they make a clean sweep of the market; when they have finished, it looks as though a cyclone had passed by. Small wonder that there was great rejoicing among the Curaçoan housewives when news came from Washington that Mr. Bowen had come to terms with the allies and the blockade was to be lifted.

As a matter of fact, all this shipping is the life and soul of Willemstad; the town could never exist without it, for the surrounding country is as barren as the Desert of Sahara. To the west three large peaks rear their gaunt, scraggy outlines



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND PONTOON BRIDGE, CURAÇOA

against the sky. Near the coast is a long, low line of so-called salt-water foliage, dingy green in color, relieved now and then by the red-tiled roof and white pillars of some plantation house. East of the city are two more big hills. The plain between Goat Mountain and Santa Barbara is historic ground, for here the Dutch soundly thrashed the invading English army a few years before the Treaty of Amiens was concluded in 1802. In this vicinity is the quarantine station, and further to the eastward are the phosphate works, now almost abandoned since the discovery of the mineral in Algiers. Almost at the foot of Goat Mountain is an old Spanish citadel guarding a secluded harbor; and here one's boyhood recollections of Captain Kidd and Lafitte, with other bold mariners of their ilk, are revived; that for years was a favorite haunt with the ancient buccaneers who held sway over the Spanish Main. "The entrance is narrow, but once inside there is plenty of water, and a ship can lie here in safety, completely hidden from the sea by the hills." This description, which has a familiar ring, applies on a larger scale to the harbor of Willemstad itself. There are legends on every hand of those bloodthirsty days in the Caribbean; stories of pirates and filibustering expeditions are a part of the stock in trade of the oldest citizens, and no one could do full justice to the history of Curaçoa without dipping one's pen occasionally in crimson ink.



VANDENBRANDHOF PLAIN, WILLEMSTAD



PLAZA AGUASAL, OTRABANDA, CURAÇOA

From the sea the town affords a riot of light and color glittering beneath the blazing sun. A white city it is, stretching away on either side of the two grim forts that mark the narrow channel leading into the harbor. It looks as though some picturesque section of old Dordrecht or Utrecht or Zaandam had been transported to the West Indies, given a clear blue sky instead of the moving masses of dark gray clouds, and then whitewashed pink and yellow, blue and green, in place of the somberer, richer hues of Holland.

In the foreground the waves spend themselves against the porous rocks and solid masonry on the shore. Tiled roofs, queer Dutch gables, dormer-windows, stand out against the dead background of the hills, while here and there a church tower or the masts and spars of the ships in the inner harbor rise above the housetops.

Just inside the pontoon bridge—opened and shut with the aid of a puffing tugboat—is the harbor of Santa Anna, a narrow strip of water connecting the Schottegat with the sea. Along the wharves on either side are moored lighters, tugs, steamers, brigs, and sloops—a motley collection. Back of the quay, on the right bank, are the shipping houses, wholesale merchants, and steamship agencies, occupying queer old Dutch buildings with the inevitable tiled roofs and curved white gables. In the first of these houses is the Club de Gezelligheid, where most of the masculine social life of Willemstad begins and ends. They are generally three-bottle men, these Curaçoans, and their favorite pastime is to spend the hot hours of the tropical noontide on the overhanging balcony, where they can follow the busy life along the quay and indulge a craving for liquid refreshment that would put to shame many of our more pretentious organizations in the north.

The Governor lives in a big, plain building on the same side, facing the harbor and the sea, guarded by two or three rusty cannon and a lot of soldiers in short blue jackets, white trousers, and policemen's helmets. The place has all of the license permitted in other seaport towns. By night the narrow streets echo with the shouts and laughter of drunken sailors and discordant music from cheap dance-halls; the disorderly element has things its own way till early morning; but, fortunately, the Curaçoan Tenderloin is confined to a limited area.

If the men of the better class find the life uneventful and monotonous, it must be immeasurably more stupid for the women. There are no theaters or amusements, except when a military band plays in the fort on Sundays and in the little kiosk at Otrabanda on Wednesday nights.









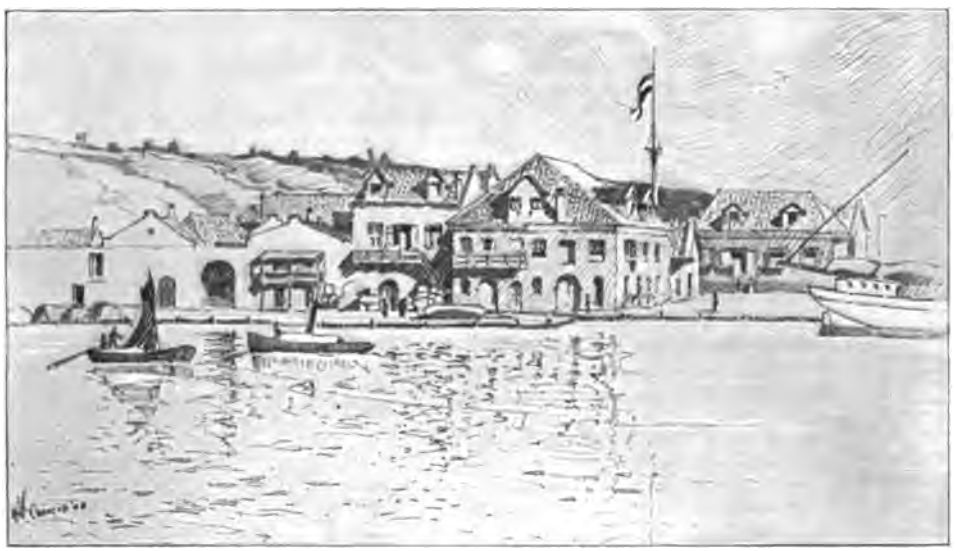
A STREET IN OTRABANDA, CURAÇOA, AND FAMILIAR STREET TYPES

They are seldom seen on the streets, and there is practically no social intercourse between the prominent families. The great event of the year is the Governor's Ball on New Year's Eve, and there are two or three smaller entertainments and an occasional dinner at the Palace.

It is not surprising to find that the larger business interests in Curaçoa are in the hands of Jews. Their Portuguese ancestors were banished, and fled to Holland, whence they were transported by the State, with orders on the Governor of the island for land and mules. There are two synagogues, a Roman Catholic cathedral and a church, St. Mary of the Rosary, which holds a commanding position on the east bank of the Waaj Gaat. The only Protestant church in the place has three cannon-balls in its tower, a memento of frequent bombardments by the British fleet.

The liqueur which takes its name from Curaçoa is made from the dried skins of a peculiarly sour and distasteful orange, but droughts have destroyed the trees, and the fruit is now sent to Holland from other points in the West Indies. A system of windmills, wells, and irrigating pipes has been adopted on the plantations where they raise mangoes, nisperos, tamarines, and long grass for fodder. Water is naturally very scarce in the town, and the hotel proprietor looks offended when you ask for a bath. One can have a good swim in the ocean, in a sort of basin cut out of the porous rock, though it is an enervating exercise, the water is so oppressively hot. A fresh tub is a luxury, and it requires a lot of entreaty in English, Spanish, and Papiamento, the local dialect, before the black "boots" can be induced, for a consideration, to climb over the roof to the cistern and down again on the rickety ladder. The bath is really more like a game. The black boy, armed with a tomato-can on the end of a stick, throws the contents of a bucket of water on the back and shoulders of the bather, who has been standing in a sculptured marble tub that promised better things.

Perhaps the last vestige of the old buccaneering days is found in the fleet engaged in the smuggling trade with Colombia and Venezuela. There is enormous profit in the business with the closed ports on the coast; and of the innocent-looking white schooners tied up along the quay, with the flags of Holland and Venezuela at their mast-heads, one in every five is probably loaded with salt or some valuable miscellaneous cargo, waiting for orders before slipping out and trying to land her contraband, under the shadow of night, in some harbor on the mainland. All of these small craft are not necessarily engaged in smuggling; many are sent on more dangerous errands, with messages or more substantial aid to the Venezuelan



ALONG THE HARBOR OF SANTA ANNA, CURAÇOA

insurgents; for General Matos, since his flight from Chichirivichi after the rout by Castro's army, has made Willemstad his headquarters, and directed many of his operations from this safe vantage-point. With Guzman Blanco's sons, who also find refuge here, and General Hernandez, who was released from prison when a war blockade was declared by the allies, he represents the most powerful opposition to the present head of the Venezuelan Government. The people firmly believe that Matos is receiving aid from the Germans, and that the recent expedition which landed arms and ammunition for the insurgents at Corro was organized in Curaçoa not long after the reported interview between him and Commodore Scheder, when the flagship Vineta was last in port. The revolutionists will have to look elsewhere for a capital, however, for the Dutch authorities have ordered Matos and his friends to leave the island at once.

For years Curaçoa has been the refuge for political exiles and conspirators from Colombia, Venezuela, Santo Domingo, and Hayti. Its strategic advantage as a base from which operations could be directed against the towns of the Spanish Main—which really meant the coast from Trinidad on the east to Colon on the west to distinguish it from the islands—was not only recognized by pirates and filibusters of the early days, but by England, Spain, Holland, and Portugal, all of which fought and negotiated in turn for its possession. Battles between navies of the Old World were fought within view of its harbors, invading armies were beaten off on the low plains about the city, there were attacks at night by freebooters and outlaws, and first the flag of one nation, then of another, flew above the two citadels that guard the entrance to the bay.

During the crisis just over it was of the utmost importance as a coaling station. The allies in general, and Germany in particular, looked with envious eyes in its direction, and if wiser counsels had not prevailed and the difficulty been adjusted by arbitration, the tight little Dutch colony might have had a few more interesting pages added to a history already over-rich in romance and adventure.

Palm Sunday

By Mabel Earle

Lord, when they lifted up their songs,
And laid their garments at Thy feet,
Thine eyes looked on beyond the throngs
Unto that Shadow Thou must meet.
Lord, when the laughing children pressed
Close to Thy side with anthems clear,
Thy heart foreseeing saw the rest—
The scourge, the thorns, the cross, the spear.

Lord, by that long foresight of pain,
Show mercy unto us who see
How soon the night must fall again,
How short our day of song shall be.
Lord, by the gloom Thy spirit met
Beyond the praise, the palms, the light,
Be near us when our sun is set;
Go down with us to meet the night!

Our Age

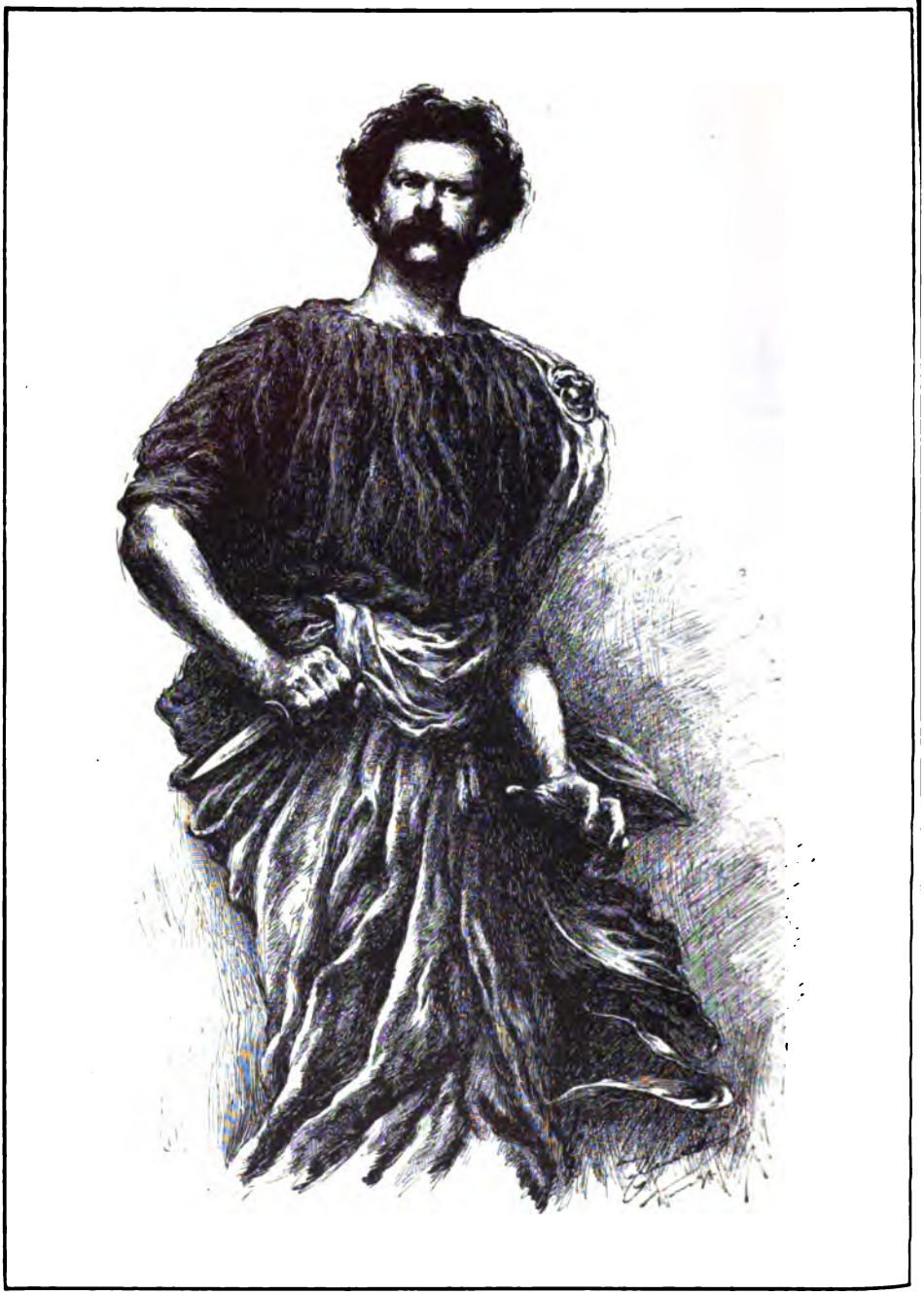
By John G. Whittier

(Not heretofore published)

NOTHING is clearer to my mind than the fact that the world is growing better. It is sweeter, tenderer; there is more love in it. A worthy deacon of the old time in New England once described a brother in the church as a very pious man God-ward but a rather hard one man-ward. It cannot be denied that very satisfactory steps in the latter direction had been taken in the century now drawing to its close. Our age is tolerant as regards creed and dogma, and practically recognizing the brotherhood of the race; it is quick and generous in its sympathies whenever and wherever a cry of suffering is heard. It cannot look on poverty or pain without seeking to diminish their evil. It has abolished slavery; it is lifting woman to an equality with man before the law.

Our criminal codes no longer embody the maxim of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but have regard not only to the safety of the community but also to the well-being of the criminal. All the more for this amiable tenderness do we need the counterpoise of a strong sense of justice. All the more for the sweet humanities and Christian liberalism which are drawing men nearer to each other and increasing the sum of social influence, we need the bracing atmosphere of the old moralities.

It is well for us that we have learned to listen to the persuasions of the Beatitudes; but there are crises in all lives which require the emphatic "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue.



SALVINI AS ICILIO IN THE "VIRGINIE" OF ALFIERI

Drawn by Frederick S. M. Pape

Tommaso Salvini

By John S. Crellin

The author of this article, as probably many of our readers know, is an actor of long expe-ence and of the old school of training. For some fifteen years he has not been actively con-ected with the stage, except as a teacher of elocution, oratory, and dramatic art, but prior to at time he was identified with the companies of such renowned actors as Edwin Booth and istori, while he played in leading parts with Salvini for several seasons, and had, therefore, ausual and intimate opportunities for studying the great actor professionally and for becom-g acquainted with his personal traits and character.—THE EDITORS.



T was not that I was to the manner born," said Salvini to me, "but that I was to the manner forced. Whatever name and fame I may have achieved in dramatic rt I owe to tireless and conscientious ffort. The school in which I was oached was a rigorous one. My conception of the parts that I have undertaken is due to the most careful study nd observation, and their embodiment nd outer covering are the result of atient, almost laborious, endeavor. While t is true that 'the labor we delight in hysics pain,' some little weariness must ttend the ceaseless work I have done to ttain as near perfection as in me was ossible."

Salvini was an indefatigable worker. When not traveling he always devoted rom one to two hours daily in his room o the rehearsal of the part he was to ssume in the evening; and his inviolable ule was to be in his dressing-room at he theater and made up for the part not later than four o'clock.

Owing to the training I received at the hands of the celebrated stage manager, playwright, and actor, the late Mr. John W. Murray, and to his insistence upon the minutest detail of dramatic work, I was enabled, in a measure, to observe and appreciate the almost invisible touches that Salvini gave to his work, which made up the perfect whole—the blending, as it were, of fine shades of color into one magnificent harmony. It was his infinite variety and conception of minute as well as gigantic utterance that gave to Salvini his immense and charming witchery of power. He was noted for his careful attention to every detail in the dress, racial and facial characteristics of each part he assumed. He even used waxen candles as "make-up" lights, claiming that gas as well as electricity produces an unnatural pallor—an undesirable accentuation of physiognomical effects.

While I had never seen Salvini, either on or off the stage, his reputation had excited in me great curiosity, and the fact that his name was to be found in the biographical portion of Webster's Dictionary caused me more awe than my first glimpse of the man himself. It was not that I was unaccustomed to the sight of greatness, for I had been one of the company supporting the great Ristori, and at the close of the season of 1884–5 I was engaged by her manager to support the distinguished Italian in his forthcoming tour. However, I waited anxiously at rehearsal for my first introduction to Salvini as an actor and as a man. I had received the impression—an erroneous one—quite early, that bad actors always act at rehearsals, and that good actors merely mumble their parts, walking through the lines and business relating to them; but at my first experience with this unassuming Italian, whom I found as a man to be so modest, so gentle, and almost diffident, this preconceived impression entirely vanished; and, to my astonishment and gratification, I learned that the greatest actor of our day, if not of all recorded time, at least in the parts he played, was as intense and earnest at rehearsal as I imagined he could possibly be at a performance.

"In order to know what you are to do," he said, "it is necessary that you should know what I shall do before and not after the fall of the curtain;" and while he adhered strictly to the "business" of the play as prearranged by him, so far as that business concerned any member of the cast, I have wondered at his seemingly inexhaustible resource that enabled him to

avoid the constant repetition of action, gesticulation, and even intonation which might have tended to make him unconsciously mechanical. In this manifestation of acquired resource Salvini was not alone; all actors who have attained preeminence in their profession have manifested it. It is a part of Joe Jefferson's inimitable art; and was inherent in the late Edwin Booth, in whose company I played and whom I studied, admired, and loved. This quality of resource is possessed by many others who are now writing their names upon the eastern horizon of their art, and was possessed by many more who have left their names emblazoned upon its western extremity as they made their final earthly exit. But this infinite variety of acting, born of the pregnant matrix of emotion, I have never seen displayed in so broad a measure as in Tommaso Salvini.

What most impressed me at my first meeting with Salvini was the idea that he was an understudy for the real Salvini who was to appear later on. He looked more like a well-to-do merchant or member of the bar than an actor. He had none of the airs or manner of the great tragedian as I had pictured him. Somewhat disappointed, I said to myself, "Surely this man cannot be the great Salvini about whom I have heard so much. He looks so little like an actor." But the first movement he made as he began to rehearse, before he had spoken a word, convinced me that I was in the presence of a genius—one absolute master of his art.

Salvini was tall and handsome, slightly inclined to baldness, and had a powerful physique. Although he weighed, I should say, about two hundred and fifty pounds, his actions were lithe—almost panther-like in their perfect grace. His facial expression was phenomenal, inspiring, and—those eyes! I have never seen an actor who could do so much with every member of his body as Salvini could do with his eyes. I have seen him play whole scenes where his body was almost motionless and where the wonderful play and by-play of his eyes was more forceful than the gesticulated action of any other actor I have ever seen. His absolute repose was tremendous action in itself.

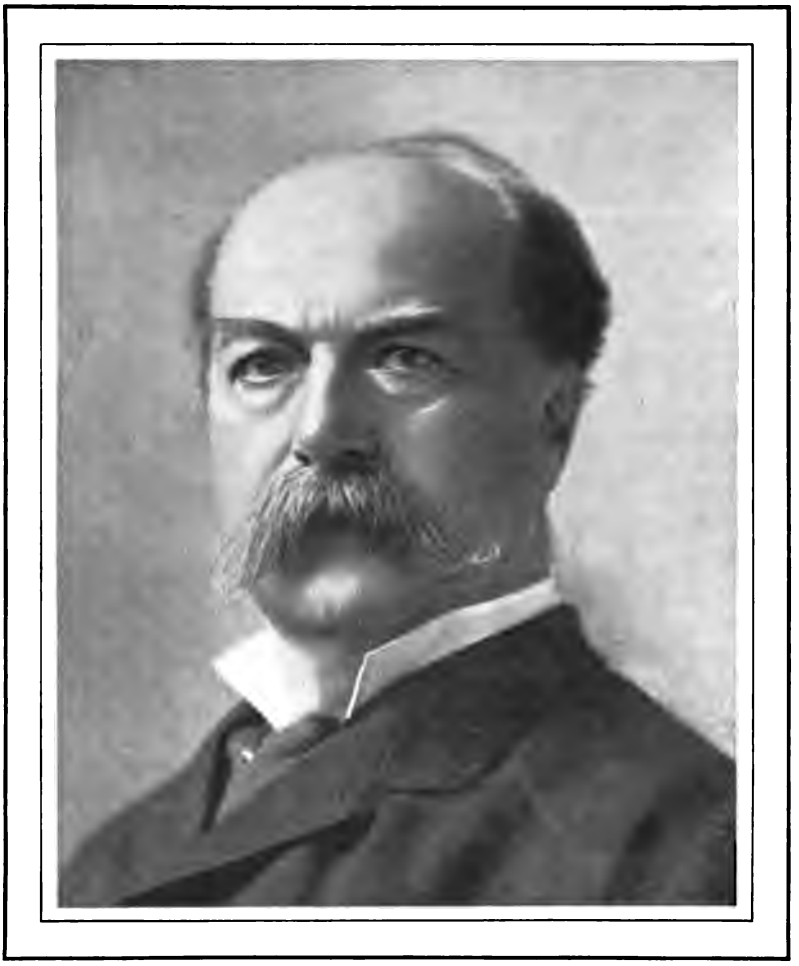
"All our teachers of elocution, oratory, or dramatic art," said he, "overlook or are ignorant of the one indisputable fact that the force of all gesticulation whatsoever lies in the human eye. Dramatic art should follow subserviently like a trained animal and not be ever before one to impede and clog both thought and action, reducing one's work to a condition of automatism."

The question has often been asked, "How did Salvini arrive at his wonderful effects—such telling results from the apparent nothings which many artists have passed over as unworthy of painstaking effort?"

I believe Salvini himself would have found it difficult to answer this question. He possessed that subtle something called personal magnetism which an impartial analysis would doubtless show to be an utter temporary annihilation of self; an absorption of personality in the character assumed; a dual mentality or consciousness; a psychological and indefinable dominance of self by diametrically opposite characteristics. Salvini knew that the constantly changing picture held before the eye, the rhythmic harmony of that wonderfully modulated voice, ever rising and falling like the tones of a perfect instrument upon the grateful ear, together with the conviction of reality from which one had no desire to escape, must not be marred by an inartistic movement.

"The actor," said Salvini, "the moment he enters upon his scene is like a spider in that he spins an infinite number of delicate magnetic threads which attach themselves to his auditors; delicate, yet so perfect in its temperament and strength that each thread binds a member of the actor's audience as with hooks of steel, while he himself is wrapped within the power of his art. But his strength, like that of a shorn Samson, becomes weakness if these threads are broken by the least inartistic motion."

Salvini's husbanding of force, his great reserve of dramatic power, was characteristic of his whole life, and manifested itself in his every-day affairs, becoming a thrift which approached at times too narrow a line, in the opinion of those who did not understand the generous nature of the man, to be called economy. He was not grasping. He was only just, according to others what was due them. But if he



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY

TOMMASO SALVINI

did exact the last penny that was due him, certainly his disposal of it precluded the idea of parsimony. As an illustration of this trait of the man's character, I might cite an incident of our Western tour, which was not attempted until the latter part of the season. Our manager was congratulating himself upon the tragedian's very sparing use of candles. He had not used more than a dozen up to our arrival in San Francisco, yet his contract called for two of the largest and best at each performance. However, the next day the manager came to me in great consternation.

"What do you think!" said he. "Salvini has seen some wax candles on Kearny Street and insists upon the full performance of our contract, and now we must carry East with us several boxes of candles among our surplus baggage."

"What will you do with so many candles between now and the time we close?" I asked the Signor.

"They will light my palace at Florence," he replied.

At the opening of our three weeks' engagement in San Francisco Salvini was taken with a severe throat difficulty which prevented his public appearance for a time. While thus suffering he received a cablegram from Italy apprising him of the sudden and unlooked-for death of a beloved brother. Our manager *pro tem.*, who was less reflective than excitable, gave to the public as a reason for Salvini's failure to appear, not that he was ill, but that his grief over the death of his brother

was so deep as to prevent his playing. This was placarded before the theater, and the shrewd local manager, taking advantage of the error, insisted upon having every cent of the receipts which were realized during the remainder of the engagement to compensate him for the non-appearance of the star. In this position he was upheld by the courts, which assumed that while a sore throat or other physical disability was a sufficient excuse for an actor's failure to appear, grief, in and of itself, was no bar to a performance, though illness superinduced by such grief would be.

I met the manager one day during this halt in our affairs, and, noticing that he was excited, asked him the reason for it.

"I have just received a terrible shock from Salvini," he said. "I went," he continued, "to the Signor's room to inquire after his health. I prayed all the way upstairs that a decided change for the better had taken place. But as I approached his door, I heard him groaning most awfully, as he paced to and fro like an elephant, yes, like a menagerie. I stopped outside, overcome with despair and fright. But the situation was desperate. Salvini's contract called for a thousand dollars a night and a third of the gross receipts. It had taken thus far all the surplus money realized from Madame Nevada's concert tour, under the same management, to keep us on our feet, and if Salvini should fail to appear during at least the last week of the engagement, it would be a problem how to get the company home. Two-thirds of the subscriptions for seats have been withdrawn. The world at large might recover even from the death of the maestro, but the company not so easy, three thousand miles from home—as well a million. Well, I waited at the door, trembling, but as the groans seemed to increase rather than to diminish, I took the liberty of entering the room without knocking. Salvini ceased his pacing—he was at bay. 'Alas!' I stammered, 'what is it? I know you are worse. You will not be able to play. What shall we do?'

"'No,' said Salvini, 'you are wrong. I shall play, must play for you, the company, the public, myself.'

"'Ah, then you will play!' I exclaimed, rubbing my hands together, for I dared not applaud, as I felt prompted to do, so great was my relief.

"'What shall hinder?' growled Salvini, as he eyed me dubiously.

"'But you are in pain!' I hesitated, as I thought, not of the pain, but of a way to escape from him and vent my gratitude outside.

"'Pain,' he responded, 'yes, here,' and slapped his hand, not on his anatomy, but his purse. 'The doctor has just been here and has ordered me more medicine.'

"'But that is no great calamity,' I ventured.

"'No,' he grumbled, 'the medicine is no calamity, but the price is; it's a dollar a bottle.'"

I have often seen Salvini, while traveling in the smoking-car, take from his pocket a penny cigar, brought over from Italy, and mend its cracked or broken end by wrapping it with cigarette paper; and have watched him with interest as he carefully saved the bits of tobacco that flaked off and put them on the window-sill that his manager might smoke them later on in his pipe. I have seen him in apparent, yes, real concern over the loss of a tawdry trinket from his costume, and have noted the smile of genuine gladness that overspread his features when a cheap bone collar-button which he had lost was returned to him. Yet the genuine adornments he wore, the gifts of cities, kings, and peoples, were of immense value. However, these were securely fastened.

As to the other side of the character of this remarkable man, who was not only gifted by nature in every direction of dramatic excellence, but had urged each gift to the limit of its power by unceasing and exhaustive study, it is as striking as the one just described. He always refused to give two consecutive performances of Othello, preferring to play it on Monday and not again until Saturday or Friday.

"It is a mystery to me," he said, "that one can ever hope to reach excellence in his art who repeats his performance of a certain character night after night without intermission until he becomes a machine. Instant advantage of spontaneous thought can never be taken by such an artist, because the thought ceases to flow with any degree of spontaneity."

On our way east from the Pacific Coast



SALVINI AS OROSMANE IN THE "ZAÏRE" OF VOLTAIRE

Salvini played "Othello" at Sacramento, the "Gladiator" at Salt Lake City, and was to have opened with "La Morte Civile" or "The Outlaw" at Denver. When we reached that city, however, its inhabitants, having heard of this plan, were up in arms against it. Any one who has ever witnessed Salvini's rendition of the character of Othello can appreciate the refusal of the people of Denver to tolerate the substitution of "The Outlaw" for the jealous Moor.

Salvini was waited upon by the local manager with the request that the bill be changed to Othello.

"What!" said Salvini. "I played Othello only three nights ago. It is a character which I cannot repeat more than

once weekly, and in which I do not dare to become mechanical."

"But the citizens are anxious to see your performance of the part; have looked forward to it for months; must have it."

"Yes, but it is the established rule of my career. I have never departed from it."

"But the people insist; will hold me responsible. Besides, they have made up a purse, and have deputized me to offer you fifteen hundred dollars in cash, in addition to the night's receipts."

Salvini drew himself up to his full height, fire flashed from his eyes, and he gave the manager a look of supreme contempt, replying, as he walked away, "My art cannot be bought."

Before the time for the evening performance had arrived, something most unusual, and, so far as I know, unique in the history of the drama, had taken place. An engrossed petition, signed by the leading citizens of Denver, men and women, beseeching Salvini to alter his resolution and play Othello, was presented to him. While the petition was being translated to the Signor his eyes filled with tears.

"Yes," he replied, "tell the citizens of Denver that they shall see Othello tonight—and without their bonus."

Every one in the caste, even the supernumeraries, was imbued with the spirit of the occasion, and a greater rendition of the sooty Venetian Salvini had never given.

"Othello," said Salvini, in answer to the question, "Which of your creations do you consider greatest?" "Othello is the most familiar and most popular of the characters assumed by me, and must, of necessity, be ranked as first in my repertoire, though not requiring more analytical effort than do many others, notably that psychological masterpiece, Macbeth. Each one of these characters, from Conrad to King Lear, requires the play of an entirely different class of emotions. As to which part is most adapted to the range of my mentality I cannot say. The public is the best judge as to that."

It was the late Marie Prescott who said to a certain noted star, in reply to his assertion, "You cannot act," "Acting is merely a matter of opinion, depending only upon who is the judge."

The unanimous verdict of the public [illegible]d to Salvini's characters was that Othello was the greatest, on account of the tremendous situations and intense dramatic possibilities.

An amusing incident comes to my mind in connection with the Denver engagement. The late Alessandro Salvini, son of Tommaso Salvini, who passed away on the very threshold of his career, was playing Romeo at the afternoon performance with a Denver novice as the Juliet. Fired by the honor the citizens had done his father, the young man gave an effective and manly personation of the character. But in the cell scene with Friar Lawrence, in the vehemence of his disappointment at Juliet's supposed disdain, he rendered the well-known lines, "Tell me, Friar, tell me, in what vile part of my anatomy lies my name?" thus, "Tell me, Friar, tell me, in what vile part of my body lies my anatomy?"

Although Salvini was a law unto himself, imbibing deeply and alone the spirit of the character he assumed, yet he depended for effect largely upon the energetic and sympathetic action of those who were supporting him.

"In order to respond with force," he said, "we must be questioned with energy and accused with vehemence."

He was impatient of any delinquency in this respect. Once he found fault with the lady who played the part of Parthenia's mother in 'Ingomar' for not using enough force in her accusation in the last act where she says, "I tell thee to thy face, thou art a spy and a traitor." She was annoyed, and said, *sotto voce*, "He'll not find any more fault with me. I'll give him the lines strong enough next time to take away his breath."

When she reached the lines that night we waited for the terrific outburst she had hinted at. It came: "I tell thee to thy face, thou art a tray and a spider!"

Salvini's realism was proverbial. The test of it was its effect upon his audience. But a superior test, perhaps, was its effect upon his support—a supreme measure of his dramatic powers. Men and women who were accustomed to all the chicanery of stagecraft and the witchery of high artistic work—who could, as it were, like the soldier, sleep calmly under the belching cannon—were spellbound by the intense realism of this new luminary.

The lady who was engaged for the part

Amelia, Iago's wife, which she had ayed for many consecutive seasons with e late John McCullough, said before e performance, "I have heard that Sal- ni, when he steals out from behind the rtains after the murder of Desdemona, ways frightens the lines out of the melia's head. He'll not frighten them ut of my head. I could say them in my eep. If he does scare me out of my its, I'll repeat them unconsciously, like n automaton."

The performance came off on schedule me. It was at the Metropolitan Opera- louse, and, by the way, it was during the nly dramatic engagement ever played at hat theater. During his three weeks' tay at the Opera-House Salvini gave but our performances a week.

On the night of the opening perform- nce of Othello the "Amelia" braced erself for the shock of the human tiger tealing forth from his jungle, licking his hops still dripping with the life-blood of he murdered Desdemona. But when he ssued forth, she saw him, staggered hor- ror-stricken down the stage till an oppos- ing table halted her, and there she stood, speechless, spellbound, absolutely *Medusa- ized.*

"Speak!" fairly hissed the quivering tragedian under his breath. He might as well have said fly. The prompt entrance of Iago saved the situation.

We cannot wonder at the temporary paralysis of "Amelia" when it is known that the great Iago, Edwin Booth, usually so alert and confident, never came on in the final scene with Othello during the nota- ble joint engagement of these two artists that he did not caution those who were to restrain the Moor in his mad rush at his treacherous lieutenant, to "Hold him fast! He'll kill me, I know it."

One night during this engagement, Booth, as Iago, was so completely carried away by the masterful performance of his colleague that, as Othello in his frenzy approached to seize him, throw him to the stage, and stand threateningly above his prostrate body, he backed unconsciously so far down toward the footlights that he fell over into the orchestra and landed on the bass drum with a resounding thump. Salvini reached over, took him by the hand, and, with no more effort than if he were a toy balloon, lifted him up and placed him on his feet on the stage. Ludicrous as the situation was, not one of the audience laughed or even seemed to notice that falling into the bass drum was not a part of Iago's nightly performance, so great was the naturalness and dignity of the "Othello" as he made his exit.

The Signor's strength was enormous, and one special feature of his performance of Othello in his native land was his novel and forceful action during the de- nunciation of Iago, when, goaded to a jealous rage by the crafty wretch, he picked him up bodily and, holding him horizontally above his head, recited the lines beginning, "Be sure thou prove my love a wanton," then, releasing him in mid-air, stepped quickly back from under him, and as Iago struck the stage he towered over him with extended arms like the very genius of vengeance. The American Iago who played the part dur- ing Salvini's first tour of the United States endured the realistic treatment but one rehearsal, and refused to risk head and limb to aid a dramatic holiday or fill a managerial coffer.

A certain member of the cast of "Cori- olanus" had cause to remember Salvini's strength for some time, for with one blow of his broadsword the Noble Roman knocked his heavy papier-maché helmet from his head and up into the flies, where it lodged between two pieces of scenery, hid for two acts as completely as though it had evaporated, and there remained until dislodged by the shifting of the scenery. Fortunately for the apprehensive actor, Coriolanus strained the muscles of his hip in delivering the blow, and cut the combat out of future performances, to the actor's great relief.

One of the cast in a minor part of the same play always shouted while he, as one of the conspirators, bore down with drawn sword upon the stricken Roman, "Kill him pleasantly," a no doubt amiable inten- tion if possible to carry out, though the line was written, "Kill him presently."

Salvini was a man of the people, and the lofty dramatic eminence upon which his feet were so firmly planted never separated him from the most humble member of his company. He had served in the Italian Revolution, in which he rose to the rank of General. Hence his title *Il Commanditore.* He graduated from

the mimic warfare of the old Italian tragedies into the reality of death and carnage. He was commanding in physique, and possessed that subtle something which the world calls animal magnetism, but which is only a manifestation of powerfully individualized mentality, never reckless, but courageous to the point of prudence. His enormous strength and his voice, like his emotions and his actions, were ever under control. I never saw him even partially lose control of himself but once, and that was when we were playing the "Gladiator." There was reason for it, because if there is any one point about which an actor is supersensitive, it is the preservation of a climax or of some delicate bit of artistic work for which he has striven conscientiously through the entire play. Salvini's death scenes were marvels of realism, and he could forgive the overturning, by accident or otherwise, of any but his mortuary effects. We were playing at New Haven, and many college students had requested to be allowed to act as "supers" that they might in after years recall the fact that they had at one time played in the cast of Tomaso Salvini—a request which was granted.

The last act was almost over. Salvini had not yet stabbed himself upon the still writhing bodies of his enemies. The assistant stage manager, who should have been at the curtain with his finger upon the bell, but, instead, was up at the back of the stage discussing a climax, suddenly realizing that the act was over, rushed down to the first entrance, saw one of the company who was nearly as big, in his make-up, as the Gladiator himself, fall as Salvini drew his reeking blade out of his back, and, mistaking him for the star, rang down the curtain. I could hear the suppressed growling as of an enraged beast, his louder manifestation of lung as he issued from his den, his tremendous and terrifying roar as he sprang upon his prey. It was the great Salvini, who for the moment had lost control of himself.

The Gladiator was one of the most trying parts of his repertoire. In it he embodied all the virility of the Roman with the athletic grace of the Thracian athlete. He had carried his audience with him through the five long acts of the play with seemingly but one climactic point in view—his mighty death-throes. Yet here the curtain had fallen before he had time to "play the Roman fool and die upon his own sword."

I had often wondered if there were any truth in what I had heard of the tremendous lung power that had been ascribed to Salvini by those who fought under him in the noise and carnage of battle. I had often said to myself, "Oh, if he would only let himself out a little!" And this reserve of power, by the way, is one of the great secrets of an actor's strength—that of apparently never quite reaching to the limit; never gesticulating quite so far as the arms will reach; never meeting or moving quite to the point or boundary of absolute expression. Of this Salvini was more than any actor I have ever seen, the perfect master.

I rose to my feet and stood aside in awe, for surely sound like that never issued from the throat of any beast. It culminated in a roar that seemed to start the trembling rafters as the enraged Gladiator, his face almost demoniac with fury, strode toward the now thoroughly frightened stage manager. He seemed such a little man to me as this giant of the arena raised his arms threateningly above him. Those who have seen Salvini as Othello in his denunciation of Iago, where Othello stands above his prostrate body with one foot raised, as if to blot him out of existence, can partly grasp the force of the picture before me. But in a moment Salvini regained control of himself, realizing his own enormous bulk, accentuated by his wrath. He dropped his arms, looked at the stage manager with contempt, and marched off to his dressing-room. Then I was sure I had heard a voice that would have filled Rome's Coliseum.

The greatness of the man was made still more apparent when, the following day, he made ample apology for his temporary forgetfulness. This incident brings to mind one similar in some respects.

While we were in San Francisco, Salvini was accosted one day on the street by a fellow-countryman. Notwithstanding the reiterated claim of the stranger to Salvini's recognition, the tragedian was unable to recall him.

"You must remember me," insisted the

tranger, "because I played with you in Florence."

"I feel that you are telling the truth," said Salvini, eying him in a puzzled manner, "but your face is strange. I should like so much to recall you. It would give me great pleasure, here, so far from our native home. Did you play a juvenile, a heavy part, or were you one of the priests of Jupiter?"

"I was neither," said the man, looking up at him eagerly. "I was of more importance. I sustained my character in the arena."

"Strange," said Salvini; "surely I cannot recall you. What part did you play? Aufidius?"

"No, Signor, I was one of the lions—had on a lion's skin and growled through the gratings of the arena. You commended me for my voice."

Salvini is said to have loved money. Doubtless he was thrifty, but I am inclined to the conviction that he was thrifty only in the sense that he hated waste. It was a national trait with him, and must not be construed as greed, or in any sense as precluding generosity. Above all else he loved his art. No money consideration could tempt him to sacrifice or even jeopardize his art or his idea of its royal dignity. The saving of tobacco clippings and the eager searching for an indifferent trifle might be accounted an eccentricity—one of the many idiosyncrasies of genius. But sacrifice his art? Never. Not for the mines of Ophir. Had there been avaricious traits in the make-up of the man, would he have refused Sarony one single sitting as Othello, when the price Sarony offered him was fifty thousand dollars? He was averse to a vulgar display of polychromatic posters, which he called "circusing the art." "My art is not for sale," said he. "If the public wishes to see me as Othello, let it come to the theater."

Salvini loved and was in perfect sympathy with those who wanted, he knew, to see him for the sake of his art. He often worried because, owing to the indifferent acoustic arrangement of some of the theaters he played in, those who paid the least were apt to see the least. None knew better than he that the most appreciative portion of the audience is often the most impecunious. This sense, and this alone, prompted him to violate some of his dearest stage traditions. An incident which occurred while we were playing "The Outlaw" will serve to illustrate this.

"The Outlaw" is the story of a man who is supposed to be dying, through five long but intensely interesting acts, of a broken heart. I have known the audience to sit for several minutes after the curtain fell on the last act, under the hypnotic spell of Salvini's realistic death scene. And he was always anxious that every one who witnessed his performance should miss no coign of vantage from which to take in all the subtleties of his art.

One night at the Boston Theater, during a performance of this play, I saw Salvini do what no other would have dared attempt. The apron of the stage, or that part of it which projects beyond the proscenium arch or curtain line, is very deep in that theater. This forms a sort of separating wall which keeps the actor, most of the time, far away from his audience. Towards the end of the act, and just before his great death scene, I saw Salvini do a thing that it is impossible for any but the most accomplished artist to do without being detected by his audience. During one of his most intense speeches he began slowly pushing the furniture of the scene gradually down on to the apron beyond the curtain line. I was astonished. I knew that the audience was so absorbed in watching the facial expressions of the Italian, their attention was so riveted to his personality, particularly that portion of it about his shoulders, that they did not see that he was rearranging the stage before their very eyes without detection. I watched him closely, for I knew that he was attempting one of the cleverest tricks known to his profession—that of distracting the attention of an audience from an object while apparently riveting its attention to it. To succeed in this is an accomplishment indissolubly linked with the cunning of the prestidigitateur, but seldom resorted to by a dramatic artist on account of its seemingly impossible execution.

I knew how averse Salvini was to being called before the curtain after a death scene, as he claimed that it destroyed completely the illusion of the whole performance. "Yet," thought I, "here he is

moving the chair in which he dies, and out of which he pitches on to his face after death, so far out that the curtain must fall behind him. Is the man mad?" I thought. "What can have prompted him to break over all the traditions of his career as to die solitary and alone on the stage where the curtain must fall at his back? If he dies there—falls from the chair on his face—surely he must lie there until the audience has departed. And will they depart? Will they not remain standing on tiptoe to gaze upon his prostrate body? Wonderful stage tactician as he is, how will he summon the forces of his thought to lift him out of this dilemma? But no, he will not die there. No one but an insane person would attempt it. He will leave the chairs and tables there, perform some clever stage maneuver, and fall back, too far up stage to be trapped by the descending curtain."

I waited and watched, because every movement of this master was an inspiration. But see, he sinks into the chair as the hiccoughs come bubbling from his throat—the unmistakable symptoms of near-approaching dissolution in those who are supposed to die of heart disease. Many of the audience have half risen, leaning, drawn toward him by that subtle force, those invisible chains, with which he binds them to him. As they watch, horrified, the workings of his features while the pallor of death steals over them, he lurches forward, grasps at the table by his side, half rises as he tries to resume his feet, then pitches forward prone upon his face.

An absolute silence, unbroken even by the orchestra with its departing strains, follows. Then rises this great master of the intricacies of dramatic art before his spellbound audience, as there breaks forth an acclamation which in the Coliseum of ancient Rome would have been heard beyond the Tiber. He bows his acknowledgments, and passes behind the curtain.

I have known many repetitions of that prolonged silence which preceded acclamation and followed some powerfully delivered climax to an act. Salvini was never in doubt as to his effects. His assurance was wonderful. When we opened in Philadelphia, the curtain did not rise until nine o'clock, owing to a delay which we had experienced on the road between that city and Boston. We were playing "The Outlaw," and I thought, when the curtain descended in dead silence at the close of the second act, wherein Conrad describes his escape from prison, that the audience was manifesting a little pique at our tardy appearance, and so expressed myself to Conrad.

"Not at all," he replied, smiling.

"But they are unappreciative, or why this absolute silence? It is more than a minute since the curtain fell."

"Wait," he said, as he raised his finger. For a moment more the stillness that had hung like a pall over the audience seemed to deepen, then a hand-clap broke the spell, and the audience broke into salvos of applause that swept and deepened and spread and thundered until long after the Star had gone before the curtain, acknowledged the ovation, and reached his dressing-room to prepare for another act.

Being and Living

By Emerson G. Taylor

Mine the shadowy wood-way dim:
  Here, in tune with the summer peace,
Stainless I walk, my joy at the brim;
  Thrilled by each moment's mysteries,
My heart poured out, my life a hymn,
  Faring to God and His sweet surcease.

Mine the dusty highway, friend!
  Crowded with men who fight for place,
Sweating and lame. Where I must lend,
  Just as I think to win the race,
A hand to my brother; nor look for an end,
  Glad for a moment's wind in my face.

A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

I.

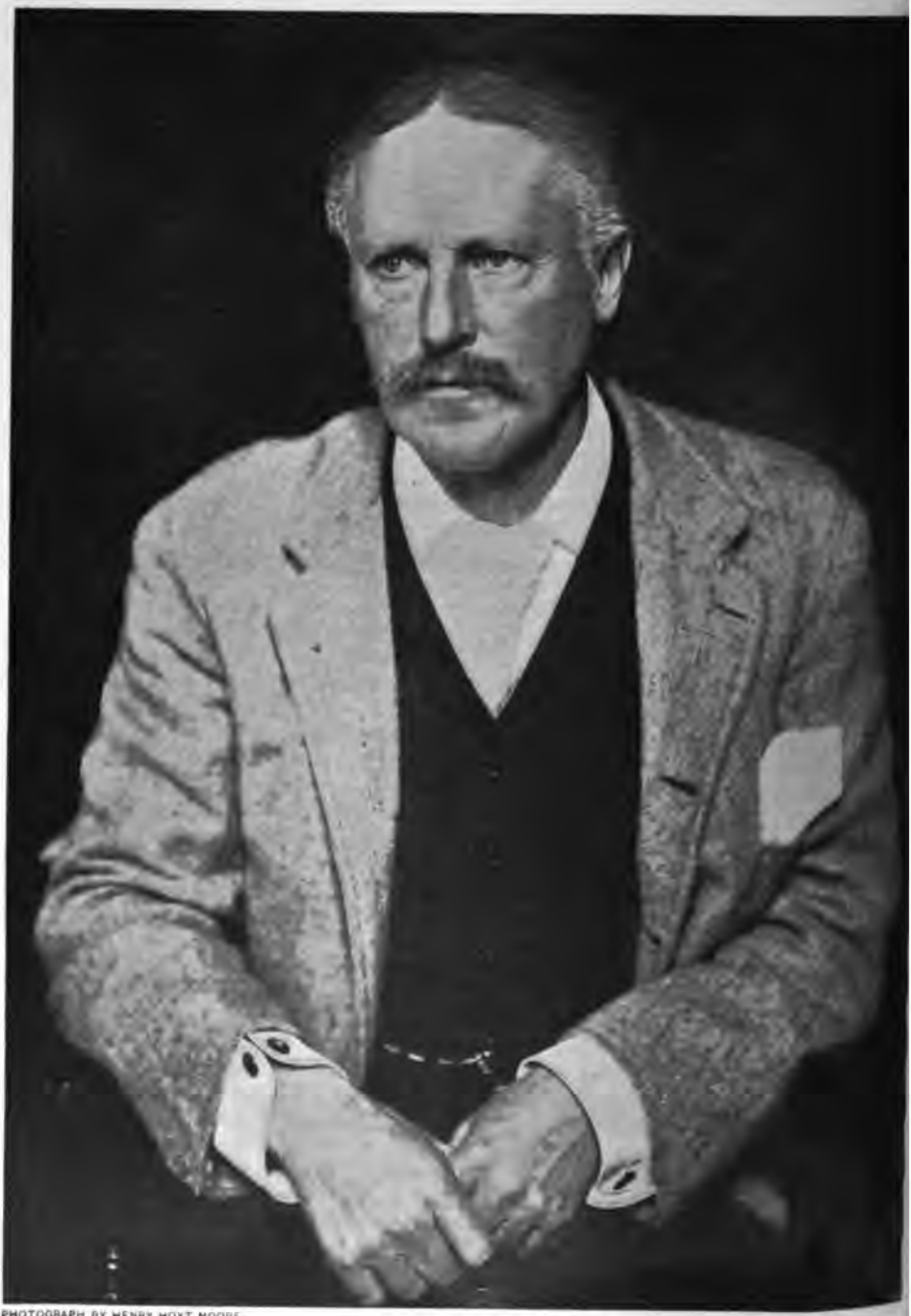
I WAS born in Dublin, the 30th of October, 1850. My father was the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, at that time chaplain of the Hospital for the Blind in Dublin. The chaplain attached to a hospital like that was often the center of quite an important ministry; the hospital was almost subordinate. My father was a preacher from the very beginning; he had drawn about him quite a large congregation in Dublin. He was a man of remarkable power then; he was about thirty years old when I was born. My mother was the daughter of a clergyman who was appointed to the living of Dungarvan, in the South of Ireland, by his father, who was, I believe, Bishop of Meath. This is interesting because my great-grandfather was Fox's one episcopal appointment. He was at Eton with Fox, and Fox died in his house in Mayfair. He stuck to Fox through thick and thin; and there has always been a tradition that my great-grandfather had a great deal to do with bringing out what was best in Fox. I noticed in Trevelyan's "Life of Fox" the pleasantest sort of a letter about him.

An ancestor of my father's had been one of Cromwell's right-hand men in Ireland, and in the rearrangement of things had come in possession of a large estate, the last remnant of which had become heavily encumbered when my father was a young man, and he had volunteered to pay his father's debts, which, as you understand, under English law he need not have done. Therefore, during the early years of my life, my father and mother struggled with very real poverty.

Later he left his work in Dublin to become Vicar of Dundalk, a town in the northeast of Ireland, and to become chaplain to the Earl of Roden, a great friend of my father's; and there, in the old red brick vicarage, we children grew up—eight of us. My father and mother at that time had certainly not $1,500 a year to bring us all up on—to school us and everything else. I remember my dear mother, who was a very strong little woman, used to get up at six o'clock every morning to look after her flowers in the garden; a large part of our clothes she made with her own hand; anything very nice we had to eat she cooked herself; she was the soul of brightness; and everything I am I owe largely to her. She suddenly broke down when she was about forty-eight with rheumatic gout—from over-straining—and the last years of her life were spent in blinding torture. She died at sixty-seven, worn out with agony—nearly twenty years of intense suffering. I have never seen in all my ministry pain so persistent and so agonizing.

In Dundalk all my brothers and sisters were born. In England we could not have lived as refined a life as we did in Ireland, on the small amount my father had. Very nice people would come and stay with us. We did not entertain many visitors, but still we did entertain some charming people; and there was in those days a very high tone in the best society in Ireland. There were no country gentry to speak of in the town of Dundalk, and so our house—very simple and plain as it was—was the place where any one of note stayed. Then there were two or three big houses always open to us, and that is a great help to a boy. Lord Roden was well known in England—one of the few good men who still maintained a place in court under George IV., a man of very stern Christian character, though an Irishman, and he was always very kind to me. I remember my first dinner party, in a made-up evening coat at Tullymore Park, a beautiful place (a well-known show place in Ireland to-day) where some of the most distinguished people of the time came. You will see that the life of a poor vicar in Ireland, if he came of a good family, lacked entirely the sordid element. That condition was a good

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE.

REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

eal because of my mother; an ordinary oman would have sunk under the burden; ne did not; for twenty years she accomshed miracles.

y early life was spent in Dundalk. old grammar school was the only where I could go to school; my nts could not afford to send me away. master of the school, as is often d in Ireland, was a first-rate man—a e man—Trinity College, Dublin; the other masters did not amount to . I was a great, overgrown boy, terly tall for my age and unspeakably thin. school hours were long and hard. had to be there at seven o'clock on a r morning and do two hours' work empty stomach before we could go to breakfast; then we went back and ed from ten until two; then a recess two until four; then returned at four stay until six.

It was a beautiful place; and one of blessed things in my life—my love of ture—I got right there. The old vicarstood facing the bay into which a river ptied itself. There was an ancient y, and considerable shipping—fishing, ling, and landing of steamers—mountins 2,000 feet high running down to sea; and, jutting into the bay, a autiful mountainous promontory. I can e as clearly as if it were only yesterday e yellow patches of golden grain, the purple heather, the light on the mountains. They were treeless mountains, except along the base.

Whenever I got a holiday, I was off to the mountains. When I was only about twelve years old, I had an almost crazy desire for sport; and I shall never forget one of my first gifts, a small fishing-rod which my father gave me. The only time I had to fish was on Saturday afternoons, and I had to walk three or four miles to a stream where occasionally a trout was caught. I remember when I caught my first trout I ran home wild with delight, and my father gave me half a crown. When I was thirteen years old, he gave me a gun; and after that, for several summers, I arose every morning at four. I had leave from the Earl of Roden to shoot rabbits on his domain, and my mother gave me sixpence for every rabbit I got. Each one was a real addition to the larder. So I used to get up at four and poke around looking for rabbits; sometimes I got two or three, and then off to school at seven. As I look back I wonder how I managed to get up so early, morning after morning, and stick it out on an empty stomach until nine. I think my intense love of the open air, my delight in the open country, and the fascination of pursuing rare game (for it was very rare —if a man shot a snipe or a wild duck he would mark that day with a red letter) kept me up. All such things have much to do with giving a lad certain freedom and certain power to see and find himself, and are of immense value in after life.

My school life in Dundalk was not happy. I was stupid, very dull at Latin and Greek, very shy; I was only really happy when off by myself in the country. I was very much bullied by the bigger boys because I was so tall and thin and shy. I cannot think of any master at that time who understood me. School life was brutal then. The boys did not like my father; I never could quite make out why; he was generally most popular; but I think the boys were obliged to go to church and listen to his long sermon, and they took out their spite on me. I remember often in the morning they would shut me in between the inside and outside doors of the school, and pour a bucket of cold, dirty water down my back; that was not exactly a pleasant thing to begin the day on. Schools have changed much; boys now have delightful memories; I have never had any but unpleasant ones. The master wore very heavy boots, and when I made a mistake in class he would kick me violently in the shins. A mistake in Virgil was announced by a fearful kick on thin, boyish shins with his heavy boots; and if through self-consciousness we did not answer quickly enough to suit him, we got a slashing box on the ear. I did the best I could, too. I always worked hard, saving the two or three hours in the morning which I kept for the open air.

I shall never forget the home training I got on the Bible. My mother made me repeat to her five or six verses every day. However hard my school work might be, I always learned those verses for Mother. It was an invaluable thing to me. So, by the time I left home, I knew a vast



THE REV. MARCUS RAINSFORD



MRS. MARCUS RAINSFORD

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD'S FATHER AND MOTHER

part of the Scripture by heart; that is one thing I never have forgotten—those verses I learned every day. My memory was never even second-class. I remember the boys were required to learn by heart forty lines of Virgil every day, but the master found out after a time that the task, for me, was simply impossible, and he let me off with ten or twenty. I never had a memory. For years and years I have tried to commit to memory a few lines while dressing; but though conscientiously always doing the best I knew in that direction, I have never had a memory; I have had to supplement that lack with a thorough system of memoranda; it has been a great drawback.

At that time there was quite a strong movement in the religious world both in England and Ireland. The great revival in Ireland in '59 made a great impression; the revival swept all over the country and produced some remarkable phenomena. The Revivalist Hymn-Book was one of the results. Before that time, as I remember, there was no such thing as hymnology in the Church. The wave was something more than the Moody and Sankey movement in this country. It was distinctly evangelical. You will find a number of the hymns that came to life then in the Moody and Sankey book; they were ultra-evangelical, as we understand the term. It was a new presentation of the doctrine which my father was really preaching with all his might. By this time he was quite a noted preacher. His pulpit in Dundalk had become quite remarked. He did not know anything but his Bible; he did not know even his Greek Testament; but he was eloquent—one of the first exponents of the early evangelical movement in Ireland. Of course that movement slopped over into hysteria of all kinds. They had the phenomenon of a man falling down in a sort of fit, or trance, and all that sort of thing. Spiritual conversion was supposed to express itself in that form. The best people in the country were swept along in that wave. Laymen went to preaching; my father was in correspondence with scores of people all over the country; it was emotionalism; it moved profoundly the North of Ireland. It did not get among Roman Catholics to any extent; they were divided by a Chinese wall from Protestantism; but it profoundly affected the life of Ireland. I fancy it was similar to the movement which swept over Scot-

land ten years earlier; but the sober Scotch character was partially saved from the emotional manifestations of the Celtic temperament which belonged to the Irish experiences.

When I was fifteen, my father got the idea that the school in Dundalk was not the place for me. He determined to send me to a boarding-school in Shropshire, England, which was eminent throughout the country for its religious position. My father was profoundly impressed by the religious opportunities this school presented, and I and a brother were sent there. It was a boarding-school, but because of my father's position we did not pay full fee. It was in a most beautiful part of England, but it was a regular hell—a horrible place, although there was a good man at the head. I missed immensely the freedom I had enjoyed in Ireland, and I felt I was learning nothing. We were forced to unnatural religious expression; the boys who professed religious experience were favored and pampered, and the whole atmosphere was unreal, unscholarly, and stultifying to the last degree. It was the unhappiest time of my life. I look back to it with the keenest possible dissatisfaction; it was physical, moral, and intellectual death. But it gave me, perhaps unconsciously, the deepest sympathy with multitudes of young people whose school environment has been unhappy; and it helped me afterwards, I think, to do something, by voice and otherwise, towards helping forward education.

In 1866 my father was called to take charge of St. John's, Halkin Street, Belgrave Square, London. I left this abominable school and went to my father and mother. I cannot exaggerate the extraordinary change that came to me—a slow, raw Irish boy who had spent every spare minute on the mountains and by the streams in Ireland and then had been entirely suppressed in this horrible school; I do not think I was aware myself at first of the momentous nature of this change.

It is only fair to say that my father took the West End of London by storm. He was a holy man, a very eloquent man, he was tremendously in earnest; and he very quickly gathered around him what, as I look back, seems to me to have been one of the strongest congregations in London, from a social point of view. The chapel was soon jammed, not even standing room; and, until the High Church movement took practical shape in the West End of London some years later, he exercised more influence in that section of the city than any other man, I do believe.

I began to get interested in my school life at Kensington, and did a pretty good year's work, until in '67, when I attended the Oxford-Cambridge race at six o'clock and got wet through. A cold settled on my lungs, and I was in bad health for several months. The doctors said I must have change of air, and I went to stay for three months with one of the dearest, kindest friends a man ever had, the late Lord Farnham. He had always been kind to me; and there, in his beautiful estate in the North of Ireland, I got back to the free life of the country—fishing, hunting, and climbing. I did not get worse, but at the end of three months I came back to see the doctor. He was one of the best medical men of the day on pulmonary troubles. He looked me over carefully, and then said to my father, who was present, with almost brutal frankness, "This boy has six months to live." I did not believe him. My father asked what was to be done, and he said, "His only chance is to go to the South of France." The pinch of poverty had gone from our household by that time, but we were not rich. Again kind friends came to the rescue (one of the fortunate things in my life has been my kind friends). They immediately put money at my father's disposal and I went off to the South of France—my second real home-leaving. The first time off to school in England and now to the South of France, an absolutely green boy. I was in most delightful society; the late Duke of Westminster and his wife were very kind to me, and many others, too; I was getting well and strong. I really had a glorious time. I felt that I was not going to die, but that there was something for me to do in the world. I think the time spent in the South of France was of incalculable value.

By this time I was casting about in my mind as to what I should be, and all my hopes and aims tended towards the army, where I had many friends, and where my

ancestors had been for many years; both on my father's and mother's side my ancestors had been field officers. I loved the army and made up my mind to go into it. With that intention I returned to England, and was confronted with the question, what to do? I awoke to the fact that I had no proper education, and I worked very hard for six months with an excellent tutor.

During that time something very remarkable happened; I began to be interested in the problem of East London. It was in '67 that the people of London first became alive to the problem of the poverty on the East Side. The East Side Committee was formed, with Lord Ripon, who was afterwards Governor-General of India, Lady Ripon, a type of the high-class Englishwoman, Lady Hobart, a very dear personal friend of my parents, and others. They made about the first effort to grapple with the East Side problem. One of the pathetic things in London about this time was that no one knew what any one else was doing in this way; and yet the tremendous problem was being attacked from many points of view. I suppose the ladies on this committee would be considered emotional to-day, but they sacrificed time and money in trying to get at the difficulty, and in giving help the best way they knew how.

My first visit to the East Side of London was, I believe, the turning-point in my life. I was a gawky boy, but through my father's influence I had *entrée* to some of the best houses in London, so, when this committee was formed, I knew personally half of the members. One day Admiral Fishbourne came to lunch with my father and said to me:

"Willie, come over with me to the East Side of London; I want you to see what we are trying to do there." We went to East London to an old chapel in a dirty street where there were about four hundred poor women working. These women met together twice a week for three hours' work, getting sixpence; I think they also got what they were working on, and when the work was done some one gave an address. They were very ignorant and very poor; there had been no social movement to reach these people, but these charming ladies (no bluestocking type) took the trouble to show these poor women how to work, and talked with them, and that was something. Well, I went to this chapel, talked with the women, asked questions, etc., and when the time came for the address, the Admiral, a great big man, got up and said, "My friends [I hope God has forgiven him the lie], my young friend William Rainsford is here to-day, and has come to make an address." I had no more idea of talking to these people than the man in the moon; I had never even talked in Sunday-school, so when I heard him say that I shivered with dismay and terror. I was only seventeen; there were half a dozen ladies present, of whom I was naturally afraid, and four hundred poor women looking up at me. I seized the Bible upside down and stammered and sputtered something for three or four minutes. The agony of that thing is still vivid in my mind. Afterwards one of the ladies, a sweet Christian woman, came to me and said, "Now you must come back next Tuesday." I went back and I spoke again. I think it was largely conceit that gave me courage, but I had made a beginning; but I think God uses our miserable little sins and mistakes often for his purposes. It ended by my speaking regularly to these women. I liked to go, and they listened. So this work in the chapel had important results as far as I was concerned.

While in Switzerland I had met a young man named Fred N. Charrington, the son of a rich brewer, and among other things we discussed religion, and I talked earnestly about my own religious experiences, which were very real and vital, and a new thing for him. Months afterward, to my amazement, I found Charrington at work in the East Side of London. I met him in this new field; he had got in ahead of me and was working with great enthusiasm. He had entered a little house in Bethnal Green, and went to live there, his people protesting violently. He is living there to-day. Another man at that time was going through a similar experience—H. W., also the son of a rich brewer, who afterwards married my sister; he was also drawn to the work; and, like Charrington, giving up an enormously large fortune to do it.

At that time we knew nothing at all about social service; but we were anxious

to help these people. We all spoke in the streets. It was a religious movement—nothing but religion—we had not the slightest consciousness of the social side of it. Charrington really had a social settlement, but he did not know it.

Before long I was deeper in the East Side work than I knew; I had worked pretty hard, and had grown to be a pretty stout boy, although the doctors were not quite satisfied. Strangely enough, about this time the committee determined to send out a batch of emigrants to Canada. There was great distress in East London, and to relieve the pressure somewhat the committee determined to send some families to Canada; and H. W. and I were assigned to select the families. He did most of the work. The doctors advised another change for me, and I was anxious to see the country, so H. W. and I took these eight hundred people to Canada, and saw them settled along the Canadian line. The Canadian Emigrant Bureau took charge of them entirely: we simply brought them over, and got reports of where they were settled. After that was done I wanted to see the States. I proposed to my brother-in-law to go West and shoot buffalo—I wanted to see the great West I had read about as a boy. He met me half-way; he was well off, and I had no money. Off we started. At that time I still thought of the army; I had not thought of the ministry.

It was exceedingly interesting from a hunter's point of view, this great West. We arrived at St. Paul, where the railroad stopped, absolutely ignorant, without maps, and no proper outfit; but, with the ignorance of Englishmen, we thought it would be easy enough to start out and hunt buffalo. We had letters of introduction and of credit from the Hudson Bay Company; and one fine day in '68 we started out with a discharged soldier of the United States army, with the idea of riding to the last United States army post. The country had been devastated by the Sioux Indians; everything was deserted; occasionally we came upon a shack, the walls riddled with bullets; and the farther we went the more discontented our guide got. At last we got to Winnipeg—it was only Fort Garry then. We laid our plans before the Hudson Bay people. They said we could cross the country all right; and we started from that place the beginning of June, with a Hudson Bay convoy, and we never stopped until we reached Vancouver's Land. So I crossed the plains, and saw the buffalo in herds; I lived for weeks with different bands of Indians; I saw long lines of Indian horsemen charging great herds of buffalo; I stayed for days with bands of Indians who had never seen a white man except in war; and I had two or three pretty narrow shaves. It was very stimulating and intensely interesting, though somewhat risky.

We found ourselves at last in the heart of the Rocky Mountains at the end of December, near the headwaters of the Columbia River. We had no maps, and often no guide; sometimes we had to lie hidden all day on account of hostile Indians; our clothes were in rags. One day I nearly split my foot in two with an ax. We were nearing American civilization, and my brother-in-law, with great self-sacrifice, rode one hundred miles, without food and in a heavy storm, to the nearest outpost for help. Three days later the doctor came, but my wound was then much better. It troubled me for years afterwards. After returning to the East we spent two months in traveling over the country and visiting the battlefields of the war. I had seen the "Illustrated London News" occasionally with pictures of the war that had been going on in this country; but I was very immature then, and they did not make much impression. I went back to England in the summer of '69.

When I got back to England, I settled down to hard work. I remember one morning, while studying in the same room where my father was writing his sermon, he suddenly looked up and said: "Well, have you made up your mind what you want to be? The desire of my heart is that you should become a clergyman." I was always emotional; I always jumped before I looked, as my father always said; and at that moment I seemed to have a vision of my life-work. I had just come back from a trip of adventure in a new country; I had always looked forward to going into the army, and it came to me then that, should I go into the army, I was in danger of becoming a man of

pleasure; going into fighting for the sake of fighting, into exploration simply because of the love of adventure; and a vision came to me. These moments of vision are known to everybody. I remember the sunlight streaming into the room outlining the pattern of the carpet. I bowed my head and said: "Daddy, if you will send me to Cambridge, I will be a clergyman." That settled it then and there.

My father sent me to Cambridge. I worked pretty hard, but not as hard as I should, and, on the whole, I have not much to say about those Cambridge years. I did not make the most of them. I had the great advantage of attending Lightfoot's classes, and he was very kind to me. Lightfoot was the shyest and biggest-hearted man I met at Cambridge; and he was a great help to me. Some went to Westcott's lectures; but I was not prepared for them; I was not enough of a scholar. When I left Cambridge I knew almost nothing about theology. I simply knew the Bible as my mother had taught it to me. I prayed; I tried to be good.

I passed through a fearful struggle at Cambridge with what is called evil, which first presented itself to me there with terrific power. In my boyhood, and during my strenuous, open-air life in the West, I was not tempted much with evil; but when I came to my full strength and force at Cambridge and had leisure time, evil presented itself with all its seductions. I had a most appalling struggle, and through the mercy of God I came out all right. I think that strengthened me so that years afterwards things that appealed to other men did not appeal to me at all. The intellectual struggle was to come years afterwards; I was then simply a boy struggling with the flesh.

The intellectual struggle really ought to have come then, or ought at least to have begun. It complicated my position that it did not come until later. I simply took things as I heard them; no intellectual ferment at that time touched me; I have no doubt there was such ferment, but it made no impression on me whatever. You know what I mean by a "grind." I suppose if you got hold of one of that sort he would tell you that many men entered earnestly into the spiritual, social, and political movements of the time: but I was not a grind, and not particularly intellectual. I remember one brilliant man at St. John's, a queer, lonely creature who was looked upon as a heretic; but I suppose I should call him very conservative now. No doubt I might have made much more of my opportunities; the conversation at the college table was anything but inspiring; we never got much in the way of politics, literature, theology, or anything else. The most earnest fellows I knew there gathered at the prayer-meeting on Sunday afternoons; over one hundred and fifty men used to meet every Sunday; the meetings were entirely evangelical in character. I cannot recall anybody who touched me deeply through preaching; Dean Farrar I heard, but he did not impress me particularly. Nobody impressed me as did my father; his doctrine was sufficient for me; and his earnestness touched me.

The High Church movement did not touch Cambridge much. I am inclined to think that if you asked any ordinary Oxford man—a man fairly average in everything and not specially prominent in any one thing—he would tell you that the general effect of the High Church movement on the University was grossly exaggerated. When I give my impression, I am speaking for the vast majority of clean, decent, well-bred fellows at Cambridge who went through the University without particular distinction. Another man might come along and give you an entirely different picture of Cambridge during that time; but the movement of unrest did not touch me. I was not at all a prominent man in college. We had athletics, and I might have been a good oar, but I got rheumatism in my back and had to quit just about when I was beginning to amount to something. I might have rowed in the 'Varsity if it had not been for that bad luck. I was second captain for a time in college; but altogether I was a very inconspicuous figure in Cambridge.

So I say I was not affected by any great movement; I do not believe Harvard as a whole is much affected by such things; but I do think there is far more discussion of public things at Harvard to-day than at Cambridge then. Moreover, I think it is hard for you to realize how very boyish we were at that time in England—how imma-

ture. I was very immature at twenty-three; perhaps more so than the average, although in a way I had had wider experience than some. My own boys knew more at seventeen than I did at twenty-three. I had nobody to advise me and tell me things as I tell them. My father was as innocent as I was; he knew nothing of the world; he lived in a world of his own.

While at Cambridge I was keeping fully in touch with the East End London work. Whenever I got a holiday, I was off to the East Side. I passed my examinations pretty well, and took a plain degree. The question then was: where to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Life of Teasle

By Arthur Henry

IT was necessary for me to be in the Catskill Mountains one Sunday in the latter part of October. The nearest railway station to my point in the mountains was Tannersville. The station agent at Syracuse from whom I inquired looked at me pityingly.

"You must be mistaken in the time of year," he said.

I assured him it was not the pursuit of pleasure that took me into the cold and stormy altitude, and he consulted his time-tables and advices.

"The Otis road," he said, "has stopped for the season. The nearest place I can land you is at Saugerties."

Saugerties is a little town on the lowlands along the Hudson River. From there it is more than a twelve-mile drive up the mountains to Seifferth's farm. I telegraphed ahead for a livery rig, although I knew it was something of a risk to order one in this offhand manner for such a drive, before the price of the trip had been agreed upon; but when you have a road like mine to face, after dark, every moment counts.

When I arrived, the night had fallen very heavily over Saugerties. A light hanging below a buggy behind the station, a faint, creaking sound of the harness on a restless horse, directed me.

"How much will this cost me?" I asked.

"Where are you going?"

"To Seifferth's."

"Where is that?"

"Why, it's up on the mountains—about six miles this side of Tannersville."

The driver whistled, in token of surprise and uncertainty. "Well," he said, "I didn't expect such a trip."

"You were informed of it in the telegram," I said, severely, suspecting in this a ruse by which I was to be filched.

"Well," he said, with sudden cheerful resolution, "if that's where you want to go, I don't suppose any other place will do you."

"How much?"

"Four dollars is what we get for a trip up there."

It was too dark for me to see his face, but there was a pleasing frank and friendly quality in his voice. I felt that he would be open to reason and persuasion.

"Don't you think," I said, "that three dollars would be a fair price?"

"I will tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll split the difference. I won't quarrel with you, anyhow."

I got in, and drew the lap-robe around my legs.

"I am in no way fixed," he said, "for such a trip. This horse is not used to the mountains, and is pretty slow. This buggy is light, and I am afraid you'll find this lap-robe pretty thin, for a cold drive."

I turned my coat-collar up and settled back against the seat without reply. I hoped this driver would not talk. Some years had passed since I had been in the mountains—this very drive across the lowlands and up the gorge of the Kaaterskill Clove was associated with romantic memories. I wished to enjoy them undisturbed. At the moment of starting, however, I realized that the driver was even more companionable than I had feared, and if I were to enjoy my journey in my own way, I must close my senses to his chatter, availing myself of an art long since acquired—the art of heedlessness.

"This livery-stable life," he said, "is a tough one. Now, here am I. I haven't

been by my wife a night for over a week. There ain't a rougher lot of men in all the world, I guess; but I tell you it's easy to get into bad ways, living as we live. I haven't had my clothes off for nine days, now. Take it to-night. It'll be twelve or one o'clock before I get back; of course I can't go home. It would only rout the wife out from her sleep, and I have to get up by five o'clock, anyhow, so there wouldn't be no use. I'll just lie down on a floor somewhere in the stable. If I was given to drink, now, it would be a big temptation. When you work like that and get no sleep, a little liquor, you think, would brace you up. But it don't. I have found that out, and I leave it alone. There is lots of the boys that can't leave it alone when they've got to drinkin' it once.

"I wasn't always in the livery-stable business. I used to be a private coachman once, and it was all my own fault that I didn't stay there. I worked for a good man, too. Mr. Randolph Barlowe—maybe you've heard of him. He's got a stable of fine horses, I tell you."

The pleasant voice of the man beside me had continued so far without a break. There was romance in his musical inflections, a world of humor, of pathos, of warm humanity enveloping his words and glorifying them.

"What was the fault," I said, "by which you lost that place?"—thinking to myself that this loss had been the means of teaching him the folly of liquor.

"Well," he answered, pleasantly, "Mr. Randolph had two sons—Mr. George and Mr. Louis. Mr. George, the oldest boy, is a fine man; so long as he was there and had charge of things, there was never any trouble. He liked to see the place kept up and the horses well fed, and sleek, and full of mettle. But he got married and went away. Mr. Louis was what you might call a mean boy. He was so mean, you might say, he wouldn't eat what he wanted. He was always nagging at me for feeding the horses too much; but, of course, he was Mr. Randolph's son, and I stood it without ever talking back. One morning I pulled the wagon out I used for exercising, and one of the nuts fell off. I thought that was very queer, but I took a wrench and put it on again, and examined all the other wheels, but they were tight. When I drove out, Mr. Louis was standing on the porch. I said to myself, 'Well, Mr. Louis, if you're standing there expecting to see me pitched in the ditch, you'll be fooled this time.' When I got back I examined all the wheels again, and found them right. The next morning, when I pulled the wagon out, the same thing happened. Well, of course, I knew somebody had been tampering with the wheel. It happened that Mr. George came around that morning, and I told him all about it."

"Well, I guess Mr. George spoke to Mr. Randolph. Anyhow, it didn't occur again. But it got to wearin' on my mind. Of course, after that I never could take a buggy of any kind out of the barn without examining every bolt and nut on it. And every time I used the harness, I had to look it over carefully. Then, too, I got to fearin' there might be some damage done the horses, maybe. I wasn't easy in my mind no longer. So one day I says to Mr. Randolph:

"'Mr. Randolph,' I says, 'I guess I'd better go.'

"'Why, Teasle,' said he, 'what are you going for?'

"I didn't like to say anything, but he kept insisting, so I said:

"'Well, your son, Mr. Louis, he don't like me. And, of course, Mr. Randolph, he's your son, and he oughtn' to have anybody around here that is irritatin' to him. 'Tain't good for him to feel that way.'

"And so I left that place."

"Do you get better pay at the livery-stable?"

"Oh, no, I don't get so good. Mr. Randolph gave me thirty-five dollars a month and house rent. At the stable I get nine dollars a week, and that's all. It's pretty hard to pay house rent, to feed and clothe your family, on nine dollars a week. But," he said, with a cheery emphasis on the "but," "maybe I'll get something better sometime. I think maybe I'll have a better life than what I have had before I'm through, though, of course, I don't know. It's a little better," he said, after a pause, "in one way, than it used to be. I've got four children. My oldest daughter, now, she's married."

"Did she marry well?" I asked.

"Well, yes, she did. Her husband is

doing well, but, of course his business isn't just what it ought to be. He runs one of them hotels in New York—sells liquors, you know. Of course that isn't right. It worries me a good deal. He's just as nice a feller as ever was, and is good to her, and I guess he don't drink a drop himself, but he gets his money that way, and it won't come to any good."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I am forty-eight. Been married twenty-eight years this fall."

"Born around here?"

"Yes, up the mountains in Quarryville. My father was a stone-cutter by trade—worked in the quarries. When I was a boy, I was always working around there, too. Got my first job shoveling dirt, taking off the top cover of the quarry. I worked along at pretty good wages, and finally got to handling the mallet myself. When I was twenty I got married—to one of the neighbors' girls I had always known. Of course I was young then, and didn't realize but that everything would go just as it was a-goin'. We got a little house, and I bought a cow. For a while we did first-rate on what I earned, but about two months after I was married I got sick, and never left my bed for 'most a year. When I got round again, I found that wages had gone down in the quarry. It was at the beginning of winter, and bad weather. All my money was gone, and I owed a lot beside. While I was wondering what to do, I heard from a fellow, O'Toole, who had gone from Quarryville to a place in Pennsylvania. Work was plenty there and steady even in bad weather. Well, I was standin' outside my house and wonderin' how I could get to Pennsylvania, when Mr. Howard came by, and I said to him:

"'Mr. Howard, you want to buy a cow?'

"'I don't mind if I do,' he says.

"'Well,' says I, 'come in and look at mine.'

"He looked her over and says:

"'How much do you want for her?'

"'Forty dollars.'

"'Is she all right?'

"'Well, Mr. Howard,' I says, 'there's just two reasons why I want to sell her. One is, she cut one of her tits—cut it on a barbed fence. You can see the scab there now. Of course, if it cut clear through she'll be a three-titter.'

"'Well," said Mr. Howard, 'I don't want a three-titter.'

"'She's a splendid milker, you know that, and, of course, the cut may not hurt her any, but I tell you, I want to sell her bad. I want to go to Pennsylvania to-night, and I haven't a cent. If I can sell this cow, I can go out there and get work.'

"'Well, Teasle,' said Mr. Howard, 'I'll give you thirty-eight dollars for the cow.' He pulled out his pocketbook, and I took the money.

"I went in the house, and saw my wife in the kitchen ironing.

"'Molly,' I said, 'I want you to get my things packed right away. I am going to Pennsylvania, and the train leaves in an hour and a quarter.'

"Well, she just stood and looked at me.

"'What do you mean?' she said.

"'Now, Molly,' I said, 'you'd better take that iron off your dress, or you'll burn a hole in it. I want you to get my things packed right away. I am going to Pennsylvania to get work.'

"'But you can't go,' she said; 'you haven't the money.'

"'I've sold the cow,' I says, 'for thirty-eight dollars. Here's twenty-eight for you. That will keep you comfortably until I can send you more.'

"Well, she looked kind of white and scared, and I took her by the arms and said:

"'You know, Molly, I can't get work here that will be steady and keep us and pay my debts. Now, I can get good wages where I'm going.'

"'Well,' she said, 'of course, if you must go, you must.'

"So she packed my things and I left right off. I heard her crying in the door, but I didn't look around until I got to the bend in the road. When I turned around, she waved her apron. As I lost sight of her and the house, I remember that I started in to cry. I had never been away from there before, and it was hard to leave Molly that way.

"When I got to the place in Pennsylvania, I saw O'Toole, and he arranged with the boss there to let me come on and cut until the week was out, and then my wages would be fixed. Of course I went in there as a first-class stone-cutter, for I made up my mind, if ever I was going to be one, now was the time. Well, they

gave me a stone slab to cut sixteen feet long.

"'Now, take your time,' says O'Toole to me. 'You ain't hurried here as you are in Quarryville.'

"So I did. I just set that stone up and made up my mind that I was going to cut it nice. I just put all idea of how long it would take to cut it out of my head, and I says, 'If I just stand here all my life a-cutting this one piece of stone, I ain't goin' to cut one bit faster than I can cut nice,' and I was just as cool and easy as might be. But, of course, I can't take all the credit myself. It is a curious thing to me how near you always can come to failing, and how it is just a little accident, perhaps, or a word spoke in time, or something, that your whole life seems to turn upon. Now, if left to myself, I would have turned the bevel, as we do in Quarryville. But O'Toole, he says to me, 'How nice it would be, Charley, if you could just turn the bevel.' And I said, kind of surprised, 'Well, can't I turn the bevel?' And he said, 'You take my advice, Charley, and don't you turn the bevel.' So, as I was cutting alone, the boss came and watched me for a while, and, afterwards, in speaking to O'Toole about it, he said, 'That young fellow, I guess he will do. He seems to know the business. If he didn't, he would have turned that bevel.'

"When Saturday came I went to the boss, and says, 'Well, now, how much pay am I going to get?' He said, 'Well, Teasle, we pay from $2.25 to $2.75 a day. Now, what do you think you ought to have?'

"'If you leave it to me,' I said, 'I will take $2.75 a day.' He says, 'Well, Teasle, I have watched your work and you satisfy me,' he says; 'specially I like that first stone you cut.' He says, 'I've got that up there in my office now alongside of one Bill Bates cut some years ago, and that is supposed to be the best-cut stone this quarry ever turned out; but,' he says, 'think yours is a little the best.' He says, 'Yours is all out of tine, while Bill Bates' is about one-sixteenth of an inch out of tine on one end."

"What's tine?"

"The bevel. Well, as I was saying, the work was very steady there all that year, and I wasn't sick a day. It cost me $12 a month to live there, and all the rest I sent home to Molly, and she paid my debts. Of course we kept the post-office pretty hot, it being our first parting. I liked the work first rate and never could complain of the boss, but Molly was always anxious about my working in the quarries. You see, her father, my father, and my brother had all died there in Quarryville of stonecutters' consumption, and it made her anxious about me. I have often thought if I could have stayed right there that things might have been different with me. The time I left the quarry in Pennsylvania the boss, I guess, thought more of me than he did of anybody. He had got to rely upon me for almost anything he wanted. Just the day before I left I was cutting away at a stone when the boss came to where O'Toole and I was working, and he said, 'I've got to get that rough stone out at once. I hate to be balked this way. But that driller can't seem to make his drill work right.'

"Then O'Toole, who was working near, he spoke up, and he says, 'I will bet a month's wages against a week's wages that Teasle can drill more holes in a day than the fellow you have got there can drill in a week.' 'Well,' the boss says, 'Teasle, I am terribly anxious to get that rough stone out, and it means a good deal to me to get it out right away, and I wish you would take that drill in the morning and go to work.' 'Well,' I said, 'I didn't come down here to run a drill. It's pretty dirty work, and, besides that, that driller would not feel very good toward me if I took his place.' 'I will fix that,' said the boss. 'I will make it all right with him and with you.'

"Well, I asked him how many holes there were drilled already—what the distance was to go, and how far apart the holes were to be. 'How long,' I said, 'do you think it will take, now, to finish up that job?' He said, 'If you're as spry as O'Toole says you are, it ought not to take you more than two days and a half.' 'Well,' I says, 'will you give me wages for two days and a half for the job?' and he says, 'Sure I will.' So the next morning I went up and started in to drill. But I had not gone but a few inches before I saw what the trouble was with the drill. I got some pieces of steel from some hoops and fixed it so it would do, and went to work. When it came four o'clock, I signaled to the engineer to turn off steam

and laid down my drills and left the quarry, washed my face and hands, and changed my clothes, got the evening paper, and sat down in the rocking-chair beside the door, and when the boss came up to supper, there I was, and he says, 'What are you doing here?' and I says, 'I am reading the evening paper.' 'Well,' he says, 'I told you I wanted to get that rough stone out. If you found you couldn't do it, you might have told me.' 'Well,' I says, 'the job is done.'

"'Teasle,' he says, 'I don't want you to leave me,' he says; 'if you will stay and run these drills, I will give you $3.50 a day.' Of course that was pretty big wages, but I told him no, I was going home, and I went. Somehow, ever since the thought of going home had come, I had got awfully homesick.

"Well, when I got back I thought to myself that I'd lease a quarry up in Quarryville myself. I was sure I could run it better than was being done and make good money. But the day I got back to Saugerties I met Mr. Randolph Barlowe on the street, and he says, 'Teasle, I want to hire you for a year.' He says, 'If you will come and be my coachman, I will give you thirty-five dollars a month and your house rent.' So I went home to Molly and told her.

"Well, then, Molly went to pleading for all she was worth.

"'Your lungs are all right now,' she said, 'but you don't know how soon it will get you. I wish you would go as coachman. You may make less, but we can live on that and save a little besides, and then I won't be worrying about you.'

"Well, I have always thought that when a man is married and his wife was faithful and good, that he ought to do as near as he can what she wants him to do; and so at the end of the week I went with Mr. Randolph Barlowe as coachman."

Constant as had been Mr. Teasle's flow of words, he had found a place, whenever necessary, for an admonition to the horse. He kept the animal moving briskly with his "clicks," and "Come, Baby's," and tappings of the whip which were more like caresses than blows.

As we left the lowlands and began the climb among the foot-hills, now ascending an elevation, now dipping into a precipitous hollow, I was surprised at the unhesitating manner in which he swung around the abrupt corners of the road, which in many places skirted the very edge of a ravine on one side and a wall of rock upon the other. The lantern under the buggy cast its light a few feet beyond the horse, making the outer world of darkness even more impenetrable. When we arrived at the base of the mountains, we crossed a brook that came roaring down the yawning gorge, and began an abrupt ascent. For several miles the road clung to the mountain-side, creeping along ledges just wide enough for a single wagon to pass. It was impossible to see very far into the increasing depth below us. Around us rose the mighty mountain, covered with a dense growth of forest through which a fitful, impetuous wind was ever stirring. As the night advanced it grew very cold. Mr. Teasle, as he talked, continually slapped now one hand, now the other, upon his knees. But he never complained. During the long and dangerous drive of four hours he was busy with the memories of his very simple life. It is impossible to retell it word for word, with all of the infinite detail, as he recounted it. All the principal events, however, I have recorded—a year of sickness, the sale of his cow, the cutting of a stone entirely out of tine, the handling of a drill for a day, his dream of becoming a quarry operator abandoned at the plea of his wife, a peaceful two years as coachman at thirty-five dollars a month and house rent, the enmity of a malicious boy that drove him, through lofty considerations, to the hard life of a livery stable at nine dollars a week.

This was a very simple life indeed, but the story of it thrilled me as I listened. Here was a nature strong in the qualities that make this country great—a nature at once gentle and vigorous, resourceful, ambitious, and courageous. The principles of morality, of human relationship, of truth and honor, that civilization has established through the ages, were more than precepts to him. They were rules to live by, and he had lived by them. He became for me, as I rode and listened, a man to fit the mountains we were driving through, for he seemed as elemental and as majestic as they.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Apostolic Order and Unity. By Robert Bruce, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 151 pages. $1, net.

A strong protest is made here by a missionary of the Anglican Church against the divisive theory "based upon the so-called apostolic succession of the Diocesan Episcopate." The body of the work is devoted to an examination of the early church fathers down to Polycarp, with the result of finding no support for a theory which unchurches the non-episcopalian bodies. This theory, as held by Bishop Gore in his work on "The Church and the Ministry," is strongly condemned. Dr. Bruce testifies to the evil effects of it in the missionary field. His argument and testimony appeal especially to his own Church, which he holds responsible for a serious evil.

Book of Beasts and Birds, Written and Illustrated with Photographs from Life (A). By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×7½ in. 132 pages. $1.50, net.

One notices first the extremely tasteful decorative cover design of this volume, then the great abundance of animal photographs direct from nature; finally the clear and explicit information about beasts and birds, plainly written, but thoroughly scientific.

Bible and Modern Criticism (The). By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 281 pages. $1.50, net.

The late Joseph Cook, a man of extraordinary intellectual power, undertook to explain to his Boston audiences the then comparatively new science of biology in a series of popular lectures; and for all his pains got called a "charlatan" by the eminent scientist, Professor Asa Gray. Mr. Cook's mistake lay in supposing that outside knowledge of his subject, derived from books, put him on a level, for the purpose of popularizing the science, with the inside knowledge derived from the processes of the laboratory. The same mistake is committed by the intelligent layman who writes this book, and the pious bishop who writes its Preface. They have simply an outside knowledge of their subject. It is rather ludicrous to hear Sir Robert say that when the text of the Authorized Version differs from that of the Revised Version, one may assume that the former is correct. Bishop Moule, while commending the work in general, wisely takes some exceptions to it. Sir Robert far overshoots the mark in terming the progress of the higher criticism "an apostasy unparalleled in the history of criticism." One who has read so far need read no further except in curiosity. As to Bishop Moule's logic, assuming that Jesus' frequent phrase, "It is written," puts the stamp of his authority upon the entire contents of the Old Testament as nowhere defective or erroneous, it is of the kind too often heard from the pulpit. Sir Robert is right in his "warning against identifying the fact of inspiration with any definition of it, or with popular theories respecting it." If he had comprehended the full import of his words, and reasoned consistently, he would have written a better book.

Conjuror's House: A Romance of the Free Forest. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 260 pages. $1.25.

A strongly knit and dramatic tale of an outpost of the Hudson Bay's Company; of a fur-trader who dares to invade the dominion ruled over by a powerful old Scotch factor; of the free trader's narrow escape from being made to take "la longue traverse"—in other words, to be forced to fight his way out of the wilderness without rifle or provisions; of his sudden love for the old man's daughter, her aid in his escape, their capture, and finally of reconciliation and happiness. The flavor of romance and the spirit of the lonely life of the frozen North are everywhere felt. Undoubtedly the book holds the reader's attention closely; and while it is slighter than "The Blazed Trail," it has a certain unity of purpose and form not in the larger work.

Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 343 pages. $1.50.

A historical romance of Cromwell's time, written with spirit and vigor, and decidedly original in plot. One resents a little, however, the literary trickiness which deliberately leads the reader to believe one thing all through the story in order to give him a shock of surprise at the end, when the valiant warrior and Puritan who gives the book its name turns out to be a woman.

Der Talisman. By Ludwig Fulda. Edited by Edward Stockton Meyer, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 171 pages. 35c., net.

Dr. Wells, in his "Modern German Literature," published in 1895, puts Ludwig Fulda in the same school with Sudermann and Hauptmann, and not unnaturally, for Fulda's "Verlorenes Paradies" and "Die Sklavin" had recently appeared. These unpleasantly realistic plays mark the period when Fulda was carried away by the success of the naturalistic drama, under the lead of Hauptmann and Sudermann. At the present time, however, Fulda's works show emancipation from that influence. Not only are they written in direct defiance of it, but, by their exquisite artistic expression, they give to their author a pre-eminence among modern German writers. Even the ultra-realists have become so impressed by this that both Hauptmann and Sudermann have changed their course, and have now

gratified the world, the' one with "Die versunkene Glocke," and the other with. "Die Drei Reiherfedern." But Fulda still remains the leader in fine fancy and in feeling for form. With a Teutonic weight and sincerity, he possesses, as Dr. Meyer points out, a lightness of touch and graceful felicity of language not always found in German writers, and reminding rather of the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The most popular of Fulda's works, "Der Talisman," may also justly be regarded as the masterpiece of modern German drama. The play is a satire upon William II., his court, and the German political parties. When the great Iron Chancellor was summarily dismissed in 1890, the young and comparatively inexperienced ruler was accused of ingratitude and megalomania; in the present volume we find a keenness of thrust such as has not been in literary evidence since the days when, in "The Knights" and "The Wasps," Aristophanes satirized the demagogue Cleon and his political tyranny. As a picture of modern conditions in Germany, therefore, "Der Talisman" has value aside from the masterly manner of its recital. American readers will appreciate this edition, which includes many illuminatively biographical and critical notes; those which concern the actual text, however, would be better placed at the bottom of the page than at the end of the volume.

Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory. By Duncan B. Macdonald, M.A., B.D. (The Semitic Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 386 pages.

Not only the growing interest in the study of comparative religion, but interests of a very practical kind, give timeliness and importance to the appearance of this work in an unoccupied field. There are, indeed, movements in the Muslim world which give reason to competent observers to affirm with the present author that, as in the days of the Crusades, the Christian North and the Mohammedan South will again meet in a conflict that "will cast into forgetfulness even the recent volcanic outburst in China." It is certain that Mohammedanism is by no means a spent force. It exhibits to-day a vitality as strong as Roman Catholicism. As Mr. Macdonald points out, there is a movement of revival and reform in Islam to-day remarkably parallel to that counter reform in the Roman Catholic Church which followed upon the Protestant Reformation. And among the factors in this reforming movement, the revival of the Augustinian theology by Luther and Calvin is singularly paralleled by the reviving influence of a Muslim theologian who lived within a half-century of Augustine, Al-Ghazzali, "the equal of Augustine in philosophical and theological importance," whose teaching is now dominant at Mecca. Al-Ghazzali's creed, in eight closely printed pages, "intended to be committed to memory by children," is marked by a sublimity and a hardness in close affinity with Calvinism. On the other hand, as Mr. Macdonald notes, he has points of affinity with Ritschl. The two "hopeful signs in modern Islam" are the tendencies on one hand to the simple monotheism of Mohammed, and on the other to an agnostic mysticism. It is, however, a militant civilization that stands athwart the advance of Christianity. For a better understanding of it Mr. Macdonald's work is eminently helpful.

Exits and Entrances. By Charles Warren Stoddard. The Lothrop Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 375 pages. $1.25, net.

It is a good many years since Mr. Stoddard published that delightful book "South Sea Idyls," so redolent of the atmosphere of those far-away countries under tropical skies. That volume was noticeable for felicity of description, for its romantic vein, and for charm of style. These qualities have not forsaken Mr. Stoddard during his long silence; they are found again in several chapters of "Exits and Entrances," notably in the description of a night on an island in the Nile, and in the semi-humorous and very entertaining sketch of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the old Hawaiian days. Many readers will find the greatest attraction in the two delightful papers on Stevenson—one on Stevenson as Mr. Stoddard knew him in the California days, and the other an impression of the work which came from Stevenson after he had gone to Samoa. There is a delightful account of an afternoon with George Eliot at the Priory, and of a luncheon with Charles Kingsley, and there are vivid impressions of Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, and other interesting persons. Mr. Stoddard was at one time an expert traveler. He covered the distance from the Sandwich Islands to Egypt, and he saw countries with his imagination as well as with his eyes. This combination of observation with capacity for feeling and conveying sentiment makes him a charming recorder. It is a long time since any book has come from the press, of a semi-personal character, more delightful in its intimacy, its quiet humor, and its grace of style than "Exits and Entrances."

Gate Beautiful (The): Being Principles and Methods in Vital Art Education. By John Ward Stimson. Illustrated. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. 9×12 in. 420 pages. $7.50, net. (Postage, 40c.)

This curious, sumptuous, and often extremely interesting volume should certainly accomplish something in the direction of elucidating principles and methods of art education, though it would seem as if the text might have been condensed with profit. The author divides his work into the natural sections of theory and practice: the first appealing to the general public interest in nature as a whole; the second appealing to the professional practitioner and teacher of class-room study. In treating of the philosophy of beauty, Professor Stimson justly claims that there is a modern demand for the comprehension of the principles of æsthetics, and his text is of signal worth in satisfying that demand, even though, when he comes to his "Chart of the Threefold Cosmic Correspondences" and its exposition, the general reader may find some difficulty in following him. The work is elaborately illustrated with many rare and detailed plates, including some interesting drawings by the author himself. Its illustrations double the volume's value; indeed, they are vitally necessary to give adequate expres-

dental movement and touches its keynotes, with biograpnical references.

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Colour Paintings, Pastels, etc. Edited by Charles Holme. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. 11×15 in. Part II. Complete in 8 Parts, each $1, net.

The second installment of this work contains an interesting article on the modern aspects of artistic lithography, by Joseph Pennell, who has already contributed largely to an exhaustive history of this art. The author considers particularly the later English efforts, which received their chief encouragement from the distinguished work of Thomas Way, the well-known printer. Mr. Pennell concludes his essay by saying: "I regard artistic lithography as one of the most individual methods of expression, and I regret that commercial considerations prevent artists and painters from devoting themselves to it as zealously as they would like." In point of illustrations, this number is even better than the first one, and its six examples of art work are reproduced with telling effect. The most striking picture, a water-color by Albert Goodwin, R. W. S., represents Milan Cathedral with its spires brilliantly illuminated by the golden light of the setting sun. A beautiful mezzotint by Max Pietschmann, entitled "The Bather," is also worthy of special mention. "A Study of a Child's Head," by F. E. László, "London Bridge," by Frank Brangwyn, "Breton School Girls," by L. Lévy-Dhurmer, and a water-color entitled "Fleet Street, London," by Herbert Marshall, R.W.S., complete the list.

Robin Brilliant By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 398 pages. $1.50.

Everything Mrs. Dudeney writes is worthy of serious attention, because she gets beneath the surface of things and she does carefully study character and motive. Her "heroine" here, Robin, is a singular girl and a most interesting person. Her lover is also more or less in love with another girl, but instead of throwing him over with scorn, Robin deliberately sets herself to win the victory. How she wins and then renounces forms the burden of this novel. Unfortunately, the book is inordinately long, is not well proportioned, and an immense amount of talk by rather feeble minor characters obstructs the real current. In its placidity and slowness the story is a surprising contrast to Mrs. Dudeney's first book, "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken."

Social Ethics: An Introduction to the Nature and Ethics of the State. By James Melville Coleman. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 357 pages.

Begins with a criticism of the legal ethics of Hobbes and the biological ethics of Spencer; ends with a proposition to insert into the Federal Constitution an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ.

Spiritual Evolution, or Regeneration. By R. C. Douglass. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 350 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 10c.)

This is a theosophical rather than a theological work, "a course of lessons in Christian metaphysics." It is in close affinity with the Gnostic speculations of the second century, and with those of Swedenborg. Its divine Christ is impersonal, "the Principle of Truth," with which Jesus identifies himself. It regards the Bible as "a book of 'concealed mysteries,' written by mystics in the language of mystics in symbol, metaphor, allegory, and allegoric history." The two main documents into which the Pentateuch is analyzed by critics are "a double allegoric picture of man in the duality of his nature," combining a higher self and a lower. The first part of the work is occupied with "The Genesis Symbolology," the second part with "The Christ Symbolology," in which Mary represents "tender motherly understanding" and Joseph "fatherly will." For "the conception of the Christ in consciousness" the daily repetition of three pages of formulæ is recommended as helpful. While such a work does not require serious criticism, its extravagance strikes one as a sign of the present recoil from the extravagant materialism that has affected a world intoxicated with its mechanical arts and acquisitions.

Social Germany in Luther's Time: Being the Memoirs of Bartholomew Sastrow. Translated by Albert D. Vandam, with an Introduction by Herbert A. L. Fisher, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 349 pages. $2.50, net.

Sastrow was, Mr. Fisher tells us, "a hard-headed, plain-spoken Pomeranian notary." What his memoirs give us is not charm or amiability, but the record of a time of strenuousness left by a political and legal contestant. He has a lively, ironical, and sometimes abusive style, and his memoirs do not lack salt or pepper. They certainly throw a clear light on the controversies and social upheavals that followed the introduction of Protestantism in Germany.

Substitute (The). By Will N. Harben. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 330 pages. $1.50.

A sound, wholesome, genuine tale of North Georgia life, with real raciness and humor and character. It is as good as Mr. Harben's "Abner Daniel"—and that is saying not a little.

Summer in New York (A): A Love Story Told in Letters. By Edward W. Townsend. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 196 pages.

Slangy and sporty. Champagne flows like water. Millions are as common as dirt. Fashionable people flirt and plot and counterplot over the newly arrived daughter of a multimillionaire, who in the end marries her artist lover. The whole is amusing in a decidedly surface way.

Tito. By William Henry Carson. Illustrated. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. $1.50.

Variation in Animals and Plants. By H. M. Vernon, M.A., M.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 415 pages. $1.75.

Words for the Church. By the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 114 pages. 45c.

Wrought Brim (The): Twelve Discourses Given in the South Church, St. Johnsbury, Vermont. By Edward Taylor Fairbanks. Published by W. W. Husband, St. Johnsbury, Vt. 6½×9½ in. 195 pages.

Correspondence

Sheepmen and Cattlemen

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the issue of November 22, 1902, of The Outlook appeared an article by Charles Moreau Harger entitled "Sheep and Shepherds of the West," which is of a most interesting nature did it not contain so many inaccuracies.

There is no business or industry involving the vast capital it does and giving employment to so many men that is conducted with less strife and bloodshed than the sheep industry of the Western ranges. There is more rioting and bloodshed over mining matters, irrigation and water rights, or many other enterprises of less importance than over the stock industry. Instead of the sheep-herders of Wyoming "wandering over the vast unoccupied reaches of Wyoming," each flock-owner, with a very few exceptions, occupies and owns the same ranges year in and year out, one range being used for summer and the other for winter grazing. Instead of the sheep-herder being a "nomad and dwelling in loneliness," he is hardly ever out of sight of another sheep camp, and a day seldom passes that the herders do not meet and discuss the news of the day and other matters in which they may be interested. Statistics show that insanity and suicides are no greater among sheep-herders than among any other class of people; in fact, far less than among writers and farmers.

The days of trailing cattle and sheep from the "far-off Pacific to Nebraska and Kansas" are a thing of the past, owing to the settling up of the country by ranchmen and stockmen. No band of sheep has been trailed across the State in the past two years.

The idea that a band of sheep passing leaves "the prairie as if a fire had swept over the range" is as absurd as it is ridiculous; also the assertion that "the touch of his hoofs is fraught with an odor that gives offense to cattle and horses, and that the keen clip of his teeth leaves nothing for the larger animals."

Cattle and horses passing along the trail will leave the prairie in a similar condition; as to the hoofs of sheep being fraught with an odor that gives offense to cattle and horses, this idea was exploded years ago by actual demonstration, and is referred to only when making sport of some unsophisticated tenderfoot. To completely refute this statement, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that a great many of the largest owners of sheep in the range States and Territories are also among the largest owners of cattle, experience having taught them that it is more profitable to run both classes of stock on the same range; and to-day cattle, horses, and sheep may be seen grazing and watering together in peace and harmony "on a thousand hills," sheep grazing and feeding on the smaller and finer grasses while they leave the hardier and coarser for the horses and cattle.

The assertion that the "cowboys declared war on the shepherds, and sought to limit their range," and "that it is tempting for the sheepman to move to new pastures at the risk of attack, even though he knows that a cattleman has been long in possession and will fight to maintain his place," is unfounded. As a rule, the cattlemen and the flockmasters respect each other's ranges. Now and then, however, there is a clash; but on being traced to its source, it is usually found that subordinates in the employ of either the sheep or the cattle men have disregarded the wishes of their employer.

The assertion that 600,000 head of sheep, valued at $2,000,000, had been wantonly killed by cowboys in the last ten years, and that it is estimated that there have been five hundred men killed annually accompanying the sheep killings (making 5,000 during the ten years) by these same cowboys, is too absurd for any sensible person to believe, and should find no place in literary journalism.

The writer hereof has been a resident of the great grazing country extending from the Missouri River on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west for the past thirty-six years, having brought into Wyoming one of the first bands of cattle ever trailed from Texas as well as having trailed sheep into the State from New Mexico in the early days of the sheep industry, and has kept in touch with these two industries ever since; hence should

be conversant with the subject under consideration. I therefore make the assertion that in all the sheep killings by cowboys during these thirty-six years the number will not exceed 25,000, valued at $75,000, and during this time the killings resulting from feuds between cowboys and shepherds over the range question will not exceed fifty.

Referring to the assertion that "masked men, mounted, killed the herders of several thousand sheep in central Wyoming last July and killed thousands of sheep, and in addition 65,000 head were scattered, which resulted in further loss," it was found on investigation to be, one man missing, some 2,000 head of sheep killed, and as many more scattered. As a rule, the rights of the homesteaders are respected, and they are perfectly safe from any infringement by the sheepmen.

I do not wish to be considered a defender of lawlessness, but to state the facts as they are, in order that a false and injurious impression may not go abroad concerning two of the greatest industries lying west of the Missouri River.

E. P. Snow,
Secretary Wyoming State Board of Sheep Commissioners

[In reply to the above letter, the author of the article in question, Mr. C. M. Harger, writes as follows: "This view, which assumes a hostility neither expressed nor implied in the article referred to, is precisely that of the exclusive sheepmen, and is an excellent illustration of their contention, in the long-standing contest with the cattlemen, that flocks do not injure range more than herds. Nevertheless, because of the damage done, the Government prohibits sheep and goats from pasturing on forest reserves except in regions where rain quickly restores herbage, while other live stock is admitted. Idaho and some other Western States forbid the flocks within two miles of a settler's dwelling. Such authorities as E. Benjamin Andrews, Chancellor of the Nebraska State University, and Captain James McClintock, formerly of the 'Rough Riders,' a practical sheepman of New Mexico, declare sheep destructive to the range. The latter, in a recent article, says: 'Sheep may exist in propinquity with cattle, but the reverse is not true. The nervous American cannot stand the life [of the shepherd]. The eternal "baa" drives him mad. Sheep and cattle can no more occupy a range in common than oil and water can float coherently. Where a flock of sheep has passed, the grass is gone, and the track so reeks with the sheep's peculiar odor that cattle and horses avoid the ground for weeks.' The former, in a magazine article (January, 1903), says: 'There are always plenty of nomad herders . . . not scrupling to ignore range rights. Sheep-feeders are more commonly in this class. . . . Sheep easily eat the herbage out by the roots, killing even the perennial grasses.' The 'Government Year Book, 1901,' says: 'Sheep-grazing can never be conducted without more or less injury. . . . In feeding, the sheep takes nearly everything, and thus cuts close and clean.' If it be true that recently sheep and cattle have learned to graze in large numbers on the same range profitably, it is a most important discovery, one that will revolutionize the opinion of stockmen throughout the West, and of which they are as yet unaware. To have been fair, Mr. Snow should have noted that the statements concerning alleged killing of shepherds and sheep were expressly quoted from late reports (Associated Press despatches from the localities named, and leading daily papers of the West) uncontradicted at the time (last summer) when the article was prepared. Dr. Andrews, quoted above, in a magazine article (January, 1903) gives similar statements. As explicitly pointed out in the article, the conditions of the shepherd's life are unquestionably changing, and doubtless Wyoming, with its recent immigration, is more advanced than many remote sections. The claim that well-nigh universal harmony and good-fellowship have existed between the cattlemen and sheepmen on the range is ridiculous to any Westerner, though exigencies of development are now compelling amicable arrangements, and both are expected to unite in asking Congress to amend the lease laws in such manner as to adjust the difficulties. It may be interesting to add that in 1902 the product of scoured wool produced in the Nation increased 4,100,000 pounds over 1901; the number of sheep, 780,000. The average fleece (unscoured) weighed 6.8 pounds, varying from 8.5 pounds in California to 3 pounds in North Carolina."]



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The Outlook

Vol. 73 April 11, 1903 No. 15

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The President's Speeches: The Monroe Doctrine

The President left Washington on his long journey, which is to occupy about two months and to take him through many Western States, on Tuesday of last week, and made his first speech in Chicago on Thursday, taking as his subject the Monroe Doctrine, which he restated, with comments on the recent Venezuelan incident, with characteristic frankness and candor. He gave the text of State documents which made clear, what the country has understood from the beginning, that there never was, for a moment, any apprehension of serious differences between this country and the Governments of Great Britain and Germany; that there was a clear understanding between the three Governments, each acting with perfect frankness and with entire good faith, and closing the transaction by submission to the Hague Tribunal, without any questioning of one another's motives during the entire transaction. England and Germany, the President declared, kept the assurances which they gave "with an honorable good faith, which merits full acknowledgment on our part." In giving assurances that the principles of the Monroe Doctrine would not be violated, England and Germany have given added authority to the Doctrine; while this Government has had the opportunity of making its significance clear, not only to Europe, but to South America. This Government does not intend to protect South American States from the consequences of their own wrongdoing; it simply undertakes to prevent any further acquirement or extension of territorial rights by European Powers on this continent. What the President has to say about the need of backing up this Doctrine with a strong navy, in view of what is being done throughout the world, will command the assent of the majority of Americans, many of whom, however, in company with The Outlook, will hardly accept as National policy the old adage which the President quoted, "Speak softly and carry a big stick." There is too much emphasis on the "big stick" both in this country and abroad. We need to be ready to protect ourselves; but, as we have made a new departure in international relations in our dealings with China and in our determination to establish the principle of arbitration in international differences, so it lies in our power, and is our bounden duty, to help lift the burdens of the world by declining to take part in the mad race to build navies and equip armies—a competition which is likely, sooner or later, to produce economic and political reactions of the most destructive kind. The United States ought to have an efficient army and an efficient navy; ought to be able to protect itself and its citizens; but it ought to keep entirely out of the competition in the creation of the forces of destruction: "the vulgar musket-worship," to quote Emerson's phrase to Carlyle, must not found a new cult in this country.

❀

The President's Speeches: Anti-Trust Legislation

The position of the Administration respecting trusts and the proper legal method of dealing with them is clearly defined by the President in his Milwaukee speech. The principle he lays down in the following words:

> It is clear that corporations created for quasi-public purposes, clothed for that reason with the ultimate power of the State to take private property against the will of the owner, hold their corporate powers as carriers in trust for the fairly impartial service of all the public. Favoritism in the use of such powers, unjustly enriching some and unjustly impoverishing others, discriminating in favor of some places and against others, is palpably violative of plain principles of justice.

This appears to us an admirably clear and a wholly incontrovertible definition of

the fundamental principle on which all legislation regulating corporations should proceed. What has been done under this principle by the present Administration the President states in a comparatively brief summary. This is, in brief, the creation of a Department of Commerce with power to investigate the conduct of corporations employed in inter-State commerce; an anti-rebate law strengthening the present Inter-State Commerce Law; and a law to expedite actions of public moment under the anti-trust law. We may add, what the President does not, that this action of Congress is almost wholly due to the President. It was he who raised the issue before the people in spite of the dissuasions of his admirers; he who urged action upon Congress when it assembled; he who, to the declaration that nothing could be done in so short a session, replied that if that was the case he both could and would call an extra session; he who thus, by creating and interpreting a public opinion in favor of legislation, and by insisting that this public opinion should be heeded by Congress, secured the anti-trust legislation of the last session. The President further shows that the Attorney-General has demonstrated the practical efficiency of the anti-trust laws by the proceedings which he has taken against the merger of the Pacific railways, against the Beef Trust, against the pooling of the Southern railroads to control cotton shippers, and against the Salt Trust, the three latter already prosecuted to a successful issue. The President thinks that Congress has done all that was practicable—if he means all that it was practicable to secure from Congress we agree with him—and he adds:

> Nothing of value is to be expected from ceaseless agitation for radical and extreme legislation. The people may wisely, and with confidence, await the results which are reasonably to be expected from the impartial enforcement of the laws which have recently been placed upon the statute-books.

❀

The President's Speeches: Possible Future Legislation

With this conclusion The Outlook agrees. We do not, indeed, believe that all has been accomplished that can be and ought to be accomplished by National legislation. We want to see the anti-pooling law repealed, pooling agreements legalized, and at the same time the Inter-State Commission authorized to hear complaints against excessive charges, such as might grow out of pooling agreements, and to determine rates when necessary to prevent public injustice. We want to see corporations engaged in inter-State commerce enabled and encouraged to take charters from the National Government; possibly practically required to do so, by a tax levied on all such corporations as are not Nationally incorporated. We want to see a moderate tax levied on the net income of all such corporations, perhaps on all corporations of a public or a quasi-public character, such as would bring them directly under Governmental inspection, much as National banks are now under such inspection. And we want to see some effectual legislation to prevent that stock-watering which, as the President has himself shown, is an incentive to overcharges and a prolific source of fraud and corruption. But for all this we are willing to wait. Constant experimental legislation is undesirable. Let us see what are the effects of the present legislation before proceeding to the *enactment* of new laws, though not before considering what new laws may be necessary. As to the proposition urged in certain quarters—as by the New York "Times" and the New York "Evening Post"—that nothing serious has been done respecting trusts until the tariff on trust-made goods is abolished, The Outlook agrees with Secretary Root in his address as reported before the Home Market Club of Boston:

> You cannot get rid of the trusts by revising the tariff. If duties are lowered below the point of adequate protection, the independent manufacturer will go to the wall first; the trust will be the last one to go. In determining when and how the process of tariff revision shall be undertaken, two cardinal rules should be observed. First, it should be done only when Congress is as free as possible from the distractions and temptations of an active political campaign. The second rule to be followed is expressed by the oft-repeated saying that the tariff should be revised by its friends. If the American people wish the principle of protection to be maintained, then the political party which believes in protection should do the work of revision.

The thoughtful reader will observe the *if* in the last sentence. The Outlook does not believe in the principle of protection in the present state of America's industrial development. But so long as that

principle is maintained by the Nation, the revision of the tariff must be made by those who believe in that principle. If protection is to be abolished, it should be because the Nation has come to the conclusion that its infant industries can now afford to have their swaddling-clothes taken off and themselves taken out of the cradle and put on their feet; not on the ground that certain schedules incidentally aid monopoly. Any mere modification of protection for the purpose of affecting special monopolies, while the essential principle of protection remains intact, would be liable to do more harm by its disturbance to business interests than good in producing competition and lowering prices.

❀

The Wabash Anti-Strike Injunction Dissolved

Last week Judge Adams, of the United States District Court at St. Louis, dissolved the temporary injunction he issued a month before restraining the brotherhoods of railway trainmen and firemen from ordering a strike on the Wabash railroad system. In his decision Judge Adams finds that the charges of the railway company upon which he issued the injunction are not sustained by the evidence. These charges were, in brief, that the officials of the railway unions had entered into a malicious conspiracy to secure the recognition of their brotherhoods by falsely representing that the members thereof in the employ of the Wabash were dissatisfied with their condition, and that these officials were about to force an undesired strike upon the union men employed on the Wabash; and that they were about to prevent the Wabash road from discharging its duties as a carrier of the mails and of inter-State commerce by forbidding the members of their unions employed on connecting roads from handling Wabash traffic. The court finds that the officers of the unions had merely acted as agents of the members of their brotherhoods, and had legally expressed their collective demands for better conditions. The brotherhoods have a right to act collectively, and under present laws a right to quit work collectively. The injunction against their doing so was therefore dissolved. Judge Adams, however, in announcing its dissolution, expressed the earnest wish that the differences might be settled by mutual concessions, and that the offer made by the railway company in open court to submit the questions in dispute to a Board of Arbitration might be accepted, and "another instance of rational and intelligent adjustment of a business difficulty be exhibited to an expectant public." Judge Adams's wise counsel has been carried out, and the difficulties which at one time threatened serious disaster to the traveling and mercantile public have been adjusted by conciliation. The temporary injunction and the further consideration of the issues presented have given time for sane counsels among both employers and employed, and the hearing given to the trades-union and the final dissolution of the injunction on the evidence presented have undoubtedly strengthened the hands of the law-abiding leaders among the workingmen who put their confidence in conciliation, arbitration, and judicial proceedings rather than in strikes and boycotts. Under present laws a railway company has a right to fix wages and hours at its discretion, and a railway union has a right to quit work at its discretion. But both the companies and the unions owe it to the public to deal fairly with one another, and not force a prostration of the traffic on which the public depends. Unless they consent to do this voluntarily, the public sooner or later must assume the power to compel both parties to discharge their public duties.

❀

The Epidemic of Strikes

A few years ago "May day" used to give the signal for a general outbreak of strikes, but this year nearly every day in March and April has witnessed a large number of peremptory demands for better conditions on the part of wage-earners. If fewer men have quit work than in the old "May days," it is because the men's demands have so generally been conceded. The threatened strike on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad system, which bade fair to paralyze traffic and interrupt industry in a great section of New England, has happily been averted by the wise decision of the directors to permit all grades of employees to be represented by a joint committee when conferring with the manag[illegible] each

grade to be represented by a different committee and thus making unity of action difficult. The management of the road made a hard fight against granting this concession, but the directors overruled the objection and accepted the principle that the employees had the same right as the stockholders to act as a unit through an organization embracing them all. In conference with the joint committee, the management granted material concessions in the matter of wages, and gave a ten and a half hour day to a large body of men who have heretofore worked eleven hours. The threatened strike on the Manhattan elevated railroad system of New York was averted by concessions still more liberal to the employees. The threatened strike on the Wabash was averted by an advance in wages amounting to twelve or fifteen per cent. Of the strikes in actual progress, the most important is that of employees of the American Bridge Company—now a constituent part of the United States Steel Company. Here, again, is a controversy as to whether the Company—a National organization—shall deal with the National officials of the bridge workers' union or only with its local committees. Upon this point public sentiment would be on the side of the National officers of the union were it not for their apparent disposition to extend the strike by urging sympathetic action on the part of local unions having no local grievances and desiring to remain at work. There is a growing feeling even in labor circles that this sympathetic warfare is being carried too far, and in Chicago important building trades have decided to discipline members who engage in sympathetic strikes not authorized by a two-thirds vote of the responsible organization. In Lowell, Massachusetts, nearly twenty thousand cotton-factory hands are on strike for a ten per cent. advance in wages. In the building trades there are minor strikes going on in nearly all important cities and in many unimportant ones. The New York "Herald" reports that nearly twenty thousand building-trades men are on strike in the suburban district stretching from New York City into Connecticut. At Mount Vernon, it says, the builders' association has decided "that if one contractor gives in to the strikers' demands, he will be blacklisted, so that he will be unable to buy building material." All of these strikes, while a cause of local adversity, are in the main an effect of general prosperity. It is only when business is active, prices high, and competent men nearly all employed, that the unions dare to strike so generally for higher wages and shorter hours. It would seem that they could more effectively strike for shorter hours when work is short, but at such times the unions are often unable to prevent a lengthening of the hours of the men who remain at work. As we go to press the cable despatches announce a strike in Holland covering practically all the transportation industries. This strike is inaugurated, not primarily for an advance in wages, but to prevent the adoption of laws proposed by the Conservative Ministry to prevent strikes upon the railroads. This legislation, the laboring people declare, would take away from them their right to quit work, without laying upon the railroads the obligation to grant them just terms. In Belgium there was a precedent for just such a strike in the united action by which the workingmen of the Kingdom in 1890 secured the adoption of universal suffrage. Whether the present strike will have anything like the success of its predecessor cannot yet be predicted, nor can we now state what measure of justification there is for the laborers' contention.

❀

Rights of Non-Union Labor

The New York "Times" publishes a speech made by Mr. Joseph S. Mundy, a builder of engines in Newark, to his employees, who have demanded a reduction of hours, an increased rate for overtime work, and an agreement by their employer to employ only members of the International Association of Machinists. We wish we could give the whole of this speech to our readers, for its admirable spirit is inadequately represented by an extract. In it Mr. Mundy says:

> We have always got along harmoniously together, and while you may not think it, I have been as much interested in your welfare as I know you have been in mine. In the first place, to come right to the point, a representative of a local labor body of machinists came to my office one day this week and presented an agreement which he asked me to sign. It stated that I should not employ any but union labor, and demanded that I dis-

charge all my non-union men. This I could not sign and never will sign as long as God gives me strength to work, even though I do all my own work. I will enter into no agreement with any organization which prevents honest labor from securing employment, or which takes the bread and butter out of your mouths. If every man has not the right to work without being forced to obey the mandates of an organization, then it is time for us to get out of business.

There is a good deal of complaint on behalf of employers against the despotism of trades-unions. Complaint never yet cured despotism. The only cure for despotism is courageous resistance. Whenever the employers as a body treat their employees in the spirit embodied in this speech of Mr. Mundy, whenever they will take a real interest in the welfare of their men, and give to the men a share in prosperity during prosperous times, and show themselves ready to treat with the men as man to man on all questions of time, wages, and conditions of labor, they will be in condition to stand, as Mr. Mundy has in this speech, for the right of the laborer to belong to the union or not belong to it as he pleases. And whenever they take this stand, having laid a foundation for it by the spirit of justice and fair dealing, and show themselves willing to suffer any ill consequences to themselves rather than to be a party to an act of injustice, they will destroy the despotism of trades-unions. Until they do, some trades-unions will continue to be despotic.

❀

The New York Mortgage Tax

Both branches of the New York Legislature have now adopted, by practically a party vote, Governor Odell's bill increasing excise taxes one-half, and thus adding about six million dollars yearly to the public revenue from this source. The two branches, however—or at least the Republican conferences thereof—have disagreed respecting Governor Odell's more important measure to tax real estate mortgages, and thus secure twelve million dollars yearly from a source which now yields practically nothing except in the rural counties. The Republican conferences in the Assembly, at the instance of the New York City organization, voted last week to abandon this tax and seek for some other means by which to avoid any levy for State expenses upon the local tax duplicates. The protest against the mortgage tax came chiefly from the great cities, where mortgages have nominally been taxable at the rate of about two per cent., but really have not been taxed at all. At the hearing last week two savings bank presidents protested strongly against the proposed four-mill tax—one on the ground that it would compel savings banks to reduce the rate of interest to depositors by half of one per cent., the other on the ground that it would compel them to advance the rate to borrowers by half of one per cent. As the proposed tax was less than half of one per cent., it is evident that both of these declarations were exaggerated. Curiously enough, another objection to the tax came from rural counties, whose revenues their officials declared would be reduced if the present occasional taxation of mortgages at the full rate gave place to the proposed systematic taxation of mortgages at about one-fifth of the full rate. In these rural counties the present law taxing both the mortgage and the property mortgaged at the full rate seems to be generally enforced. In such counties the proposed four-mill rate would be a relief to both the borrowers and the lenders upon mortgaged property; but in the cities it would be a relief only in the exceptional cases where the lender pays the tax legally due from him. The Outlook considers the proposed tax much better than the present system of burdening only the conscientious lender, and letting the unconscientious one go tax free; but it believes that all mortgages should be treated as a part interest in the estate mortgaged, and that this estate should be taxed no more than if it were unmortgaged. The tax upon it should be divided between mortgagor and mortgagee, according to their contract when the loan is made, as in Massachusetts, or according to the respective value of their interests, as in California. The latter method is, of course, the ideal one, as it compels each person to contribute directly in proportion to his property, and avoids even the appearance of injustice.

❀

Political Bandits in Philadelphia

In Philadelphia last week three members of a ward school board in the city, together with a man who acted as go-between, were convicted of extorting

money from teachers in return for promised positions in public schools. The evidence that was given before the court sustained the views expressed in the letter from a Philadelphia teacher printed in The Outlook for March 14, that corruption has entered the administration of the city schools to an almost incredible extent. Teachers testified that they had been made to understand that they could not be appointed unless they handed over money to politicians who controlled the ward school board. One teacher swore that out of a salary of $47 a month she had to pay $40 for three months for her election. In spite of this she did not receive the position, "because there were too many teachers elected." She was again elected, and still she had to pay, although she had received no salary for her "first duties." Within forty-eight hours before the exposure of school conditions was made in the newspapers she received $30 back. By no means all the corruption that exists was revealed; indeed, only so much as could be proved by the indiscretions of these convicted men, who apparently attempted to make money independently of the political machine that is the real corrupting power. The sort of men in control of the schools may be judged by the fact that a daughter of Dr. W. W. Keen, the world-famous surgeon, was compelled, after a specially admirable and self-sacrificing record, to retire as member of a ward school board, and on the eve of her retirement was forced to leave the room in which a meeting was being held, because of the offensive and profane language used, with the purpose of humiliating her, by the boss of the ward, who used autocratic power over the board, though not himself a member of it. The arrogance of the man may be judged by a statement of his which we quote from the Philadelphia "Public Ledger:"

> "Anyway," he said, "a woman must not come into the school board and expect to run things as it suits her. The men know as much about education as Miss Keen does. Nor because she is a woman the men should not be bossed by her. No, sir! I don't want such men on the board. I won't have it. . . . They cannot be run by a woman in this ward. I'll see to that." Mr. Myers was asked: "In your statement you use the word 'I.'" . . . Mr. Myers replied, "I mean 'we,' the administration, the machine, as it is called."

No form of political corruption is worse than that which profits by the defenselessness of underpaid women and the needs of children. This is the most despicable form of political corruption that has yet been exposed in American politics. The conviction of these four men who thus trade on their power over women and children ought to arouse, even in Philadelphia, an outpouring of wrath against the men and the system under whose control venal meanness of that sort can flourish, and should put an end to the system forever.

❀

Philadelphia Water-Works

Philadelphia leased her gas-works for thirty years under terms and conditions that scandalized the country. A few years ago her telephone and street railway franchises were granted to favored politicians in such a way as to arouse local indignation and universal surprise that such conduct could be tolerated for a single day in an American community. Now, it seems, we are likely to be treated to another and still more flagrant illustration of the prostitution of public franchises to corrupt corporate and political ends. It consists of nothing less than an attempt to dispose of the Philadelphia water-works to a private company. The first step has been taken by the introduction at Harrisburg of a bill authorizing municipalities to sell, lease, or "otherwise dispose" of their gas-works, water-works, or electric light plants. This bill contains a most remarkable provision to the effect that "for such periods, not exceeding fifty years, as such municipalities deem advantageous, . . . no other company, corporation, or association, person or persons, shall be permitted . . . to enter upon the streets of any such city, town, or borough to lay pipes, conduits, mains, or wires for the purpose of conducting any such business, the exclusive right to which has been vested in the purchasers of leases." This is a deliberate attempt to give to any lessees or purchasers an absolute monopoly, and is regarded as a necessary preliminary. The bill was introduced, "by request," by Representative Snyder, of Schuylkill County, who professes to know nothing about it. No one seems to know anything about it. At least no one avows any knowledge of it;

but none the less it is progressing step by step toward its enactment. Philadelphia is aroused and the newspapers are opposing the "snake." The Municipal League, which five years ago led the fight against the iniquitous Schuylkill Valley lease and materially aided in its overthrow, is taking an active part in opposition to the present effort, and has mapped out a vigorous plan of campaign. Mayor-elect John Weaver, who has just returned from a month's vacation abroad, declared himself immediately on landing to be unalterably opposed to allowing any private corporation to own or in any wise control the water-works. The country will watch with interest what Philadelphians will permit to be done with this, the last of their great municipal franchises.

❁

Restricted Suffrage on Trial

A North Carolina correspondent sends us a glowing account of the achievements of the recent Legislature—chosen by an almost exclusively white electorate. This Legislature, he writes, pigeonholed all proposals to divide the school fund between the two races according to the amount of taxes contributed by each, and continued the support previously given to two Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanics and two Normal Colleges—one college of each class for members of the negro race. It also enacted a progressive child labor law. It is upon the question of liquor legislation, however, that the most marked advances were recorded. The Legislature, in the first place, passed a bill forbidding the manufacture of liquor except in incorporated towns, thus outlawing the rural distilleries formerly so numerous in the mountain counties. It then extended the provision for local option in a way highly satisfactory to the temperance forces. At local option elections the new Act provides that three questions shall be voted upon: first, the manufacture of liquor; second, its sale in saloons; third, its sale in dispensaries. Upon the third question the temperance forces are divided, but they are completely united upon the first and the second. In Massachusetts license elections the saloon gets the votes of many persons who detest it, but think local prohibition impracticable. In North Carolina it will get the votes of those only who want social tippling-places established. Under the North Carolina Act, if liquor is sold at all in communities even moderately opposed to saloons, it must be by reason of the majority vote for dispensaries, and in these dispensaries liquor cannot be sold at night or be drunk upon the premises. At the local elections, our correspondent writes, the disfranchisement of the negro voters insures anti-saloon victories in many places which have heretofore voted for license. Even while the negroes voted, half the counties in North Carolina prohibited saloons. Of course the satisfactory record of this Legislature representing only one race does not prove that the disfranchisement of the negro will in the end result in the better political education of the whole people of the State or the broader humanity of its laws. The enfranchisement of the poorer classes in Europe has usually been followed by reactionary victories, and disfranchisement in like manner may be followed by liberal victories. "The ethical argument for a wide suffrage," as Professor Woodburn writes in his recent book on "Political Parties and Party Problems," "is that voting is involved in the right of self-government; that it promotes patriotism and leads to an interest in public affairs; that it tends to remove discontent and promote a feeling of partnership and responsibility; . . . that the suffrage is an enlightening and educational agency, and that only by active citizenship can the political virtues be developed." Nearly all the arguments against a restricted suffrage are based upon its ultimate influence, not upon its immediate effects. Nevertheless, the immediate effects of the restriction of the suffrage are to be considered, and the record of the recent Legislature in North Carolina seems to be highly creditable to the experiment of restricted suffrage now on trial.

❁

Macedonia and Albania

Last week was an exciting one in the Turkish provinces of Macedonia and Albania. In the former the promised reforms do not seem to have made much difference with the activity of the Bulgaro-Macedonian brigand bands. These have continued their work of intimidation, pillage, and murder, in order to force the

Turkish troops to act, presumably with their accustomed bestial barbarity, and so call for intervention by the Powers and a new Treaty of Berlin, to erect Macedonia into an autonomous province, as Bulgaria was in 1878. Several instances of Turkish ruthlessness occurred last week; in one case the Turkish regulars discovered a band of thirty insurgents under two Bulgarian officers in a Macedonian village, and, losing many of their own men in the fight which followed, took vengeance by razing every house in the village with artillery and massacring the inhabitants without distinction. The Macedonians are not content with force of arms; they have blown up the bridges of two Turkish railways, and cut the telegraph wires wherever possible. Thousands of men have now taken up arms against the Sultan. He could bear this with comparative equanimity, as far as Macedonia is concerned; but, unfortunately for his personal safety, Albania is now also in a condition of insurrection. The ancient Epirus, now known as Albania, bounds Macedonia to the west. Its population constitutes the bravest of the immediate subjects of Abdul Hamid; and hence the body-guard at his palace, the Yildiz Kiosk, in Constantinople, is composed of Albanian mountaineers, who are apt to sympathize with their brothers at home. Like all mountain peoples, the Albanians resent any sign of control or interference from the outside world, and will hardly continue so fanatically loyal to the Sultan if, forced by the Powers, he imposes reforms upon them which will deprive them of their military tyranny in Macedonia. Hence, last week several thousand of them demanded the surrender of the foreign gendarmes who had been enlisted at a town in northern Albania in accordance with the reform plans for the re-establishment of the Turkish gendarmerie. Unable to make a prolonged resistance, the Governor finally surrendered the foreigners, who were immediately maltreated and expelled. After this, the Albanians surrounded the neighboring town of Mitrovitza, demanding the removal of the recently appointed Russian Consul. Meeting with a refusal, they attacked the town, but were repulsed, with heavy loss, by the three thousand Turkish troops garrisoned there, though not until after long and stubborn fighting. The events of the week indicate that not only in Macedonia, but also in Albania, the Sultan's power will depend upon his ability sternly to put down revolt; otherwise there will be serious ground for intervention by the Powers.

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Agrarian and Industrial Ireland

Next in importance to the land question in Ireland is that of industries. Last week, in the House of Commons, Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, announced that Lord Iveagh, of Dublin, and Alderman Pirrie, of Belfast, have proposed a plan for the development of farming, trade, and industries through transportation as follows: Central depots would be established to which produce would be conveyed by an extensive system of collecting wagons, drawn by horses, until light railways are built or motor-car services established. The expense of this plan, amounting to several million dollars, is to be met by the two capitalists, whose object is not to make money, but to facilitate enterprise. Mr. Wyndham concluded: "Nothing so hopeful and businesslike has been done in Ireland since the days of its industrial prosperity at the end of the eighteenth century. Two captains of industry from Dublin and Belfast, recognizing Ireland as their country, will devote their wealth and business ability to assist Ireland without regard to political divisions. This is a matter of deep significance, and goes a long way to justify what the Government is attempting to do with public money." This plan may tend in some degree to restore Irish industries, which during the past half-century—the age of steam and coal—have suffered from the country's lack of mineral wealth.

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Educational and Political Ireland

With opportunity, unheard of hitherto, to develop agriculture and industries, there still remain questions which, more than anything else, reflect Irish national feeling—the questions of education and of local government. As to the first, Mr. Wyndham announced that a bill is to be introduced into Parliament to bestow upon Ireland, partly for education, nearly a million

dollars annually, or the equivalent of what England is now receiving under the Education Bill recently passed. This announcement will deepen the friendliness with which Irish Roman Catholics, representing a large majority of the population, regard the Balfour Cabinet—for the Premier has been outspoken in his plan for a Roman Catholic University for Ireland. As to local government, there was once a Parliament sitting at Dublin, and Gladstonians have urged that just such another could be established there. It does not seem to have occurred to them, however, that Grattan's Parliament represented both the loyalty and the property of Ireland; at the present time the Parliament desired by the Nationalists would be led mostly by men hating England and having little material stake in Ireland. The question is now being faced anew. Ireland owes its present enlarged system of local government, not to the Gladstonian Liberals, who have vainly tried to bring about Home Rule, but to the Liberal-Unionists and Conservatives, and it is to these that Ireland may owe a marked extension of its present local government, perhaps including the establishment of a Legislative Council in Dublin. As reported by the Dublin "Daily Chronicle," on the authority of a member of the Government, this body may consist of representatives of the Irish County Councils, who would be empowered to control gas and water works, railways and similar essentially local undertakings, and, finally, and most important of all, the police. The customs, post-office, and some other departments would remain under Imperial direction. With such a programme for Irish land, agriculture, industries, education, and local government, the leaders of the Conservative party in England are likely to give new illustration of the fact, already familiar in English history, that the Conservatives are ready to go further than the Liberals when bidding for popular favor begins.

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The Election in Japan

One of the Marquis Ito's favorite sayings, at least ten years old, was that Japan's constitutional clothes were too big for her, and that she must have time to grow into them. As a matter of fact, the Constitution of 1889 holds tremendous reserves of power to the Emperor and Government. While not absolutely forbidding, it does not explicitly allow, the principle of parliamentary mandate. The Ministers have always been responsible, not to the Diet, but to the Emperor. Nevertheless, in 1890, after twenty-two years of repression and postponed promises, the Representatives began immediate agitation for an extension of popular power, electoral, budgetary, and legislative. Parties, however, were formed around persons rather than based on principles, until 1902, when Ito, who had long resisted the idea of ministerial responsibility to the Diet, and apparently does so yet, formed the Seiyukai, or Association of the Friends of the Constitution. In the elections of last August his party won the day and had a preponderance in the Lower House. Uniting with their former political rivals, the Progressists under Okuma, they formed a united front (*Min-to*, the people's party) against the Government under Premier Katsura. When, in December, the budget was introduced calling for the enlargement of the navy (with the idea of coping with Russia on the sea, at least, and of withstanding her advance in Korea, Manchuria, and China) and the increase of land tax, the Lower House refused to lay further burdens on the farmers, and vehemently opposed other ministerial methods. Premier Katsura, knowing his power, being backed by the Throne and Upper House, refused to budge an inch. Instead of being a hereditary body, to be "mended or ended," as in England, the Japanese "House of Peers" is largely appointive by the Throne, or elected out of and by the nobility. Therefore its members believe that they creditably represent the nation equally with the elected Lower House. The intervention of the Emperor was called for, the House of Representatives dissolved, and "the country appealed to"—in form, at least. The elections held on March 1 seem only to have emphasized the old situation. Although at this writing the full details are not at hand, yet it is easy to see that the popular vote has again opposed the ministerial plans and that the united parties are supreme in the Lower House, in which 243 of the old members retain their seats, leaving but 132 new ones.

Of the total, 375, over 200 are Seiyu-kai, and over 100 Progressists, leaving the Imperialists less than a score in number and the Independents, Seceders, etc., not enough to influence the situation. The new Diet sits on May 1. Between the extremes of the resignation of the Cabinet and the dissolution of the Lower House is a possible compromise. The unexpected thing, in Japanese politics and the development of constitutional government in Asia, has been the self-assertion of the Upper House. As in Germany and Great Britain, the cry of "constitutional procedure" has been of late raised rather vehemently; so in Japan there are great searchings of heart and questions as to where the blame of "unconstitutionality" rests. Those who support the Government declare that the Cabinet and Upper House have acted in obedience to the country's best interests, and against what is merely parliamentary and popular "sentiment," and that down at the bottom the whole disturbance is "a sentimental squabble." The men of the "People's Party," however, insist that Japan must grow into the full measure of her rights, as expressed in the spirit rather than in the letter of the Constitution, and that these repeated defiances of the popular will by the Government, in invoking the aid of the Emperor by dissolving the House and thus thwarting the people's will, constitute a procedure which does nothing less than shake the stability of the throne. In any event, the parliamentary year of 1902–03 has been largely educative to the nation.

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The Japanese Language in China

Peking despatches announce that, owing to sudden hostility shown by the Chinese Government against employing Americans, Europeans, or even natives in carrying out the educational edicts, it has been decided to adopt the Japanese language at the Imperial University, located at the capital. The further announcement is made that only Japanese will be employed as instructors. These facts, involving a policy of financial economy, have excited criticism from foreign teachers and from those who have long endeavored to secure native translations of works on American and European science and government. The Japanese translations of these works are rude, and in any case the Japanese in China present foreign ideas in a somewhat deflected form. As has already been noted in The Outlook, imperial edicts were issued, after the close of the Boxer atrocities, for the establishment of schools and a university in each of the eighteen provinces. The difficulty was found to be, not that students were not ready, but that text-books and teachers were not. To supply these lacks the Government engaged months ago a large staff to translate Japanese text-books into Chinese, and now has engaged Japanese instructors. The Japanese written language is three-fourths Chinese. It may also be noted that the number of Japanese engaged by the Chinese in the army, navy, police force, and in the industries is comparatively large; this is, first, because the Japanese can communicate in writing through Chinese characters common to both countries, and, secondly, because the Japanese will work for a minimum wage. A more encouraging educational sign is the fact that, by the recent reduction of postal charges, foreign newspapers and books can be more widely circulated than before. The first definite step in the direction of modern education in China was taken at the instance of the "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese," by the sanctioning of a university in the province of Shansi, the Government agreeing to pay fifty thousand taels a year for its support. It was only after this that imperial edicts were issued for the establishment of schools and universities in each province. We hope that the pro-Japanese edict (which apparently applies only to the Peking University) will be supplanted before long by a more favorable provision; in any case, in the missionary schools and colleges everywhere in China there is need for a high-class teaching force. The Society, therefore, appeals to university men to enter upon a new sphere of service. China has few resources upon which to draw in order to supply the demand involved by the new awakening evident in the large numbers of students who have applied for instruction. She is almost wholly dependent upon foreign nations for the initiation and direction of scholastic institutions of every grade. Upon the men in American

European universities, therefore, lies responsibility of bearing a true white 's burden.

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Dr. Cuthbert Hall Religious Conditions in India

The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., President of Union ological Seminary, New York City, is spending a year in India as the kell-Barrows Lecturer, in a recent in- iew presents the latest observations of gious conditions in that country from standpoint of one who has enjoyed uliar opportunities for gaining exact owledge. For instance, Dr. Hall's infor- tion concerning any response to Chris- thought among Mohammedans was ained from the Muslims themselves; says that among many educated Mo- mmedans there is a deep longing for the vance of spiritual religion. This should me by the contact of the historic mono- eism of Islâm with the purest and best pes of Christian thought. As to Hindu- n, enthusiasts may be disappointed in r. Hall's judgment that, as an organized stem, it shows no weakening. "The parent tolerance which marks the pres- t time must not be mistaken for a cline of Hinduism. . . . It is true that student circles the study of the physical iences and the influences of Western ulture are undermining Hindu ortho- oxy. . . . But the student circle repre- ents only a small fraction of the Hindu opulation." On the other hand, the nfluence of Christianity grows from day o day; its converts multiply in a ratio hown by no other religion. To the ques- ion, "Have you found that educated Hindus and Mohammedans have been confused by the so-called 'Higher Criti- ism,'" Dr. Hall replied that he had met with no trace of this kind among educated Indians. "I have been asked many thoughtful questions concerning the prog- ress of the critical study of Holy Scripture, and I have been gratified to note the apparently widespread opinion that crit- ical study is not only a privilege but a duty." Regarding the relative value of Christian work, Dr. Hall said that, con- sidering the numerical proportion, he felt the efficiency of Christian effort among the educated classes to be relatively equal to its power over the illiterate. He was sure that the most encouraging of all aspects of Indian missions, however, were the boarding-school and help-for-famine- children features. As an institution for the development in Eastern society of a new type of manhood and womanhood the boarding-schools may be the salvation of Indian social life. Closely related with them is the wonderful opportunity given to missions in the army of famine children now enjoying protection and education in the mission compounds.

> These orphans, whose parents perished in the famine, have been rescued from starvation or from a survival that was worse than death by the Christlike work of missionaries. . . . They are true Indian children, living in ways suited to Indian life; they are not being transformed into poor imitations of children of the West. But they are Indian children unconsciously assimilating the best qualities of the Western spirit. Twenty years hence these tens of thousands of youths shall . . . become a tremendous element in the transformation of India.

Dr. Hall has traveled from one end of India to the other; he has visited missions in every Presidency, representing American and British efforts, and reports that his expectations have been more than realized, and that the result of his observations is an increased respect for missionaries and an increased admiration for their work.

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The New President of the American Bible Society

Last week, at the Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, the chair was taken by the new President, Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, late President of the Johns Hopkins University, and now President of the Carnegie Institution. In expressing appreciation of his new privilege, Dr. Gilman referred to his intimacy with the Bible Society since childhood, especially during the last thirty years, the period of the secretaryship of his brother, the late Rev. Edward W. Gilman, D.D. The new President emphasized three points as prominent in his own thought: (1) The emphasis which is always being put by the Society upon the Authorized Version as the precious heirloom of English-speaking peoples; (2) the world-wide character of the Society's work; and (3) the union of Christian men and women in its service. We may add that the American Bibl been constantly

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Dr. Cuthbert Hall on Religious Conditions in India

The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, who is spending a year in India as the Haskell-Barrows Lecturer, in a recent interview presents the latest observations of religious conditions in that country from the standpoint of one who has enjoyed peculiar opportunities for gaining exact knowledge. For instance, Dr. Hall's information concerning any response to Christian thought among Mohammedans was obtained from the Muslims themselves; he says that among many educated Mohammedans there is a deep longing for the advance of spiritual religion. This should come by the contact of the historic monotheism of Islâm with the purest and best types of Christian thought. As to Hinduism, enthusiasts may be disappointed in Dr. Hall's judgment that, as an organized system, it shows no weakening. "The apparent tolerance which marks the present time must not be mistaken for a decline of Hinduism. . . . It is true that in student circles the study of the physical sciences and the influences of Western culture are undermining Hindu orthodoxy. . . . But the student circle represents only a small fraction of the Hindu population." On the other hand, the influence of Christianity grows from day to day; its converts multiply in a ratio shown by no other religion. To the question, "Have you found that educated Hindus and Mohammedans have been confused by the so-called 'Higher Criticism,'" Dr. Hall replied that he had met with no trace of this kind among educated Indians. "I have been asked many thoughtful questions concerning the progress of the critical study of Holy Scripture, and I have been gratified to note the apparently widespread opinion that critical study is not only a privilege but a duty." Regarding the relative value of Christian work, Dr. Hall said that, considering the numerical proportion, he felt the efficiency of Christian effort among the educated classes to be relatively equal to its power over the illiterate. He was sure that the most encouraging of all aspects of Indian missions, however, were the boarding-school and help-for-famine-children features. As an institution for the development in Eastern society of a new type of manhood and womanhood the boarding-schools may be the salvation of Indian social life. Closely related with them is the wonderful opportunity given to missions in the army of famine children now enjoying protection and education in the mission compounds.

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enlarging its field of usefulness, seizing especially the recent openings in China and in the Philippine Islands. In the first country the demand for the Scriptures is unprecedented, and hence we note with satisfaction the approaching completion by Bishop Schereschewsky of his arduous task of twelve years in translating the Scriptures into Wenli, a dialect read anywhere in the Empire. Furthermore, the Gospels have been revised in the Mandarin dalect. In the Philippines the importance of giving the Bible to the people in their native dialects is emphasized by the fact that ninety-five per cent. of the population cannot read Spanish. The Gospels and the Acts have now been translated into the Pampanga dialect, and translations are in progress into the dialects called Visayan de Iloilo and Visayan de Cebu. The total circulation for one year in the islands, according to the last report, was nearly fifty-three thousand volumes, a notable record in view of ecclesiastical opposition, the comparatively small number of men employed, and the great inconveniences and dangers of travel.

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Dr. Wayland's Retirement

The formal retirement of Dr. Francis Wayland from the position of Dean of Yale Law School marks the end of thirty years of service characterized throughout by profound personal interest, by incessant work to build up the school, and by ever-widening appreciation. Dr. Wayland became instructor in the Law School in 1871, was advanced to full professorship a year later, and in 1873 became Dean. No sooner had he accepted this position than he made a vigorous endeavor to enlarge the equipment and develop the resources of the Law School. He promptly raised the sum of $25,000 for the enlargement of the law library; the school was reorganized; courses of study were rearranged and largely increased; the faculty was enlarged to include a number of new instructors and lecturers; larger accommodations were secured for the school; and its place and rank in the judgment of the country at large greatly advanced. The establishment of a post-graduate course of two years, with a degree of Master of Laws and Doctor of Civil Law, was one feature of the new programme laid down by the Dean. Twelve years ago the Law School had again outgrown its accommodations. The Corporation of the University provided a piece of ground near the campus, and the law faculty set about raising the amount necessary for the erection of a suitable building. Into this work Dr. Wayland put an immense amount of time and energy, with the result of securing the dignified and extremely convenient building in which the Law School is now lodged. When Dr. Wayland became Dean, the school had about ten pupils and was practically without a faculty, without a library, without permanent quarters, and without endowment; it has now nearly three hundred students, a faculty of about forty professors, instructors, and lecturers, an excellent legal library, and it is admirably housed. The work has been well done; and Dr. Wayland will be followed in his retirement by the affection and grateful remembrance of a host of graduates and of a still larger company of friends.

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A State Farm for Women

At the request of the Women's Prison Association of New York City, an act to establish a State Farm for Women has been introduced into the New York Legislature. The object is to provide a reformatory to which women "repeaters" from any part of the State may be sentenced for from one to five years. Under our present absurd system, for minor offenses "repeaters" are sentenced over and over again for short terms, varying from ten days to a month. Such sentences serve none of the supposed purposes of punishment. They have no deterrent effect either on the person sentenced or on other persons of similar character. They serve, of course, no purpose of reformation. In most cases they tend rather to confirm in a life of vagrancy and often of vice, and in many cases they practically sentence to a life of vagrancy and crime young girls who, under a different treatment, might be recovered to a life of industry and virtue. The expense of this absurd system is one of the least of the objections to it, but it is an objection which the taxpayer might be expected to recognize. A statement issued by the Women's Prison Association estimates

that the arrest of over two thousand women (in Kings County alone), each of whom acknowledged from five to two hundred previous arrests, involved an expenditure to the State of $103,800. If the same women were arrested once, and sent to the proposed farm, the cost would be $26,148. The act provides for the appropriation of $100,000 to provide the proposed farm, which would give to the inmates healthful and out-of-door employment in dairy, farm, and garden work. The promoters of this movement expect, though possibly in this they are a little optimistic, that the farm will be practically self-supporting. Certainly the expense to the taxpayers would be very much less than the present futile and extravagant method. In this beginning of the twentieth century no punitive system should be allowed which has not for its definite purpose well-considered plans for the reformation of the offender.

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A Jewish Sunday-School

A recent visit to the Sunday-school, or, as it is called, the "School for Religious Instruction," of the children of Temple Emanu-El in Fifth Avenue, New York, found the two things which the Religious Educational Association recently formed at Chicago designs to promote in the churches; viz., a high ideal of religious education, and, pursuant thereto, a thoroughly organized system of instruction. The ideal being to ground and train every Jewish child in the faith and doctrine of the Old Testament, the school is organized in six grades above the kindergarten department. An annex to it is an optional class in Hebrew on Saturday mornings. The lowest grade begins with children of nine years, and the highest grade is followed by the confirmation class for pupils in their fifteenth year. The six years' course is as follows: 1. The Patriarchs; 2. The Making of the Nation; 3. The Making of the Kingdom; 4. The Purification of the Nation; 5. The Dispersion; 6. The Middle Age and Modern Judaism. The topics of instruction in each year's course are in three lines—historical, religious, and ethical, except in the two highest grades, where literary topics take the place of ethical. The work is done in twelve class-rooms, for boys and girls apart. In these rooms, fitted up like those of a public school, an hour and a half is given to the lesson, after which all repair to the assembly-room for the closing exercises, occupying half an hour. An interesting part of these, besides devotional services for which there is a special manual, is the "Bright Side," or charitable service. It is announced that some poor child is in need; the name and the need are specified on a card. Some pupil volunteers to supply the need, and comes forward to take the card, which will be returned on a later day with an indorsement stating that the need has been supplied. A number of these cards are taken every Sunday, no names being mentioned. After the two hours spent in the school comes the morning service in the Temple for an hour and more, and some of the children attend this also. The twelve gentlemen and ladies serving as teachers are all college graduates, some with post-graduate degrees, and receive salaries varying from $100 to $300 a year; this with a view to secure regular service and responsibility to the School Committee of ten. The Principal, as overseer of their work, is also salaried, and the minister holds charge as Superintendent. Teachers' conferences are held fortnightly, at which papers relating to the work are presented and discussed. A post-graduate class completes the organization, and is served by eminent scholars, Jewish and Christian, in lectures upon Biblical subjects. The observable points of contrast with the church Sunday-school are (1) longer time, (2) larger expense, (3) more thorough work. Medals are awarded to the two pupils who pass the best written competitive examinations at the end of the school year. The church may learn something from the synagogue in the religious training of children. It would often be better to spend on the Sunday-school a part of what is spent on the choir. It would also be better for the Christian to imitate the Jew in teaching the post-Biblical as well as the Biblical history of his religion. A point of supreme importance, the connection of the home with the instruction given in the school, receives large emphasis in the year-book of the school, which supplies, with other helps, forms for children to use

Rainsford's orthodoxy. What authority they possess to substitute any other standard than that which is accepted by the priest in the service by which he is consecrated to his office, we do not know. To one not assuming to be an expert in the Episcopal canon law, this standard would appear to be simply the Holy Scriptures—whose infallibility and inerrancy are not affirmed—and especially and pre-eminently the "Doctrine and Sacraments and the Discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded and as this Church hath received the same." Perhaps Dr. Rainsford's critics may consider that "as this Church hath received the same" qualifies and determines the preceding words, "As the Lord hath commanded." We should ourselves give to the words a different meaning, and understand that it is the commands of Christ, not the traditions of the Church, that the priest accepts as alone binding on his conscience. Perhaps these clergymen think their statement is an adequate and unquestionable summary of those doctrines and that discipline. It reads as follows:

> We the undersigned, members of both the great historical schools of the Church, do solemnly declare, as in duty bound, that the great doctrines of the Gospel and of the Creed—namely, the Conception of our Lord Jesus Christ by the Holy Ghost and his birth of the Virgin Mary; the fall of man into sin and under the dominion of death; the redemption by our Lord Jesus Christ, who made upon the cross a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, without which we should be helpless; and who became thereby and by his intercession for us in heaven a Priest forever, our only Advocate with the Father, and the propitiation for our sins, the One Mediator between God and man—are the very truths of God. And further, so far from considering that the Bible is misleading and full of errors, we believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God.

If this statement is intended to be taken as a comprehensive and adequate embodiment of Christian doctrine—and this would appear upon its face to be its significance—it seems to us as defective for essentials which it lacks as for non-essentials which it contains. It says nothing about the Sacraments, nothing about the Church, nothing about the life of Christ, on which is founded his one command, "Follow me," nothing about his teaching, which he declared to be spirit and life, nothing about his resurrection, on which historically the Church is founded. On the other hand, it treats as among the essentials his miraculous birth, to which he never referred and which is never referred to in the Book of Acts or in the Epistles; the fall of man, which is never referred to by Christ and is referred to by Paul only incidentally and parenthetically; certain theological phrases such as "oblation" and "satisfaction," which do not appear in the New Testament at all; and, finally, it avers the Scriptures to be, what the Scriptures never declare themselves to be, "the Word of God," a phrase which the Bible reserves to designate the Christ himself. We do not know the history of this extraordinary modern syllabus of doctrine; but we suspect that some Episcopal clergyman sketched it off at a sitting to express the faith of the Church, much as Congregational clergymen are accustomed to sketch at a sitting a liturgy to be the expression of its worship—and with results in nowise superior.

The address of Dr. Rainsford which gave rise to this extraordinary extemporaneous standard of Christian doctrine was not reported in full. The clergy who have signed the criticism of their brother minister have done so on the strength of a newspaper report which they have done nothing to verify. They have shown as childlike and innocent a faith in an unknown reporter as they have a celerity to suspect an honored brother clergyman. Neither the notorious inexactitude of newspaper reports of religious addresses, nor the eminent Christian character and service of Dr. Rainsford, count for anything with his eager accusers.

To the council of the primitive Church at Jerusalem the fruits of Paul's ministry were sufficient evidence that his ministry was approved of God; to the modern heresy-hunter the fruits of a Christian minister signify nothing. For twenty years Dr. Rainsford has been preaching the Gospel in this city, with a fruitage which it is given to very few ministers of Christ in any Church to enjoy. Measured by this very modern creed he may be a heretic; we do not know. But of his candor and courage no one who knows him

has ever entertained a doubt, and we venture to say, from personal and somewhat intimate acquaintance with him, that, whatever he may think of the new creed so extemporaneously framed and so suddenly issued by this self-constituted council, there is no article in the accepted creeds of the Episcopal Church that he does not heartily and sincerely accept, and that the mediatorial work of Christ, which some of his critics have said he denies, is at once the foundation and the inspiration of his ministry.

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Prohibition or Temperance—Which?

Our paragraph congratulating the State of Vermont on its action in abolishing prohibition has brought us a number of letters, some of indorsement, some of protest. We give a considerable space to these letters, especially to those of protest. We have also asked Mr. Stewart, one of the ablest representatives of the prohibition movement, to give to our readers the argument in favor of prohibition, which he does in this issue of The Outlook. We here attempt no reply to that argument, or to the protestants whose letters we publish. We simply restate our own position, that our readers may understand the issue as it is presented by advocate and opponent. We may, however, add that neither Mr. Stewart's article nor the letters of the protestants have changed our opinion. We hope that the day is not far distant when Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota will follow the example of Vermont and New Hampshire and abandon the prohibition policy.

There is no question between the prohibitionist and the anti-prohibitionist as to the evils of intemperance. It is hardly possible to overstate them. The question is, How can they best be counteracted? Mohammed believed that the best way to counteract them was by prohibiting to his followers all use of wine. Prohibition is one of the cardinal laws of Mohammedanism; total abstinence is not only commended as a virtue, but commanded as a duty. Christ pursued a different method. He condemned drunkenness, but he did not forbid the use of wine. On the contrary, he drank it himself, made it on one occasion by a miracle, and commended it to his followers in the sacred Supper by which he asked them to commemorate him after he had died. This could not have been because he was indifferent to the evils of intemperance. It was because he thought there was a better way to counteract those evils than the way of prohibition.

That better way is the development of the whole man; such a development that the man will bring all his appetites, passions, and powers under the control of his higher nature. It is by imparting to the individual the power of self-control—of the appetite but no less of the temper, of the palate but no less of the tongue. It is by teaching the individual to see that the body is made to be the servant of the spirit, and by endowing the spirit with such power as will keep the body in subjection. Mohammedanism seeks to keep man innocent by shutting him off from temptation; Christianity seeks to make man virtuous by inspiring in him power to overcome temptation. Prohibition does not prohibit very well in Turkey, but it is probably more effectual in Constantinople than in Portland; it is certainly more effectual than in Bangor. And yet, after centuries of prohibition, required by religion and enforced by law, the Turk is more sensual than the Christian. There are more liquor-shops in London and Paris than in Constantinople, but Constantinople is a far more animal city than either London or Paris. The Outlook believes in the Christian method of dealing with intemperance; it does not believe in the Mohammedan method.

Mr. Stewart asks, Why not prohibit the sale of liquor as we prohibit stealing? The answer is that all stealing is a crime, and all sale of liquor is not a crime. Stealing violates the right of property, and that is one of those primary rights which government is instituted to protect. Selling wine or beer to a man who wishes to purchase wine or beer does not violate a primary right which government is instituted to protect. It is a right of the citizen not to have his property taken from him by violence or fraud; it is not his right not to have a bottle of wine or beer offered to him if he wishes it. We

do not doubt the right of the community to regulate and restrict the liquor traffic. It has the right to regulate and restrict any traffic that is extra-hazardous to the community; and the liquor traffic is extra-hazardous. There is the same justification for putting restraint upon the sale of liquor that there is for putting restraint upon the sale of gunpowder, dynamite, and the more deadly poisons. We do not doubt that the community has a personal character and a quasi-personal will of its own, and that it has a right, in the exercise of that will, to decide that it will have no open saloons. But the local community, the one which the saloon is by some supposed to benefit and by others supposed to injure, is the community to exercise this right of decision. The saloon in New York City neither benefits nor injures, except very indirectly, the people of Buffalo; therefore the people of Buffalo are not to decide whether the people of New York City shall have saloons.

It may not be altogether easy to define with exactitude what are the boundaries of a local community. But it is easy to state the principle, and it is a principle not impossible to apply. State prohibition is the act of one community imposing its will on another community. It cannot be enforced, because it ought not to be enforced. Local option is the act of the community in the exercise of its own will. It is a corporate act of self-control. Where there is a will there is a way; but when a law prohibiting the sale of liquor in the cities is carried by the votes of the rural districts, there is no will in the cities against the saloon, and therefore there is no way to close them. If we had the influence, we would persuade all men to remain out of the saloons; but if we had the power, we would not compel any man to remain out; just as we would persuade all men to go to church, but would not compel any. So, if we had the influence, we would persuade every local community to close its saloons; but, if we had the power, we would not close the saloons in any community against its will. The intelligent reader hardly needs to be told that we speak of sane men of mature age and in normal communities. We affirm the right and duty of teachers, in many cases, to prohibit wine and cigars to their pupils, and to require the attendance of their pupils on church services.

He who is inclined to believe in prohibition may reasonably ask us what alternative remedy we have to propose. Our answer shall not be wanting. The liquor traffic imposes heavy financial burdens on the community. We would, by a tax, transfer as much of these burdens as possible from the community which now bears them to the liquor traffic which produces them. This is the basis of the demand for high license. It is not a contrivance for making the community share the profits of the liquor traffic; it is a contrivance for making the liquor traffic share the losses which it inflicts on the community. We would give to every township, and in the larger cities to every election district, a right to vote on the question, Saloon or no saloon. In some States, perhaps eventually in all, we would have the State assume the exclusive right to manufacture and sell liquor, and so take away the incentive of private profit to push the sale. We would prohibit the Sunday sale in some communities and restrict it in others.

But we place no great reliance on these or any other legal restrictions. The most that law can do is to make vice difficult and virtue easy. Vice must be overcome and virtue promoted by other means. We would depend less upon force and more upon persuasion, less upon law and more upon influence, less upon restrictions and prohibitions of the traffic and more upon the moral and spiritual development of the community. We would rather make one man temperate by influence than ten men total abstainers by compulsion; we would rather develop in one man the power of self-control than control a dozen who could not or would not control themselves. It is to the moral and spiritual development of the individual that the temperance progress made during the nineteenth century is chiefly due. The progress is far more a result of changes in men than of changes in legislation. No man who reads Lecky's account of the drunkenness which prevailed in England in the eighteenth century, or the incidental pictures of the social habits of New England in the same century afforded by American biography, can doubt that such progress has been made. Drinking is more common in

America than it was half a century ago, but drunkenness is less common. Our ultimate remedy for the evils of intemperance, then, is making temperate men. And men are temperate, not when either their food or their drink is regulated for them by law, but when they have acquired the intelligence and the power to regulate both for themselves.

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Settlement Work

The valuable statistics recently presented at Albany throwing light on proposed child labor legislation in New York State were the fruits of Settlement work in the metropolis. Neighborhood workers in all parts of the city collected information concerning child labor in factories, stores, homes, and on the streets. In the neighborhood ministered to by the University Settlement, the Nurses' Settlement, the College Settlement, and the Educational Alliance, the blocks are packed with Italians, Russians, Rumanians, and Hungarians, and child labor is found both in the sweat-shops indoors and in the occupations of boot-blacking and selling papers out-of-doors. This district has long been known as the most picturesque and pathetic of all the congested quarters; but the city offers other quarters where thorough settlement work has long been a necessity. Gordon House on Eighth Avenue, and the Union Settlement in East One Hundred and Fourth Street, also minister to populations large, crowded, poor, needy, and ill supplied with educational and remedial agencies. The Union Settlement, for instance, furnishes, with one exception, the only kindergarten in an Assembly District with sixty thousand people; and the library of the Union Settlement is the only free library in a district far larger. The library at the University Settlement is now so influential an institution that its circulation amounts to 75,000 books per year; while its public baths minister to nearly eight hundred people on the warmest days. The East Side branch of the Provident Loan Society, located at the University Settlement, has become so successful that over sixty thousand pledges have been left with it in a single year.

These are but a few instances showing the need for help and the avidity with which it is welcomed. By increasing their size many of the settlements have also increased their ability to work and the range of their influence. Concentration and resultant economies are evident. At the same time there has arisen in the minds of some observers a feeling that the aims of the founders of settlement work were not being realized by so much combination and enlargement; that the personal, intimate, family influence was, to a certain extent, being lost in the institutional idea.

The head worker of the Union Settlement, to which reference has already been made, thus began his labors:

> Our first duty seemed to be to get acquainted with our neighborhood and our neighbors. We began with the janitor's family and one or two other families in No. 202 and the children of the block. . . . As we went about we made friends with the groups of boys playing ball, often taking part with them. The children called each of us "the doctor." After a short time one of the fathers of the children called to see the "doctor," of whom he had heard, to ask him to become chairman of the local branch of the City Vigilance League, which was languishing for lack of a head. Thus the men's work was started, the League being merged into the Club. In this simple, unpretentious way the work began. The head worker and his associate had no preconceived scheme of social reorganization to impose upon their neighbors. It was their desire merely to live their lives as good neighbors, and to let the needs and opportunities determine the lines of effort.

This may be accomplished, however, by the large settlement also. As Mr. Robert Woods, head worker at the South End House, Boston, justly says, the question is not as to whether settlements shall grow large or not, but as to *how* they shall grow large. His own institution has as much of a force and as large a plant as the New York University Settlement; but it is decentralized: in this way, many think, a neighborhood may be more thoroughly leavened, since, first, different social grades are reached from different points of attack, and, secondly, the neighborhood itself in its inherent interests is made a social unit and not the artificial congeries of interests which are developed, ready-made, by the settlement. Mr. Woods has striven to give the institutional growth of his work the form of public institutions; meanwhile, the resident houses remain in their simplicity,

One of these public institutions, for instance, is the protected "South Bay Union," a neighborhood town hall. The building forms a quadrangle, and incloses a garden plot which in the hot days and close evenings of summer makes a quiet bit of greenery in the city wilderness. The building itself is for men's workshops, reading and club rooms, women's noonday rest and coffee rooms, and children's industrial schools and kindergartens, besides the hall proper.

In New York and Chicago, however, there are greater alternating stretches of dismalness than in Boston, and it seems necessary in those cities for settlements to grow large, yet even in New York the Boys' Club in Avenue A, which now numbers over six thousand members and has an average nightly attendance of one thousand, shows by its own success the necessity for the personal, intimate relation which has always existed between the workers and the boys. Mr. Tabor, the Superintendent, knows each regular member by his first name, and devotes his whole time to personal relations with them, playing football and baseball and enjoying track athletics with them, attending to their many indoor clubs, and to the employment bureau. The membership and attendance show what may be obtained by constant, actual work, which does not include the collection of statistics, the writing of pamphlets, and the attending of conferences.

But these latter activities are also necessary. Dr. Blaustein, Superintendent of the Jewish "Educational Alliance," thinks, as do most experienced critics, that the work of large settlements depends upon the kind and number of workers. If the administrative work is attended to by a special staff, the social workers may then personally be in touch with the people of the settlement, even if the latter come in large numbers. In many neighborhoods of a congested city quarter the great need is one large neighborhood enterprise, to which people of various races, creeds, and language shall come, overstepping the divisions which ordinarily keep them apart. "Smaller neighborhoods cannot be compared in this respect with large ones," says Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago. "The need of the latter seems to be for a group of university men to reproduce in the slums, not so much the individual home of neighborly relation as a relation expressed from a center, in which men are held together by devotion to the impersonal, the uncommercial, the historical, and the large in life." These latter appear in the buildings of some settlements as well as in their activities. A tenement-house community is, according to Miss Addams, apt to put too much stress upon the personal, the petty, the little differences between different men—as, indeed, we all do. The settlement is an attempt to select the permanent and the typical out of the confusion of the accidental, and, of course, some of this work is best done in the large. While any institutional spirit of dryness and indifference is deprecated by all true workers, it may be found in the individual or a small group as easily as in a large one. The experience of Miss Addams leads her to think that "the larger group living together may more easily be kept generous-hearted and open-minded by the very give-and-take among themselves as well as between them and their neighbors." This is also the opinion of Mr. Robert Hunter, head worker of the University Settlement Society, New York City. Writing to The Outlook on this subject, he says: "Every American influence, good or bad—the saloon and school, the gutter and the art gallery, the Bowery dime museum and the opera—interferes with the ideal of the family—that is, in considering the families of immigrants in a congested community. But the settlement is an institution to which fathers, mothers, and children go. The parents come to see their children at play, to see them at their dances, to meet with their children's friends socially." Mr. Hunter adds: "So far as I know, the settlement is the only social movement which endeavors to keep alive a family-loyalty in the heart of the child."

In this growing work there is need, we think, both for the personal, family, house-to house endeavor and for the large, concentrated, institutional endeavor. Small families must live in neglected districts to do in a neighborly way what cannot be done in a larger way; but the small settlement cannot meet the entire need in tenement districts where multitudes of people have homes in which every room is a bedroom.

The large settlement building becomes the parlor, play-room, study-room, music-room of the neighborhood. It supplements the home. In the rich districts of a great city there is a parlor, music-room, nursery, for each individual family; the large settlement makes just this adjunct to the home for the whole neighborhood, supplying it as the small settlements cannot do.

The fundamental lesson for every one, after all, is that, whether in the family or the institutional endeavor, men and women ought to try to do what they can to *live with* the poor, as well as work for them. Only by combined living and working can there come a true and adequate sense of the rights and claims of others, a realization of what democracy should mean.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XIV.

May 28.

WE arrived at Florence Monday afternoon. Yesterday and today I have spent in the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries, which are really one gallery—at least one can pass from one to the other through a long, covered passageway across the Arno, one gallery being on one bank, the other on the other bank. I have brought away with me only a confused mass of impressions which it is impossible for me to analyze or disentangle. I could not see the pictures for their multitude. Florence is to me more confusing than Rome; perhaps because the interest of Rome is historical and I have studied history, and the interest of Florence is artistic and I have not studied art. I suppose if each picture were hung in a single line there would be, literally, something like a score of miles of them; hung as they are, close together and one row above another, there must be several miles. I wandered through a part of the rooms stopping to look at special pictures which for any reason impressed me; but each picture has expelled its predecessor from my mind or overlaid it, producing a confused impression like that of two photographs on the same film. Then I must confess to myself—I should hardly dare to confess it to any one else—that the uniformity of the themes treated by the various artists wearied me. There was a continual succession of Gospel scenes—the Nativity, the Madonna and Child, the Holy Family, Gethsemane, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross, over and over again. To B—— they were Giottos and Bellinis and Titians and Raphaels; each was noteworthy principally, not as the interpretation of a theme, but as the interpretation of the master. So she saw infinite variety of treatment, while I was oppressed with the monotony of the subjects. I longed for a simple landscape by Corot, or a soldier by Meissonier, or a group of cattle by Rosa Bonheur, or a dog by Landseer, or even a moralizing picture by Hogarth, or a parabolic one by Watts. If I were to hear the Messiah Monday night, and Mozart's Twelfth Mass Tuesday night, and Haydn's Creation Wednesday night, and Bach's Passion Music Thursday night, and Palestrina's—what did Palestrina write?—Friday night, by Saturday night I am sure I should want a comic chorus from Sullivan or a waltz from Strauss. If one is a fairly quick observer and a moderately rapid walker, he can see the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries in two days; but unless he is an artist he cannot see the pictures in either gallery, or, indeed, scarcely any of them, in two days; for that he ought to have at least two weeks.

May 29.

I have had a long talk with an art critic whom I have met at our pension. I could not in the least give her my point of view—that of a mere casual spectator of pictures who is ignorant of art—and I am not sure that I got hers; but at least I classified my own ideas in the endeavor to give them to her. They were foggy before; I will try to fasten them here while they remain clearly defined.

Art appears to me to be one method of giving outward expression to an inward life; philosophy is another method; liter-

ature a third; music a fourth, and so on. The expert is always interested in the manner in which that life is expressed. If he is a musician, he knows the motifs in the opera, recognizes the fugue in the oratorio, delights in the interweaving of the melodies in the canon; if he is a littérateur, he discerns the structure of the novel, perceives the artistic development of the oration, delights in the rhythmical pulse-beats of the poem; if he is a logician, the process by which the philosopher reaches the conclusion interests him, and he rejoices in the strength of the links in the argument as an iron-worker might in those of a chain; if he is an artist, what impresses him is the composition, the tone, the color harmony, and these are equally a delight to him whether the picture is a landscape, or a portrait, or a crucifixion. But the non-expert does not see, or cares little, for these elements; what interests him is the life expressed, not the method of the expression.

The other day in Rome B—— and I were standing before Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." Presently a friend came up and began to explain its parabolic meaning, and I was very glad to get the explanation and to learn that the picture was misnamed, that it should rather be called "Juvenile and Mature Love;" but B—— moved away. For this meaning of the picture, in which I was chiefly interested, she did not care, and explanation was an intrusion and a disturbance in her enjoyment of the purely artistic qualities of the painting. No doubt the logic of the philosopher, the rhetoric of the writer, the harmonic skill of the composer, the color skill of the painter, are necessary to produce the effect on the inexpert mind, but they are not what the inexpert mind sees. There are two Madonnas in the Pitti Gallery by Raphael—the Granduca Madonna and the Madonna of the Chair. The former appealed most strongly to B——, the latter to me. I could see, after B—— pointed it out to me, that the colors were not so harmoniously blended in the Madonna of the Chair as in other pictures in the same gallery—the Magdalen of Titian, for example; but five minutes were all I wanted before the Magdalen, while I came back again and again to the Madonna of the Chair; because, as I stood before this picture, the purity of the mother's face and her protecting arm, and the trusting repose of the child encircled by it, inspired in me a reverence for motherhood such as no philosopher could have inspired by his argument, nor novelist by his story, nor preacher by his sermon, nor even musician and poet combined by their song.

This quality in a picture is what I believe the art critics call "feeling." I think most of us who are not art critics judge pictures by their "feeling." To both the picture brings a message; but the messages are different: to the art critic it speaks of beauty in form and color; to the layman, through beauty of form and color it speaks of something else. If its only message is beauty in form and color it does not speak to him at all.

May 2.

The Italians have queer ways of celebrating their religious festivals. To-day is *Corpus Christi*, a day which emphasizes the adoration of the body of Christ in the consecrated host. It was celebrated last night by a fine display of fireworks from one of the bridges over the Arno. To-day the celebration was continued by a spectacular representation, in one of the public squares of the city, of the ancient chariot races. The chariots were made in the similitude of the Roman chariots, with one important variation—they were four-wheeled—so that practically all danger of an overset was eliminated. They raced three abreast, and the horses were put on the dead run. The sight was interesting and theatrically exciting, but not so exciting as similar chariot races that I have seen in Barnum's show. Barnum engaged in celebrating *Corpus Christi:* to a New England Congregationalist this seemed a trifle incongruous. It was, however, a great occasion and very popular. Seats were erected all around the square, and the scene was witnessed by thousands of spectators. The arrangements as to tickets and seats were admirable.

June 2.

To-morrow we go to Venice. I have not kept up this diary—why? Perhaps because we have been in a pension and it has involved some social duties—or should I call them pleasures?—I will say pleasurable duty. Perhaps because I had few distinct impressions to record. Perhaps I have been too busy in sightseeing and

too wearied by it to write down my reflections, or even to reflect at all. I have written nothing concerning San Marco, with its frescoes by Fra Angelico, and its cell of Savonarola; nothing of the Duomo and the deservedly famous Baptistry Gates; nothing of the Piazza Signoria, where Savonarola was burnt; nothing of our drive up on to one of the hills adjoining Florence, and of the wonderful view from its top; nothing of our visit to Pisa, and the beauty as well as the strangeness of its Leaning Tower—its strangeness I expected, but its beauty was a surprise to me; nothing of the extraordinary frescoes on the wall of Pisa's Campo Santo—especially that grotesquely materialistic one of the "Last Judgment." It was interesting to note that even in that olden time the artist depicted a priest or two as sent down to be burnt by theatrical-looking demons in hell. Florence even more than Rome needs time. One must be "in residence" to get its educational effects. It is one of the most interesting of cities to visit; it is one of the least satisfactory to "do."

June 3.

We have stopped at Bologna for the night on our road to Venice, and have gotten into the most interesting hotel I have yet seen. The dinner is served in an open courtyard around which the hotel—an old palace, I believe—is built. To-night while we were eating our dinner we were rather startled by seeing a coach and pair drive into our dining-room and a gentleman alight; he had come to the hotel to dine. It is this sort of thing which makes foreign travel always interesting; though I might not like such an interruption as a regular feature of the dinner hour. To-morrow we shall have an hour to drive about the city before taking the train for Venice.

June 4.

Venice! It did not seem so strange to get into a gondola with our baggage piled up in front and be rowed to our hotel from the railroad station, as it did to meet what I might call drays and carts of all descriptions on the water; for example, a boat labeled "American Express Company" and loaded with express packages of all sorts. This is, not, then, a dream city; it is a real one, where modern business is actually carried on. When we reached the Hotel de Rome, we were all made righteously indignant. I had written that week to ask if the hotel could give us rooms on the Grand Canal; had received reply that it could; and had written by return mail engaging them. When I got to the hotel and got my party in the hall and my baggage on the piazza and my gondolier was paid and dismissed, the manager, with smiling face, remarked that he could not give me rooms on the Canal, but could give me rooms just as good facing on the garden. "You wrote me," I said, "that you could give me rooms on the Canal." "What would you have me do?" he replied, with a deprecatory gesture; "would you have me turn my guests out of their rooms?" "I would have you not write me that you can give me what you cannot give me," was my rejoinder. I was glad to find that the ladies preferred to submit to inconvenience rather than to imposition. I left the Matron and the baggage on the hotel piazza and jumped into another gondola to search for another hotel. Fortunately, we found very satisfactory accommodations next door at the Hotel de Milan, all the more satisfactory for us because some dear friends of ours were also stopping there. I have since seen some acquaintances of ours who were at the Hotel de Rome who were treated in much the same fashion as ourselves, but remained and submitted rather than take the trouble to hunt up rooms elsewhere. I suppose that as long as travelers submit to be thus imposed upon there will continue to be hotel managers who will impose upon them. We have certainly fallen on our feet in coming to the Hotel de Milan. It is small, but very well managed. Our rooms look out on the Grand Canal, and all its ceaseless life is continuously before our eyes; our friends have rooms just above us; there is a pretty little garden about which the hotel is built; the food is excellent; we five have a table to ourselves in the dining-room, and a practical monopoly of a terrace or piazza, with the garden on one side and the Grand Canal on the other, where our after-dinner coffee is served, for no one else seems to have discovered it. I am not going to be a student as at Rome, nor a sightseer as at Florence; I revert to my original attitude of a Careless Traveler, and consecrate my days in Venice to idleness.

L. A.

Why Prohibitionists Are Undiscouraged

By Oliver W. Stewart

The following article by Mr. Oliver W. Stewart, Chairman of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party, presents in striking form the reason why two hundred thousand conscientious men go to the polls year after year to vote for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, ignoring all the immediate issues to be decided by the pending elections. Mr. Stewart has a personal record in politics that is quite unusual. Despite his official position in the Prohibition party, and despite the rather marked anti-prohibition tendencies of the city of Chicago, Mr. Stewart was recently elected to the Illinois Legislature from his own city, upon an independent ticket. The force of character which won the confidence of the voters in his own district has distinguished his management of the executive affairs of his party. He knows what he wants, and is not to be discouraged in his efforts to get it. In this article in The Outlook he puts strongly the argument that the failure of State prohibitory laws in most of the cities of Maine and Vermont and some of those of North Dakota and Kansas does not prove that National prohibition is unenforceable, because, he says, all of these prohibition States have been able completely to suppress the manufacture of liquor, and illegal saloons in them have obtained their supplies by importing liquor from other States and other countries. If the National Government, he urges, should prohibit the manufacture and importation of liquor, and if it were under the control of a party as devoted to the suppression of the liquor traffic as the Republican party was to the suppression of slavery, the difficulties of enforcement would disappear. We hardly need to say that this sort of suppression seems to us both impracticable and undesirable. That there is, however, a larger number in favor of this position than the dwellers in our large cities commonly suppose is indicated by the recent vote in Canada in favor of the complete suppression of the liquor traffic, and was shown also by the closeness of the recent election in Vermont which resulted in the overthrow of the prohibitory system. In view of this situation it seems a pity that there should not be adopted some means of registering public sentiment upon the restriction or prohibition of the liquor traffic at our yearly elections without requiring those who believe as Mr. Stewart does to throw away their vote upon all immediate problems in order to register their devotion to a National policy that has no visible chance of success. Such means is available in the political device known as direct legislation. This would allow prohibitionists to remain loyal to their ideals by registering their choice in favor of prohibitory measures, and at the same time would liberate their votes for other political principles. Radical temperance men might therefore well favor the union of all temperance forces in behalf of the principle of direct legislation. The Outlook makes this suggestion, although it dissents from the prohibitory programme and believes that the best legislation in behalf of temperance is coming, and will continue to come, through the increasing adoption of the principle of local option.—THE EDITORS.

IN the politics of the country the prohibitionist stands alone. A few hundred thousand, at the most, vote with him on election day. Nothing daunted, he keeps up the agitation and regularly votes his party ticket. A statement of his reasons for this course, which to many seems singular, may be interesting if not convincing.

Starting with the proposition that drunkenness is harmful and injurious to the individual, to society, and to the State, he assumes that the business of making drunkards is bad. A saloon-keeper may be kind-hearted, he may even prefer that his customers remain sober, yet he is engaged in a bad business, for he takes advantage of the weaknesses and appetites of men to their disadvantage and ruin. To be engaged in such business is wrong.

Governments are instituted, among other reasons, for the purpose of protecting the weak, defenseless, and helpless from the strong, powerful, and greedy. No government can be indifferent to the liquor traffic without stultifying itself. The success of the saloon means the destruction of citizenship, in part at least. Therefore the government must take some action with reference to the saloon business. The first concern of government with respect to any problem is to ascertain what is right. This inquiry must be based upon the fundamental proposition that, whether or not the

right is easily attained, the effort toward it must be made. With reference to other things this seems to be accepted as true. As to thieves, the question is not, Can the government put an end to all stealing? As to murderers, it is not, Can the government stop all murder? As to counterfeiters, it is not, Can the government prevent counterfeiting so completely as to make our circulating medium absolutely safe? As to all these it is recognized that first we must determine the question of right attitude. Shall the government forbid those things and to the fullest extent of its power punish the violators of its law, or shall it make some bargain or compromise with them? The answer is that the government, to be true to itself, must wage relentless warfare upon the enemies of society who violate its laws, and under no circumstance must it lower its standard to one of compromise or partnership. Consequently our law against stealing stands without any attempt to regulate the thief or to license him. Yet stealing goes on, and, if authorities are to be accepted, increases amazingly. So we contend that our Government must first determine whether the liquor traffic is something to be protected and fostered, or to be outlawed and fought, and that the question of our attitude toward it is to be determined by the principles of everlasting right. How soon we can succeed, or whether we can ever triumph completely, is a matter of secondary consideration. It will be accepted without argument that, if we cannot overthrow the liquor traffic by a righteous fight for a righteous principle, we never will kill it by any kind of compromise.

Following this line of reasoning, the party prohibitionist concludes that the license of the liquor traffic is wrong. Under such plan the government shares in the profits of a bad business, the effect of which is to destroy its citizenship. To assume that the purpose that the government has in accepting a money consideration is to punish the saloon-keeper does not change the fact that a portion of his profit in the business has gone to the government which was under obligation to protect its people rather than to strike hands with their enemy. Under any kind of license system the government gives its consent to the business and takes upon itself an obligation to protect it against any who would assail it, and the monetary consideration is no small part of the arrangement.

License, State control, dispensary, and other plans of the kind have failed. It never was claimed for such plans that they would put an end to drunkenness, and the most enthusiastic never for a moment claimed in support of them that the government would not be a partner in the business and a sharer in the profits. Sometimes it has been asserted that drunkenness has decreased where such plans have been established. This is quite generally given up, however, as to license, which but a few years ago was heralded as the real and final solution of the drink problem. And if it were true, as has not been conclusively proved, that State control or the dispensary reduces drunkenness to a small extent, the fact remains that the government is a partner in and responsible for the business, or so much of it as remains.

The party prohibitionist believes and asserts that no government can hope to find a remedy for the evil of intemperance so long as it is willing by legislation to take upon itself obligations to give any kind of protection to those who are engaged in the manufacture or sale of drink. Prohibition of the manufacture, sale, importation, transportation, and exportation is the only righteous policy for the Government to pursue with reference to the traffic. If necessary to have an amendment to the Federal Constitution to make this plan effective, let us have it. The Constitution has been amended; why may it not be amended again? The way to kill the saloon is not to close it at midnight, when men are turning their steps homeward and patronage would be light if not profitless, but to close the distillery and brewery which supply the drink the saloon sells. In such event saloons would go out of business, not so much because the law required it, as on account of lack of supply of the commodity they propose to sell. It is the height of governmental inconsistency to forbid drunkenness and legalize a saloon, or to forbid a saloon and protect the distillery and brewery by the power of legal enactment. If the business should be fought at all, why not fight it in the distillery as well as the saloon?

Fortunately, sufficient effort has been

made at this plan to prove its effectiveness. North Dakota, Kansas, and Vermont are among the States which have adopted prohibition of the manufacture of intoxicating beverages. Sometimes it is claimed that the law is a failure in those States, and attention is directed to the fact that liquor is sold secretly if not openly, and that drunkards are to be found in some places. The fact is overlooked, it would perhaps be improper to say willfully suppressed, that those States have not the slightest difficulty in enforcing the law prohibiting the manufacture. No one claims that the business of manufacturing continued in North Dakota after prohibition went into effect. The same is true of Kansas and of other States where any honest effort has been made to prohibit the manufacture and sale.

It is admitted that any liquor sold in these States is brought in from the outside. If the Federal Government put the same policy into effect, by amendment, if need be, it would be as easy to prohibit the sale in other States as it has been in those where the manufacture is suppressed.

Our point of attack is the distillery and brewery. There are only a few thousand of them in the United States, and the greater part of them are small affairs. As a matter of fact, most of the intoxicating liquor in the United States is made by a few large establishments, or at least by establishments under the control of a few men. It is ridiculous to direct our entire agitation toward two hundred and fifty thousand retailers, when a few thousand distillers and brewers hold the key to the situation.

So far, other reformers—and our party prohibitionists have sometimes joined in the effort—have attempted to combat the liquor traffic with Sunday-closing laws, laws prohibiting the sale to habitual drunkards and to minors, and with laws requiring the closing of saloons at certain hours, and have ignored, to a large extent, the fact that the great source of it all was untouched. Some of the efforts directed against the saloon would be humorous if they were not so pitiful. Some good reformers have directed their efforts toward removing all chairs and benches from saloons, as though a chair was a large cause of drunkenness. Others have proposed to take the free lunches out of saloons. Why not leave the lunches and take the whisky out? Do men get drunk on lunches? Others have proposed to remove screens, as though a screen were a cause of intoxication. It has been proposed to take almost everything out of saloons ever known to be in them, except the whisky which produces drunkenness. We are not unmindful of the fact that lunches, benches, chairs, and screens may have some part in the harm which saloons work; but they are incidents, and to direct one's attack against them comes dangerously near tilting at windmills.

The party prohibitionist has helped many good efforts directed against the saloons; but he never loses sight of the fact that the objective point is the manufacture, and after that the importation, exportation, and transportation, of intoxicating beverages. His plan will prove easy because it is sweeping and complete.

Of course it has never been tried with a real prohibition party back of it. At the best it has been tried in a few States with parties unfriendly, and with politicians to enforce it who were mortgaged in advance to the liquor men. Despite all these handicaps, there was so much merit about the plan that it was and is steadily opposed by the liquor men. If there were any doubt as to whether prohibition is the right policy, that doubt would be removed if one would notice that the men engaged in the saloon business fight with determination and with every means in their power any effort to put that policy into effect. They know their worst enemy, and use their utmost endeavors against it.

The plan of the party prohibitionist is scarcely ever objected to. That is to say, the statement of it invariably brings an admission that, once put into effect, it would be final and complete. A government adopting that plan is able to come into court with clean hands. It has no part or lot in the profits of the business. It places the men who are engaged in an effort the result of which must be the ruin and destruction of citizenship, on a plane with thieves and murderers, counterfeiters, and others who are recognized as foes to peace and happiness. A government so armed is ready for a battle with its foes.

It is the rule with those who criticise the Prohibition party never to state its real plan and purpose, which, I presume, is because our friends who write and speak

about us have not taken time to ascertain what we are trying to do. Ordinarily it is claimed that we propose to make men sober by law; that we expect to cure drunkenness by legal enactment, and so on. The truth is, our contention always has been that prohibition takes the government out of partnership with the business, and is the recognized rule of government with reference to evil things that destroy or interfere with the happiness of the citizen. We have advanced only the well-worn and long-recognized doctrine that it is better to do right than to resort to any kind of compromise or makeshift.

We believe that every citizen owes it to himself to vote for this policy; hence the Prohibition party, organized and in the field with a ticket at every Presidential election, and in most of the States at every State election and even at the local election. This gives the prohibitionist an opportunity to put himself on record by means of his ballot in favor of the policy in which he believes. The plan could not fail; for a prohibition party in power, pledged to the principle of prohibition, led by men who believe in that principle, with officials in office elected as the result of its advocacy, would close every distillery and brewery in the United States. That act would give the beverage liquor traffic a death-blow. Possibly drunkenness would continue in a way. Perhaps it would continue for all time to come; but the government at least would have assumed a right attitude toward it, and with the liquor traffic outlawed we would have a clear field for handling the problem. The key to the solution is prohibition with a prohibition party back of it.

We hold it to be little less than sinful to vote the ticket of a political party which stands for the saloon policy. The Republican and Democratic parties do stand for such policy. Proof is found in the fact that where they are in power, with only occasional exceptions, the saloon is legalized, and enjoys the same protection of law which is granted to the church, the home, and the school. If the policies put into effect by these parties do not determine their attitude, then, of course, there is no way to ascertain what their attitude is. If it be fair ever to hold a party committed to the policy which it has put into effect, then it must be true that the Republican and Democratic parties are in favor of the license and legalization of the saloon.

Since it is true that he who votes a party ticket votes for the things for which the party stands, the one who votes a Republican or Democratic ticket votes for the present saloon policy in effect at the hands of those parties. To vote for such policy the prohibitionist insists is wrong.

The Prohibition party came into existence because there was no hope that either of the old parties would become such. The battle which would be necessary in order to carry the Republican or Democratic party over from the liquor column into the prohibition ranks would rend the party to pieces, and make it impossible for it to become an effective political instrument for a victorious campaign. Great as the problem is of building a new party, it is easy by comparison with the greater effort necessary to renovate and clean up political parties which have enjoyed the spoils of office for years as a result of partnership with the worst and meanest of our citizenship.

No man has any right to assert that a new political party cannot be triumphant in the politics of this country. It has happened in the past. The history of political parties proves that they may be expected to rise and fall, to decay and die, and give way to new organizations. The two dominant parties have lost much of the respect in which they were once held. There is political unrest which may easily result in sending men by millions into a new organization.

The saloon problem will not be settled until it becomes an issue in our politics. Our plan, if it were supported at the ballot-box by the good people who are working for the reform along other lines, would make the question the dominant issue in some campaign of the very near future. Many firmly believe, and with good reason too, that half a million to a million votes cast for the prohibition principle in a Presidential election would compel the attention of politicians and statesmen in a most emphatic and decisive way. Ours is an effort to get the issue before the people, and then to get the people to settle it right by outlawing the distillery, brewery, and the saloon. All that is attempted in present-day measures designed to restrict or regulate the traffic would be accom-

plished more easily by striking a direct blow as proposed by the Prohibition party.

The vitality and persistence of that party is accounted for by the directness, simplicity, righteousness, and practicability of its plan. The things that have combined to keep the party in existence against overwhelming odds will, we believe, bring that larger support in the near future which will give the question of the saloon the important position in American politics that it deserves.

Prohibition—Pro and Con

We have received a great number of letters on the subject of prohibition, especially in the States of Maine and Vermont. We have not space for all. To make room for as many as possible, we are compelled to condense by omission those that we do print—omitting chiefly repetitions, or philosophical deductions, or rhetorical expansions. We have tried to give to our readers—especially to those who disagree with our positions—the largest possible space and the best possible opportunity for a free and full expression of their opinions.—THE EDITORS.

LAWBREAKING UNDER PROHIBITION

The Rev. C. Julian Tuthill, Secretary of the York Central Association of Ministers, Maine, has conveyed to The Outlook the information that, in view of a recent statement in our columns, the Association unanimously passed resolutions saying that, so far as they knew, they believed that there was not one in ten of the ministers of the State of Maine who was in favor of high license and local option; and that they knew that the proportion was even less in their own county. Mr. Tuthill adds on his own responsibility:

Maine is not free from drinking. The express companies violate our law daily, if not the inter-State law which overrides the State. Brewers and liquor-dealers outside do not hesitate to seek the patronage of even ministers to mail their circulars. A prominent lumber-dealer five miles away has declared that liquor in Maine means an annual loss of a thousand dollars to him. I have seen jugs and beer-boxes while hunting and fishing in woods and by ponds, and have been permitted once to refuse the whisky-flask myself. Liquor is often left by teams in out-of-the-way places.

And there is a spirit of lawbreaking among us. Strong prohibitionists support the lawbreaking by patronizing Sunday newspapers. Photograph galleries are open Sundays. Dentists work on that day. Mill-owners are not afraid to set an example in that direction. I do not know of a trout brook around Sanford that I would care to fish on Monday. Many a partridge finished his career last fall on the Lord's Day. We do not plead perfection. But we do press forward toward that goal.

The State is aroused for enforcement as no other State has been. The law is being enforced better and better. At the same time the liquor interests are clamoring for re-submission. What does that mean if not that more liquor would be sold if high license and local option could be brought about? Why should men sink money in a campaign for re-submission if they do not expect to gain more money than it costs? And we do not want any more liquor sold in Maine than is sold at present. We have misery and woe enough. If the good people of a town or city are in the majority, and vote to have no liquor sold within their borders, thus hindering the minority, has not a majority in the State the same right?

The prohibition law of Maine is to her everlasting credit. . . . We do not want our children to pass the open saloon on the way to school and to higher life. . . . We believe in taboo. . . . Why not encourage us to work out the problem of enforcement, which we are doing? No other State in the Union has such a splendid temperance sentiment. This sentiment has been fostered and encouraged by the form which it has taken. The spirit of law-enforcement is taking hold everywhere, and is being applied to other matters than temperance.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Sensible people, and men who know the world, as well as those who are conversant with the hypocrisy and *intemperance* of the citizens of Vermont and other prohibition States, will thank you for stating frankly and honestly the facts. I say the *intemperance* of the citizens of the State of Vermont, and I say it advisedly, having had considerable medical experience in that State. It is no more difficult for the student to get his beer in Burlington than it is in New Haven. A traveling man may walk into a bar for his whisky, and, while he is drinking it, hear from the church across the way the strident tones of a woman temperance exhorter thanking God that the women have been strong enough to compel the expulsion of liquor and rumsellers from

the State of Vermont. To state that the increase of insanity and morbid mental diseases due to alcoholism and other narcotics has been so marked in Vermont as to call for extensive reports from physicians is only repeating what has appeared in many medical journals. The fact that the great market for patent medicines is found in the prohibition States will explain the reason for this increase of alcoholism. That most, if not all, of these "tonics" contain from fifty to seventy per cent. of alcohol, that but few are free from morphine or cocaine, and that these "tonics" are to be found in almost every farmhouse, is well known to the physician. The amount of laudanum, opium, and morphine consumed in the country towns is enormous—conditions not found in towns where a man is allowed to get his glass of beer at noon or a glass of liquor when his work is over.

Baltimore, Md. WILLIAM LEE HOWARD.

DO THESE FIGURES INDICATE A REAL MORAL REFORM?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

. . . "Stimulants in Forensic Medicine," which appeared in "The Medico-Legal Journal" (the official organ of the New York Medico-Legal Society) in its numbers for September and December, 1901, is the report of a paper read before that Society in April, 1901, by Dr. A. P. Grinnell, of Burlington, Vt. Feeling that the use of stimulant in some form is almost universal, and that abstention from alcohol is made up by the use of tea or coffee, or narcotics and other drugs, he began an investigation of drug-consumption in his State. The result was appalling, and was of especial interest to me, as I had years ago observed that among the most ardent workers for "prohibition" were people who saturated themselves with strongest tea, coffee, and tobacco, or who were perpetually using Jamaica ginger, or "pain-killer," and other patent medicines containing opium in some form.

". . . In 71 towns of Vermont, being the only ones having legally authorized liquor agencies, there was sold during the last fiscal year $251,622.99 worth of liquor, or what was equivalent to $1.38 worth of liquor for every man, woman, and child living in these 71 towns. Burlington, the largest city in the State, and a town the population of which is hardly more temperate or healthy than elsewhere in the State, was not included in the list. All in all, over one quarter of a million dollars' worth of liquor was legally required by a population of 182,356 people for medicinal purposes, and the health reports show no epidemic or undue prevalence of disease."

In addition to this astonishing amount of alcoholic sales, Dr. Grinnell's investigations showed that: "In the regular drug-stores, and in 160 of the 172 general stores, in the State of Vermont they sell every month 3,300,000 doses of opium, besides what they dispense in patent medicines, and besides what the doctors dispense, which gives one and one-half doses of opium to every man and woman in the State of Vermont above the age of twenty-one years, every day in the year." Can any more shocking condition be found in any State where liquors are sold freely? That should be a subject well worth investigation by the advocates of prohibition. I know of no present statistics anywhere showing how it may be.

. . . I am not advocating the habitual use of alcohol in any form, but, assuming that Dr. Grinnell's theory is correct, and that every human being craves some stimulant, it would seem that those who cannot satisfy the demand of nature by the moderate use of tea, coffee, or tobacco had better be allowed to use alcohol openly and legally, rather than be forced to purchase it by stealth, or resort to drugs whose use, under competent medical advice, should be confined strictly to the relief of pain and disease.

PHILIP K. TAYLOR, M.D.

Kingston, R. I.

PROHIBITION WOULD THEN APPEAR TO BE A FORM OF LOCAL OPTION

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Let me preface my correction with the statement that for three and a half years I was Secretary of the Christian Civic League of Maine, and during that time visited and spoke in all parts of the State on good citizenship. The liquor traffic in Maine has been confined to sixty-seven centers, according to the list of United States liquor tax payers in the State. At least eighteen of these taxes were paid for "centers" located in the wilderness

part of the State for the accommodation of sportsmen. Forty-nine municipal centers, then, had liquor-sellers. Recent aroused temperance sentiment has secured the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor laws in eleven of the sixteen counties in Maine, and large portions of the other five counties are free from the traffic. In the election of last September—a State election—11,000 Republican voters, who voted for the Republican candidate for Governor, refused to vote for Republican candidates for Sheriff and County Attorney because these candidates had been or promised to be nullifiers of the liquor laws. This surprisingly large defection among Republican voters, and the consequent election in several counties of Democratic temperance sheriffs, startled politicians, and the Supreme Court has since taken the attitude chronicled in The Outlook, that expresses the recognition of an insistent public sentiment for enforcement, and is a confession of previous judicial remissness. Never in the history of the State has there been such general and vigorous enforcement of prohibition as to-day. This enforcement condition has the hearty indorsement of the people at large throughout the State, and no one but saloon men complains. The growing demand in Maine is for the retention and enforcement of prohibition, and not for a change to any form of license. I speak from a personal knowledge when I say that neither a large proportion nor a majority of the clergy of Maine favor a change from prohibition to any form of license. In their State gatherings and at the meetings of their associations the Baptists, Congregationalists, Free Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, and Friends have repeatedly indorsed prohibition and demanded enforcement. During the past four years I have personally met and conversed with a large majority of the clergymen of Maine, and I have not found a dozen among them who desire the substitution of license for prohibition, and the dozen who entertain such desire are mostly users of wine.

Mr. Cutler's comparison of Bangor, "a prohibition city," with Brockton, Mass., a license city, is ludicrous. . . . Bangor is and has been for years as much of a license city as is Brockton. The local authorities in Bangor have for years authorized, licensed indirectly, the open saloon. Local rules have been adopted for the "regulation" of the saloons, and they are troubled only if they fail to comply with these rules. For this permission to sell liquor the saloon-keeper regularly walks into court and pays the license fee in the shape of a machine fine. Two years ago the chief of the Bangor police detailed Captain Fahey, of the night police force, to show a friend and myself through the Bangor saloons. Liquor was bought, sold, paid for, and drank in the presence of this police captain and ourselves with the utmost freedom and sense of security. I was assured, not only by this concrete example, but also in word, that Bangor saloons which kept the Bangor rules were not troubled by Bangor authorities. Here was a city assuming to locally legislate against the State Constitution and statutes, and authorize the sale of liquor in a prohibition State, and the Rev. Mr. Cutler calls it a city under prohibition! Yes, and proceeds to compare such a city under such a prohibition with a city locally licensed in an adjoining State, and assumes that, if Bangor could have local license, the amount of drunkenness would thereby be lessened! Had he selected Auburn, Maine—a city where the saloon has never been permitted to exist—his comparison would have been just, and the immense advantage of prohibition over license would have been shown.

WILBUR F. BERRY.

Kent's Hill, Maine.

THEN THE MAJORITY DO NOT RULE IN VERMONT

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am confident that to every sincere temperance man the result of the Vermont election was a bitter disappointment.

Residing in Burlington and doing business in Canada, with a large acquaintance with every State in the Union, I can say from actual observation that the prohibition law in Vermont has worked admirably for fifty years, and has not been violated any more than any other law restraining evil on the statute-book. The radical prohibitionist could at any time hold the State of Vermont up as an example of the beneficent effect of a prohibition law. The fact is that fully ten thousand voters took no part in the election, many feeling it unnecessary, others

from a lack of interest, while all the foreign element in the manufacturing centers, combined with the so-called liberal element and the active liquor interest, turned out in full force and defeated the will of the large majority of the very best citizens of the State. . . . I am confident that were the vote taken again in the next thirty days, prohibition would win. As it is, nothing is settled except the fact of the open saloons in the few larger towns, and a continuation of the fight with its resulting demoralization, as money will be spent freely by those whose interest it is to make an open market for the sale of their wares. The utter impracticability of prohibition in New York, or even in a State like Massachusetts, leaves no alternative for a conservative temperance man to vote for anything but the best regulated license possible, with local option, but I feel that The Outlook is sadly mistaken in its views when applied to the Green Mountain State.

GRANT H. BURROWS.

Brockville, Ontario.

LOCAL OPTION IN A PROHIBITION STATE

To the Editors of The Outlook:

An interesting phase of the relation of liquor selling to the interests of a community is shown in the recent action of the town of Machiasport in Maine. It is well known that, in spite of the State prohibitory law, liquor is sold in a number of places. The toleration of such sale is commonly excused by the officers of the law on the grounds that the prohibitory law is odious and that the local community and not the State should decide the question as to the sale of intoxicating liquors in any place. To this excuse is almost invariably added the statement that the people really want liquor sold.

The town of Machiasport has recently taken a step that, if followed by other towns, may ultimately serve to distinguish between those communities actually desiring "no license" and those whose vote, if the opportunity to vote were given, would be for license.

The Board of Selectmen and the newly organized Machiasport Improvement Society have begun a movement to attract the attention of those wishing summer homes. The importance of freedom from the unpleasant features necessarily attending the sale, especially the illegal sale, of intoxicating liquors is vital to the best interests of a colony of summer cottagers. As one citizen remarked: "No matter how much the business man may demand his wine at his club, the last place he wants his wife and children to spend the summer in is a place where liquor is sold, legally or illegally." The sentiment against any possible infringement of the law was such that in the town meeting of March 2, 1903, the following resolution was unanimously passed as Article 7 of the town warrant:

Resolved, That the best interests of our community would be antagonized by the sale of intoxicating liquors within the limits of our town, and we accordingly assure the officers of the town, and of the law, of our hearty support in the enforcement of the law respecting such sales.

Such an action on the part of a whole community shows a clearness of thought and a foresight that are rare in legislation relating to the liquor traffic. It is perfectly evident that in Machiasport at least the sale of intoxicating liquors is not desired.

It is impossible to foretell at this date the probable effect of an action such as this on would-be infringers of the law. Certainly the sheriff and deputies would have a clear case for the complete repression of the liquor traffic within the limits of the town of Machiasport, should such ever be established. F. G. B.

Middletown, Conn.

CONFIRMING THE LOCAL OPTION IDEA

A correspondent from Springfield, Missouri, writes us in advocacy of prohibition and in protest against local option. It appears to The Outlook that he unintentionally confirms the doctrine of local option when he states that "the Maine law is enforced in many of the counties—*wherever, in fact, the people demand it.*" This is tantamount to saying that prohibition prohibits only on the principles of local option. The substance of this correspondent's letter is as follows:

"I was born and received twenty-three years' training in a prohibition State. At present I am living in a high-license State. I have had opportunity to watch the operation of local option. From my knowl-

edge of these three methods I am led to believe that the prohibition law as on the statute-books of Maine is the best solution of the problem so far. As to the cry, 'Prohibition does not prohibit,' let us consider the facts. In Bangor, often pointed to as an example of prohibition's failure, we find that the 'Bangor plan' has been broken, as a judge and a county attorney have seen fit to enforce the law, and the bars are shutting down and the liquor men are going out of business. Why did the liquor power, both within and outside the State, oppose so desperately the election of Sheriff Pearson in Cumberland County, Maine? They knew that the liquor traffic could be stopped. The struggle in Androscoggin County last spring between the rum power of Lewiston and those representing good government ended in the election of Sheriff Cummin. As a result, the saloons are closed. Their keepers openly gave up the fight, for they knew that they had in Sheriff Cummin a man who would not compromise with lawbreakers.

"It is claimed that the liquor-selling is driven into the low places. Why do the wholesale liquor-dealers fight so persistently the prohibitory law if under it they can sell the same amount? They cannot. Let the business men of Portland and Lewiston testify. They tell us that families who, before the law was enforced, bought no meat, now buy to considerable extent. The Maine law is enforced in many of the counties—wherever, in fact, the people demand it.

"Local option, the compromise measure, is our worst enemy. A town made up of foreigners, as are many of the Massachusetts towns, will vote 'license,' and thus offer a chance, perhaps in the very heart of several 'no-license' towns, for securing liquor and practically thwarting the purposes of the 'no-license' towns.

A READER."

NO RIGHT TO DIFFER WITH THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS OF VERMONT

To the Editors of The Outlook:

. . . It is difficult to keep one's faith in The Outlook's claims to open-mindedness and temperateness after reading in the recent reply to Vermont protestants that the witness to the contrary of "all the Congregational ministers in all the larger towns" "does not in the least modify our convictions." It appears to us that this will strike most men as a most marked example of intemperate dogmatism. What right has any assumed leader of the thought of men to set his convictions concerning methods of dealing with moral questions thus against the testimony of such a body of men as it may be assumed Congregational ministers of Vermont are, and who live on the field and know the conditions at first hand?

ALLAN C. FERRIN,
[A Congregational minister.]

A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER WHO THINKS OTHERWISE

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The village parson who stays at home attending to his parish duties and his little flock, and sees little of what is going on except about his own "vine and fig-tree," declares, "Vermont is free from drunkenness, lawlessness, blackmail, etc.," "Prohibition prohibits." (Would that it were true.) But the parson who, like Bishop Hall, for example, moves about over the Green Mountain State, with his eyes open, asserts, "Prohibition in Vermont is a farce." And the temperance men of sound judgment who went to the polls at the referendum agreed with the Bishop. If the "temperance people" did not make the change, who did? The fact of the matter is, thousands of temperance men who did not know the taste of liquor, like myself, were sick and tired of the conditions as they existed, and voted to place the question where it belongs, in the hands of the people. I venture to state, after traveling all over the State several times in the past few years, that one could see more drunkenness in any of the larger towns than in towns of similar size in either Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, or Rhode Island. The Church has paid little, if any, attention to teaching total abstinence. Instead of issuing "protests," let these clerical brethren go to work and fight the liquor habit. Organize "Bands of Hope"—temperance associations—and get the people, young and old, to sign the pledge; it will be more sensible than to fume and rave over a merited defeat at the polling-booth.

A CONGREGATIONAL CLERIC WHO VOTED "YES."

MUST ALL LAWS BE ENFORCEABLE?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Hodder's discussion of inadministrable laws, in "A Fight for the City," has raised in my mind a question the solution of which, I believe, causes every thoughtful voter grave doubt.

If I do not misunderstand Mr. Hodder, his view is essentially that a law that cannot be enforced should not remain a law. The contention is not a new one. It is the point where prohibitionist and advocate of license have parted company for years. But if we accept it, what does it mean? That a law to be good must be perfectly enforced? That cannot possibly be, since every law is sometimes broken. That it must not be frequently and flagrantly violated? But how frequently and how flagrantly? Who is to decide? And, again, because a law is not enforced, must we conclude that it cannot be? Would Mr. Hodder hold that whenever a considerable public opinion seems against the enforcement of a law, that law should be repealed? Then why attempt to prohibit polygamy in Salt Lake City? Does not the very fact of commanding majorities sufficient to enact and retain a law give presumptive evidence of a considerable public opinion in favor of that law? Is not the mistake rather in the pernicious belief that law is self-enforcing?

Mount Hermon, Mass. W. E. A.

There is a very vigorous, clear, and uniform public opinion entertained by a great majority of the citizens of the United States concerning polygamy. No such public opinion exists concerning the use of alcoholic beverages.—THE EDITORS.

The Watchers: An Easter Poem

By Mabel Earle

Far in the fading sky the stars are dying.
O Son of God! Thou diest nevermore.
Above the lowly tomb where Thou art lying
The day shall break as never day before
For all on earth whose waiting hearts are sore.
Lo, Lord, they mourn Thee now with bitter weeping,
While through the night in love our vigil keeping
We veil our eyes above Thy sacred sleeping,
O Son of God! Whom all Thy hosts adore.

Far in the east the silver light is breaking.
O Christ our King! Thy broken fetters fall.
The fading stars sing out for Thine awaking,
Beneath Thy tread the walls of Earth are shaking,
Mountain to mountain thunders at Thy call.
Lo, where the quickening rose-light thrills and quivers,
Lo, where the radiance strikes along the rivers,
Till every wave in trembling glory shivers!
O Christ our King! the day has dawned for all.

He is not here, not here, for He is risen.
O Sun arisen with healing in Thy ray!
Behold the rocky walls that were His prison,
Where from the door the stone is rolled away.
Draw near and see the place where once He lay!
Not here, not here! risen while ye were weeping;
Gone forth in triumph from the Shadow's keeping—
O hills of Earth, be glad and praise and pray!
Ye silent vales, break forth, break forth in singing,
While far above the dawn and sunrise winging
We raise the anthem high to heaven ringing—
O Sun arisen forevermore this day!

A Preacher's Story of His Work[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

II.

WHEN I left Cambridge, the question was, "Where shall I go?" I had attained a certain reputation because of my speaking at the East End—such speaking as it was. My father naturally thought it would be a good thing for me to be in London. He had considerable influence; and it would not have been difficult for me to become a curate at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where Canon Conway, of Westminster, a great friend of my father's, was at that time the rector. But I felt that were I to become curate of a great and fashionable London church, I should become worldly and frivolous. Besides, I was not fit for the place; I did not know enough; and, as I look back, I cannot thank God enough that, with all my faults and sins, I was determined from the bottom of my soul to do the best I knew. I think if a man, by God's grace, can keep in that unworldly spirit, it is wonderful how he will pull through without any human help; for I had no help from any one in these matters. I came to the conclusion that London was not the place for me. About this time a man I had never heard of offered me a curacy in Norwich—the Rev. William Nottage Ripley. Norwich was a city of 85,000 people in the center of the shoe trade, at that time in a most depressed condition, being torn between the old and new methods of manufacturing—handwork and machinery. I heard of the unfortunate conditions and of the unsatisfactory religious life in the churches, and I knew there was work to be done; and, as always, jumping before I looked, I accepted the offer.

My father, when he was bidding me good-by, gave me a piece of advice for which I can never be thankful enough, and which I have repeated in hundreds of cases, I hope with profit to all who have heard it. He said:

"You are going to a place where you will probably have a great deal of speaking and teaching to do. You are not prepared to do it; let me give you one bit of advice: Give your whole week, if necessary every single morning in the week, to preparing as thoroughly as you can one discourse; if you do that thoroughly, you will never run utterly dry, even if you have to speak five or ten other times during the week without preparation."

I owe a great deal of my success to following out that one idea. If you enrich your mind on one single subject, honestly and persistently, it gives you a certain sense of security, even if you have to repeat it again and again. I found that by concentrating on one subject, and keeping at it until I had something to say on it that was worth listening to, I was never utterly defeated.

I went to Norwich. I had never seen my rector nor his wife, but found they lived in a beautiful place called Earlham Hall, three miles out of Norwich. There was a trap waiting for me at the depot. I put in my little portmanteau, and said I would walk. After I had been walking some distance, I met a lady walking along with a very sprightly gait; she looked hard at me and said, "You must be our new curate." "Are you Mrs. Ripley?" I asked. "I am," she said; and that was my first meeting with the woman who was afterwards a second mother to me.

The next Sunday evening I preached my first sermon in St. Giles's Church. It was a beautiful church—over four hundred years old—one of forty-eight churches in Norwich, surrounded by a parish composed of the very poorest shoemakers, and a certain element of professional men—lawyers and doctors—belonging to the town. Naturally, that Sunday evening before I spoke was a terrible time for me. I had made the best preparation I could for my first sermon; it was extemporaneous; somehow I felt from the start that I lost power by

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writing. I have always spoken to people. Sometimes I have written what I really felt to be a good sermon; I have worked over it until not a sentence could be changed with profit, as far as I could see; I have read it, and lost in power. I cannot account for that, but it is so.

Naturally, the whole congregation turned out in Norwich to hear the new curate. When I got into the pulpit, I was full of misery; never have I forgotten the agony of that first sermon. I walked down as into the darkness. I felt that I had made a hopeless failure. And as I stood alone, Mrs. Ripley came up to me and said, "Thank God, my boy, that you have been called to preach."

I began a strenuous life in Norwich. I lived in a tiny house, but I was very comfortable. My rector insisted on my visiting, and visit I did. Before I knew it I was simply overwhelmed with the amount I had to do. It seemed to me I did not seek it; it sought me. If I were to describe to you the religious state of that town, you would scarcely believe it. There were forty-eight old churches—college livings—very poor livings, but enough for a man to live on. The holders of some of these livings did little—some had sunk into a spiritual slough. I did not know them, as a rule; they looked upon me as a wild firebrand, and had nothing to say to me. I think now, on looking back, I was often thoughtless in my dealings with them and hasty in my judgments. One church, a very old church, was held by a don of Cambridge, a remarkable scholar in his day. That man was a curiosity. On certain occasions he used to have, comparatively speaking, a full church, because he introduced certain things into the service that amused people. Among other things, when he came, in the Psalter for the twenty-fourth day, to the tenth verse of Psalm cxvi., where, you remember, it reads, "I said in my haste, All men are liars," he would invariably stop and say, "David, if you had lived in these days, you would have said it at your leisure." And in the lesson for the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity occurs the passage, "At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up." This list of instruments is repeated, you recall, three times in the course of the chapter. The first time he would read it as it is written, but the other three times he would substitute for it the phrase, "The aforesaid gentlemen with the brass band." He had other eccentricities that he would indulge in on stated occasions. These things came to be known, and on those Sundays the church would be full.

Once a year there was a collection for the choir, and he got some one else in the pulpit to address his people and draw a crowd. After I had been about a year and a half in Norwich, he asked me to preach. The feature of that church was its music. The wife of the old don had a beautiful voice; they had gathered together a good choir. The pulpit was a tiny black-oak box, with a small desk for the Bible or sermon. This desk sloped down; my Bible slipped, and I had to stoop to get it; in stooping I leaned against the pulpit door; it split open, and I nearly fell out of the pulpit! After I had been preaching for a time, I looked down into the choir, which was in a great box pew in front of the pulpit, after the old-fashioned way, shut off from the congregation by a curtain; and I saw one fellow put his arm right around the waist of the girl next to him and draw her head down to his shoulder; and he kept it there; then he looked up straight into my face and winked. It broke me all up. I walked out of the pulpit, went to the rector, and said: "Dr. ——, your choir members are behaving outrageously; I cannot preach until this is stopped." He walked up to the square pew where the choir sat, tore the red baize curtain down with a jerk, and exposed them, disconcerted and ashamed, to the full view of the congregation, and then sat down again. I returned to the pulpit and went on with my sermon. In the midst of it I looked up and saw walking up the middle aisle, in solemn procession, a hen with twelve or fourteen chickens! When the sexton tried to drive them out, he was so drunk that he fell right on top of the hen! The old doctor called out, "Let her alone, John; she is doing no harm."

In Norwich I was face to face with a very poor and very discontented population. The problem that naturally pre-

sented itself to me was, How to reach these people? I started to preach—in the church—on the street. Saturday was always a great day. Then everybody gathered in the beautiful market square in the middle of the town; and I used to stand in the market-place ringing a big bell with all my might. When I got about a thousand people about, I began to preach. That is the way I began my ministry in Norwich. I gathered young men around me—perhaps forty—and gave them certain districts. We preached on the streets, about the love of Jesus and conversion—purely evangelical; I had no qualms or difficulties of any sort intellectually. What I preached was the doctrine of Jesus Christ appealing to men; there was a great deal of hell-fire in it; it dwelt on the imperative need of being born again—people were the children of the devil and not the children of God until they turned back again to their Father! The incongruity of it all had not struck me then. The people there were ready for nothing else; any other preaching would have been absurd; any other preaching would then have been impossible for me; it was the very best thing to give them; it was all I had.

The Church has always had a message from God to the people. If a man only tries to do the best he knows, and talks what he believes, he will have as much power and influence at one point of experience as at another. I never, so far as I know, influenced people more for good than in those green, unripe days when I was simply praying and preaching the best I knew. For four or five months I preached every night in the streets; and met with opposition at first—opposition which naturally would come from vice, ignorance, and brutality. Many were reached and touched; although I did not know whether those who made the disturbance were ever reached. In this way I became known, and was soon bewildered with invitations to preach. We once invited Henry Varley to come to Norwich; he was ahead of most evangelists, and he did great work in Norwich for ten days. We took St. Andrew's Hall, holding about two thousand people, and he filled it every night. When he was about to go he said to me, "Rainsford, you must continue these meetings Sunday nights." "I cannot think of it," I answered. "You've got to; these people are hungry and must be fed." "So help me God, I'll try," I said. The result was that, for two years, every Sunday night I preached in St. Andrew's Hall to congregations varying from one to two thousand people.

In Norwich my Sunday work began early and lasted until late at night. We had early Communion at eight o'clock; Sunday-school at half-past nine; at eleven o'clock, service, when I very often preached, as my rector was not in good health; and every second Sunday I preached anyway; afternoon service and sermon at four, which I took; in the evening I always preached, and we soon began to have crowds; and after the evening service I went to St. Andrew's Hall, and then walked to Earlham Hall and slept until nine o'clock the next morning.

The rector kept insisting that I visit among the poor people, and I visited a good deal every day. My district was comparatively a small one. I usually arose at six, and did two or three hard hours' work before breakfast; after breakfast I studied my Greek Testament, and then worked at my sermon for the next Sunday; for I ran up against pretty strong criticism. You could not find more critical audiences than these people, though they were not intellectual. They did not want new ideas; they resented them; and very often I met with a good deal of protest, though the rector always stuck to me. The home of the rector and his wife was a blessing to me; when I got very tired, I would go out to Earlham Hall, and often stayed a few days. I did a tremendous amount of work in those days, and yet I was seldom tired; I seemed to have superabundant health. Soon the church was jammed every Sunday; other churches filled up too; we opened a tent in Norwich; the whole city was stimulated. The Bishop of Norwich was always kind to me. My friends, however, all looked upon me as strange and unaccountable; they never knew what I was going to do next.

Up to this time I did not have any doubt in my mind at all; no difficulties seemed to come to me until the last year of my stay in Norwich; the change then came suddenly and very painfully.

I began to be aware about that time that my father was not quite holding his own in London. He was more than a Low Churchman; he was a very extreme Low Church type; and when I speak of him, I speak of his school; they had no conception at all of the Church idea. They were Gospel preachers, seeking only to evoke personal experience. That school did not really admit to themselves that religious life was possible except through the definite form of experience. An absolute requirement was a conscious conversion to God, which they called New Birth; there was really no distinction made in their minds between New Birth and Conversion—they were synonymous terms in their minds. They had no conception at all of the Church as an organization; they were individualists of the most marked type. Baptism was entirely a sign; and I may say right here that the question of baptism was the thin edge of the wedge which wrought havoc with my faith; my doubts commenced on this question of baptism.

About that time, Mr. Wilkinson, who afterwards was made Bishop of Truro, was appointed to the vicarage of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the church next my father's in London; and Wilkinson began to draw to himself the attention of that part of London. He was as zealous and almost as emotional in his appeal as the Evangelical party were; but he had an idea of the relation of the Church to society which the Evangelical party never had. To mention a concrete illustration: There was my father's church, with, I might say, almost one of the strongest clienteles in London, and it never occurred to him, nor to any of the men in half a dozen or more other chapels of the same sort (some of which were livings held by trustees for the Evangelical party under the deed of Lady Huntingdon), to associate these preaching centers with any special work in the great town. For instance, my father's church had no parochial connection whatever. The social idea of the Church's relation to the community, to leaven and lighten it and minister to it, was almost a thing apart from the Evangelical movement of '50 and '60. My father was simply the clergyman in charge of St. John's; there was no district attached to it; it was simply a preaching church; and it is there to-day under precisely the same conditions.

In the meantime, the High Church people had got very distinctly in their minds the relation of the Church to the community. My father, and the others of his party, appealed to men's sense of sin. There were many vivid experiences; his ministry was insistent, his visiting persistent; night and day he went among his people, going from house to house; but the other man, of a different type, a few blocks away, set other people to work, told them what to do and how to do it. In his parish he sought to direct the spiritual life of his people into channels that had good results in the community; and, naturally, work like that was more permanent than that of my father, which was simply based on personal experience. His people came to him Sunday after Sunday; and the sermon was the one mark in their lives from week to week. The rest of the service was very slovenly—all the methods of the church were slovenly; they had no conception at all of worship as we understand it. The sermon was everything. The Nonconformists differed from them in that with them the pulpit was the center of a vast number of organizations. For instance, a Methodist meeting-house would have connected with it a series of organizations and committees, whereas the Evangelical churches had nothing of the sort. They never recognized the opportunity of working in the community. The High Church people came along, saw that opportunity, and stepped into the gap; so they maintained their organization and drew people away from the others. It is of vital importance to remember that in order to understand the downfall of the Evangelical party as a power in England in '60 and '70. I am not now speaking of this country at all.

The change in my father's congregation naturally impressed me, and I tried to account for it in my own mind. I had no idea at that time of any organization in the Church. In my work in East London we had no idea of social service—the idea was simply to preach to the people. Of course, if they were hungry, we gave them bread (unwisely very often); if they were naked, we tried to clothe them, in a purely charitable way; but the appeal was wholly to the soul; the body

was lost sight of. This was more so in West London, where there were no poor to deal with; hence it was purely the indulgence of a deep religious feeling in listening to the man you loved best and who could touch you most deeply. The High Church party added something to that, and gained a strong foothold.

In Norwich I found myself in a community where the spiritual life was at the lowest ebb; and I had no method of reaching the people except by preaching; and this I did, as I have said, in the pulpit, at Sunday-school, in the great City Hall downtown, which was six or seven hundred years old, and on the streets—anywhere—it was preach, preach, preach. We had not yet learned to be interested in the social evolution of the people. All I knew was to preach the Gospel by word of mouth, from the pulpit, on the street—anywhere. I noticed the great falling off in the congregation in my father's church, but I had no means of correcting it, except by more zealous and more persistent preaching, and by naturally developing the gift of associating other young men with me, which my father did not have. He simply preached to the people who came on Sunday; but, as I say, I drew other young men around me and gave them something to do. In my work in Norwich I was encouraged and helped by the Nonconformist churches more than by churches of my own denomination. I had much support and help from the Congregationalists. Norwich was the center of Congregational life. Doctors Barrett and Gould were quite famous in the Congregational ministry—men of considerable intellectuality. In that way I had the privilege and advantage of intellectual companionship, especially with Dr. Barrett, from whom I gained a great deal. In my own Church I had no special intellectual companionship, except with one or two men, especially the Rev. J. W. Nash, a noble man.

I cannot exactly remember how my trouble began; but towards the end of my second year in Norwich I became deeply troubled over the question of infant baptism. It was in that way, I think, that the critical spirit first touched me. I could not make the wording of our service agree with what I was preaching, and I could not alter my preaching. I saw nothing then but simply the appeal to men through Jesus Christ to be converted and turn to God. When they did that, I taught, they became sons of God; and I could not make that agree with the very definite teaching in the service that men by baptism were made children of God.

The next step was that I saw how this might be applied to adult baptism, but I could not see how it applied to infant baptism. Then I began to read very widely in the literature of baptism; I got into correspondence with the best men in the country—Mr. Spurgeon among the rest—he sent me a whole sheaf of books, which I read diligently; I read our own literature on the subject, and at last I went to my rector. He could not help me at all; the stock arguments with which the Evangelical party sought to compromise between the teaching of our baptismal service and their preaching I could not swallow.

To make a long story short, I went to every man I could find whose opinion I could respect on the question of infant baptism; first to my dear rector, then to my dear father, and then to my bishop; and, while most anxious to help me, they could not do anything for me to settle the things that by this time were troubling me most terribly. In fact, I had come to the conclusion that infant baptism was not to be found in the New Testament; I could not satisfy myself that there was any proof that infants had been baptized by Jesus and his disciples; and I do not believe so to-day. You must remember that I was to the backbone a believer in the Scripture as inspired literature, and not only that, but that every word of it was literally true; it was not an inspiration merely, but a divine dictation. An argument by inference would not satisfy me. I had no vision of evolution along the whole line which came to me afterwards. I was consumed with the desire to do the truth and to preach what was true. I could not find in the New Testament that infants had been baptized. I could reconcile the idea perfectly to adult baptism; a man had individual experience, inward experience, he confessed it—that was all right; but a child could have no inward experience; and the whole idea of confession

through some one else, and having somebody else say something over you, was repellent to me. This came because of my intense belief in the very Gospel which the Evangelical party taught—the essential need of the inner voice. I was simply following the Evangelical position; and I was really doing my first bit of Higher Criticism. Nobody helped me, because all the men who might have helped me begged the question of infant baptism. At last I felt I could not compromise with my conscience any more. My rector told me I need not use the baptismal service—he would let me off on that—but I was not satisified, and I went to my bishop. He talked to me, but he could not say much that I did not know on the subject—I had studied and read; and nobody suggested that the idea of infant baptism was a gradual growth of the custom of the Church, following the example of Christ's disciples who baptized adults; and that afterwards the child, having a natural place in the religious community, came to be baptized. That idea had not yet dawned on me. I was a poor, green, ignorant boy struggling with the first tremendous difficulty.

I remember, before going to my bishop, I went to see my father in London. I told him, and he argued and plead with me not to throw up my work, and not to give up my position of influencing others, and so on. With despair in my heart I started off on a long walk, and at last, after much wandering, found myself in front of a low, dirty brick chapel in the south of London beyond the Thames. I saw that it was a Baptist chapel, and I bowed my head and said, "It is a long way that has led to this, but, so help me God, if I cannot see my way out, I will spend the rest of my life in a place like this." And I got peace; I had the feeling that I was willing to do my best. And I want to emphasize right here that any usefulness which afterwards came to me was the result, again and again, by His grace, of getting into that position or state of mind. There was nothing I was not willing to do if only He would show me the way. Then I went to my bishop and said, "I am very sorry, but I must give up my letters of orders;" and then I was blessed with the advice of a wise and good man. He said, "My son, I ordained you. I have watched your work and I have approved it, and I lay my hands on you as an old man and as your bishop, and say to you: Go and earn your bread any way you can; preach the Gospel, if you can, for two years, and at the end of two years come back to me, and if you still feel that you must resign your letters of orders, I will take them. You have promised to obey, and I now lay this command on you." I obeyed his command. I went back to Norwich and stayed. I did not know where to turn or what to do. My people thought I was crazy, very naturally. My good friends were worried to death over me, but they could only pray and show their sympathy. I did not know what to do. I did not find another soul going through a similar experience. Four years later I entered upon a far more formidable struggle; but I will come to that later; that is, my struggle in Canada, which marked my ministry very definitely.

All I could do was to pray. I was terribly upset. I finally told my dear friends and my rector that I must go. He said, "Where?" I did not know. I seemed ungrateful. I had the kindest friend man ever had, and, without exaggeration, I may say I had a great deal of social support, which is invaluable in the Church of England. People wanted to give me work to do which I felt in my heart I was unfit for. They offered me positions, and I knew I was not a big enough man to fill them, and yet I was restless and dissatisfied, and anxious to turn my back on the whole thing.

A few days after I had seen the bishop, I went back to my little lodgings in Norwich, after a day of terrible unrest, and found two letters for me. I suppose every man recalls some instance in his life that he cannot account for. I do not at all accept the theory of "special providences;" but there are some things so remarkable that you cannot account for them logically. Well, on this day, the same mail had brought me two letters which I found on my table; one asking me to undertake an evangelical tour in Australia with Henry Varley for a year; the other asking me to take charge for four months of a church in New York City on Madison Avenue. The rector I had never heard of. I bowed my head again. Here was a way out. I had not the ghost of an

idea where the call from New York came from; but I learned afterwards it came through a friend—a lady—traveling in America. This clergyman was worn out, and wanted some one to take charge of his church for four or five months while he rested. "I know just the man you want," she said. He asked her to write to me. She had said, "He was here in the country for a year and likes it; he's just the one." She had not the slightest idea of the struggle going on in my mind at that time. As I say, some things you cannot explain. New York was a great deal nearer my home than Australia, and so, for no other reason, I wrote back saying I would come. About a week afterwards—on the 2d of June—I took passage on a steamer for New York. I turned my back on the dearest, kindest friends a man ever had. They crowded around me when I left Norwich—the young men—they gave me a watch and their blessing, and I went, the sickest, saddest, loneliest fellow who ever turned his back on his native land.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

V.—On Lying Awake at Night

"Who hath lain alone to hear the wild goose cry?"

ABOUT once in so often you are due to lie awake at night. Why this is so I have never been able to discover. It apparently comes from no predisposing uneasiness of indigestion, no rashness in the matter of too much tea or tobacco, no excitation of unusual incident or stimulating conversation. In fact, you turn in with the expectation of rather a good night's rest. Almost at once the little noises of the forest grow larger, blend in the hollow bigness of the first drowse; your thoughts drift idly back and forth between reality and dream; when—*snap!*—you are broad awake!

Perhaps the reservoir of your vital forces is full to the overflow of a little waste; or perhaps, more subtly, the great Mother insists thus that you enter the temple of her larger mysteries.

For, unlike mere insomnia, lying awake at night in the woods is pleasant. The eager, nervous straining for sleep gives way to a delicious indifference. You do not care. Your mind is cradled in an exquisite poppy-suspension of judgment and of thought. Impressions slip vaguely into your consciousness and as vaguely out again. Sometimes they stand stark and naked for your inspection; sometimes they lose themselves in the mist of half-sleep. Always they lay soft velvet fingers on the drowsy imagination, so that in their caressing you feel the vaster spaces from which they have come. Peaceful brooding your faculties receive. Hearing, sight, smell—all are preternaturally keen to whatever of sound and sight and woods perfume is abroad through the night; and yet at the same time active appreciation dozes, so these things lie on it sweet and cloying like fallen rose-leaves.

In such circumstance you will hear what the *voyageurs* call the voices of the rapids. Many people never hear them at all. They speak very soft and low and distinct beneath the steady roar and dashing, beneath even the lesser tinklings and gurglings whose quality superimposes them over the louder sounds. They are like the tear-forms swimming across the field of vision, which disappear so quickly when you concentrate your sight to look at them, and which reappear so magically when again your gaze turns vacant. In the stillness of your hazy half-consciousness they speak; when you bend your attention to listen, they are gone, and only the tumults and the tinklings remain.

But in the moments of their audibility they are very distinct. Just as often an odor will wake all a vanished memory, so

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these voices, by the force of a large impressionism, suggest whole scenes. Far off are the cling clang-cling of chimes and the swell-and-fall murmur of a multitude *en fête*, so that subtly you feel the gray old town, with its walls, the crowded market-place, the decent peasant crowd, the booths, the mellow church building with its bells, the warm, dust-moted sun. Or, in the pauses between the swish-dash-dashings of the waters, sound faint and clear voices singing intermittently, calls, distant notes of laughter, as though many canoes were working against the current—only the flotilla never gets any nearer, nor the voices louder. The voyageurs call these mist people the Huntsmen; and look frightened. To each is his vision, according to his experience. The nations of the earth whisper to their exiled sons through the voices of the rapids. Curiously enough, by all reports, they suggest always peaceful scenes—a harvest-field, a street fair, a Sunday morning in a cathedral town, careless travelers—never the turmoils and struggles. Perhaps this is the great Mother's compensation in a harsh mode of life.

Nothing is more fantastically unreal to tell about, nothing more concretely real to experience, than this undernote of the quick water. And when you do lie awake at night, it is always making its unobtrusive appeal. Gradually its hypnotic spell works. The distant chimes ring louder and nearer as you cross the borderland of sleep. And then outside the tent some little woods noise snaps the thread. An owl hoots, a whippoorwill cries, a twig cracks beneath the cautious prowl of some night creature—at once the yellow sunlit French meadows puff away—you are staring at the blurred image of the moon spraying through the texture of your tent.

The voices of the rapids have dropped into the background, as have the dashing noises of the stream. Through the forest is a great silence, but no stillness at all. The whippoorwill swings down and up the short curve of his regular song; over and over an owl says his rapid *whoo, whoo, whoo*. These, with the ceaseless dash of the rapids, are the web on which the night traces her more delicate embroideries of the unexpected. Distant crashes, single and impressive; stealthy footsteps near at hand; the subdued scratching of claws; a faint *sniff! sniff! sniff!* of inquiry; the sudden clear tin-horn *ko-ko-ko-óh* of the little owl; the mournful, long-drawn out cry of the loon, instinct with the spirit of loneliness; the ethereal call-note of the birds of passage high in the air; a *patter, patter, patter* among the dead leaves, immediately stilled; and then, at the last, from the thicket close at hand, the beautiful silver purity of the white-throated sparrow—the nightingale of the North—trembling with the ecstasy of beauty, as though a shimmering moonbeam had turned to sound; and all the while the blurred figure of the moon mounting to the ridge-line of your tent—these things combine subtly, until at last the great Silence of which they are a part overarches the night and draws you forth to contemplation.

No beverage is more grateful than the cup of spring water you drink at such a time; no moment more refreshing than that in which you look about you at the darkened forest. You have cast from you the drowsiness of dreams with the warm blanket. A coolness, physical and spiritual, bathes you from head to foot. All your senses are keyed to the last vibrations. You hear the littler night prowlers; you glimpse the greater. A faint, searching woods-perfume of dampness greets your nostrils. And somehow, mysteriously, in a manner not to be understood, the forces of the world seem in suspense, as though a touch might crystallize infinite possibilities into infinite power and motion. But the touch lacks. The forces hover on the edge of action, unheeding the little noises. In all humbleness and awe, you are a dweller of the Silent Places.

At such a time you will meet with adventures. One night we put fourteen inquisitive porcupines out of camp. Near McGregor's Bay I discovered in the large grass park of my camp site nine deer, cropping the herbage like so many beautiful ghosts. A friend tells me of a fawn that every night used to sleep outside his tent and within a foot of his head, probably by way of protection against wolves. Its mother had in all likelihood been killed. The instant my friend moved toward the tent opening the little creature would disappear, and it was always gone

by earliest daylight. Nocturnal bears in search of pork are not uncommon. But even though your interest meets nothing but the bats and the woods shadows and the stars, that few moments of the sleeping world-forces is a psychical experience to be gained in no other way. You cannot know the night by sitting up; she will sit up with you. Only by coming into her presence from the borders of sleep can you meet her face to face in her intimate mood.

The night wind from the river, or from the open spaces of the wilds, chills you after a time. You begin to think of your blankets. In a few moments you roll yourself in their soft wool. Instantly it is morning.

And, strange to say, you have not to pay by going through the day unrefreshed. You may feel like turning in at eight instead of nine, and you may fall asleep with unusual promptitude, but your journey will begin clear-headedly, proceed springily, and end with much in reserve. No languor, no dull headache, no exhaustion, follows your experience. For this once your two hours of sleep have been as effective as nine.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Popular History of the United States[1]

IT is to be regretted that President Wilson did not see fit to furnish with a preface the five sumptuous volumes on which he has expended so many years of labor. It is always interesting to have an author's own point of view with regard to the scope and purposes of his book, and sometimes it is necessary to have it in order to avoid doing him gross injustice. In the present case a preface would doubtless have explained why President Wilson saw no reason for mentioning or treating at any length scores of topics which even a writer of a manual for high schools would omit or slur over at his peril. Such topics, for example, as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and the imbroglio with Chili under President Harrison. A preface would also probably have thrown some light on what Dr. Wilson regards as constituting the main features of the history of a "people" as opposed to the history of a country or nation. While he does not neglect them, he does not seem to lay special emphasis upon the details of popular life; he is not particularly strong on manners and customs, on economic, literary, or religious matters, and he is evidently much interested in politics, in the expansion of the State, in other words, in what has formed, time out of mind, the staple materials of the average historian. It is true that in many cases he treats these materials in a fresh and illuminating way, and that it is well to have the National evolution of the United States described with candor and impartiality by a man of Southern antecedents who is almost devoid of sectional prejudice. But we should certainly have understood his purposes and methods as a historian much better if he had told us something about them, and not left us to gather them unassisted from his formidable array of pages and pictures.

When the numerous and admirable illustrations are deducted and the amount of actual text is computed, it becomes apparent that President Wilson has not aimed at enrolling himself with minute and exhaustive historians of the type of Mr. Schouler and Professor McMaster. His five volumes stretch beyond their field of labor down to the end of the nineteenth century, and go back so as to take in the field of Bancroft's toils and John Fiske's harvests. And he covers this great stretch of history from the landing of Columbus to the final loss of Spain's colonial possessions in a space not equal, if our computation be correct, to three of Fiske's average volumes. In the matter of scope it is fitter to compare him with John Richard Green in the latter's famous "Short History of the English People." Whether, if President Wilson's work were put into a thick, closely printed volume, it could be advantageously compared with regard to style and general treatment with Green's masterpiece is a question that is perhaps unnecessary and is certainly premature. The use to which it has already been put in a popular magazine, the complete

[1] *A History of the American People.* By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., Litt.D., L.L.D., President of Princeton University. Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, Plans, Facsimiles, Rare Prints, Contemporary Views, etc. In 5 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York.

absence of foot-notes, its author's resolute avoidance of a display of erudition and of the temptation to take sides in scholarly controversies, and, finally, his complete independence in choosing and rejecting what topics he will, all seem to prove that President Wilson's volumes are addressed to the general rather than to the special reader.

The first volume carries the narrative to the close of the seventeenth century; the second finishes the Revolutionary War; the third reaches the first administration of Jackson; the fourth ends with the Civil War; the fifth sketches reconstruction and the modern industrial era. Each chapter ends with a selected list of authorities; there are several useful appendixes; and a full index and copious notes on illustrations facilitate reference.

Of these divisions it seems to us that the fourth is the best, which is what one would naturally expect in view of the fact that it covers much of the period embraced in Dr. Wilson's excellent volume, "Division and Reunion." The portrait he gives of Andrew Jackson is probably the most striking of all that he attempts—his strength seems to lie rather in sketching; and that of ex-President Cleveland perhaps comes next—for reasons, one may opine, of neighborly proximity and of general sympathy. Yet it would be unjust to President Wilson not to add that if his portraits or sketches of other great characters in our history, beginning with Bradford and Roger Williams, including Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton, and ending with Lincoln and Robert E. Lee, do not strike one as being precisely masterly, they certainly give no evidence of lack of sympathy or intelligent understanding on the part of the author.

In the volumes devoted to the colonies President Wilson succeeds, we think, in imparting distinct life to his pages, and gives an interesting and suggestive although scarcely an adequate account of a period of our history often deemed dull by readers and rendered dull by writers. Both for the seventeenth and for the less attractive eighteenth century before the Revolution he is an interesting historian, though he sometimes secures interest by dilating on topics that attract him and quietly omitting or slighting those he prefers not to treat. If any reader turns to his pages to find out what to believe with regard to the story that Pocahontas saved Captain Smith's life, or to get a good idea of such early Indian struggles as the Pequot and King Philip's Wars, or to learn what manner of men the Mathers were, or to be fairly posted on the colonial squabbles over paper money, he will be doomed to disappointment. Even the persecution of the Salem witches gets only half a page, and picturesque, repentant Judge Sewall and unrepentant Cotton Mather are not summoned before the bar of our historian.

On the other hand, it is fair to maintain that whenever he has occasion to deal with the contemporary conditions in England, Dr. Wilson is very lucid and sufficiently full, that he successfully outlines, in a large way, the growth of the colonies, that he brings out well the chief differences between the settlers in Virginia and in Massachusetts, and that in his discussion of some special topics, such as colonial piracy, he leaves little to be desired. Whether the style of these early volumes is altogether to be praised, or is even as good as that of the later installments of the work, is a question about which tastes may differ. It almost seems as if President Wilson, not sure of the interest of his subject, sought to attract by a heightening of a style naturally full of movement and force. Only thus can we account for a not infrequently strained diction, which is less noticeable as the narrative proceeds. We could well forgive, however, such rhetorical touches as "the quaint and cloistered civilization" of the Aztecs and Incas, if our author had only avoided what seems the affectation of affixing "Mr." to the name of almost every character with whom he deals. To meet Ben Franklin thus equipped suggests a smile, which broadens when one reads of "Mr. Swift" and "M. Montesquieu."

Space is wanting to discuss in detail the account given of the Revolution and of the early years of the Republic. Military details are not Dr. Wilson's strong point—the war of 1812 and that with Mexico are insufficiently treated—but he is very successful in describing the framing and adoption of the Constitution. His treatment of the administrations of Jefferson is sympathetic, but Monroe, as seems to be the fashion, scarcely receives full

justice. As we have already said, the narrative reaches its highest level in the volume that begins with Jackson, and perhaps in the pages dealing with the Webster-Hayne debate and the opposing ideals of the Constitution held by North and South. We do not think that President Wilson maintains the same level in dealing with the decade that preceded the Civil War, or with that great struggle, although his description of the Confederate States and his account of reconstruction have many good features. From 1870 on the narrative suffers not merely from the normal difficulties that beset the contemporary historian, but from omissions that seem to us curiously arbitrary.

We must, in conclusion, expand somewhat upon the matter of these omissions, even at the risk of appearing ungracious. They are, of course, not due to carelessness or to laziness, and we must confess they puzzle us. To enumerate all that we have noted would be tedious, but we may add a few to those that have been cited. We find no mention of St. Clair's defeat, the Yazoo scandal, Hull's surrender of Detroit, the second Missouri Compromise, the Panama Congress, the Lecompton Constitution, the founding of the Mormon Church, Brooks's assault on Sumner, Grant's efforts to annex San Domingo, the career of "Boss" Tweed, the great Chicago fire, Speaker Reed's rulings, or the lynching of the Italians in New Orleans. We may add that, so far as we can discover, the Erie Canal, the laying of the Atlantic cable, the visits of Lafayette and Kossuth, the career of Dennis Kearney, are not mentioned. The fight of the Constitution and the Guerrière, the exploits of Daniel Boone, the murder of Lovejoy, the defeat of the Alabama, are looked for in vain.

As long a list could be made of the topics which, in our judgment, President Wilson has slighted—sometimes it would seem in order to make room for leisurely treatment of the topics that interest him. For example, the Great Awakening, the settlement of Tennessee and Kentucky, the battle of New Orleans, Georgia's defiance of John Quincy Adams in the matter of the Creeks, the nullification movement, the abolitionist agitation under Jackson and Van Buren, the part played by Webster in the Compromise of 1850, the conduct of Buchanan's Cabinet on the eve of the war, Lincoln's policy toward the Border States, are scarcely treated in a manner that will illuminate any reader. Nor will considerations of space account for these and numerous other weak passages in President Wilson's narrative. He must have had some guiding principle in his choice and manipulation of his abundant materials, but he has not explained it and we have not discovered it.

It is almost needless to say that a scholar like President Wilson is not likely to be guilty of many sins of commission, although it is equally obvious that they might easily escape an eye that has grown accustomed, since the first chapters, to be on the lookout for sins of omission. Besides some confusion in his treatment of the navigation laws, we have noticed a few trivial lapses. For example, John Adams and Jefferson are stated to have died on July 4, 1825, the correct date being of course 1826. The editor of Motley's correspondence appears as G. T. Curtis, whereas those delightful letters were edited by the better known George William Curtis. It is equally unimportant to observe that illustrations are sometimes found quite far away from the text they are intended to embellish, and that it is not uncommon to encounter the portrait of a man whose achievements are not thought worthy of a word of description. Such blemishes, and even many of the omissions we have noticed, might have been properly passed over in silence, had it been clear that President Wilson had successfully undertaken to write a philosophical account of our National development. The philosophical elements of his work are not, however, specially profound or novel; its descriptive merits are considerable; but its deficiencies as an orderly and inclusive narrative are, to say the least, perplexing.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Anthology of Russian Literature from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Leo Wiener. In Two Parts. Part II. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 500 pages. $3, net.

This volume, Part II. of Professor Wiener's work, deals with the writers of the nineteenth century, and presents, therefore, selections from those poets and novelists whom the great reading public outside of Russia has in mind when it speaks of Russian literature; that is to say, Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoï, Turgenev, Dostoévski. The selection from each author is prefaced by a brief biographical or critical note.

Before the Dawn: A Story of the Fall of Richmond. By Joseph A. Altsheler. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 372 pages. $1.50.

A story of Southern life during the war, written from a Northern point of view, which seeks to be fair, but may not be so accepted by all Southerners. The chapters dealing with the battle in the Wilderness are realistic. Most of the scenes are laid in Richmond.

Beginnings of Rhetoric and Composition, Including Practical Exercises in English. By Adams Sherman Hill. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 522 pages. $1.25.

British Political Portraits. By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 5×8¾ in. 331 pages. $1.50, net.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's latest volume may prove to be one of the most popular of his books, and that is saying not a little when one considers the number of people who are always quoting from "A History of Our Own Times." In this volume Mr. McCarthy does for present politics something of the kind of work which he has already done for past history. With illuminative phrase, giving us information not to be had elsewhere, he describes for us the most distinguished and powerful among English political leaders of the day—Lords Salisbury and Rosebery, Messrs. Balfour, Bryce, Chamberlain, Morley, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and others. As might be expected, if any of these statesmen has pronounced himself for or against Irish Home Rule, the fact finds prominent place; and, indeed, so does the consideration of other interesting Irish matters. This is as it should be, however, for we have no critic of English politics as applied to Irish institutions at once more acute and more genial than is Mr. McCarthy. His long experience as a practical politician, as a writer and as an observer, in and out of Parliament, lend weight to his judgments. The charm of his style consists in its union of precision, clarity, color, atmosphere, and, crowning all, a delicate, sometimes staccato, touch of Celtic causticity and wit. No book better represents Mr. McCarthy than does the present volume—an original, vivacious, picturesque, and thoroughly readable account of contemporaneous statesmen in the United Kingdom.

Comedy of Conscience (A). By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 129 pages. $1.

A vivacious story in the comedy mood, with a light touch, but very well told.

Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe (The). Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman. William R. Jenkins, New York. 3½×5 in. 505 pages.

Eskimo Stories. By Mary E. Smith. Illustrated. The Rand & McNally Co., New York. 6×8 in. 189 pages.

Experiments on Animals. By Stephen Paget. (New and Revised Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. (The Science Series.) 5½×8½ in. 387 pages.

This book does not deal directly with the anti-vivisectionist. It is not a plea for vivisection, nor is it offered as an argument for or against anything. It is rather an admirably condensed history, beginning with the second century after Christ, of animal experimentation, and of the influence of these experiments upon our knowledge of physiology and the nature, prevention, and cure of disease. Whether or not all this vivisection has been a useless torture of helpless animals the reader is left wholly to himself to decide. To the reasonably open-minded it would appear, however, that had there been no animal experiments there would be no medical science. The book, though thoroughly scientific, is not too technical for general reading. It contains a chapter entitled "An Act Relating to Experiments on Animals in Great Britain and Ireland," and a complete index.

Fundamental Problem in Monetary Science (The). By Correa Moylan Walsh. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 383 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song (The). By Robert Loveman. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 4½×7 in. 65 pages.

Here is a poet who flings his doubts and his faiths at one as if he were impatient of the cautious, timid way in which men habitually deal with life and death.

Gold Wolf (The). By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 311 pages.

The "Gold Wolf" is the passion for speculation, the fever for financial supremacy; and Dudley Hatton, manipulator of stocks and bonds in the London market, when introduced to the reader, is a victim already hunted to the point of exhaustion. Up to and somewhat beyond the point where Dudley's wife dies, the book is one of power, and effective as a lesson for people who overwork; the last half of it is not so good as the beginning.

Homeland of the Bible (The): Travels and Studies in the Holy Land and Egypt. By Rev. J. P. Macphie, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 313 pages.

There is ever room for one more such book, long as the list of such already is. As John Bright said that he had known London for forty years and yet did not know it fully, so with the Holy Land. Forty books leave room for the forty-first, repeating things either before unmentioned, or observed from a different point of view. Mr. Macphie is a good observer and a good reporter from a field of perennially fresh interest, intent on drawing from the Land a better understanding of the Book and its lessons.

Horace Greeley. By William Alexander Linn. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 267 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

A remarkably interesting life, recounted with an enthusiasm none the less warm because sanely discriminating. Mr. Greeley was perhaps the greatest of American journalists, in the sense of wielding the widest personal influence, and the account of his career is peculiarly attractive—though most sobering—in these days of impersonal metropolitan journalism, when, as has been said, the responsible heads of great papers back their money with their opinions, instead of, like Greeley, backing their opinions with their money. Some of the opinions which Mr. Greeley backed were fantastic isms, but his readiness to espouse them was one of the most attractive features of his character.

If Not the Saloon—What? The Point of View, and the Point of Contact. By James E. Freeman. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 117 pages. 50c., net.

An earnest plea for the establishment of substitutes which will seem desirable from the point of view of the men to be reached. Workmen are not more ecclesiastical than philanthropists, and there is no reason, says Mr. Freeman, why they should be attracted to ecclesiastical club-rooms. If, however, club-rooms are provided in which their social life may be free from constraint, the better part of them will prefer such club-rooms to the saloons. This proposition is first stated theoretically and then driven home by a concise account of the practical success of the Hollywood Inn, in Yonkers, New York. This organization recorded a membership of over six hundred men its first year, over eight hundred its second, and over a thousand its third, when it was compelled to find larger quarters. These were provided by the generosity of a single philanthropist, Mr. William F. Cochran, and though his gift has lifted the institution out of the class of those to be duplicated in every town, the members of the club, by their dues ($3 a year) and fees, still furnish half of the running expenses (seven thousand dollars out of fourteen thousand). It is an attractive club-house from every point of view, and the saloons have felt its influence. The author modestly believes that the success achieved is due entirely to the plan and not largely to the enthusiasm and tact of its administrator. The account of the Hollywood Inn is the kernel of the book, its best chapter, however, is the one following, entitled "Co-ordination," which sets forth the religious motive for work outside the church to help men as distinguished from work within the church, or directly aimed for its upbuilding. In a few pages, which are eloquent despite the ponderous words used, the author recalls the uninstitutional character of Christ's work, and urges that the divine character of the church must also be established by the service it renders—not seeking its own life, else it will lose it, but seeking the life of the community.

Irish Sketch Book (The). (Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.) Edited by Walter Jerrold. The Macmillan Company, New York. 5×7½ in. 415 pages. $1.

Italy: Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. (Fourteenth Revised Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. 444 pages. $1.80, net.

Jewish History: An Essay in the Philosophy of History. By S. M. Dubnow. The Jewish Publishing Society of America, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 184 pages.

Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. (Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 192 pages.

Lieutenant-Governor (The). By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 269 pages. $1.50.

American politics and the complexities of capital and labor questions evidently offer attractive fields for our novelists. The special point of value in this work, as in a number of others recently published, lies in the fact that it sets people who would never read a serious treatise on these subjects to thinking about problems of State and municipal government, and ways that might harmonize the interests of the workingman and his employer. It is too much to expect of an author that he shall show a practical way out of the difficulties he pictures, but really Mr. Carryl leaves matters in a sad case. "Alleghenia" (the fictitious name of a State) is saved only when a patriotic assassin shoots the Governor in order that the Lieutenant-Governor may protect the commonwealth and dispense justice!

Light of China (The): The Tâo Teh King of Lâo Tsze; 604–504 B.C. By I. W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D. Research Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 165 pages. $1.25.

Old and the New Renaissance (The): A Group of Studies in Art and Letters. By Edwin Wiley. Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. 5×8 in. 256 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Other Room (The). By Lyman Abbott. The Outlook Co., New York. 6×9 in. 120 pages. $1, net.

A familiar presentation in eight chapters of the various aspects in which the life hereafter is illustrated and expounded in the New Testament, in literature, and in human experience. The title of the book, taken from the profound statement of Christ, "In my Father's house are many dwelling-places; if it were not so, would I have told you that I am going to prepare a room for you?" suggests the point of view of the book, which was written, not for philosophical purposes nor as a contribution to theoretical discussion, but in the hope of clearing the way for the doubtful, consoling

the sorrowful, and helping those who are confused.

Pagan at the Shrine (The). By Paul Gwynne. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 478 pages. $1.50, net.

How or when Mr. Gwynne obtained his extraordinary knowledge of southern Spain is a question that the reader constantly asks himself, but the answer is, after all, immaterial. The interesting thing is that the author *has* that intimate knowledge and uses it for fictional purposes with brilliant vividness and effectiveness. He makes us as much at home among his Spanish villagers, fishermen, priests, serving-maids, and romantic señoritas, as Miss Jewett does with the people of a New England town. One feels that here is unquestionably the real thing. Nothing could possibly be more amusing or more human, for instance, than the accounts of the leisurely conclaves over neighborly affairs between the barber, schoolmaster, priest, and alcalde—each a type and an unconscious humorist. Equally amusing and racy is the talk of the Andalusian serving-maids with their young mistress. The story is truly rich in local color, in touches of witty characterization, and in the homely proverbial philosophy of the Spanish common people. The plot of the romance, on the other hand, is intensely tragical, at points almost distasteful, but unquestionably powerful. It deals with the expulsion and return of the Jesuits, and with the personal retribution of one of them who has sinned when a young man, has concealed his error, has risen to be a leader in the order, and finally suffers through the death of his illegitimate son. The book is quite out of the ordinary, and will certainly attract attention and discussion.

Pearl-Maiden (The): A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 465 pages. $1.50.

The festival at which Herod Agrippa was stricken with the malady that killed him, the struggles between Jews and Romans resulting in the destruction of Jerusalem, the triumphal procession of Titus Cæsar through the streets of Rome in which thousands of captives walked—among them the "Pearl-Maiden"—supply the historical background and atmosphere of this story of the love of a "noble Roman" and a Christian maiden. The life of the Essenes in their village makes, too, attractive chapters. There is not here that touch of realism which made wildest fiction read like truth in "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," but there are vigor, charm, and doubtless historical value in the pictures which Mr. Haggard draws of dramatic events and splendid pageants that will never lose interest and significance to a world yet shaken by their influence.

Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States. By James Albert Woodburn. (American Politics.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 314 pages. $2.

An exceptionally clear, interesting, and impartial history of American political parties, a lucid explanation of the workings of party machinery, and a strong statement of the moral evils now debasing our political life, and the remedies which an awakened public conscience may apply. A thoroughly good book for the school and for the study.

Principles of Money (The). By J. Laurence Laughlin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 550 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft (The). By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 298 pages. $1.50, net.

Proceedings of the Baptist Congress, 1902, at Boston. The New York Baptist Congress Publishing Co., New York. 222 pages. 30c.

Current questions of social, theological, and religious interest are discussed in this volume, and the views of the conservative and of the progressive side are impartially presented, as, for instance, on the question of the necessity of baptism to church membership.

Putnam Place. By Grace Lathrop Collin. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 262 pages. $1.50.

Delicate in charm and of placid quaintness. It does for a New England village exactly what Mrs. Banks's "Oldfield" did for a Southern town. There is little or no "dialect." The sketches are connected only by the general local thread of interest.

Roderick Taliaferro: A Story of Maximilian's Empire. By George Cram Cook. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 482 pages.

Lovers of stories of action will find here much that is thrilling and dramatic. The book distinctly rises above the level of the sensational novel. The ex-Confederate soldier who gives the romance its title is a character having individual force and traits. Moreover, the picture of life and war in Mexico just before the downfall of the ill-fated Maximilian abounds in interest and color. The episode of the bull-fight is alone enough to make the story worth reading. In short, the elements which insure popularity seem to be prominent in this romance, and it is not without good literary workmanship.

Short History of Coins and Currency (A): In Two Parts. By Lord Avebury. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 138 pages. 60c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Social Cockatrice (A). By Frederick W. Eldridge. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 412 pages. $1.50.

If the ways of the "four hundred" justify all the nonsensical books that are written about the means people adopt to force entrance into the charmed circle, these ways must be foolish indeed. One is inclined to credit the "four hundred" with more sense. The book is rubbish; it is morbid and has no literary value.

Southerners (The): A Story of the Civil War. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 408 pages.

Mr. Brady announces in the preface to his novel, with a sincerity beyond question, his purpose to write with equal justice to the Blue and the Gray. His account of the battles of Chickamauga and Mobile Bay, especially of the hours with Farragut on his flagship during the last-mentioned struggle, may be of

enthralling interest to old soldiers on both sides and to others who like stirring war tales. A chapter of peculiar pathos is that describing the death of the boy Confederate in Fort Morgan.

Spoilsman (The). By Elliott Flower. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 324 pages. $1.50.

This Chicago story of "machine politics" seems to show that it is harder for an honest man to be a successful politician or city official than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Many of the incidents related, the author says, are true, and the political methods described are taken from the actual experiences of men who have been servants of the public; he has used them "to demonstrate conditions that exist in some wards in all large cities." The book teaches its intended lesson with power. American voters should read it. It has interest, too, as a love story.

Story of a Bird Lover (The). By William Earl Dodge Scott. The Outlook Co., New York. 5⅛×8 in. 372 pages. $1.50, net.

Readers of The Outlook will remember an interview-article about Mr. Scott and his "laboratory" of birds—six rooms in his own house used as a home for nearly five hundred live birds. As the Introductory Note to this book states, Mr. Scott has brought the life of birds nearer to the life of man, has established personal relationships with the whole bird kingdom. The book is not a scientific treatise nor a formal autobiography; it is a readable account of the observations, travel-experiences, and personal adventures of one who has been a bird-lover and bird-student from boyhood.

Story of My Life (The). By Helen Keller. With Her Letters (1887-1901) and a Supplementary Account of her Education, Including Passages from the Reports and Letters of her Teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan. By John Albert Macy. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 441 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Stumbling-Block (The). By Edwin Pugh. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. $1.50.

A love story of some originality and of good literary quality, wit, grace, pathos, and tenderness. It ought to have been better named.

Sunbonnet Babies' Primer (The). By Eulalie Osgood Grover. Illustrated by Bertha L. Corbett. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 6×8 in. 110 pages. 40c.

Tioba and Other Tales. By Arthur Colton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7⅛ in. 231 pages. $1.25.

Eleven stories of good literary quality, delicate humor, and subtle comprehension of human nature are comprised in this volume. When one has read them, however, the question rises, Are they not sketches and studies rather than stories?

William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion. By John White Chadwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 463 pages. $1.75, net.

From the time when, as a boy, he noted the inconsistency between the harsh preaching of the Calvinistic Puritans of his day and their cheerful demeanor, the dignity of human [illegible] was the burden of Channing's thoughts; and throughout his whole ministry the dignity of human nature was the burden of his preaching. It is with this message—that the soul of man is not a miserable, weak, worthless thing, but in the sight of God a great thing, instinct with God's own life—that William Ellery Channing will chiefly be remembered. Channing was a conservative, or evangelical, Unitarian; Mr. Chadwick, his biographer, is a radical Unitarian. All interpretations of Channing's religion, and specifically Channing's theology, which are to be found in this book ought to be read in the light of that fact. In this particular, Theodore Parker, whose life also Mr. Chadwick has ably written, was undoubtedly a more congenial subject, for Parker was an early representative of a school in Unitarianism that differs almost if not quite as much from those who may be called "Channing Unitarians" as it does from most men of "liberal evangelical" beliefs. Such classification, of course, is not definite, but it is suggested by the reading of this volume. Of Channing's character, on the other hand, Mr. Chadwick writes with an understanding that brings persuasion to his readers. The spirit of those among New England people who are best typified by the inhabitants of eastern Massachusetts is here well exemplified in both subject and author. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Chadwick has written the story of this "Minister of Religion" with clarity and charm of style.

Wind in the Rosebush (The), and Other Stories of the Supernatural. By Mary E. Wilkins. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 217 pages. $1.50.

When Miss Wilkins's first ghost story appeared in a magazine, it attracted much attention as marking a new departure in the work of an exceedingly popular author. In themselves these tales are not equal to her stories of New England life, and they are not "creepy" enough to take high rank as ghost stories; but for fine character-drawing and as studies of human life and motive they are an enlargement of the debt American literature owed the writer before their appearance.

Winter India. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5⅛×8½ in. 400 pages. $2, net.

Miss Scidmore's former books on the East have had a wide reading. Here one finds the same qualities—ease of narrative style, a keen sense of the strange and picturesque, excellent descriptive powers. She went everywhere that tourists go, but she saw many things that tourists do not see. Calcutta at Christmas time, Delhi, Simla, the Taj Mahal, each has its own chapter; and it is to the author's credit that she throws so many new lights on topics often before treated. The book can be cordially commended for its entertaining qualities and because it gets away from conventional laudation. There are many pictures from photographs, and a notably handsome cover.

When John Bull Comes A-Courtin' and Other Poems. By Lucien V. Rule. The Caxton Publishing Co., Louisville, Ky. 5⅛×8¾ in. 30 pages. 50c.

Correspondence

A Catholic Protest

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of March 21 the article entitled "The Impressions of a Careless Traveler" has roused me to vigorous protest. Scarce a paragraph can pass unchallenged. Truly has it been said, everything is in the eye of the beholder. If one looks with the eye of a Puritan and Protestant, one perceives only form; the spirit, the meaning of the various symbols, are hidden, not because they do not exist, but because the onlooker—the critic—does not apprehend them. Does one judge of the beauty of a language of which one is ignorant? Is a man competent to judge a ritual he does not understand? Such an attitude is as one standing outside the church—the simile is not new—seeing only the outer form, the dull stained glass, the leaded panes; it is to those inside that the true beauty is revealed. How is one to account for the fervent and lively faith of Catholics the world over, who look upon the Holy Father as the visible head of the Church on earth, if such "petrifaction" as you say exists? As for the attitude and appearance of the priests, there are good, bad, and indifferent in every fold; some who follow the letter while they ignore the spirit of the law, whether it be of God or man. If these priests appeared to you "gross and carnal," it was surely not because they were priests, but in spite of it. It is strange logic that announces, "The same dogmas are taught as in the fourteenth century, because they are taught in precisely the same linguistic forms." Does it not occur to you that they are the same because they are true, and therefore do not change? Should you not, in all fair-mindedness, read the teachings, the dogmas, study the ritual of the Church you so wantonly attack, and in admitted ignorance—not in privately expressed views, but published broadcast?

Most probably you have other Catholic subscribers, and I doubt not that I express, though feebly, their feeling on the foregoing subject.

Washington, D. C. MAY R. MULLAN.

[The article which you criticise gives, as its title declares, "impressions" of a traveler, not conclusions of a student. They are impressions, not of the Roman Catholic Church, but of certain churches and rituals as they were seen in Rome. We think that a Catholic might be glad to know how those churches and that ritual impress a Protestant onlooker, just as, to use your figure, a worshiper inside a cathedral, who was not able to go outside, might be glad to know how the stained-glass windows look to one outside who is not able to get within.—THE EDITORS.]

Thomas Cook & Son Explain

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the very interesting article entitled "The Impressions of a Careless Traveler," which appeared in your issue of February 14, a statement is made which has given a somewhat widespread impression that we are quite sure the writer never intended, and, as it is calculated to injure our business, we shall be glad of an opportunity to print a word of explanation giving our side of the incident.

The writer of the article says that but very little was seen of Cook's representative in connection with the *contretemps* at Yalta. We submitted the article to our conductor who had charge of the party, and he replies: "The statement of 'L. A.' is correct so far as the details are concerned. While the party was *en route* from Sevastopol to Yalta a letter was sent to me by the first officer of the steamship Prinzessin Luise stating that the passengers could not embark as per programme, and this letter was sent by a lady journalist, who, being a German, immediately advised all her fellow-countrymen who were in the party. There were fifty-two carriages, and I naturally stayed at Sevastopol until all had left, and consequently arrived at Yalta somewhat behind the party. Immediately the letter came into my possession I stood up in one of the carriages and, by reading it aloud, did my best to let everybody know the situation, and it was doubtless owing to there being so many carriages bunched together, and the attendant bustle and noise, that 'L. A.' failed to get the news correctly, and it was that which led to his going to the unsatisfactory hotel he describes in his

article instead of a much better one, the Hotel de Russie, which I recommended, and to which, in company with many of the party, I subsequently went."

The whole trouble arose through what may be fairly described as "an act of God," that is to say, it was raining, the wind was blowing hard, and it raised such a high sea that the captain and officers very properly decided that it would not be quite safe to embark the passengers until the weather moderated. No responsible, reliable, or well-managed firm or company, except through an insurance policy, will make a contract providing against what is usually described all over the world as "an act of God," and in all our public announcements everywhere, including the pamphlet describing the excursion from Sevastopol to Yalta, there will be found in a prominent position the following paragraph, and of course "L. A." and everybody else on the boat were booked subject thereto:

Thomas Cook & Son are not responsible for loss of time or money consequent on the irregularity of steamship or railroad service, sickness, or any calamity or hindrance caused by circumstances over which they have no control; and should delays or alterations occur through such causes, the passengers will have to pay any additional expenses for living and accommodation in hotels or on steamers which may be incurred beyond specified period.

The liability of roads and railroads in the neighborhood of mountains to damage from storms and other influences beyond human control renders it necessary that we should announce that we cannot be responsible for detention or expenses incurred by deviation of routes occasioned by circumstances of this nature, nor for delays or deviation that may be caused through the railways being required for military purposes. The most that companies will do under such circumstances is to repay the value of any ticket, or proportions of ticket, not used for lines thus rendered impassable; and all claims in such cases must be sent in writing, accompanied by the unused tickets, within one month from the date for which such tickets were available.

At that season of the year the weather conditions are usually such that landings and embarkations can be freely made without difficulty, delay, or danger, and it was not an unreasonable thing to expect that the programme would be carried out in its entirety without change.

With regard to the possible refund on account of the party being unable to take the drive and a lunch on the third day, the weather conditions made this impossible, and, as that was no fault of ours, and the carriages and lunch were all contracted, provided, and had to be paid for, we submit that it is not reasonable that we should be expected to lose a considerable sum of money on account of circumstances over which we could have absolutely no control. The whole arrangements for landing and embarkation in the Black Sea were entirely under the control of the captains and officers of the Prinzessin, and the boats required therefor were furnished by the owners of the vessel.

THOMAS COOK & SON,
per GEORGE EADE, Manager.

The Education of the Negro

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Negroes will read Mrs. Hammond's article in a recent number of The Outlook with deep appreciation. The editorial comment upon it, however, is not so satisfying, and I venture to call your attention to one point. You say: "We believe in the higher education for the negro. . . . But this is not its [the race's] first need. Its first need is the capacity to support itself, and the purpose to support itself by honest industry." This does not seem to me a happy statement of what I conceive to be your position. In the first place, your words could be taken to imply that the work of the teacher and physician was not "honest industry," or directly contributive thereto. This, of course, you did not mean. Again, is it just clear as to what you mean by "first" in these sentences? Do you mean that at present the training of teachers and some professional men should be entirely neglected? Or do you simply mean that at present the major part of educational work among negroes must be directed toward the proper equipment of common and industrial schools, while a smaller amount of money and effort must go to the equally important work of higher training?

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS.
Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

[We think our meaning was sufficiently clear, that education fitting for self-support should take the first place in the education especially of a dependent race. We should be glad to think that all those who are interested in educational work for the African race in this country entertain this opinion.—THE EDITORS.]



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The Outlook

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

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The Outlook

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The Town Beautiful

The Outlook offers prizes of $250 and $100 for the best two illustrated articles on this subject. The articles must not exceed three thousand words in length, and must reach the office of The Outlook on or before September 1, 1903. The competition is open both to subscribers and non-subscribers. The illustrations may be of any kind suitable for reproduction in The Outlook.

The articles relating to "The Town Beautiful" may describe any plan, system, or invention by which a community, large or small, village or city, has been made more attractive or less unsightly. It is not proposed to deal with purely political, municipal, or scientific improvements, such as water or gas systems, drainage, or the erection of public buildings, but rather with that which appeals to the artistic sense, that which gives charm and external beauty to the place, or gives its people opportunity for out-of-door enjoyment, or increases the love of nature and brightens the common life. As concrete instances of what is meant may be cited the design and carrying out of the recreation piers and parks in New York, the home garden plan of Cleveland (described by Mr. Cadwallader in The Outlook of February 1, 1902), the school garden plan of Dayton and other places (described by Mr. Dick in The Outlook of August 2, 1902), or the work of the Village Improvement Society of Stockbridge, Mass., the first society of the kind, we believe. These illustrative examples will suggest others; not merely the extent of the undertaking, but its originality, novelty, and ingenuity, and the relative skill in applying means to an end, are to be most considered; a little village may have done something more suggestive and interesting than the great city with its parks and boulevards. Village Improvement Societies are invited to compete, as well as individuals, and if the prize is gained by a society, it might be applied for some public or memorial purpose. In this connection attention is called to Mr. McFarland's article on "The Great Civic Awakening" in this issue of The Outlook.

The Week

The Northern Pacific Merger Declared Void: The Facts

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the four Justices constituting the court concurring, has decided that the Northern Securities Company is an illegal combination in restraint of trade, and has enjoined the Company from voting on the stock or exercising any control over the two parallel roads, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroad, which were merged by the organization of the Northern Securities Company, and has enjoined the railroads from paying any dividends to the Northern Securities Company. An appeal will be taken to the United States Supreme Court immediately. The facts in this case have heretofore been put before our readers in some detail. In this paragraph we simply restate them in their simplest form, so far as is necessary to an understanding of the principle involved in this decision. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroad are two lines of road running across the continent from the Mississippi River to Puget Sound, parallel to each other, and heretofore competing with each other. In 1901 certain large and influential stockholders of the two companies, who had actual control of the two roads, conceived the design of practically uniting them, by creating a corporation which should buy a majority of the stock in both of the roads, and thus should become practical owner of them both. For this purpose the Northern Securities Company was organized, under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and shortly thereafter purchased a large majority of the stock of both the competing railroads. The scheme thus consummated led inevitably to the results thus defined by the Court in its opinion:

First—It placed the control of the two roads in the hands of a single person, to wit, the Securities Company, by virtue of its ownership of a large majority of the stock of both companies.

Second—It destroyed every motive for competition between the roads engaged in inter-State traffic, which were natural competitors for business, by pooling the earnings of the two roads for the common benefit of the stockholders of both companies.

The question before the Court was whether such a combination was a violation of the Anti-Trust Law, which forbids all combinations "in restraint of trade or commerce." The defendants held that it was not, on the following among other grounds: (1) That any one can legally hold property unlimitedly, and it is only the use of that property which can be restricted by the Anti-Trust Law; (2) that the combination was accomplished before the legal proceedings were taken, and therefore it is too late to prohibit the combination; (3) that they can be enjoined from doing any act that is in restraint of trade, but not from the mere combination, which is not itself a restraint of trade; (4) that the combination was in fact formed not to restrain but to promote commerce, by enlarging the volume of inter-State traffic, and thus benefiting the public.

The Northern Pacific Merger Declared Illegal: The Principles Involved

The Court unanimously holds that the combination is itself in restraint of trade, and illegal according to the familiar rule that every one is presumed to intend what is the necessary consequence of his own acts; that the agreement between competing railroads, which has the effect to restrict the right of either of them to name such rates of freight or passengers as it pleases, is an agreement in direct restraint of commerce, within the meaning of the act, in that it tends to prevent competition; that Congress has the Constitutional right to forbid such contract or combination; that its power over inter-State commerce is supreme and far-reaching, and acknowledges no limitations other than such as are prescribed in the Constitution itself; that in the exercise of this power it has a right to forbid, and by the Anti-Trust Law it has forbidden, any contract or agreement which tends to the suppression of competition; and, finally, that competition "would not be more effectually restrained under and by force of the existing arrangement, if the two railroads were constructed under a single charter." The defendants in this case include the Northern Securities Company, the two great railway companies, and such capitalists as James J. Hill, D. Willis James, John S. Kennedy, and J. Pierpont Morgan. The capital stock of the Securities Company amounted to four hundred millions of dollars, that

sum being the amount required to purchase the total stock of the two railroad companies at the price agreed to be paid therefor. This case is, therefore, of the first National importance as indicating that financial considerations do not control the courts of the United States, a charge which has sometimes been brought by ill-informed or reckless writers. Enormous pecuniary interests were involved in this case, and there is not the least reason to suspect that the Court in its decision was affected either by the money interests involved on the one hand or by popular prejudice upon the other. It is important as indicating the power which the United States Government already possesses under the Constitution as it now exists. Attorney-General Knox's opinion respecting the extent and effectiveness of these powers has thus received striking confirmation, and the opinion that there is no necessity to amend the Constitution so as to increase the powers of Congress is to a considerable extent sustained. Finally, the Anti-Trust Law itself has received a judicial interpretation which, if confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, indicates its far-reaching character. For if the provisions of that law cannot be evaded by a contrivance under which the same persons become practically the owners of two competing roads, it is difficult to see how any plan can be formed successfully to evade the provisions of the law and put an end to competition between parallel lines.

The Northern Pacific Merger: The Trend of History

Even more important than in its direct legal effects is this decision as an indication of the trend of history in the United States. In 1887 the Federal Inter-State Commerce Act was passed, by which, for the first time in the history of this country, Congress made a serious attempt to regulate railroad traffic in the interest of the public. Up to that time the right to exercise any such regulation was vehemently denied. Railroad representatives insisted that a railroad was private property, and that Congress might as well undertake to regulate the price of bread or the size of the loaves as to regulate freight rates or freight conditions. That was twenty-five years ago. Now we have the United States Court deciding that Congress has not merely a right to prohibit unjust and unreasonable rates, but a right to prohibit such an ownership of competing railroads as, by destroying competition, tends to produce unjust and unreasonable rates. And while the decision is received with some criticism in certain quarters, it is generally welcomed by conservative journals and conservative lawyers, and the popular, and we judge the professional, opinion appears to be that it will probably be confirmed by the Supreme Court when it reaches that tribunal. Railroad officials themselves welcome it. The New York "Times" publishes a statement from the President of the Seaboard Air Line Railway which characterizes this decision "as one of the greatest blessings and brightest promises for railroad interests and general business that the country could have," and one that "voices the judgment of probably nine-tenths of the more conservative business men of the country." The courts are naturally and properly the most conservative element in a democracy. They are last to respond to change in public sentiment. They constitute an invaluable check on those sudden revolutions in feeling and opinion to which democracy is always liable. When, therefore, the courts recognize as definitely as they are now doing the right of legislation to enforce, by new methods adapted to our times, the principle, almost as old as Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, that private rights are always subordinate to the public welfare and always subject to public control, the assurance that the American people will never surrender this principle receives a new confirmation. Twenty-five years ago one might have asked with some foreboding the question, Will the great corporations control the people, or will the people control the great corporations? That can hardly be regarded as a question any longer. It is considerably more than twenty-five years since Senator Booth, of California, put the railroad problem in a nutshell in the saying, Formerly the highways were inconvenient, but they were free; now they are convenient, but they are private property. This decision goes a long way toward modifying that statement, by its recog-

nition of the principle, which previous less noticeable judicial decisions have recognized, that the railroad is a public highway, and the railroad corporation a public servant created to manage this highway for the benefit of the public.

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The President on the Philippines

In his speech at Fargo, North Dakota, the President reaffirmed his convictions respecting the results of the occupation of the Philippine Islands by the United States. He quoted the promises of President McKinley three and a half years ago, that Congress would provide for their material interests, advance their people in civilization, not govern them as vassals or serfs, give them a government of liberty regulated by law and honestly administered, and insure them freedom of religious worship and protection in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These promises, President Roosevelt affirms, have been fulfilled. That some instances of oppression and wrong-doing have occurred he frankly admits, and deplores; but he declares that such offenses have been the exception, not the rule, and that the War Department has taken every step in its power to punish the offenders and prevent a repetition of the offenses. He praises Governor Taft and his associates for the wisdom and efficiency of their administration, and declares that they are "as upright, as conscientious, and as able a group of administrators as ever any country has been blessed with." Associated with them are the best men among the Filipinos, "so that the great majority of the officials, including many of the highest rank, are themselves natives of the islands." He rehearses what Congress has done: it has conferred on the Filipinos the present admirable civil government; has given them an excellent currency; has provided a native constabulary; has reduced the tariff twenty-five per cent. on Filipino articles brought to this country—the President hopes that a further reduction will be made by the next Congress; and has appropriated three million dollars for immediate relief of the people from sudden and unexpected disasters. Finally, the President praises the army, not only for its past service in putting down anarchy, but also for its present service as "one of the instruments through which Governor Taft does his admirable work." The most interesting feature in the President's speech, however, is his quotation from José Rizal, the most honored hero of Philippine history. Shortly before his death, in a message to his countrymen bearing date December 16, 1896, Rizal "condemned unsparingly the insurrection of Aguinaldo . . . and pointed out the path his people should follow to liberty and enlightenment," and declared that the development of the people by means of education and of industry must precede the establishment of independence. "I cannot do less," Rizal says, "than condemn, and I do condemn, this absurd and savage insurrection planned behind my back, which dishonors us before the Filipinos and discredits us with those who otherwise would argue in our behalf. I abominate its cruelties and disavow any kind of connection with it, regretting with all the sorrow of my soul that these reckless men have allowed themselves to be deceived." The Springfield "Republican," probably the strongest anti-administration organ in New England, endeavors to break the force of this testimony by the suggestion that the message may have been forged by the Spaniards, but it offers no evidence whatever in support of this suggestion. The only reason, apparently, for thinking it forged is that the "Republican" cannot question the patriotism of Rizal, and therefore thinks itself compelled to question his authorship of this almost dying message to his people.

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The Candidate Without a Party

The most astonishing result of the municipal elections in the West last week was the re-election of Mayor Jones, of Toledo. It is true that this was his third re-election, but the wonder of the situation grows each time it is repeated. This year the press despatches announced that the Republicans (the majority party) were thoroughly united, and it also announced that both wings of the Democratic party were pulling together, but, despite this, Mayor Jones, "the man without a party," was re-elected, receiving nearly as many votes as the Republican and Democratic candidates combined. The newspaper

press of the city was united against him. The "Blade" (Republican), the "Bee" (Democrat), and the "News" (Independent), not only opposed Mayor Jones, but did not recognize the fact that he was in the field. Only one daily paper—and that printed in German—was willing to do so much as publish Mayor Jones's letter of acceptance. In the campaign two years ago one of the stories brought East was that of a Republican who entered the office of the "Blade" and was surprised to find that three employees spoken to all expected to vote for Mayor Jones. When he exclaimed, in amazement, "Why, I thought the 'Blade' was supporting the Republican candidate!" he received the answer, "The 'Blade' is supporting him, but it is the only thing on the premises that is." This year the situation was evidently not dissimilar. One of the results of the attempt of the newspapers to make Mayor Jones appear ridiculous is that they have made themselves appear so. In most cities there is still a superstition that papers representing the different parties are certain to compete with one another in presenting all the news. Toledo has learned—what Detroit learned in Mayor Pingree's day—that newspapers, no matter what their party affiliations, may be and sometimes are owned by members of the same small commercial group, having precisely the same commercial interests and sympathies, and ready to combine to suppress news unwelcome to them. But the repudiation of newspaper leadership in Toledo was less remarkable than the repudiation of party leadership. In the short letter of acceptance which these papers refused to print, Mayor Jones stood for the principle that the guidance of party machines must be repudiated. He said: "As surely as I believe that I live, I believe that we can never know the meaning of democracy and equal brotherhood of all men in government until we abandon political machines, and the people—the sovereign power—select their own candidates through nomination by petition, or some better method yet to be discovered that will take this important duty out of the hands of the political bosses, the aristocracy of our day." This platform appears impracticable to those who know that only through organization, as a rule, have the poorer classes been able to unite upon the candidates expressing their sympathies; yet so thoroughly tired have the people become of the despotism of the machines nominally created for their service, and so completely do the people of Toledo believe in the fidelity of Mayor Jones, that they expressed their weariness of the machines and their belief in Mayor Jones by giving him a third triumphant re-election.

Street Railway Issues in Cleveland and Chicago

Less picturesque but not less important were the results of the city elections in Cleveland and Chicago. In both cities the present Mayors were re-elected mainly because of the uncompromising stand they had taken for city control of city street railways. Mayor Johnson stood for immediate three-cent fares and ultimate public ownership. Mayor Harrison stood for an immediate referendum on franchise extensions and ultimate public ownership. In both cities the Republican candidates—Goulder in Cleveland and Stewart in Chicago—were men of fine personality, who had united parties behind them. But party lines in both cities counted for less than usual, and the Republican candidates lost support at the polls because they were supported in the campaign by interests identified with the traction companies. In Cleveland Mayor Johnson was helped by the relentless fight which the corporation wing of the Republicans had made against his street railway measures—resisting them in the Council, in the courts, and in the Constitutional Convention. In a most striking way, says the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" (Democratic), the measures designed to deprive Mayor Johnson of his power have resulted in making him the master of the whole situation. By overthrowing the charter his enemies took away from him the power to appoint the Board of Public Safety without the concurrence of two-thirds of the City Council. Heretofore the Council has been Republican, but this year the voters elected a Council Democratic by more than a two-thirds majority, thus giving the Mayor a free hand. Another issue which entered into the campaign was that of taxation—not the single tax, for which Mayor Johnson stands theoretically, but

the equal taxation of all property, corporate and individual, for which he stands practically. His plurality was nearly six thousand—or nearly as great as two years ago, when the Hanna Republicans were lukewarm in the support of the party ticket. In Chicago Mayor Harrison's re-election was in like manner largely due to the enemies he had made. His Republican opponent stood upon a platform demanding the public ownership of street railways as unequivocally as did his own; but the fact that the traction interests were on the side of the Republican candidate led large numbers of Republicans to side with Mayor Harrison. The only tangible difference between Mayor Harrison's platform and Mr. Stewart's was that the Mayor demanded that no franchises should be extended by the City Council without being submitted to the voters for their approval, while Mr. Stewart believed this precaution unnecessary to guard the people's interests.

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Victories and Defeats for Independent Voters

In all of the cities just named independent voting was conspicuously present. In Chicago the Municipal Voters' League scored an even greater triumph than a year ago in the elections for Councilmen. Twenty-six of the thirty-five newly elected Aldermen had the League's positive indorsement, and two others were guardedly recommended as likely to make good Aldermen. The League, it must be understood, does not give its indorsement to every candidate who subscribes to its articles of faith. Fully half of the candidates it condemned had signed its platform calling for the enforcement of the civil service laws, the limitation of franchise grants to a maximum of twenty years, with a reserved right of the city to institute public ownership at or before their expiration, and the application of the referendum "to the settlement of all important policies with reference to public utilities." To secure the indorsement of the League the professed support of these excellent principles had to be backed by a public record consistent therewith, or by a private record for integrity. In two wards the League supported labor candidates, and in one the Socialist candidate. This last action was exceptional, but the League's statement of the case made it clear that the principles of good government required it. Its report upon the three candidates was in brief as follows:

THIRTY-THIRD WARD.

Unite on Johnson. Credit of ward at stake.

Raleigh I. Dabney—Republican; agent Lackawanna Freight Line; residence, etc. . . . Indicted for perjury in connection with scandalous divorce suit; . . . witness of defense in recent trial of O'Donnell and Brady for jury bribing; evidence contradicted by all reputable witnesses; . . . a most dangerous man to elect to the Council; signed League platform.

Dr. Amos C. Hall—Democrat; physician, 7526 Ellis Avenue; political affiliations bad; unfit and wholly undesirable candidate; signed League platform.

William J. Johnson—Socialist; wood-carver for Pullman Company; secretary of the Chicago branch of the International Carvers' Association of America; lives 346 Fulton Avenue, Pullman; born in Norway; 28 years old; resided in ward fifteen years; studious; well informed; reputation excellent; well qualified for office; represents the conservative element of his party and is very popular; his candidacy affords the voters of a decent ward the only way out of an otherwise hopeless situation.

Mr. Johnson, we may add, was elected by a small plurality, receiving thirty-one hundred votes in a ward where the head of his ticket got but eleven hundred. In the new Council of seventy members (half of whom were elected last year) fifty-three were indorsed by the independent voters' organization. And this in Chicago, where ten years ago many practical men could see no other escape from councilmanic corruption except the abandonment of legislative government and the concentration of municipal authority in the hands of the Mayor! Unfortunately, however, this great victory for independent voters in Chicago was accompanied last week by defeats no less conspicuous in Cincinnati and St. Louis. In Cincinnati the Cox ring candidate, Fleischmann, was re-elected by a large majority, and in St. Louis the candidates for Councilmen recommended by Circuit Attorney Folk were uniformly defeated. In Cincinnati the ring posed as the defenders of the city's good name, charging the critics of corruption with the lack of civic patriotism. In our day as in Dr. Johnson's, patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels. In St. Louis the machine victory was largely due to the apathy of the voters in a supposedly

unimportant campaign. Hardly half of them came to the polls. A St. Louis correspondent writes us, since the election, that the course pursued by the Democratic city machine toward Mr. Folk has reacted upon itself, and that "if a State Democratic Convention were held now in Missouri, all the efforts of the machine couldn't prevent the nomination of Folk for Governor."

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The Strike in Holland Collapses

The general strike in all the transportation industries in Holland, initiated at the beginning of last week to prevent the enactment of the pending anti-strike bills, failed of its object and utterly collapsed before the week had ended. Two of the three bills proposed by the Ministry for the prevention of strikes related only to the formation of a railroad brigade to insure a regular service of trains in case of strikes, and to the establishment of a royal commission to adjudicate the complaints of railroad employees. The third bill, which aroused the intense hostility of the railway employees, made it illegal for them to strike. Upon the roads owned by the State—nearly three-fifths of all—it was prescribed that the refusal of an individual workman to perform his duties might be punished by imprisonment for six months, and the refusal of a group of workmen to perform them might be punished by imprisonment for four years. Collective action to interrupt traffic was thus treated as a criminal conspiracy, and those who instigated it were made liable to the same punishment as those who took part in it. To what extent the provisions of the bill applied to the employees of the private roads is not made clear in the despatches. Those who organized the strike believed that they could at least force the Government to accept a compromise by which disputes should be settled by a board of arbitration. The Government, however, pushed its bills forward in unamended form, and secured their adoption in the Lower House by a majority of six to one and in the Upper House by a unanimous vote. The inability of the strikers to secure a larger adverse vote in the popularly elected House was in part due to the absence of universal suffrage—the poorer half of the people being without the franchise—but was in the main due to the feeling of even the lower middle classes that the interruption of railroad traffic was an offense apart from that of a strike in an ordinary business. The collapse of the strike among the working people in the cities was due in part to the feverish effort to extend it to unaffected trades, and particularly to the bakeries, and in part to the fear that the German Government would seize upon the interruption of traffic on the roads entering the Empire as an occasion for interference in the government of Holland. Thus a patriotic impulse worked against the success of the strike. The collapse of the strike, however, does not mean that the working-class sentiment it expressed has been dissipated, or that the Radical and Socialist parties will give up the fight for a modification of the new laws. The Socialists and the Individualists have in this crisis in Holland changed places; the Socialists have been the champions of "individual liberty," and the Conservatives the champions of the supreme right of the State to require individuals to subserve the general welfare. In Italy the Government was last week confronted with the danger of a general strike at Rome, and took the position that it would not abridge the liberty of any workman to strike, but would insure the liberty of all workmen to work; and the Roman strike collapsed even more speedily than the Dutch.

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Servia

Last week's most picturesque news from the Balkan Peninsula came, not from the Turkish provinces, but from the little kingdom of Servia on their border. Alexander I., the young Servian King, has the army on his side, but is opposed by the large body of Radicals, who, in the Skupshtina, or Parliament, have recently caused suffrage laws to be passed obnoxious to the King because calculated to increase Radical power. Accordingly, without warning, one day last week the King suddenly issued a proclamation suspending the Constitution. Then, as absolute monarch, he annulled the objectionable laws, deposed all the judges save one, retired the Senators and Councilors of State, and appointed new ones. Five minutes, so it is reported, after this promulgation, a second procla-

mation was posted, restoring the Constitution to its former validity, and, of course, the youthful despot to his position as constitutional monarch. As a swift, sensational stroke of state nothing could have been more Oriental—indeed, the complete independence of Servia from Turkey only dates from 1878; it recalls the King's previous attempt in the same direction, which was also a subject for comic opera. When only seventeen, he decided that the regency (proclaimed until Alexander should attain his majority by Milan I., his father, abdicating) was no longer necessary; he therefore invited the regents to dinner, and while at table had them all suddenly arrested by the troops and imprisoned, whereupon he at once proclaimed himself King and free from tutelage. Quickly following this, he re-banished his disreputable father, ex-King Milan, who had tried to regain the throne, also kept the beautiful Queen Natalie, his mother, out of Servia, and, defying the wishes of his own court, married a woman very much his senior, the widow of a local doctor. Queen Draga, however, as she is now, is believed to have exercised a restraining influence on her young spouse; at all events, he has not lately been so prominent before the world. The event of last week may have another cause than that of mere personal autocracy. The Servian Radicals do not favor ultra-militarism; the King not only favors it for its own sake, but with peculiar force at the present time, in view of the Balkan unrest.

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The Amity Conferences

Lament has been made over the decline of interest in the "monthly concert of prayer for missions," that flourished for a large part of the last century. One could hardly attend the Conference on Missions annually held at Amity Church, New York, without recognizing that the decadent institution has been improved upon in a way that other churches might profitably imitate. Three afternoons and evenings, six sessions in all, occupying about the same time in the aggregate that was given in a year to the "monthly concert," are devoted to various aspects and fields of missionary enterprise. These are presented by men and women familiarized with their subjects by personal experience and warm from their work. Preceding these, each session begins with a brief exposition of some portion of Scripture pertinent to the theme in hand. The thirteenth of these annual Conferences was held during the recent Passion Week. Indicative of the broader conception of missionary interest now gaining hold—illustrated in such a work as Dr. Dennis's "Christian Missions and Social Progress"—was the sociological tinge given to the programme. One session was devoted to Woman's Work, one to China, one to some conditions in Greater New York. While Amity Church is denominationally Baptist, the undenominational character of these Conferences is conspicuous throughout. A delightful feature is the table fellowship, between the afternoons and the evenings, at the supper in Amity Hall, connected with the church. Amity Church is honorably distinguished among the churches of New York for the large and varied institutional work that it carries on with means quite inadequate to needs. In view of these needs, the wisdom and efficiency with which the means at hand have been applied by the pastor, the Rev. Leighton Williams, deserve reinforcement quite independently of denominational considerations.

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Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on Cuba

Last week an Encyclical from the Pope in Latin and Spanish was read in all the Cuban Roman Catholic churches, in which Leo XIII. declared that the change of the country into a Republic, accomplished as an incident of war, has exercised an influence on the status of religion. On this account, and by reason of the cessation of the sovereignty of the King of Spain, the Pope regards it as a duty to inform himself exactly as to Cuban spiritual welfare, and hence sent thither Archbishop Chapelle, as Apostolic Delegate. It is understood that the encyclical reflects the conclusions of the Archbishop's report. As the great amount of territory in the dioceses of Santiago and Havana renders episcopal visitations difficult, Cuba is to be divided into four instead of two dioceses, the new ones to be known as the dioceses of Pinar del Rio and Cienfuegos. The diocese of Pinar del Rio comprises the province of the same name; the diocese of Cienfuegos comprises the

province of Santa Clara. Santiago will remain the principal see to which the other Cuban dioceses will be subject, but Porto Rico is to be severed from the see of Santiago and become, for the present, immediately subject to Rome. The encyclical ends with an injunction which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in France might lay to heart with advantage: "Let everybody in sacred orders wholly abstain from interference in political matters."

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Dreyfus Redivivus

Last week in the French Chamber of Deputies M. Jean Jaurès, perhaps the most eloquent orator in France, brought out two new facts concerning Captain Dreyfus, who eight years ago was unjustly degraded from his rank in the army and after suffering cruel indignities was condemned to imprisonment for life on Devil's Island, off the French Guiana coast, where he endured an infamous captivity. When it was discovered that the sentence of the court martial rested on forged documents, the Court of Cassation, or Supreme Court, set aside the sentence, and ordered that Captain Dreyfus should receive a second trial. To this end a court martial was called at Rennes, at which, though the evidence showed the prisoner to be innocent, he was unaccountably adjudged guilty, although this time recommended to mercy! Later he was pardoned, but, unfortunately, never rehabilitated. The members of both courts martial were charged with having been influenced by many incriminatory documents not shown to the accused or to his counsel. One of the documents which helped to convict the prisoner, according to M. Jaurès, was a falsified paper bearing alleged annotations by the German Emperor. A new fact was then disclosed by M. Jaurès—a letter written by General de Pellieux to M. Cavaignac, then Minister of War, asking permission to resign because he had been "duped by men without honor and unable any longer to count upon the confidence of my subordinates . . . and to feel confidence in those of my chiefs who have made me work with forgeries." After this letter had been read, M. Brisson, who had been Premier of the Cabinet in which M. Cavaignac was War Minister, arose and denounced the latter as unworthy to be called a Republican or to be treated as an honest man, pointing out that for sixteen days M. Cavaignac had concealed from his official chief the forgery committed by Colonel Henry (the suicide), and that until the present time M. Cavaignac had suppressed the letter written by General de Pellieux. The attempt of M. Cavaignac to explain this suppression was farcical. The former War Minister's reputation has now descended to a low level compared with that of five years ago, when his speeches were ordered to be published in every French Commune, and when his admirers looked upon him as destined one day to become President. The present War Minister, General André, immediately announced that the Government was ready to open an administrative inquiry and aid in the widest investigation of the truth regarding the Dreyfus case. This bold and gratifying declaration was sufficient cause for the votes of over three to one, first of confidence in the Government, and secondly recording the Chamber's determination not to allow the Dreyfus case to pass from the judicial domain. All friends of France, therefore, should feel a sense of relief that a third court martial will not be permitted to stand in the way of common justice. If the Dreyfus inquiry is confined to the civil tribunals, the prisoner of Devil's Island may ultimately obtain complete rehabilitation.

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More Trouble in the Caroline Islands

Interferences with the work of American missionaries in the Caroline Islands, which began when Spain took possession, were supposed to have ceased when Spain sold her title to Germany. At that time the German Government pledged itself to non-interference with the work, which long antedated European occupation. According to a letter just received at the missionary headquarters in Boston, a German naval officer has made himself as vexatious there as the German admiral in 1898 at Manila. The graduating class of the native training-school for teachers and preachers on Ruk Island has been arrested and carried to Ponape, three hundred miles distant, the seat of the colonial government. The arrest was made December 26, and

the prisoners were still in custody February 16. They are charged with disloyal utterances against the Government, and the same charge is laid against the American missionary, the Rev. M. L. Stimson. The American Board of Foreign Missions, with a clean record in this point of nearly a century, regards this charge as preposterous. Mr. Stimson and his wife, both of them college graduates, both having served as missionaries in China, are not alone involved. The charge is laid against all the American missionaries that they "make trouble." The captain of the German war-ship is stated to have behaved toward them with great insolence. The Board has laid this information before the State Department with a request for inquiry and redress, and especially for the fulfillment of the pledge of non-interference with missionary work. Since the Carolines were transferred by Spain to Germany, the Board has been desirous to transfer its mission in Micronesia to any society, British or German, that will accept it. But it is reported that the German Government does not wish any Protestant society to succeed the American missionaries. That Germany will deal fairly with us in this matter, whatever an individual may have done, is not to be doubted.

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Protection for the Family

The annual reports of the National League for the Protection of the Family hold deservedly high rank in sociological literature. The twenty-third of the series, just published, notes particulars which go to show that recent legislation on marriage and divorce has been mainly in the right direction. It is surprising that so few of the States collect and publish statistics of these vital facts, though knowledge of the facts is essential to the sound public opinion that prompts the correction of evils. Familiarity with the divorce evil, Secretary Dike believes, has a deadening influence on public opinion. He is informed that the large number of divorces granted in California is approved there in so-called good society. The effort to secure uniform marriage and divorce laws throughout the Union has made no progress during the year. On the other hand, the migratory divorce seekers, whom such legislation would affect, are becoming, through the increase of various restrictions upon divorce, less numerous every year. The report touches on an evil that is now confronting organized charity—the desertion of families by the responsible breadwinner. Deserted wives, mostly with children, constitute about one-tenth of all the new "cases" before the Associated Charities of Boston. The evil is increasing in large cities. It is time to consider whether the desertion of a dependent family should not be made an extraditable offense. The importance of the family as the social unit, the vital cell, on whose soundness depends the soundness of the social organism, cannot be overestimated. While students of social science recognize this, it needs, as Dr. Dike observes, to be more emphasized by the churches, not as if "to do something for the home," but to awaken the right spirit within the home itself. Religious publishing societies may here co-operate with the churches on lines which the report suggests. And business men, who may be supposed to know the economic value to themselves of virtuous homes, may well take a larger interest in the subject. The League for the Protection of the Family is working in their interest and has a claim on their co-operation. For copies of this instructive report address the Secretary, Dr. S. W. Dike, Auburndale, Mass.

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The Industrial Work of the Young Men's Christian Association

Senator Proctor, of Proctor, Vermont, recently erected a $30,000 building for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association members in the great marble works at that place, and the institution is now in successful operation. It calls attention to the Association's new endeavor in establishing at different industrial centers agencies for its physical, educational, social, and religious propaganda. Such stations have already been located in appropriate buildings at the Westinghouse Air Brake Works, Wilmerding, Pa., at the Johnson Iron Works, Lorain, Ohio, and at the Arkansas Lumber Company's camp in Arkansas. Other agencies in other important industrial centers are now being established on the principle which guides all, namely, that employees are themselves

to commence the work and to maintain it, the employers co-operating with the men in the latter's own organization, and at the request of the men themselves. Workers are never to be patronized, but are to be given every opportunity for initiative and control. For the encouraging part of this movement is that it comes from the men themselves, and is not an effort primarily on the part of the companies nor their employees. This appeals to the independent spirit of the American workingman; it is fundamental in all efforts which are to reach the problem and are to be increasingly successful. During the month in which the Proctor building has been opened the membership has been increased to nearly three hundred and fifty. Two-thirds of the members are foreign-born, many representing nationalities for which Christian work has not always been abundantly fruitful of good results—the Hungarian element, for instance. Of the Hungarians at Proctor forty have already joined the English class taught by a Hungarian. As in the other industrial centers where this particular endeavor is being instituted, so at Proctor (though only about one-half of the membership represents any church affiliation) the Roman Catholic membership amounts to more than that from all the Protestant denominations put together. It is gratifying to record the general sympathy of the priests everywhere with the new movement, even if exceptions to this rule may be noted here and there. In some cases the priests have come to the Association building and have themselves addressed the men, commending the Association's work in strong terms; and there are cases where, at the morning mass, the priest has taken occasion to read the Association's notices in connection with those of the Church. The new venture, therefore, of the Young Men's Christian Association is one of apparently limitless possibilities, not only in the religious world, but also in the domains of physical improvement, of mental attainment, and of social regeneration.

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Colony Gardens

In its Colony Gardens Copenhagen has an institution that might profitably be copied by many of our own municipalities. By a colony garden is understood a city square, preferably in the suburbs, where land is cheapest, divided off into gardens about fifteen by twenty feet, each garden having at the front a small summer house with a flagstaff bearing aloft the red and white flag of Denmark. The largest number of gardens in one inclosure is about four hundred, which means ample accommodation for two thousand persons, and the total number is three thousand, with room for fifteen thousand persons, or four per cent. of the population of Copenhagen. All but a few of the Copenhagen colony gardens are under the control of one organization, the secretary of which, Mr. P. Hansen, was the originator of the whole scheme. The purpose of the garden society, as it is called, is to furnish the better class of working people, using that term in its conventional sense, with a satisfactory substitute for the summer homes of the wealthier classes. The company is organized on the mutual plan, with a capital stock of about $7,000, divided into shares of $13.50 and $27 each. Dividends up to five per cent. may be paid. If the profits exceed that amount, one-fifth of the excess is placed in the reserve fund, until a certain amount is reached; the balance is distributed among the stockholders. Some of the inclosures are owned outright by the company, others are rented from the commune for a short term of years. The cost of each inclosure varies from $1,000 to $5,000, and the annual expense to the company runs from $300 to $1,200. The annual rent of the gardens varies according to size, the quality of the soil, the expense of management, etc., the average being $1.50 to $5 per annum. This, of course, represents a larger amount in Denmark than it would in this country. The summer houses are built by the tenants and must be planned in accordance with the general directions of the company. On giving up a garden the tenant is always able to get a fair price for his house. It is claimed that the tendency of newcomers to this summer colony is to engage in vegetable-raising, but that after the first year most of these graduate into the flower class and devote all their space to the purely æsthetic. There is not a little tree-planting, too, both by the company and by the tenants. Prizes are offered

for the finest specimens of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and at horticultural exhibitions in Copenhagen the gardens take a prominent place. The greatest pride is taken in keeping up the gardens and in making as fine a display as possible. Nobody is allowed to neglect his plot, failure to keep up with the established pace of neatness being followed by a warning or by forfeiture of privileges. It should be noted in conclusion that this is not a charitable scheme, but that it is wholly self-supporting. It reaches a class too often forgotten—the people who are able by wise co-operation to obtain advantages that are otherwise out of their reach.

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A Sewer Farm Pasadena, Cal., can boast of a sewer farm which ranks among the largest in the world (containing 300 acres), yields $25,000 a year to the city, besides effecting numerous savings, and demonstrates the fallacy of the argument that American municipalities are unable to conduct business enterprises on a business basis. The farm is fifteen years old, and was established in the first instance to provide a means of disposing of the sewage, but the thrifty officials of the town have made of it a profitable enterprise as well. The argument advanced and followed was: If the sewage can be used by individuals to irrigate the arid lands about the city, it is equally available for the city to convert them into fertile and productive fields. Sixty acres are planted in English walnuts; and alfalfa in large quantities has been raised, sufficient for the city's horses, and many tons over for sale. A recent innovation has been the establishment of a herd of swine. One hundred have been raised, and the number is to be increased to three hundred. They are fed on corn and pumpkins which are raised in large quantities on the farm. It is expected that the swine industry will be as profitable as the English walnuts. The farm also utilizes the horses of the fire and street departments that have become too old for active city work, but can readily be used on the farm. The whole experience of Pasadena with its municipal farm has been an instructive one, from whatever point of view we regard it. It clearly demonstrates that there exists in this country the same sort of business abilities that have made European cities famous. It serves as an answer to the captious critics who maintain that no city can economically and profitably administer a business undertaking. It points the way to a healthful and utilitarian disposition of sewage by other cities, whether situated, like Pasadena, away from natural means, in which case the system is a public necessity, or situated, like other communities, on or near navigable streams capable of carrying away the accumulations of city waste.

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Good Friday and the Christian Year

The observance of the Lenten season culminated in the Good Friday services held in all parts of the country last week. In New York City, for instance, services were held in all the more important churches, such as the Roman Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Reformed; and in at least one Unitarian and one Universalist church. Although of course these services were varied in form, from pontifical mass and the veneration of "a relic of the true cross" to the simplest of unliturgical meetings, there was a unity in spirit and to a remarkable extent even in form. Among Catholics and Protestants, in churches ritualistic and non-ritualistic, meditative addresses on the story of the Passion were given. In St. George's Episcopal Church, for example, there was held a three-hour service from noon until three o'clock, the period of the crucifixion. Until lately, in England this service was considered peculiarly "popish." At St. George's, however, where the service is far from ritualistic, this service was celebrated in a simple and beautiful way, by means of addresses, moments of prayer, chiefly silent, and hymns, mainly congregational. Almost the same form was used in a Thursday evening service at a Baptist church. The three-hour service was held in only one Roman Catholic Church in the city, the Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier; but there it included a sermon in seven separated discourses.

In churches of all names instruction and meditative worship were blended.

The general testimony this year seems to be that never before has there been such serious, spontaneous, and widespread response to the appeal which the season of Lent makes. Within the memory of many who are not yet of middle age the Protestant churches of New England did not recognize even Christmas. The only days—apart from Sunday, or "the Sabbath," as it was called—which had religious significance were Fast Day and Thanksgiving; and both of these were creations of the civil authority. Now, even in remote regions of New England, both Christmas and Easter are observed with quite as much spontaneity as Thanksgiving Day, and with more religious feeling. The reaction from the Puritan dislike of all holy days has not, however, been at once toward the observance of the traditional Christian Year. The lack of such days has been supplied by modern inventions, such as Children's Sunday, Day of Prayer for Colleges, Week of Prayer, and innumerable other celebrations, some of them certainly of a character more or less local or ephemeral. The fact that in many churches of Puritan origin the Week of Prayer is being supplanted by Holy Week, and this in turn expanded into an observance of Lent; that civil Fast Days are becoming almost wholly neglected, that Good Friday is becoming more and more a day of general solemnity, and that other portions of the Christian Year are becoming more and more widely adopted, indicates that the cohesive principle lacking in extempore feasts and fasts is being rediscovered in the life of Christ, upon which the Christian Year is based. Of all outward signs of the growth toward church unity, this one at least corresponds to a principle upon which all inner church unity depends—the power derived from the life of him from whom Christianity takes its name. There is suggestion, too, in the fact that this increase in the common observance of holy days comes at the same time with the growth of liberty in religious thought, and for the most part in the same churches. Both this growth in liberty and this growth in common observance are signs of an emergence from legalism, which presents religion as repressive, into the spirit of the New Testament, which presents religion as impellent.

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Greater Germany

The labor troubles in the Low Countries have revived the discussion which arises from time to time as to the desire of Germany to possess itself of Holland—a desire in which the Dutch by no means participate. There is very little probability that Germany will attempt, by forcible means, to make the conquest of Holland, immensely important as the control of the Lower Rhine would be. Holland, like Switzerland, is inhabited by a population of a quality and fiber which might well appall even a great military force. It has behind it, moreover, a moral sentiment which would be overwhelmingly against any attempt forcibly to possess the country. What is more likely is that Germany will wait on events, hoping that some contingency may emphasize the important community of interests between the two countries and minimize the animosity of the Dutch.

Whether Holland and the Dutch colonies are ultimately absorbed or not, the pressure of German expansion is becoming more evident. Germany itself is overcrowded, and only by the annexation of territory beyond sea, or by the establishment of colonies, can Germans supply some of those natural products which they are not able to produce in the Fatherland. This, and a very natural ambition, accounts for the Kaiser's strenuous effort to make of his country a great sea power. He had no sooner succeeded to the throne than he inaugurated this aggressive policy, and showed an eagerness to learn from any quarter how to expand commercially and politically; he welcomed every chance to become acquainted with men of affairs throughout the world, with Krupp and Siemens, Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Morgan and Governor Francis.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, German home expansion began by the forcible acquisition of a part of Poland, a province which to this day is discontented, in sharp contrast with the Polish province absorbed by Austria. The next important German annexation did not

occur until 1864, when the Prussians snatched Schleswig-Holstein from Danish control. In 1871 occurred a third and more notable annexation, that of the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Germany is now ready for further enlargement, and the queries are: Will it be a contiguous territory to the Fatherland? Will be a colony? Will it be a combination of the two? The last question would be affirmatively answered by the annexation of either Holland or Denmark—the Kaiser's recent visit to Copenhagen and his effusive telegrams to Christian IX. have again set afloat the rumor of his possible designs on Denmark and on the Danish islands.

Stronger, however, that any trend towards union with Danes or Dutchmen is that of uniting under one Government all the German-speaking people in Europe. Hence the absorption of German Bohemia, Austria, and the Tyrol has been the steadfast aim of Pan-Germanism. The absorption of German Switzerland is quite another matter; and those who know the republican Swiss will advise the monarchical Pan-Germanists to abandon any notion of such union. Eight millions of Germans live under the scepter of the Hapsburgs. They are increasingly drawn towards Hohenzollern ideals, as was seen by the recent wholesale conversions to Protestantism among Austrian Roman Catholics—an event significant politically rather than religiously, and indicating the cultivation of the sentiment of a common Teutonic origin, which has avoided international complications and fostered an ambition to form a gigantic Germanic federation, which might dominate the European continent and perhaps ultimately become the world's supreme power. The German Austrians are in a position to contribute materially to the growth of Pan-Germanism; for they are dissatisfied with their position at home; they are no longer supreme as they once were, since Bohemia seems marching steadily towards home rule, marking the triumph of the Czech majority over the German minority; and the Trentino is more and more inclined towards the Italian dominion where it properly belongs. Bismarck once warned Italian Irredentists, however, that Germany's sword stretched even to Trieste; though they might hope to regain the Tyrolese Trentino, they would obtain no foot of land on the Adriatic's eastern shore. The port of Trieste would be worth more than a colony to Germany, not only because the road to this port would pass through the rich fields of western Bohemia, Upper Austria, and Carinthia, but because a Mediterranean port would crown the astute colonial propaganda which for some years William II. has been pursuing as regards Asiatic Turkey. If German expansion means that a vast Teutonic Middle Kingdom is ultimately to be erected, the port of Trieste would be of critical importance in its relations to Germany's greatest colony—Asia Minor and Syria. The discovery of the sensitiveness of feeling in this country with regard to German influence in Brazil apparently led the German Government to transfer its energies to Asia Minor and Syria, a region more practicable for colonial conquest. William II. persistently courted the Sultan, and, in consequence, has been able to make German influence permanent in the coveted region; he has outdistanced the Englishmen who for sixty years have been straining to secure the Sultan's consent to the building of a railway from Smyrna to the Persian Gulf; the German road is now partially completed. As the railway is one of the great agents of civilization, for this kind of colonizing and the consequent cessation of Muslim barbarity all the world should be thankful.

Recognition is also due to German pioneering in China. It is now a foregone conclusion that the colony of Kiaochau is to include the entire province of Shantung; indeed, it may ultimately absorb the neighboring provinces of Chili and Honan. After the failures of German colonizing in China under Bismarck, William II. determined that the Chinese colony should succeed, and it has. The Emperor's pronouncement against any interference with the "open door" policy insured England's assistance in securing industrial concessions throughout the province; partly in return for this, perhaps, partly because of the Anglo-German agreement looking towards the further partition of Africa, was due the Kaiser's loyalty to England during the Boer war, in the face of the pro-Boer sympathies of most of his subjects. During the years

which have elapsed since Germany has obtained this sphere of influence in China, her interests have become strikingly important. The German Shantung Railway Company is capitalized at three million dollars, while at Chifu, the principal port of the province, about two hundred and fifty steamers called last year. In Shantung and other provinces there are now over two hundred German warehouses, valued at about forty million dollars, and shipping great cargoes of teas and rice to Germany in return for machinery and iron products. The aggregate German interests in China and Japan are valued at $100,000,000.

From these results it would seem that Greater Germany is being created on the lines of least resistance: in Europe by curtailing the Austrian Empire; and abroad, in the Eastern hemisphere, by curtailing the Turkish and Chinese Empires. In the Western hemisphere we probably have not as much to fear from German aggression as has been sometimes supposed. German subjects may have been buying land on the Venezuelan island of Margarita with a view to its use by the German Government as a coaling station; unofficial German agents may possibly have been active at Bogota and at Copenhagen obstructing our Panama Canal project and the Danish islands annexation. It is certainly true that Germany has settled four hundred thousand subjects in Lower Brazil, and has extended an admirable commercial influence all over South America; it is also true that, for the furtherance of this world-trade, and for the protection of colonies, Germany needs a strong navy. With characteristic far-sightedness and restlessness, William II. has built one, and has encouraged in every way the establishment of a great mercantile marine. The results to Germany's export trade show the value of this large and growing marine; for in the more important groups in the German export list only nine declined last year in comparison with previous years, while there was an increase in no less than thirty-four.

In the modern competition in the open field of the world Germany already holds a foremost position. She is the great competitor that England and the United States have to meet; to meet her, however, in the friendly rivalry of trade, by the matching of brain against brain, industry against industry, training against training. If in that competition Germany can carry the day, the United States will be the first to recognize her success. The time for small international jealousies, growing out of the advantages of other countries, has gone. We need an efficient navy as a police force; we must be able to back up with a strong arm our National policies; but, unless compelled by inimical action, we have no intention of contending with Germany or any other nation in any other field than that of commerce. In that field, if Germany can outstrip us, we shall deserve to be outstripped.

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The Meaning of Sacrifice

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you tell one who is desirous of light upon the subject what is the essential and vital truth for Christian life underlying the doctrine of the Atonement: the statement made concerning Christ in the creed of the Congregational Church, "who by his death atoned for the sin of the world"? I know that an explanation is given to the effect that we are made at one with God through the knowledge of Him that we gain from Christ's life, his death being the inevitable outcome of his life, and through our faith in and obedience to the principles Christ gave us. But is there not something deeper, some truth concerning the nature of sin, and salvation from it; something that Paul had in his mind when he wrote such sentences as, "We were reconciled to God by the death of his Son," "Having made peace through the blood of his cross," "Ye . . . are made nigh in the blood of Christ," that, if really grasped and accepted by the Christian, would immeasurably deepen and strengthen his faith and purpose? I ask from a sincere desire for information, not from any purpose of obtaining merely a theological statement from you. A READER.

We answer categorically and unhesitatingly, Yes. What is this deeper truth concerning sin, and salvation from sin through sacrifice, which, if really grasped and accepted by the Christian, would immeasurably deepen and strengthen his faith and purpose? That question we do not answer categorically and unhesitatingly. Paul called it a mystery; a mystery it still remains. Theology grows out of experience. The experience of sacrifice in this self-indulgent age is so sporadic, so spasmodic, and withal so feeble, that any statement of the philosophy of sacrifice is

necessarily difficult, certainly imperfect, perhaps impossible.

But this difficulty does not lessen the truth that sacrifice is the central truth of the Christian philosophy, as it is the supremest experience in the Christian life. The religious history of Israel might almost be described as the history of the changing conception of sacrifice: beginning with the simple sacrifices of Cain, Abel, Noah, and Abraham; elaborated in the Levitical code, with, despite its elaboration, the underlying doctrine that the value of the sacrifice depends not on the thing offered but on the sincerity and simplicity of the offerer; illuminated by the oft-repeated prophetic teaching that repentance, consecration, and gratitude are the true sacrifices, of which bullocks, doves, and wheat are but the symbols; leading us to the New Testament teaching that the sacrifice is not offered by man to God to win his forgiveness, but by God to man as the means and instrument of conferring forgiveness; and ending with the picture of the New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven among men, in which there is no Temple, because there is no longer a sacrifice to be offered, because no longer a sin to be atoned for.

To take the teaching of sacrifice from the Bible would take from it the supreme truth which makes it a unique volume in the religious literature of the world, and the central truth which gives it unity. To take faith in sacrifice out of the experience of the Church would be equally disastrous to its life, and would leave it a mere educational and charitable organization. To take the experience which has resulted from faith in sacrifice out of the liturgies of the Church would take from its services the Lord's Supper, and from the hymn-book such hymns as "When I survey the wondrous Cross," "O sacred head now wounded," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and leave the hymn-book pallid and bloodless. Life there would still be in it; the life of patriotic sentiment, of social companionship, of gratitude for nature's gifts—but penitence, pardon, peace, forgiveness, burdens removed, remorse banished, the new song "to him who hath redeemed us," which give to the hymnologies and the liturgies of the universal Church their mystic power to quiet and to inspire, would all be wanting.

To take faith in the divine sacrifice out of the experience of the individual Christian would do even more; it would take the supreme example and the supreme incentive to sacrifice out of human life. Self-sacrifice was known before Christ; it is known outside the bounds of Christendom. That is but saying that Christianity interprets the sublimest experiences, as it supplies the deepest needs, of the human race. This it does by showing human virtue to be a manifestation of the divine life. Thermopylæ and the story of Curtius take on a new significance when read in the light of Christ's life and death. These also are revelations of that life of God in the soul of man which is as universal as humanity. But take away from the Bible the historical interpretation of sacrifice, and from the Christian theology the recognition of sacrifice, and from the Christian hymns and liturgies the expression of the Christian faith in the divine sacrifice, and, in that very act, the inspiration to self-sacrifice as the consummate flower of the divinity in man, and the supreme ethical expression of the highest life, would be taken away.

It is true that the New Theology denies the old philosophy of sacrifice. It denies that sacrifice was necessary to induce God to pardon by appeasing his wrath; or to enable him to pardon by satisfying his broken law. It is true that the New Theology is fatal to that form of experience which looked on God as an Awful Judge to be feared and on Christ with love as a Divine Friend who rescues us from the Awful Judge. We can no longer sing Mrs. Browning's verse, or, if we do, it can be only as a beautiful expression in archaic form of our self-contradictory sense of fear and love, of shame and peace:

> How strong thou art! We tremble lest
> The thunders of Thine arm be moved;
> But He is lying on Thy breast,
> And Thou must clasp Thy best beloved.

But gradually a new experience is taking the place of the old—gradually because new experience grows slowly, while a new theology may be framed in a day. This new experience is not less sacred than the one it is supplanting. In it are intermingled the same contradictory elements of struggle and fears, of sorrow for sin and joy in emancipation, of shame in one's self

exaltation in the love of God—the contradiction that appears in the declaration of the Decalogue respecting Jehovah, that he is "a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and showing mercy unto a thousand generations" to them that love him; in the cry of Peter, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man," in the same hour in which he forsakes all to follow Christ; in Paul's declaration in the same breath, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory."

But it is no longer a dread of one Person and a love for another Person. God is one; and the forgiven soul comes to him, as the Prodigal to his Father, holding himself afar off, while the Father himself comes forth to welcome him as a forgiven son—no more worthy to be called a son, but a son notwithstanding, and received into all the sacred privileges and fellowship of sonship. The Passion of Christ is felt to be a revelation of the long-suffering God, who always shares the sins and always bears the burdens of his children in his heart, and, because he bears them and enters into them and makes them his own, enables his children to be at one with him in the beginning of a new life. For sacrifice is God's sorrow for our sins, and repentance is our sorrow for our own sins; and when this sacrifice and this repentance mingle in one sorrow common to both, the twain are one and the new life of God begins to enter into the life of the child and make that life new.

This is atonement as the new theology perceives it; this is the commingled feeling of humiliation in self and exaltation in God, of sorrow for the past and joyful hope in the future, as the modern Christian life expresses it. And from this faith in sacrifice for sin as an eternal fact, of which the Passion of Christ is but the revelation in time and within the horizon of earth, there springs a strong desire to share in that sacrifice, to be crucified with Christ, to fill up, as Paul says, what is lacking in the sufferings of the Christ; and so a new incentive to the life of service and of sacrifice. Never in the history of the world had that spirit more or better exemplifications than it has in this age of a clearer and more unclouded understanding of the love of God revealed in, not evoked by, the Passion of his Son. For the cross of Christ is seen to be no temporary episode, but the supreme revelation of the wisdom and power and glory of God. Reluctantly and tardily we begin to learn that for love to share our ignorance is the supreme wisdom, and for love to share our weakness is the supreme power, and for love to share our shame is the supreme glory. Reluctantly and tardily we begin to aspire for some share in such a wisdom and power and glory of love, to desire that we may be made wise and powerful and glorious by self-sacrifice. Reluctantly and tardily it may be, still really, we begin to follow after, that we may not only know the power of his resurrection in the newness of our life, but may participate in his sufferings, who gave himself for us, and, by laying down our lives for others as he laid down his life for us, may be made conformable to his death.

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The Real Success

The number of books which may be put on a shelf by themselves to form a "Library of the Quiet Life" is increasing, probably because an increasing number of men and women are dissatisfied with the hurry and irritation of contemporary conditions and are determined to seek peace if it lies within the range of possible modification of habit and method of life. Charles Wagner's "The Simple Life," which was fortunately brought to the attention of the country by President Roosevelt's commendation, has been a boon, as were his "Youth" and his "Justice," to a host of people who want to live rationally and to develop themselves freely, but who are confused by the complexity and turmoil of the life about them. A companion volume to "The Simple Life," more philosophical in character and more distinctively literary in form, is a little book by Carl Hilty, which bears the attractive title "Happiness," admirably translated by Professor Francis G. Peabody, and with the imprint of the Macmillan Company. The author, like Amiel, is a Swiss professor. He was a student at Göttingen, Heidelberg, London, and Paris, and he is now a member of the faculty of the University of Bern.

Two years ago he was Rector of the University. Unlike Amiel, he deals entirely with the practical side of life; that is to say, with the relations, for purposes of growth and of action, of men and women. His philosophy of life, like all true and deep philosophy of life, is not only profound, but simple; for truth, as Carlyle taught the world in "Sartor Resartus," is always found close at hand, the mastery of life consists in doing the duties which lie next one, and the kingdom of heaven is not at a distance, but within.

Professor Hilty writes of work, habits, the use of time, and the meaning of life as these things bear upon happiness. His interpretation of life is at once simple and profound. It deals with the ultimate ends, and yet it brings those ends within the reach of the most obscure person living in the most limited conditions. It restates in a very persuasive form the old truth that happiness lies within a man and not in his circumstances; that it is to be gained, not in seeking it, but by free and harmonious growth in thought, action, and feeling; and it defines success as the free and true unfolding of a man's life and character. Among the many admirable truths which are freshly presented in this quiet and stimulating book, Professor Hilty has a word to say about success that ought to bring comfort to those who have nobly failed in specific enterprises, and heart searching to those who have secured the external insignia and distinction of success. He quotes Thiers's admirable saying, "Men of principle need not succeed. Success is necessary only to schemers;" and adds: "In other words, a genuine victory over the world is not to be achieved through that kind of success which the French call 'succès,' and which for many men makes the end of effort. He who plays this game of ambition may as well abandon the hope of peace of mind or of peace with others, and in most cases he must forfeit outright his self-respect. Real success in life, then, the attainment of the highest human perfection and of true and fruitful activity, necessarily and repeatedly involves outward failure. Success, to Von Klinger, means an honorable career with victory at its close. The work of life is regarded in its wholeness, as a brave and honorable man should wish and hope it to be. Unbroken success is necessary only for cowards. Indeed, one may go further and say that the secret of the highest success in important affairs often lies in failure. The men who have most completely commanded the admiration of the world and who are most conspicuous in history are not those who have reached the goal of life through success alone. Cæsar and Napoleon would have been remembered only as examples of tyranny if it had not been for Brutus, Waterloo, and St. Helena. The Maid of Orléans would be recalled as a masterful woman like many others had it not been for her martyrdom. Hannibal would be no noble example if Carthage had conquered."

In this country, and in this age, these words are not only searching, but they are also healing. Every man of sound mind enjoys what the world calls success; that is to say, as it is a pleasure to see one's thought put into any kind of adequate form, so it is a pleasure to find one's work returning to one in adequate rewards. But the man who works with absolute integrity of spirit, in obedience to the law of his own nature and not for the sake of external rewards, is the only successful man, whether he secure the material rewards of success or miss them; and he who secures all the rewards of success without the inward and spiritual freedom and power of nature of which, in their best estate, material rewards are the fruits and evidence, disastrously fails. One may live in the stream and rush of life, as did Shakespeare, and be always looking into the secrets of the moral nature and always living in touch with the deepest forces; or one may live, as did Tennyson, in the seclusion of gardens and the retirement of hidden roads and lanes, and be always meditating on the things that make for beauty and righteousness. One may lead, in other words, the quiet life, whether in seclusion or in the storm of the world; for the quiet life is not a matter of conditions, but of temper of mind. One may succeed and have all the outward evidences of success about him in reputation, fortune, friends, and position, and be simple-hearted, true, and sincere; or one may miss all these external rewards and yet achieve the highest of all successes—the free and noble development of one's own nature.

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

XV.

June 6.

WE have hired a gondola for the week. Giovanni is not as young as he once was, and other gondolas sometimes pass us, though once to-day a young fellow undertook to go by us, and Giovanni at the right moment got by him, got the inside track, and turned the corner into the Canal to which we were both bound ahead of him. Last night, as we were taking our after-dinner coffee on the terrace overlooking the Grand Canal, a boat-load of musicians, perhaps a dozen in number, men and women, with guitar, mandolin, and violin, rowed up to the piazza of our hotel, moored there, and began an Italian song. It was a pleasant accompaniment to the after-dinner coffee, and was well worth one franc I dropped into the hat of the treasurer when he came around for a collection. Later the boat moved out into the middle of the Grand Canal; three other boats moved out from the hotels into neighboring positions; all were illumined with Chinese lanterns; all were provided with the ten or fifteen players and singers; and the different groups sang simultaneously different music. It was a very pretty sight—the lantern-lighted boats, the private gondolas with their lights, some of them grouped around one of these floating orchestras, others gliding back and forth between them; and the orchestras fortunately far enough away from the hotel to make the discords of their unharmonizing choruses not disagreeable. They were still singing at eleven o'clock at night, and then the discords became more noticeable, and were not altogether conducive to sleep.

June 7.

There are in Venice no such art galleries as the Uffizi or the Pitti. There are fine collections—though not so large—in the Doge's Palace and the Academy, and almost every church in Venice has some fine pictures, which one does not want to miss. Perhaps it is because I am not so distracted by the multiplicity of pictures in this city as in Florence, perhaps because the Venetian painters are the greater colorists, perhaps because before I came here I had been to Florence and had made there a beginning of looking at pictures, perhaps because I read on my way here Berenson's "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," perhaps because here I have been more passive than I was either at Rome or Florence, neither a student as at Rome, nor a sightseer as at Florence—perhaps it is for all these reasons combined that art in Venice has been more interesting to me than it was at Florence. I am inclined to think that the last reason has a great deal to do with it; that a certain wise passivity is necessary to get the best benefit from either music or painting. We have spent a morning in the Academy, and have visited half a dozen or more of the churches; we have yet to see the pictures in the Doge's Palace. I distinctly dislike the representations of the crucifixion which I have seen in Italy, with two exceptions. There is a picture by Guido Reni in one of the churches in Rome, which portrays the single figure, the head upturned, and the expression one of spiritual, not physical, anguish; one can almost hear from the parted lips the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There is a sculptured representation by Donatello in the Santa Croce in Florence, in which the aspect is one of dignity, not of anguish, and Christ is seen conqueror over death, not conquered by it. But, with these exceptions, the artists seem to me to have endeavored to make the tragedy as tragic as possible, with the purpose of awakening a pity for the Divine Sufferer; and I cannot look at them without recalling his warning words, "Weep not for me." Christ never should be the object of our compassion; and it is a false art, as it is a false rhetoric, which would make him so. The particular picture which suggests this reflection to me now is Tintoretto's Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco. In character, conception, and interpretation, as a purely spectacular scene, it is a wonderful picture; but it is simply impossible for me to regard the Crucifixion from any other than the relig-

ious point of view. On the other hand, there are some wonderful pictures of scenes in the legendary life of the Virgin with which I have no such difficulty. Such are the Assumption of the Virgin and the Presentation of the Virgin, both by Titian, in the Academy—the former is the more famous picture, the latter appealed to me more. Why? I think it is because pictures appeal to me more as interpretations of life than as interpretations of beauty. The Assumption of the Virgin is a wonderful piece of coloring—but that is all; in the Presentation of the Virgin she is going up the Temple steps to the High Priest, who is waiting at the top to receive her, and in the groups at the foot of the steps every variety of human experience—that of pure indifference, idle curiosity, admiration of her beauty, affectionate interest in her person, conventional regard for the ceremony, devout spiritual participation in it—is portrayed in the faces and attitudes by the artist. I suppose that my interest in the painting is not artistic, but dramatic—essentially identical with my interest in a drama or a story.

June 7.

Before coming here the Matron and I read Marion Crawford's "Marietta," and it inspired us with a desire to see Murano. Yesterday we were rowed over there by Giovanni, and to-day he got an assistant and together they rowed us over to Torcello and Burano. The former island is about a mile and a half from Venice, the two latter about six miles. Murano is the center of the glass industry, Burano of the lace industry; Torcello is chiefly interesting as the site of a very old church erected in the seventh century, rebuilt in the ninth, and partly in the eleventh. I believe that nothing has been done since to it except to keep it in repair. It might well be, from its general aspect, the oldest church in use that I have ever seen. The lace-work was very interesting because, like the Queen's Workshop in Athens, the shop we visited was supported in part by the Queen, and afforded an interesting illustration of a very practical industrial work conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, for the teachers are Sisters and the Queen is a very devout member of the Roman Church. I am no judge of lace, but the ladies of our party, who are, decide that the best Venetian lace we saw does not equal the best of Brussels in quality. I think all the glass-factories of Murano could be put in the glass-factory at Corning and leave room to spare. Moreover, it did not seem to me that any glass I saw in Venice—and we went through one of the best show-rooms—compared with the best glass work of the United States.

June

We spent yesterday in the Doge's Palace and St. Mark's Church. The interior of the latter is Oriental in its splendid coloring; and yet—or should I say for this very reason?—its atmosphere is not to me conducive to devotion. Perhaps that is because I am Northern and Anglo-Saxon and Protestant and Puritan. To me, at all events, there is a certain solemnity in the Gothic cathedral which I do not find in any of the Italian churches. St. Mark's is marvelously beautiful; I can think of nothing I have ever seen with which I can even compare it; but to my imagination it is not a church. In the Doge's Palace I got from one picture—Tintoretto's Bacchus and Ariadne—better than from any other picture I have seen, an idea of the purely artistic interest in art. It was not interpretative; I do not care a jot for the story it tells; the legend is very dim in my mind, and the picture does not make me care to recall the legend; but I found myself coming back again and again to this picture, charmed by the beauty of color and by the aerial lightness of the figures. Perhaps with study I might become an art-lover after all. There are two other pictures which have attracted me in the same way: a Bellini Madonna and the Pisano Madonna of Titian in the Church of the Frari. Neither of them appealed to me at all as did Raphael's Madonna of the Chair at Florence; there was no vision of either motherhood or womanhood afforded by either. I could not escape a certain feeling of the incongruity of the Pisano Madonna, in which the Madonna seems to be painted as an excuse for the portraits of members of the Pisano family who are adoring her. It was in both cases the simple beauty of the pictures, not their meaning, not anything which they told, not any interpretation of life which they afforded, not even any emotion of human

ity or of reverence which they awakened, that attracted me. Quite as much as the pictures in the Doge's Palace I was interested in the revelation the palace afforded of the strange contrasts of the olden time. On one story the Ducal apartments—reception-room, ball-room, bedroom, dining-room; underneath, the dungeons where prisoners were confined; above, in an upper story, a torture-chamber, from which the shrieks of the tortured might at any time issue to mingle with the mirth of the meal or the music of the ball. That at least would be impossible in this "age of skepticism."

June 12.

To-morrow morning we leave Venice and Italy. The impression which Venice has left on my mind is, I suppose, identical with that left on the mind of every other visitor. It may be best expressed by the Italian phrase *dolce far niente*. Our mental attitude is one of passivity; our life one of luxurious idleness. Venice is the only city I have ever seen which promotes meditation; *per contra*, I hardly think it would be possible for me to do any serious work here. It is a land of the Lotus-eaters; strenuous life becomes impossible; cares disappear; problems cease to interest. There is none of the dirt which the street traffic of a great city necessarily brings with it; there is none of the roar of the distant wheels and the rattle of the nearer ones which are the last things you hear as you fall asleep at night and the first you hear when you awake in the morning in Paris or London or New York. Save for the inharmonious quartette of floating orchestras near our hotel in the evenings, Venice is the quietest of quiet places; quieter than the country, for there is no lowing of cattle, nor barking of dogs, nor crowing of cocks, nor even singing of birds. The only sound to be heard is the swash of the water on our hotel piazza and the occasional voices of passing gondoliers. There is no activity of commerce or manufacture to impress upon you, by its contrast, your own idleness; the only apparent industry of Venice is taking care of the tourists. We rise late, take a leisurely breakfast, by ten o'clock are in our gondola and are gliding along the Grand Canal, or in and out through some of the tortuous smaller canals which intersect it. The only sound we hear is the ripple of the water as the long oar is plied in it, or the call of Giovanni, "*Sa stai, sa premi, pongo eh*," as he comes to some turn in the canal, to give notice to any boatman coming in the opposite direction. Presently we get out and go into a church to look at some famous picture. It is quiet; perhaps there is not another sightseer in the church; there is certainly no such concourse of them as in the great picture-galleries. Then we go out, reembark, perhaps lie at half-length on a cushioned floor and resume our gliding softly, quietly, by almost imperceptible motion through the water again; by picturesque palaces; by other gondolas as leisurely in their movements as ourselves. We eat, we sleep, we sail, we look at a picture or two, we sail again. It is the perfection of pleasurable idleness, with nothing to suggest duty, nothing to call us to activity. And yet, withal, there is in the atmosphere a pathos, indefinable, inexpressible, unescapable. The city is not merely old, it is decrepit. Once Mistress of the Mediterranean, there is no longer any political life here; once the chief commercial city of Europe, there is hardly a shred of commerce here; once a city of palaces, they are now crumbling to decay. One would not be surprised to awaken any morning to learn that one of these palaces had slipped from its foundations into the canal which borders it. It is the one city I have seen in Italy where there is absolutely no sign of the new Italy. Milan is essentially a modern city. In Genoa are seen old and new Italy in contrast, but the new is unmistakably at once supplanting and revivifying the old. Naples, despite its play-day atmosphere, is characterized by a nineteenth-century industry. Rome, despite its mediæval garments, has in its veins the blood of lusty youth. Florence is the repository of an art which is serenely superior to time; and its edifices, old as many of them are, show no signs of decay. But Venice is only a shadow of its former self; pathetically beautiful; the memory of a city, without a future, without a present, with only a past; for this reason best of all cities for a busy man's brief holiday; for this reason last of all cities for an active man's permanent residence.

[THE END] L. A.

A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

III.

I ARRIVED in this country on the 10th of June, in the fiercest kind of heat—103 in the shade; I remember it very well. There was a layman waiting for me when the steamer landed, and he took me out to a New Jersey suburb, where, in his country house, I found Dr. ——, with his wife and one of their children. He welcomed me very kindly, told me he was going to rest for four months, and that he wanted me to take charge of the church; and then he said: "In addition, I have a tent on Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, and I want you to preach in that tent every evening." I sat back with a gasp, and said: "My dear sir, I came over understanding I was to preach twice on Sunday; that will give me all I can manage. I am not a man to stand up in a great city and preach every night. I am only twenty-six; I am nothing of a preacher; it will be all I can do to prepare for preaching twice on Sunday." "Oh, there are men who will help you in the tent," he replied, "and, anyway, you've got to do it." I had lived a hand-to-mouth life, as it were, among poor people—the ignorant factory-folk, the working people, in the city of Norwich, with its 85,000 inhabitants, and in the East of London. But never was a man less fitted to deal with the complex questions that a city like New York develops. But there I was, and there was nothing for me to do but to begin. The next Sunday came, and I preached, and a vilely bad sermon it was. Sometimes even now I get all in a sweat when I am in the pulpit, and almost lose my head; but at that time I lost my head continually. I stammered, stuttered, and floundered about, trying to get my bearings. Everything was new and strange; and in front sat this man—the Doctor—listening critically. I knew when I got through that I had preached as bad a sermon as I had ever preached in my life. The Doctor was deeply disappointed; in fact, he as much as told me that he was disappointed. He was very frank, and said: "I have got to get away and take a rest, and you must do the best you can." And so I entered upon my work in New York.

Those were days of depression. I had a room in a Broadway hotel, where I boarded, and I had a study in the tower of the church; and from the 10th of June to the 14th of September I preached twice every Sunday in church, and every single night in the tent on Thirty-fourth Street. I had to get up early in the mornings, and in the boiling heat of the tower room sit and grind until I had worked out something I could say to those people. All that time I met no one but one family who knew me and helped me. I was lonely, and engaged in a mental struggle the painfulness of which no man can conceive who has not been through it himself, and praying daily, "Give me this day my daily bread to give to these people!" My difficulties were very great. Every evening I preached in the tent as well as I could. I remember when I got through a man got up—a good man—he was a butcher—and said some things that, even in my immaturity, I knew undid everything I had said; and then another man in the same rank in life got up and said something; it was more of a jumble than I was prepared for, and I saw it would not do; low as my own standards were, I felt that this was worse. I stood it about a week, and then I made up my mind that, poorly fitted as I was to talk to the congregations that gathered, these men were much less fitted. So I telegraphed to the rector saying I had come to the decision that if I were to do the work, I must have absolute control. He wrote back that I was working with men with whom he had been working for years, and that I must continue to work with them. Then I sent word: "If that

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is so, you must accept my resignation." He could not do that, because he did not want to come back; and so it went at that, and I had the power given into my hands, but in that unwelcome way.

Of course these people went away growling and grumbling, and I was lonelier than ever; but the congregations began to grow. This was not because my preaching had any special value; for, looking back, I cannot but feel that it was made up of the most hastily constructed, unconsidered, extemporaneous utterances that a boy with a certain volubility and doing the very best he could was capable of. It was Centennial year—a fearful summer; during July and August the thermometer in New York averaged 84, night and day. I suppose there was not another church open on Fifth Avenue during that summer; people were crowding the city on their way to the Centennial, and so after a time the tent was almost full. On Sundays the church was quite full, and I began to taste for the first time the sense of being able to put things through, and it thrilled me. It was sweet beyond words. I was sick and tired; I could not sleep at night; I do not think I averaged more than four hours' sleep every night during that summer; and the mosquitoes, which I had known nothing of before, worried me; but I began to feel that I had plunged into the midst of things. I felt that I had a message for these people in New York, as I had had a message for the people in Norwich.

I had a good many discouragements. For instance, the rector came back before the four months were over. I had a definite engagement with him, so he could not put me out; but he advertised himself to preach at the same hour in the church opposite, and I had much to contend with.

I finished my work on the 15th of September. I had carefully made a list of all the people who came to me; I took names and addresses; and so, when my work was done, I had a list of over two hundred names of people who said they wished to join this church in which I had been laboring. When my time was up, I handed the list to the rector, and said I had done the best I could. I might say right here that about this time Mr. Aiken, famous in America as well as in England, had asked me to associate myself with him to take up mission service in England; but I did not want to go back to England just then. His invitation, however, gave me the idea to take up missions in the States, for then I could get away from my troubles about baptism. I also had an invitation from a large Presbyterian church here to accept the pastorate of that church, but I did not want to accept the pastorate of any church. I wanted to be free until I could see my way clear and go back in peace to my own land. So, having about decided to take up mission work in the States, when the time came for me to go from New York, I asked the rector for letters of introduction. It was a blow when he refused to give me letters. I pressed for reasons. I said, "I have worked hard here, and of the result of my work I think you are fully aware; why will you not give me letters?" "Well," he said, "if I give you letters to different churches, you will go there and unsettle the rector; the people may want you, not him, after a fortnight." "But," I said, "I am not seeking a place in the Episcopal Church; I am not seeking your place or any one's. Here is the list of two hundred people who have come to me as a result of my work. All I want is a chance to earn my bread so that I will not be obliged to go home until I can see my way and know what to do."

He would not give me any letters, and I was almost in despair. I had no money, and I was on the point of cabling to my father for funds to take me back again. (I might say incidentally that I owed a dentist's bill of $14, which I was not able to pay for a long time.) I had never taken money from my father after leaving Cambridge, and I did not want to begin. In my quandary I went to Bishop Horatio Potter. I took my letters of orders out of my pocket and said: "Sir, I am a clergyman in good standing. I have been preaching every Sunday for four months in the church at —— Street, and every evening in the tent on Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway. I want to take up mission work in the Episcopal Church in this country, and I cannot get letters commendatory to the clergy from the rector. I want to know whether you will give me a letter." I shall never

Let me say that I am speaking now of the year 1878. There had been no movement in Canada such as Moody had been associated with in this country; the people were ready for a serious religious movement. They were church-going people, well grounded in the Bible. They were a moral community—very moral, as I look back and think how they compared with others; but there had been no distinct religious awakening at that time. The time was ripe when I went into Canada. I was not responsible for the wave that came; I only happened to come with that movement, as it were.

I went to Toronto, and I had from the start the evidence there of the presence of God moving on the consciences of men as I have never had at any other time in my life; from the start the crowds were perfectly enormous.

It was midwinter, and I had been preaching ten days. As I say, the crowds were immense—crowds outside the church waiting to get in; I do not exaggerate; there would be thousands turned away each night; I have seen four hundred and eighty people stand, with perfect reverence, inside the chancel rails. The people came there to hear. You could hear a pin drop. It was like the things you read of in Finney's life. The people were fired. I did not attempt to have after-meetings in the church. There was a Sunday-school room that would seat perhaps six hundred people at the other side of the church, across a plot of ground; and in order to restrain and prevent mere emotionalism I had my first after-meeting there, not in the church. I said, one evening, after I had preached, "If there are any present who would like to talk with me on matters of personal religion, if they will go to the Sunday-school room, I will be glad to speak with them." I waited a short time, and when I went into the Sunday-school house, I found not less than five hundred people on their knees. I grappled with them as best I could.

I might say in passing that the effects of that work were largely permanent. Men of first-rate position in the city confessed conversion; lived up to their confession for many years—are living so

" Multitudes of young men came l to join the church; and at the

end of three weeks I had administered Holy Communion to such crowds as had never been seen before in St. James's; nothing approaching it had ever been seen before in Canada. I prolonged my mission; but at the end of three weeks I was about played out. I had preached nearly every sermon I had; but people came to me and said:

"You must not go; it is absolutely essential for you to stay longer; stay four months, and preach twice on Sunday and once during the week."

It seemed to be God's call, and I had to stay. The Dean went to England. I lived in the deanery, and preached twice on Sunday and once in the week; and the crowds were almost as big and as eager at the end of four months as when I commenced.

You will understand that at the end of the four months I was absolutely preached out. I was spiritually exhausted, not physically exhausted, because I was young and strong, but I had a feeling as though I never could preach a good sermon again. I felt as if I had put the last thing I ever knew into my last sermon; I was preached out.

It was a tremendous wave of religious excitement at that time; I could not get away from it. I preached against dancing; we all did; I told people they should not go to the theater; they did not go; dances were broken up. People who came to dance remained to pray, and all that sort of thing.

There is a completeness about the mission sermons that a missioner preaches that makes them better in a way than sermons preached from Sunday to Sunday; for this reason. In three years a mission preacher addresses himself to certain topics, and approaches those topics from all sides. He listens to confessions of faith, he picks up different illustrations of an idea, and, if he is methodical, as I was, he puts all down. He works, he reworks, he polishes; and there is no excuse for him if, after three or four years of that work, he cannot produce a couple of dozen of such sermons as are about perfect of their sort. The sort may be very poor; but as instruments to produce what a man is after, they ought to be very good. The point that I am coming to is, that their effect on a congregation is marked and

apparent, but the effect on the mind of the man who preaches them is not so favorable, if he does not supplement the work with other things. The mind gets into a rut. It is working and reworking in a circle, and it may become a vicious circle. This is my judgment; and I am quite certain that the experiences of others verify what I say. I do not want to quote names, but I can think of several good men who have, in my judgment, greatly deteriorated by constant mission preaching.

I parted with the people of Toronto at the end of four months, my heart wrung. Kindness is no word to use for what I received. I cannot describe the effect on myself when I quit preaching, except as a general let-down. I went to England to take a six months' rest and to be married. I was still in a quandary as to my future. I did not feel that I could be a curate in the Church of England, and I was upset and unsettled. Then an appeal which I could not resist came again from Toronto:

"The Dean is getting very old; the doctors say he cannot live long; there are signs of brain trouble. You have built up the whole community; they look to you. Come back and be assistant rector. We give you both our hands, as you know you have our hearts, and our universal pledge that, on his death, you shall be our rector."

That pledge was given with most absolute assurance on their part of good faith. I laid the matter before my wife, asked her if she was ready to go with me for some years to Canada, she said "Yes," and we went.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Great Civic Awakening

By J. Horace McFarland

President American League for Civic Improvement

SOME of the larger centers of population in the United States show spectacular evidences of a desire for better conditions, in certain great upheavals. New York turns out Tammany, St. Louis partially sustains the heroic fight of her District Attorney in hunting down boodlers, Minneapolis brings to trial her unspeakable ex-Mayor, Boston scores a victory for the people in a battle with the trolley companies, Baltimore elects a Mayor who puts its city business in a businesslike shape, Chicago introduces the novelty of honest Councilmen. This pronounced and somewhat spasmodic movement shows the deep unrest of the people, and evidences their growing interest in the things which have to do with their rights and duties. It is, however, largely in respect to these more notable evidences of a discontent with political misgovernment that the forward movement has been described. The turning out of the rascals is but indirectly, though very importantly, connected with another movement for cleaning up, beautifying, and making the city or the hamlet more sightly and more comfortable for its citizens.

This latter movement, which is often but slightly related to political conditions, is of unrealized extent and force, and it pervades the entire country. Little towns, small cities, the great metropolitan centers, all seem actuated, aside from political reformation, with a desire for civic righteousness, for a return to that natural beauty which is the heritage of many American towns.

The feeling is aptly expressed in the constitution of the St. Louis League for Civic Improvement, organized "to unite the efforts of all citizens who want to make St. Louis a good place to come to and a better place to live in." The distinction between the political regenerative work and this absolutely unpolitical movement is well pointed in this case of St. Louis, also; for while this League, organized by an energetic woman vice-president of the American League for Civic Improvement, is proceeding energetically to live up to its constitution, with the aid of some 1,400 members, it has no connection whatever with the superb work of Mr. Folk.

The American League for Civic Improvement, a National organization, is the result of this insistent bubbling and uprising of the desire for better things. Three years ago it was a National League

of Improvement Associations, and it took form in Springfield, Ohio, by reason of the philanthropic work of a publisher who simply responded to the cry of his correspondents. Changing its name to the broader form, the American League has held two successful National conventions, and for a more central location has removed its offices to Chicago.

This organization has a line of effort not crossing that of any other of the great National societies with which it joins in its uplifting work. The National Municipal League deals with the administrative and political problems of the greater cities; the League of American Municipalities unites the elected and appointed officers of the cities; the American Park and Outdoor Art Association is primarily concerned with decorative and artistic features. There are, as well, excellent organizations that seek to give form and unity to municipal architecture.

It remains, then, for the American League for Civic Improvement to give aid and comfort, form and substance, to the desire of the cities and towns of the country for better living conditions. Just what it does do only those conversant with the vast mass of appealing correspondence that comes to it can tell.

The need varies widely with locality and conditions. From Shreveport, Louisiana, comes a request for an organizer, for "we want to enthuse this town of 22,000, many of whom are negroes." Barre, Massachusetts, already a beautiful hill town, asks for further literature and suggestions. A good woman—indeed, it is notable that seven-eighths of all this work is done or inspired by women—in Geneva, Illinois, says: "I am to give an afternoon talk on civic progress, and am in hopes of starting town improvement."

Here is a cry from Chipley, Florida, where they have had a law prohibiting the running at large of swine, but "a certain gang of local politicians, wishing to get possession of the town offices, promised to give the 'razorbacks' free range if they were elected. This caught the vote of the shiftless and the unprogressive, and the gang got in. Now we must again submit to the pest of the town razorback and the town flea, unless we can do something to stop it. Can you frame a petition that will stir the civic pride of the citizen and convert the Mayor and the Council?" Is not this practical, and almost pathetic?

But others make the same plea. Calvert, Texas, writes that "the hog law is not enforced, and we have no 'stock' law [meaning that horses and cattle may roam at large]; sidewalks are used for dumping ashes, tin cans, etc. . . . We have beautiful trees; . . . we want to take up the work of improvement."

Just the same desire is expressed, though there are no "razorbacks" to be disposed of, in a letter from the University town of Ann Arbor, Michigan: "We are starting upon the work of organization, and want light from outside." Even our Canadian neighbors ask help, for here is a letter from the Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Ontario, who asks for literature; and a little later the organization, in Cobourg, Ontario, near Toronto, of a strong society affiliated to the American League, has followed.

The Far West speaks the same need. Here is Seattle, with "fifteen improvement clubs, and I want to excite general interest and enthusiasm." San Francisco sends a request for plans for the federation of local effort, and surely the present farthest West in civic desire is marked in this plaint from Wahiawa, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands: "Would the League in the 'States' encourage a branch here in these far-away islands?"

A State Senator in Illinois wants "to be posted, so I may talk on improvement work to a women's club." A board of park commissioners in Chattanooga, Tennessee, asks for literature on civic improvement, and the same day comes a letter from Racine, Wisconsin, asking help, and saying: "Our first step is circulating a petition to have enacted an ordinance for the removal of garbage."

Again the awakening South, with its infinite possibilities, in a letter from Wilmore, Kentucky: "No walks, no street lamps, no stock law, no anything beautiful. It seems unendurable!" Of course it is, but this active worker will make conditions change! This from Bessemer, Alabama: "Could a young woman with some influence and a wide local acquaintance do anything practical toward the formation of a village improvement society?" And from Batesville, Arkansas, this: "We are

very anxious to better things. . . . We send a Macedonian cry to you!" From Florence, South Carolina, is this practical note: "We wish to get to work, but feel the need of a little advice." The Mayor of Atlanta, Georgia, asks for suggestions as to the formation of a civic improvement league.

The newest of our inland territories is alive, for Oklahoma City is the date-line on this letter: "Are thinking of forming a city federation for the promotion of public beauty."

Detroit has always been quoted as a show place, but what does this mean? "The club women want to improve the alleys and back areas, and then the entire town. We are helpless and ignorant, and therefore seek knowledge."

In Flushing, New York, some citizens "have decided to undertake some civic improvements in our own vicinity, for, although a part of the city of New York, we do not receive proper help."

Let not New England, the home of the pioneer village improvement society, be neglected. Here is Attleboro asking for speakers to help organize; and Dennis, a village on Cape Cod, whose "residents are desirous of improving the surroundings," asks assistance.

These extracts might be extended almost indefinitely. From Frederick, Maryland, to Portland, Oregon; from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to Glastonbury, Connecticut; from New Jersey to Montana, from Kansas to West Virginia, the call is identical in spirit, though varying in details. It is a call for help at the very beginning of the desire for improvement, and, if rightly guided, it means, obviously, a united uplift, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. To the citizens with "razorbacks" running at large, the higher problems of government are a little hazy as yet! That self-respect which comes to a community when it has roused to a sense of its civic sins, and has Methodistically shown by repentance a desire for regeneration, is of great present power and pregnant with vast potentialities. In Harrisburg the vote for improvement changed more things than simply the direction of the city's expenditures. I may be wrong, but I will venture the statement that the cure for many of our ills of misgovernment lies right in the movement evidenced in the quotations above. With practical interest aroused in his own door-yard, his own street, his own town, the citizen will almost surely think aright on larger questions.

I am setting forth the reason for and the work of the American League for Civic Improvement. Much of this work is in embryo. All the correspondence quoted above is of the past few months. Yet there have been concrete accomplishments out of all proportion to the stinted support we have had—stinted only, I am glad to believe, because the needs and the importance of this basal movement for concrete civic righteousness have not yet been fully made known to the great American heart, always beating close to the equally great American pocketbook which generously sustains all good movements.

But let me mention just a few actual achievements of the League. From Emlenton, Pennsylvania, there came such an application as I have quoted. The reply and the stimulus caused an organization, and this work followed: "We have already raised over a hundred dollars, have cleaned the town hall, cut the grass in the yard, sowed clover-seed, planted two beds of flowers, secured space in our two newspapers for anything we wish to publish, have one churchyard in good order and are slowly approaching the others, have seen the school directors about the school grounds, have written to see about securing wire baskets for holding waste-paper on Main Street."

Thomasville, Georgia, was one of the first towns to feel the impulse, and the result has been a cleaning up which has made it a most popular place of winter resort for Northern people.

In Chicago there is a great movement, as all know, but it has been somewhat ineffective by reason of diffusion. The good offices of the American League have resulted in a practical federation of Cook County Improvement Societies, including 342 organizations, each now working harmoniously and not at cross purposes.

Portland, Oregon, is to have in 1905 an exposition celebrating the Lewis and Clark expedition to the great Northwest. The impulse given by the American League has resulted in an active local improvement league.

The St. Louis League, to which I have

alluded briefly, has already, among other achievements, organized the women of the slums, and is regenerating them by stimulating their civic pride. A woman inspector is maintained, and a monthly bulletin is issued. A three-day civic celebration, with—think of it!—improvement services in all the churches, has just been held. The three open-air playgrounds for poor children, provided last summer, are to be increased to five in the summer of 1903.

Mr. Albert Kelsey's admirable plan of a model city for the 1904 St. Louis Exposition has been fostered and supported by the American League, and in connection with it a central bureau of civic information is planned for maintenance during the Exposition. No more educative or important work than this can be undertaken, and if proper support appears, hundreds of thousands of citizens will be reached and stirred up.

A lively and active affiliated league has been brought into existence in Dallas, Texas, and is maintaining work for making that city a better place to live in. An organization has been fostered in Richmond, Virginia, and another is being revivified in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

In Ohio the State Federation of Women's Clubs has been visited and awakened along lines of civic effort, and in Pennsylvania an equivalent visit will be made while these words are being read. Scores of organizations in various parts of the country have been induced to take up the work of civic improvement incidentally.

The great Chautauqua Assembly has looked upon the American League as an exponent of civic progress, and, under its suggestion, has committed the entire regeneration of its grounds to Mr. Albert Kelsey. The summer of 1903, beginning July 13, will witness a great civic progress week at Chautauqua, on the occasion of the League's annual meeting, from which will radiate lines of interest and awakening throughout the whole country.

But, after all, I think the achievement of which this National organization can be most justly proud is its work in reaching into and arousing the little towns and villages, whence come appeals such as those I have cited. To get right down to the needs of the "plain people," to help keep the cattle off the street, to tear away the fences, to induce the planting of trees and shrubbery, to make for good and clean highways, to clear up dark corners, to organize effort even in the very slums of a great city, to cause the button of civic pride to be proudly worn—all this is that patient work with the smaller things that makes true greatness of result. It takes a snowball to start an avalanche, and we have a thousand such snowballs gathering force in a thousand communities! With a little help we can have these associated avalanches roll in whitening purity over ten thousand dirt spots in America.

It is cheering to note at this time the projection of a plan for an efficient federation of all civic effort. A clearing-house organization, to be known as the Civic Alliance, will shortly assume concrete form by the voluntary affiliation of various societies. A central bureau of information will be maintained, with a capable secretary in charge. The constituent societies will continue effort, each in its own field, and each referring matters out of its specialty to the Alliance clearing-house.

In some way, in some place—ofttimes in several ways and places—it is the duty of every man and woman who believes that God has set America in the forefront of human progress, and who wants to make this great, growing, powerful country the very best place in the world for the best people, to join hands with those who are trying to hasten the day. Combination, federation, unity of effort, mean power and efficiency, in philanthropy as well as in business.

The American League for Civic Improvement is a proved agency for good, whose measure of further accomplishment rests with those whose hearts and minds are turned toward the greater America. The need for funds is great, and every dollar does much in extending the work and in making that work more helpful and complete. The Corresponding Secretary, Professor Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, can be addressed at the office of the League, 5711 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago. Checks may be drawn to the order of the Treasurer, Mr. Morton D. Hull, 1303 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago, and will be promptly acknowledged.

Child Labor in Shops and Homes

By Lillian W. Betts

THE conditions under which clothing is manufactured in the city of New York, the center and general distributing depot of ready-made clothing for the whole country, demand the attention of the people of the whole Nation, because of the vital connection between these conditions and every home into which ready-made garments enter.

The labor of children and the laws regulating their employment in these industries are of as much importance to the State politically as are the sanitary conditions to the home into which the product enters. The labor of children in the home is not controlled by the labor laws. The school laws of the city compel the attendance of the children at school between the ages of eight and fourteen. Nothing short of daily inspection of the tenement homes could control wholly this class of child labor. As for the work certificate required for factories and mercantile establishments, the word of the parents is the final standard as to the age of the child employed. The heads of the "families" might claim as their own all the children found working for them. Unless the lie were self-evident, who could dispute them?—the license is for the family.

Under the laws of 1901 of the State of New York, a Department of Labor was created, of which the Factory Inspection Department is one division. For fifteen years previous this was an independent department. The method of investigating and licensing shops and homes for the carrying on of the clothing industry will be best shown by a description of an investigation made by the department.

On one of the East Side streets, in the region known as the sweat-shop district, is a brick building fifty feet front, one hundred feet deep, and six stories high. The first two stories are used as a livery stable. The remaining stories are shops for the manufacture of men's clothing. Each floor is divided by light pine partitions, making rooms or shops of varying dimensions. On the floor of an empty shop were piles of ashes, rags, paper, excelsior, and an old mattress. One front window in each front shop opened on the fire-escape. This window was nailed fast. Not one window in any shop had a window cord; the nails were necessary to keep the upper sash in place and to hold the lower sash tight. The iron shutters at back windows, required by law because the rear end of the building was less than fifteen feet distant from the building on the other street, closed against the ladders of the fire-escape and completely shut off the opening to the ladder leading below. The bar across the windows, to which the iron shutters fastened when closed, crossed the window slightly above the middle of the lower sash. Not one drop of water was in this building, nor had there been for a week; all the pipes were frozen solid; the waste-pipes had burst. Over four hundred men are employed in these shops, all but one of which was occupied. The sanitary conditions were shocking. Two of the shops were broom clean. The others, with the hall and stairs, were disgustingly dirty. Evidences of diseased lungs were everywhere. Hundreds of garments are made in these shops and distributed for finishing to the tenement dwellers in the region.

The men employed appeared to be without any interest in life; they scarcely raised their eyes from their machines, except those who sat next to the window, who complained of the cold because the window would not close tightly. The bosses directly, or through interpreters, complained of the neglect of the building, the dirt, the impossibility of securing repairs. The janitor, who spoke but a few words of English, was ordered to remove the dirt from the empty shop. He did this by raising a window in the hall and throwing the dirt on the roof of the adjoining building. He cooked for a number of the men who worked in the building, living in a barn-like room in the front of one floor with his family. The lessee of the building was proceeded against by the Factory Inspection Department through a deputy. Every tenant appeared in defense of the lessee the first time the case was called in court. It was

a race war at once. The second time the defendant was alone in court with his counsel. After a hearing he was committed to the Court of Special Sessions under bail. Two days' loss of work went beyond the allegiance of race affiliation.

Two small boys and one girl, each protected by the affidavit of parents before a notary public, were at work in these shops. They were not sixteen, but the only test the laws of the State demand had been met. In one shop three street musicians were playing Hungarian music, on violins out of tune. The men worked on. The musicians were as hopeless-looking as the men at the machines. When, as happened now and then, the adjustment of work caused all the machines to stop at once, the faces of the workers would brighten as some remembered melody flooded the dreary, dirty workroom.

This class of buildings was found over and over again, differing only in the degree of darkness and dirt.

Nearer the river a rear shop was found, the lower floor of which was a rag-sorting shop. The yard was the depository for manure, push-carts, the general refuse of the neighborhood, while the front shop was over a stable. Both were dirty, crowded with workmen, and goods piled everywhere.

It must be remembered that the machine work only is done in the shops. The finishing is done in the tenements. It is unnecessary to say that the workers, with rare exceptions, were not clean. The shops at the lunch hour were most dreary. Bread without butter, with black coffee or cheap wine, constituted the midday meal. Wives left their machines to eat with husbands, sons or daughters to eat with father or mother. They ate in silence; met without greeting. Rarely was English spoken. It was amazing, the number of manufacturers and heads of shops who did not speak English, to be found throughout the whole city.

The condition of the shops varies as greatly as do the homes of the people.

Four or five years ago there was an exodus of people from the East Side to an outlying section of Brooklyn. Scores of cheap houses were built; sometimes whole blocks in a region where there were no sewers, no streets paved, merely streets marked out. The then Commissioner of Health in Brooklyn made an investigation and reported on the conditions with a view to rousing the people of Brooklyn and getting the streets sewered and paved. The report was sickening. The necessary appropriations were secured, water-pipes and sewers laid, streets and walks asphalted and paved. The whole region was made habitable. This improvement has gone on steadily until the broad, sunny streets are now being lined with good tenements, few over three stories high.

Here is developed a community composed of two races, each withdrawn to its own section. At least eighty per cent. of this community are engaged in the industries connected with the making of ready-made clothing. Many of the shops are lighted by windows on four sides and have large skylights. Few of the shops are over two stories in height. Now the building of four or five stories is found in which motive-power for the machines is provided. Many of the small shops use electricity for motive-power, and heat the irons for pressing with electricity, as well as light the shops. The result is pure air and cleanliness. This represents the aristocracy of the clothing industry.

Gas engines for running the machines were found in many shops. Only in the poorest and least cleanly of the shops was foot-power used. The men shrug their shoulders and say, "Foot-power doesn't pay." One small shop in which men's suspenders were made had a beautiful little gas engine in the corner. The shop was crowded and dirty; four children at work on vacation certificates were found here.

The whole region, in the character of the houses and shops, has responded to the improvements made by the city. Shops and homes are well lighted. Of course dirty shops, dirty workers, dirty homes, were found, but they were in the minority.

As has been stated, the hand work is done in the home. Very few hand-sewers were found in the shops. That would mean more rent for the employer. He would have to hire more space for them.

The laws governing the distribution of these unfinished garments to the tenement workers were intended to protect worker and consumer. That the laws fail to do either is not surprising, because of the

complications and the division of authority. When a man or woman wishes to take work home from a shop or factory, application must be made to the factory inspection department of the Department of Labor, a State department with headquarters in Albany, with a sub-office in the city of New York. This application must give the name and address of the applicant, the number of persons who will work under the license, the number in family, and the nationality of the applicant.

The application is made out in due form and placed in the hands of a deputy inspector, who visits the premises and reports, after investigation, to the chief inspector. If this report is conclusive and satisfactory, the applicant receives the license, which the law says must be framed and hung in the room in which the work is done. With this license a card is given, which is shown to the employer as a guarantee that the holder has complied with the law. The holders receive instructions from the Department not to surrender this card to the employer. But many do. The result is a form of slavery. The employer keeps the card, and the worker cannot secure work elsewhere without it. Most of the workers are women, ignorant of the language, the law, or their own rights. The employers rarely put their names or addresses in the account-book of the workers, who say nine times out of ten that they do not know the boss's name or address. They can go to the shop, but cannot tell the street. It took a half-day to trace one shop where the employer was violating the law, and then he was found by accident, in a shop so dirty that his license was revoked.

Every time the holder of a license moves, the Department should be notified. This means another inspection and a week's time for issuing the new license. Of course the workers try to avoid this. In one house five licenses issued for other houses were found.

The first rooms visited with the inspector were in one of the worst types of tenements on the East Side. The only outside light or air came from the two windows in the room fronting on the street. This held three sewing-machines and a long table used for cutting the men's drawers manufactured in this room. The table was high enough to permit the sewing-machines to be pushed under it at night, when a folding bed and mattress are placed on the floor. This provided part of the sleeping accommodations of the family. The kitchen back of this room was lighted by a window in the partition wall between the two rooms. Back of this was an absolutely dark bedroom, in which were a bed and two mattresses. These rooms were the home and workshop of a man, his wife, and six children. The three workers running the machines the man claimed as his children; the youngest, he said, was sixteen. They all worked, according to the man's account, as many hours as they wished. Material for the garments, cut and uncut, was piled to the ceiling. No one in the family spoke English but the father, who said the family had been here twelve years. The man had a license; the Department could recommend another workroom, and did. The man conceded that his family needed all the space now occupied by day as a workroom for living purposes. The family looked well nourished; a dinner was cooking at the time of the visit. The rooms were dirty. How could they be otherwise?—there was not room to sweep. This license was suspended until some changes were made as to the workroom and the halls.

The next application was from a house in the Italian center. The day was bright and clear. The rooms for which the license was wanted were on the third floor in the back. The light in the room where the work, finishing trousers, was to be done was that of bright twilight, the rear building, two stories higher than the front, excluding the light, making the so-called yard between the two a damp, dirty court, far more objectionable than one within the limits of a building. In this rear building were the closets for forty families, with refuse, débris, and ashes.

The halls and stairs were vilely dirty, and so dark that one found the turns only by keeping one's hand on the broken banister. Water was in each hall. For the two rooms, the bedroom absolutely dark, the applicant, a woman with four children, paid $8.50 per month. Her own rooms were as clean as a broom and cloth could make them. The walls had not been kalsomined in years. The license was

refused until such time as the house was thoroughly cleaned, but the tenants denied a license to work because of the unsanitary condition of the house must pay rent or move.

The next application came from a near-by house. This house was an old residence into which as many people as could crowd in lived. The tenant occupied a room and bedroom in the rear on the first floor above the street. The inspector knocked several times, receiving no answer. One of the tenants, a man, seemed interested in the inspector's efforts and waited on the next landing of the stairs to see what would happen. At last there was a cautious movement behind the closed door, which was followed by the sliding of the bolt. The door opened, revealing a young Italian woman. The woman understood the errand, opened the door, and graciously invited the waiting visitors in. A pine box having a cover with leather hinges was against the wall. On this was a tiny baby four weeks old. The room was clean, but very, very bare. The sunshine poured into the room, there being no rear building on the lots facing on either street. The yards were filled with rubbish and débris. It became necessary to have an interpreter, who appeared in the person of the interested spectator from the stair landing.

In reply to questions the woman answered without the slightest hesitancy or attempts at concealment.

Two people, herself and her husband, and the baby lived there; no one else. "No room," with a sweet smile and a bewitching shrug of the shoulders. No, she never worked before; she could not get work; she had no license. No boss would give her work. Rolled tightly and pushed back against the wall under the bed was discovered an extremely dirty mattress, from the ends of which protruded still more dirty bedding. A slight flush came as the woman answered, "Who sleeps on that?" "Her brother, nineteen years old, sleeps on that." The inspector went into the bedroom and took from behind the bed, covered by the bedding, two dozen pairs of unfinished trousers. For one minute the revelation appeared brutal. The woman grew old and ashen. Snatching the shawl that covered the [illegible] darted through the door without speaking. One rejoiced that the river was so far away. Before the trousers had been tagged, she returned with an older woman who said she was the sister. The trousers were hers. She had come to wash for her sister, and was going to sew on them in the afternoon. She had just gone out a minute. "Yes, she had a license;" she hurried out and returned with it. "Where is the card?" All the assurance and confidence died out of her face. There was an exciting consultation in Italian. The mother of the baby snatched it up, raised the cover, and produced the card. The inspector put the license and card in his pocket. At once consternation settled on every face. By this time the room was crowded with other tenants. The older woman, who claimed the license and card, almost dropped on her knees as she begged for their return. The license and card were another lady's, she pleaded. The secret was out. The license belonged to a third woman, not present, who performed the office of neighbor and friend by lending her card to her needy neighbors to secure work. When all love, all sympathy, all friendship, have been driven out of the hearts of men and women will this particular violation of the law cease, and not till then. A frightened, weeping group were left in the barren, sunlit room. No work, an angry boss, probably bosses, to be faced, who would find a means of punishing the workers for being found out, if they were parties to the violation of law.

The law says the employer must keep in English a register of the names and addresses of all persons to whom he gives work outside his shop. If these three women took work from the same shop, then the employer was a party to the violation. As the license was granted for a room in which only one person could be employed, the employer would be a party to the violation if he gave work enough for three women to one. If the shop card was used in three shops, then the employer was deceived. This work could not be removed from the room, nor the bundle untied, until the Department of Labor was satisfied as to the facts, and reached a decision in regard to each violation. One fact the workers faced: No work, or possibility of work, until these goods were released; even then there was the possi-

bility of their being blacklisted by the better class of bosses, who try to live up to the complicated law.

Sadly, with sympathies wholly, for the time, with the criminals, the next would-be worker was sought.

This application was for a transfer. The house was one of the best of the tenements. Halls of stone set in cement; iron and stone staircases, well lighted; sanitary arrangements up to the latest requirements. The mother applied for the license which would allow two people—members of her family—to work with her. The family consisted of the applicant, her husband, six children, her married sister, her husband and two children, one a baby but three weeks old. The rent for the three rooms occupied by this family, all with large windows opening directly into the outer air, was $18 per month. A pretty, bright little girl, who said she would be fourteen this month, was the only member of the family who used English. She had come to this country when she was two years old; she had never attended school, nor had her older brothers, who worked. She could not remember when she had not worked on trousers. Her mother would not let her work in a shop. The mother of the three-weeks-old baby sat with it on her lap, asleep, sewing on trousers. On the bare table beside her was a loaf of stale rye bread from which a piece had been broken, and a rusty tin cup half filled with what the writer thought was beef tea; the little girl said it was wine. Several bottles of the kind used for the Italian vintage were on the mantel. The rooms were comfortably warm, though there was no fire. The young mother, her husband, and two children occupied the bedroom. The remaining members of this family, numbering eight, lived in the other two rooms, so filled with beds and mattresses that only an aisle the width of a sewing-machine was clear. In this space four little children were playing with spools. The family appeared loving and wholly satisfied with their condition and environment. The rooms, children, and women were dirty, yet one felt sure that it was not poverty that forced these people to live as they were living. Of course no license would be granted for these rooms, and the work there was tagged for violations. The work was given on the license for another house.

Through a long, dark hallway, into a stone-flagged yard used for sorting rags, we searched for the next worker. In the yard, cold and damp, worked four women and three men, wretched, ragged themselves, and blue with the cold. At the hydrant in the yard a little girl of about twelve was rinsing clothes. Her teeth chattered; her bony, thin arms were blue. In the rear building and up one flight lived the woman who asked for a license. A boy of ten was taking care of three children younger then himself. The rooms, the children, and the house were dangerously dirty. The water-pipes had burst in the sink on the landing, and saturated the ceiling and everything in the dark bedroom. The boy said his mother was working in a shop; she wanted to work at home and let him go to school and sell papers after school. But she could not unless she could get a license. He looked hopefully into the faces of his visitors. He was at last to be free to go to school and to work after school. The thin baby in his arms called "Mamma;" the younger children showed fear of the strangers. If they lived in the depths of the woods they could not have feared a strange face more than in this crowded tenement.

A glimpse from the window showed one of the rag-sorters lifting the tub, in which were the clothes, to the head of the little girl at the hydrant. She staggered off to the dark hallway, appearing later at the fourth-floor back window, from which she leaned as she hung the clothes on the pulley-line.

The little father, with the baby's face pressed close to his cheek, answered the questions. No; the man would not clean; his mother had asked. Seven dollars and a half was the rent. He followed the inspector into the hall, asking anxiously, "Can my mother work home? She's clean." Who would have the courage to answer "No!" There was silence.

This scene, with but slight change, was witnessed many times. The next house visited was in such a condition of dirt and degradation that the marvel was that one could work who lived in it. It was a front house, with entrance through an alley. The stairs opened directly with a

acquitted by a jury on both charges. Thereupon William Ashford, the brother of the dead girl, brought an appeal of murder against him. It was in such accusations of crime that the right of battle existed, and on March 16, 1818, Thornton pleaded to the appeal, "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body," and thereupon, taking off his glove, he threw it upon the floor of the court. The prosecution was surprised. They expected another trial by jury. A discussion followed, in which counsel for Ashford undertook to show that the right of trial by battle was not allowable in the case; but the court decided unanimously that it was.

Lord Ellenboro, the Lord Chief Justice of England, said, in delivering the opinion: "The general law of the land is in favor of wager of battle, and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, not as we may wish it to be. Whatever prejudice may exist against this mode of trial, still, as it is the law of the land, the court must pronounce judgment for it." Ashford's counsel took time to consider, and a few days later notified the court that Ashford would not accept the wager. Thereupon, on Monday, April 20, 1818, the case was dismissed and Thornton released. He came to America and was lost sight of. William Ashford, one of the parties to this suit, lived until 1867.

This trial and this ending of it created a great stir in England. The people were amazed to find that they still had a right to try some questions by battle, and at the next session of Parliament an act was passed abolishing trial by battle. If it seems a dishonor to our ancestors that they authorized this mode of trial by their laws and clung to it for more than seven hundred years after the better mode was established, it may help us to judge the matter justly by remembering that the nation to which we belong even now clings to the right to try every dispute which may arise between us and another nation by this method, which has been rejected as unfit to be used in any case between individuals. When, in 1819, the English people were destroying the last remnant of trial by battle in matters local to England and her people, they expressed the sense of the people of England in words: "Trial by battle in any suit is a mode of trial unfit to be used, and it is expedient that the same be wholly abolished." When the people of the nations were establishing a court instead of war for the trial of questions between nations, they said, in Title 3, Article 9, of the Hague Treaty: "In differences of an international nature involving neither honor nor vital interests, and arising from difference of opinion on a question of fact, the signatory powers recommend that the parties who have not been able to come to an agreement by means of diplomacy should, as far as circumstances allow, institute an International Commission of Inquiry to facilitate a solution of these differences by elucidating the fact by means of an impartial and conscientious investigation."

By Title 4, Article 16, the nations said: "In questions of a legal nature, and especially in the interpretation or application of International Conventions, arbitration is recognized by the signatory powers as the most effective and at the same time the most equitable means of settling disputes which diplomacy has failed to settle."

Both these statements in the Hague Treaty mean simply that the Court for trying questions of law and the Commission of Inquiry for trying questions of fact are recommended by the nations to one another as a better mode of trial and proof than war. But the nations refused to bind themselves to make use of these better modes of proof in any case, reserving the right to use the ancient mode of trial in every question.

Nevertheless, this is not a cause for discouragement to lovers of arbitration. For citizens of England clung for seven centuries to the right to try by battle after trial by court and jury was authorized, and yet they did, in fact, resort more and more to the courts, until a day came when they were amazed to find that they were still free to prove their contentions by personal encounter. This is one of the facts in all history most significant to the people of the twentieth century. For the nations, though unwilling to bind themselves to give up trial by battle, have instituted the Court which holds out to them the alternative mode of trial by court or jury in all cases; and the Hague Court will some day take the place of the battlefield between nations, as the courts

of England took the place of the battlefields in which citizens of England undertook to prove their contentions. The forces in man which have caused the one will cause the other. One of the instruments through which they will operate internationally has been instituted, and their work has already begun to manifest itself. The ultimate outcome is not doubtful. Wager of battle between nations will go the way that wager of battle between individuals went. The question is, How much war and devastation will occur in the meantime?

The next step forward will be agreements to arbitrate certain kinds of controversies. Why should not the United States propose to the other nations to enter into an agreement with any or all of them to submit every question to arbitration? If this seems more than the people could stand up to when roused by the causes of controversy, why not agree to submit every question to arbitration in the first instance, reserving for the people the right to appeal to war from the decision of the Court in questions as regards which the people cannot abide a decision by the Court?

Recent Books of Verse[1]

AMONG the younger poets in this country none has revealed a more genuine poetic imagination or a truer lyrical quality than Mr. Bliss Carman. His work is somewhat uneven—rather, one feels, from a touch of willfulness than from carelessness; but it is never commonplace. To him come those happy accidents which befall those only whose imaginations have original and not purely imitative force. When he goes afield or into the depths of the woods, things happen which have not happened before. In a word, Mr. Carman has an individual and personal relation to nature and to life, sees things from the standpoint of the poetic temperament, and has his own way of reporting what he sees. He has small regard either for the conventions of his art or of popular belief, and he is not averse to shocking the average commonplace view of things. His humor is original and audacious, and he gives it free play. The delightful bit of fun which he calls "The Sceptics" is an excellent example of his detached, semi-humorous way of looking at matters that are generally conventionally treated. Mr. Carman has a fresh, natural, wholly sane enjoyment of nature, which has given rise to the suspicion that there is a pagan element in him. If by paganism is meant delight in nature as abounding life, movement, variety, and beauty, every real poet is a pagan. Fortunately, definition is not confided solely to the purely conventional.

In the "Pipes of Pan" Mr. Carman's surrender to nature, his power of interpretation, and the fresh and free movement of his imagination are shown at their best. It would not be easy to find in recent poetry a more beautiful or penetrating vision of the significance of one of the most striking fables of the older imagination, or a more suggestive treatment of one of the subtlest phases of the life of nature, than "A Young Pan's Prayer," with its fresh note, its deep, broad movement of imagination, its large and free fancy:

O pipes of Pan,
Whose music ran
Through the world ere our very age began,
When I set my lip
To your woodland lip
I pray some draft of your virtue slip

From each mellow throat
As note by note,
A learner, I try for the secret rote,—
The rhythm and theme
That shall blend man's dream
Of perfection with nature's imperfect scheme!
. . . . . .
Then give me the slow
Large will to grow,
As your fellows down by the brookside grow.
Ah, blow, and breed
In my manhood's need
The long sweet patience of flower and seed!

When Mr. Thayer published a modest collection of songs a number of years ago,

[1] *Pipes of Pan. No. I. From the Book of Myths.* By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.
Songs from Edgewood. By Stephen Henry Thayer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Later Lyrics. By John B. Tabb. John Lane, New York.
A Voice on the Wind and Other Poems. By Madison Cawein. J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville.
Message and Melody. By Richard Burton. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

under the title "Songs from Sleepy Hollow," The Outlook commented on the love of flower and wood, the vein of quiet sentiment, the refinement of feeling, which gave interest and promise to the volume. In "Songs from Edgewood," recently issued, these qualities are disclosed with a truer hand and in a more exact and careful workmanship. Mr. Thayer has made a distinct advance on his earlier work. He has gained in knowledge of art, in knowledge of self, and in skill in versification. His interest in wholly in lyrical poetry, and the best of his verse is emotional, charged with sentiment, touched at times with deep feeling. His attitude towards nature reflects his own moods, and is more intimate if less joyful than before. The personal note is dominant throughout, and it is evident that the writer's view of both nature and art is colored by his own experience. This is the characteristic of the writer of songs; it is at once his limitation and the secret of his charm. Mr. Thayer is at his best when he surrenders himself to a simple emotion, to the interpretation of a single experience. This song is an example of his best manner:

I watched her read a song of mine;
She paused, then scanned it line by line;
A smile suffused her face, I guessed
Of irony than interest;
Than this—she gave no other sign.

Whatever thought she might enshrine
I lacked the vision to divine;
And yet with still lips closely pressed
I watched her read.

There seemed unconsciously to shine,
Through softer eyes, a spell benign;
And secretly, as some strange guest
Intruding on her silent quest,
A tear fell; with what joy divine
I watched her read!

The critical reader of this collection will find in it much unevenness of workmanship and of thought; but he will recognize, as compared with the earlier work from the same hand, marked gain in breadth of experience and felicity of expression. There are lines of true poetic feeling throughout the volume.

The little volumes which come from time to time from the hands of Father Tabb are always welcome to the lovers of poetry as distinguished from the lovers of verse; for Father Tabb's lyrical gift is beyond question. His work shows unevenness both of expression and of execution, but it is rarely commonplace. The rivulet of song may be slight, but it is a rivulet of poetry, and not simply a quiet little trickle of verse. Father Tabb has two great interests, which may be broadly described as a passion for God and a passion for nature. Many of the little poems which bear his name are unaffected and beautiful lyrical prayers. They often rise like a breath of incense; they are aids to the devotional life; for he is one of the few religious poets of our time. His transcriptions of nature are noticeable for delicacy of perception and refinement of imagery. All his work shows a singular purity, and his lyrics, always very condensed and at times almost teasingly abbreviated, are, for the most part, perfect in form, suggesting or outlining with definiteness and with the most delicate art a feeling, a thought, or a perception, without the waste of a word or the use of a superfluous line. The element of mysticism which belongs to a poet of Father Tabb's temperament often finds expression in his verse, and is illustrated in two selections made from "Later Lyrics:"

DAYBREAK

Thou hast not looked on Yesterday,
Nor shall To-morrow see;
Upon thy solitary way
Is none to pilot thee—
Thou comest to thine own
A stranger and alone.

And yet, alas! thy countenance
To us familiar seems;
The wonder of thy wakening glance,
The vanishing of dreams,
Is like an old refrain
From silence come again.

IN THE NEST OF THE LARK

Here the silentest of things
Lowliest lies;
Where with palpitating wings,
Swift to rise,
Wakes the soul that sweetest sings,
And the loftiest anthem brings
From the skies.

Mr. Cawein has had the good fortune to find in Mr. Gosse a sympathetic editor, and a small but carefully chosen collection of his verse has been presented to the English public during the past winter, and republished in this country in an attractive form and with a very appreciative comment by the editor. This collec-

tion serves as an admirable introduction to Mr. Cawein's work to those who are not familiar with it. Americans who care for poetry, however, have been long familiar with the Kentucky poet's sensitive imagination and fervid style. Mr. Howells said, not many months ago, of his verse, that it "interprets the very soul of what we call the inarticulate things, though they seem to have enunciated themselves so distinctly to this poet." Mr. Cawein rejoices in the affluence and richness of nature as he sees her in his own section, and has given us most sympathetic transcriptions of scenery and aspects of tree and flower and sky. In his latest volume, "A Voice on the Wind," he is sometimes lacking in restraint, and his touch is at times somewhat too emphatic; but he is often singularly felicitous in enveloping his subject with atmosphere and suffusing it with poetic feeling. Witness these verses from "In the Lane:"

When fields smell moist with the dewy hay,
And woods are cool and wan,
And a path for dreams is the Milky-way,
And the summer is nearly gone—
It's—Oh, for the rock and the woodland lane
And the silence and stars and her lips again.

When the weight of the apples breaks down the bough,
And muskmelons split with sweet,
And the moon is abloom in the Heaven's house,
And summer has spent its heat—
It's—Oh, for the lane, the trysting lane,
And the deep-mooned night and her love again.

Mr. Burton has now published his fourth volume of verse, and the characteristics of his work have defined themselves with increasing distinctness. The little book, "Dumb in June," with which Mr. Burton made his first appeal to the public, was somewhat irregular in workmanship; but it disclosed a touch at once tender and rugged. It had a tang like that of a fruit not quite ripe, but pungent and with a certain tonic element. As he has worked Mr. Burton has grown, finding increasing freedom in expression, and touching his various themes with more ease. He is essentially a lyric poet. He does not elaborate; he rarely attempts to express more than one feeling, or to describe more than one series of emotions. His charm lies in his perfect sincerity, his unaffected tenderness, and a certain directness and honesty which give his work an out-of-door flavor. It is by no means lacking in literary allusion, and it reveals a trained and ripe mind, but it is free from literary affectation; there is no smell of the lamp about it. This volume begins with one of the most vigorous and popular of Mr. Burton's poems, "Song of the Unsuccessful," which first appeared in the columns of The Outlook. It contains a group of poems interpretative of musical themes, and a larger group of nature pieces, and it closes with songs about childhood and with a little group of reveries and prayers. The quality of the volume is illustrated by two short poems, chosen almost at random:

THEN

You cannot understand, my little one,
Why tears of tenderness make blind my eyes,
In looking on your face that, like the sun,
Sheds gladness like a morn of sweet sunrise.

Perplext, you touch me with a wondering hand;
Thank God, 'tis so—for when long years are fled—
Then will you know, remember, understand—
Then, in the dream-like years when I am dead.

REVERY

Evening

Dim grows the wood; the amber evening tints
Merge into opal skies and stars just seen;
Down vistas gloomed and winding there are hints
Of elves and gnomes along the mosses green.

Midnight

A holy song the thrush has distant sung:
The tree-tops murmur like some dreaming sea;
Hark! far away a silvern bell has rung
Twelve strokes, slow tolled, that faint and fade from me.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Angevin Empire (The); or, The Three Reigns of Henry II., Richard, and John (A.D. 1154-1216). By Sir James H. Ramsay, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York. 5½×9 in. 556 pages. $3.25, net.

The title of this work, though novel, is congruous with fact. Henry II. of England was sovereign also of the western half of France, and the most powerful monarch of his time. He was, however, a Frenchman, and the ruling classes of England were essentially French. Little was there in the England of his time that was English, except the villeins. The language was not yet fixed. What Miss Norgate has done in her spirited work, "John Lackland," Sir James Ramsay has done for the reigns of Henry and his weaker sons, Richard and John. The reign of Henry was of enduring significance, especially in determining the future relations of Church and State, in changing feudalism from a system of government to a system of land tenure, and in supplanting the chaos of local codes by the introduction of uniform law. Large space is given here to the conflict between the Church and the Crown, in which Becket perished. Strangely contrasted with Henry's success as a legislator and administrator was his failure to get on well with his sons, his warfare with whom smacks more of Asiatic than European life. Less interest attaches to the reigns of Richard and John, save for the picturesque adventures of the former as a Crusader, and the Great Charter of English rights that was extorted from the tyranny of the latter. The sixty years covered by the author are of importance in history as a transitional period, in which the fusion of races was going on in England and social order was being established on permanent foundations. His work, based on an independent use of original authorities in conjunction with the studies of recent writers, is both valuable and interesting.

Archierey of Samara (The): A Semi-Historic Romance of Russian Life. By Henry Iliowizi. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 337 pages.

Russian persecution of the Hebrews under Nicholas I. forms the warp and woof of this romance, through which the loves of Isaiah and Athaliah run like golden threads. Life in the "Pale of the Jewish Settlement," its pathos, humor, tenderness, tragedy, is drawn with force and picturesque effect. The conscription of the boys while of so tender an age that they could be the more easily induced—even forced—into the Greek Church, was the climax of tortures which the inhabitants suffered helplessly. Once a synagogue in which a wedding was going on was surrounded and the bridegroom was torn from his bride to be made a soldier of the Czar, his attendants sharing his fate. Isaiah became a bishop of the Greek Church, but remained a Jew at heart, secretly leading Jews in Hebrew forms of worship.

At the Beautiful Gate: A Book of Poems for the Heart. By I. Mench Chambers. Illustrated. The Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 141 pages. $1.

Beyond Death. By Hugh Johnston, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 330 pages. $1.25.

Various allusions in the preface and elsewhere indicate that Dr. Johnston has been moved to write this book by apprehension of the "dangerous" tendency of that book on "The Last Things" which brought upon Professor Beet such trouble from his fellow-Wesleyans in England. If it were deemed desirable to refute Professor Beet, a more formidable champion should have stepped into the ring. He can hardly regard as a foeman worthy of his steel a writer who argues that "the reanimation of the once dead body" is what is meant by resurrection, and, referring to our care for burial-places, asks, "Why this care for the body, if it is never to be wanted again by the owner?" The author modestly confesses to far less learning and ability than belong to some other men who have written on "these obscure and difficult subjects," else it would be inexcusable, in the present diffusion of geological knowledge, to speak of mankind as living on top of "seven thousand six hundred miles of liquid fire," that may at any time burn through the top of the oven.

Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers. (Second Series.) Edited by Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., L.H.D. (Yale Centennial Publications.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 397 pages. $6, net.

Five years ago the Macmillan Company published the first installment of this work, in which for the first time was a "distinct practical recognition" "that Old English Biblical translations might be recovered from Old English writers as the original Scriptures are recoverable from quotations in Patristic literature." The present work is the complement to the former, so that the quotations from the chief Old English texts are now before the reader; these are so numerous and so various that only four books of the Old Testament are not represented (Ruth, Nehemiah, Obadiah, and Nahum), and only 2d and 3d John of the New Testament. Owing to the scanty remains of Old English (or Anglo-Saxon) Biblical translations, these volumes will go far in throwing light on the Biblical instruction of the Old English church. Professor Cook also suggests their usefulness for synonymic study, by comparison of the different versions of the same text. It is the work of supererogation to speak of the completeness and accuracy of Professor Cook's volume, in its quoting

of the (proximate) Latin originals, in its references to text and passage both of the Old English and of the Latin, and in its careful indexing.

Blue Flower of Methodism (The). By Claudius B. Spencer, D.D., Litt.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×6½ in. 42 pages. 25c., net.

Borough (The): A Poem By the Rev. George Crabbe. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 339 pages. 50c.

Next after "Tales in the Hall" this volume contains probably the most representative work of George Crabbe, the poet who was born in Suffolk County, England, in 1754, and died in 1832, and whose work is agreeable chiefly for its exact fidelity to life. Crabbe is very little read in these days; far less than he deserves. It would be well if more students of English poetry gave more attention to him.

Business and Love. By Hugues Le Roux. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 302 pages. $1.20, net.

M. Le Roux seeks to be more kind than the gods in letting us see ourselves as others see us. After a lecture-tour in this country he sets down his "impressions" of things American. They constitute from first to last an arraignment of the American home, American educational methods, our social system, and, above all, of the American women. France, he says, is the center of all the domestic virtues—and he refers us to that country as furnishing models by which we may mend our ways. This is really amusing; one wonders if M. Le Roux is joking! The American woman, he avers, is a spendthrift, will not marry, will not keep house, will not bear children—in all of which respects the Frenchwoman is an example of perfection! The American woman "has reduced man to just where she wanted him to be," and then does not like him. After declaring man's intellectual superiority a recognized fact everywhere, he rails at the American woman because the American man is her intellectual inferior. The American man will hardly be grateful for this. In spite of glaring absurdities and ludicrous contradictions, the book gives us food for thought in calling attention to defects in our social system, of which we are self-informed, but of which we cannot think too much.

Catechism of General Information about the Bible for Use in Sunday-Schools and Elsewhere. Prepared by Theodore P. Prudden. Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston. 5×8 in. 73 pages. Paper bound.

An outline summary, at once frank and conservative, of the facts about the Bible that have been established by enlightened modern scholarship. Its use will tend to make popular study of the Bible intelligent.

Cavalier (The). By George W. Cable. (The Julia Marlowe Edition.) Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 311 pages. $1.50.

A new edition called out by the dramatization of Mr. Cable's novel, with pictures of Miss Marlowe and others of the cast.

Cliveden. By Kenyon West. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 473 pages. $1.50.

A story of the Revolution, opening just before the battle of Germantown and in the vicinity of that village. The fierce fight made by a British regiment in the old Chew residence against "Mad Anthony Wayne" and his men supplies stirring chapters. The heroine is, of course, an American girl in love with a British soldier, since she is not a British girl in love with an American. In the first paragraph she looks out of a window and sees two horsemen riding up to the house; their identity is not disclosed for so many pages that the reader has almost forgotten them; this is not the only instance in which good rules of construction are violated, and situations, instead of being led up to, are explained backward. Washington, Howe, and other famous characters figure in the romance.

Child's Garden of Verses (A). By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated. Rand & McNally Co., New York. 6×8 in. 93 pages.

David and Bathshua: A Drama in Five Acts. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 5½×8½ in. 100 pages.

Down North and Up Along. By Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 304 pages. $1.

The next best thing to going one's self to Nova Scotia is to read this book; to people who have visited the country it will recall pleasant memories; those contemplating a visit may find in its perusal happy preparation. Over one hundred miles of the journey which the author and her companion took "Down North" were made in a wagon drawn by Dan, an entertaining horse. The style is healthy and breezy; solid information about cod-fisheries and other practical matters is given with wit and grace; and pathos is not wanting in the tale of simple and earnest lives with which the travelers came in touch.

Emphasised Bible (The): A New Translation Designed to Set Forth the Exact Meaning, the Proper Terminology, and the Graphic Style of the Sacred Originals: Arranged to Show at a Glance Narrative, Speech, Parallelism, and Logical Analysis, also to Enable the Student Readily to Distinguish the Several Divine Names, and Emphasised Throughout after the Idioms of the Hebrew and Greek Tongues. By Joseph Bryant Rotherham. Vols. I.-III. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 7½×10 in.

Mr. Rotherham's "New Testament Critically Emphasised" has brought him commendation. These three volumes of the Old Testament, a much more laborious work, will add to it. The marks of thorough scholarship and painstaking care are everywhere conspicuous. The law of parsimony in the use of artificial signs of emphasis and of varieties of type, so liable to perplex and weary the reader, has been judiciously observed. Apart from the use of signs, the emphasis of the original is well sustained by preserving the original emphatic arrangement of the words; *e.g.*, Psalm xv. 5,

> He that putteth not out his money to usury,
> Nor taketh reward against the innocent,

is thus arranged, closely following the Hebrew:

> His silver hath he not put out on interest,
> Nor a bribe against the innocent hath he taken.

The Hebrew text followed is the revised Massoretic recently edited by Dr. Ginsburg. The foot-notes and various readings are helpful to the scholar, and not perplexing to the English reader. The new translation is as

meritorious as any single-handed work of the sort is likely to be, though for an individual work we should accord preference to that of the late Professor Noyes, of Harvard. In Psalm xv. 5, for instance, Mr. Rotherham's translation,

> He that doeth these things shall not be shaken unto *times age-abiding*,

where the italicized words stand for *l'olam*, usually rendered "forever," they are a needlessly literal substitute for the uniform rendering of our current versions, "shall never be moved." In Psalm xvi. 2, 3, where the Revised Version is more luminous than the Authorized, Mr. Rotherham prefers a rendering closely similar to the latter. In Proverbs xxv. 2, where both versions compare him who sings songs to a heavy heart to "one that taketh off a garment on a cold day," Mr. Rotherham prefers to translate "as splendor on a cold day." In the poetical books of the Old Testament the best Hebrew scholars are sometimes widely apart in their renderings, and individual translators for the general reader do well to heed the consensus of opinion. The work is published in fine typographical form, attractive to the eye and convenient for use.

Ethics of the Body. By George Dana Boardman. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×6¾ in. 154 pages.

Filigree Ball (The): Being a Full and True Account of the Solution of the Jeffrey-Moore Affair. By Anna Katharine Green. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 418 pages.

This detective story has the exciting quality characteristic of Anna Katharine Green's work.

Gap in the Garden (The). By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 358 pages. $1.50.

If it were not for the cheerful and wholesome "Biddy" who is not the heroine, this book might be disposed of in the one word "morbid." The strange spiritual affinity and bodily resemblance between the crippled heroine and the invalid Kelwin, his queer power of knowing what is happening at a distance, the scraps of philosophy that fall from his lips, and the sharp, bright sayings which the girl utters, will doubtless possess a strong sort of fascination for people who like stories dealing with the "occult;" those who do not may be inclined to set down almost everybody in the book as "crazy," and the book itself as having good title to the same descriptive adjective.

Genetic Psychology for Teachers. By Charles Hubbard Judd, Ph.D. (The International Education Series.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 329 pages. $1.20, net.

Finding that the results of child-study have thus far been rather meager, Professor Judd recommends more teacher-study as the still lacking preliminary. The fundamental pedagogical principle he holds to be this: "that the teacher should first understand the inner nature of his own mental processes, and seek in his own understanding of these processes the methods of teaching." To this the discussions here presented are a directory, both of principles and of applications, that has been found to work well in practice with a group of teacher-pupils. As specimens of the thoroughness recommended by Professor Judd in teacher-study, his chapters on "The Teacher's Writing Habit" and on the inner nature of "The Process of Reading" will command general attention. His entire work is fresh and stimulating. He is an impartial critic both of traditional mechanism and of modern illusions, and the new ideals of development are effectively presented.

Girl of Ideas (A). By Annie Flint. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 349 pages.

The struggles of an author to dispose of her manuscripts; the disappointments, heartaches, and cold cash which her efforts cost her, reduce her to a desperate strait. It occurs to her that the thing to do is to open an office and sell her ideas to writers who have none. She drives a thriving trade, keeps ideas in a ledger and retails them offhand to writers who drop five and ten dollar bills on her desk in exchange for a joke, a poem, or some other little thing. She has a nice love affair as well as bright "ideas," and the book is amusing and enjoyable.

Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life at Princeton College, 1766-1773. By One of the Class of 1763. Edited by W. Jay Mills. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8½ in. 182 pages. $2, net.

It is a satisfaction to note the increasing number of small volumes giving intimate glimpses of American Colonial society. The journals of Maria Bayard and of Sally Wister, recently published, are such books. The present volume is worthy of a place alongside them. Mr. Mills, the author of "Historic Houses of New Jersey," has edited these reminiscences so as to give to us great variety in the chapters; for instance, we have some pertinent reflections on "The Study of Law," on "A Philadelphia Actor," on "A Picture of Perfect Friendship," on "The Charms of Miss Rebecca Redmond," on "Commencement at Princeton," and on "College Frolics." The author of these papers was William Paterson, who was graduated at Princeton in 1763, and later succeeded William Livingston as Governor of New Jersey. It is indeed a pleasant and profitable thing, after having studied the outlines of American history through the ordinary text-books and reference-books, to transfer ourselves into the real atmosphere of olden time by such a volume as that which Mr. Mills has so well edited—a transfer otherwise impossible.

Greater Russia: The Continental Empire of the Old World. By Wirt Gerrare. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 337 pages. $3, net.

Like Gaul, Greater Russia is divided into three parts, of which the most interesting, Mr. Gerrare thinks, is that to the east of Lake Baikal. More than any other part of the Russian Empire, it is swayed by British and American influence. While eastern Siberians are bound to recognize the Government at St. Petersburg and to admit it as supreme, what really interests them, the author affirms, is the English and American view of matters commercial, industrial, and political. In the Pacific ports and on the Amur River the Siberian

merchants get into touch with the new rivals from the West; the result is that fresh ideas and different aspirations are instilled among the people. Mr. Gerrare's observations are similar to those of Mr. Shoemaker in the latter's book published a fortnight ago. Both writers conclude that the Russians are bound to succeed in colonizing Siberia and Manchuria, and give abundant reasons for so thinking. In both books we find statements surprising to those who have not made an actual study of the Russian Empire on the ground; for instance, Mr. Gerrare tells us that during these later years Moscow is outdistancing St. Petersburg as a commercial center—the ordinary reader is apt to think of Moscow very much as Mr. Gerrare himself pictured it in his delightful "Story of Moscow," published some time ago, as to a great extent a mediæval city. Again, it would seem that Poland has immediately been benefited by recent industrial developments more than Russia. Mr. Gerrare tells us that the Poles possess greater practical knowledge than the Russians, and have established factories whose products find a market in Russia at remunerative prices. But the Poles in the west and the Mongols in the east have nothing in common as sons of the Russian Empire, save an admitted allegiance to their Russian conquerors. A coalition of non-Russians against the State, the author asserts, would result in an absolute shattering of the Empire into many antagonistic fragments. The present volume, therefore, is of peculiar interest in showing that the heterogeneity of its subjects is at once the Russian Empire's weakness and strength.

Greek Composition for Schools, with Exercises Based on Anabasis I-III, College Entrance Papers, and Original Selections. By Robert J. Bonner. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 248 pages.

Her Lord and Master. By Martha Morton. Illustrated. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 475 pages. $1.50.

There have been many instances of novels turned into plays; here is a play turned into a novel. The millionaire American father who gives his daughter everything she wants, and who obeys her, is, next to the girl herself, the central figure. She marries an Englishman; he convinces her that he is head of his house, by measures that to the reader if not to his wife must put him at sad disadvantage with American husbands and fathers, if comparisons are to be drawn and this writer to be believed.

How to Make Money: Eighty Novel and Practical Suggestions for Untrained Women's Work, Based on Actual Experience. Edited by Katharine Newbold Birdsall. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 249 pages. $1, net.

House Building and Furnishing: Being a Combined New Edition of "Model Houses for Little Money," by William L. Price, and "Inside of 100 Homes," by W. M. Johnson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 140 pages. $1, net.

How to secure beauty and convenience in a home at moderate cost is the theme of this book, which gathers into one volume a series of articles that have appeared in the "Ladies' Home Journal." Building plans of houses ranging in cost from $1,000 to $4,500, and of churches costing from $1,800 to $3,200, and economic schemes for furnishing the former, are given, with full illustrations and architects' drawings.

India's Problem: Krishna or Christ. By John P. Jones, D.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 369 pages. $1.50, net.

This problem has been gradually working toward its issue for a hundred years. Nearly a century since, the Directors of the East India Company pronounced the sending of Christian missionaries to India "the maddest, most expensive, most unwarranted project ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." Quite recently the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal spoke otherwise: "Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined." The final issue is not reached yet, but present conditions, as exhibited in this volume, furnish ground for the most hopeful forecast. The leaven of Christianity is slowly but surely transforming Hinduism. The Hindu conception of Christ has changed from antipathy to sympathy. In a lecture to Hindus an orthodox Hindu asks, "How can we be blind to the greatness, the unrivaled splendor of Jesus Christ?" The addresses of Dr. Jones produced a deep impression during his recent visit home, and his book, issued since his return to India, will deepen and confirm that impression by its sketch of the conditions and results of the work advancing there. Not least among the grounds of a hopeful forecast of its issue is the fact that the problem is better understood now than in the earlier stages of the work. The rule of give and take has its application even as between Hinduism and Christianity, though in unequal measure. Of this Dr. Jones, who shows himself thoroughly open-minded, is quite convinced.

Jewish Forerunners of Christianity. By Adolph Danziger. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 326 pages. $1.50, net.

One only of the nine great Rabbis here commemorated can be strictly called a forerunner of Christianity—Hillel, whom Dean Stanley has called "the morning star of the bright dawn that was rising in the hills of Galilee," a man whose temper was singularly congenial to that of Jesus. The rest are of later date during the first and second centuries. All great men, unknown to-day outside of a narrow circle, they all deserve to be known for the part they bore in developing a cosmopolitan character in Judaism, and its firm center of nationality in its rabbinic literature.

Jugendliebe. By Adolf Wilbrandt. Edited by Theodore Henckels. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 87 pages. 30c.

Keys of the Kingdom and Other Sermons (The). By R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 121 pages.

Kindergarten Stories for the Sunday-School and Home. By Laura Ella Cragin. Illustrated. The New Era Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 316 pages. $1.25, net.

An intelligent and, on the whole, successful attempt to convey to the child the incidents

and events in the life of Christ in the form of familiar stories, told with the simplicity and fullness of illustration which are characteristic of the best work in the kindergarten. There are few stories in the world so difficult to translate into still simpler forms as those which enrich the pages of the New Testament; but in order to arouse the attention of little children, these stories may in some cases be amplified to advantage. This is what has been done in this volume; the details have been expanded and filled in, the treatment being throughout reverential and in excellent taste.

Legatee (The). By Alice Prescott Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 324 pages. $1.50.

A story of the troubles of a "legatee" who comes into ownership of a lumber-mill in Wisconsin, and is disliked by some of the people of the town because he is a Southerner, by others because he is not a prohibitionist, by still others because he is a capitalist. The raw material is good, and there are genuine local color and special knowledge, but in the writing the book has not been clearly or strongly worked out.

Life of Bret Harte (The). By T. Edgar Pemberton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 358 pages. $3.50, net. (Postage, 20c.)

The plain truth about this Life is that, in so far as it is made up of Bret Harte's letters, reports of his talks, and quotations from his books, it is thoroughly enjoyable; but if one looks to it for a critical estimate or for a well-written memoir he will be sadly disappointed. Here is a specimen of Mr. Pemberton's critical style: "Many tear-laden eyes, many quivering lips have been soothed by the verses of Bret Harte. They have done more than this. They have brought the tear and the lip tremble to thousands of readers who have felt their chastening influence and thus been softened." And equally inflated is his concluding remark after a long (and quite unnecessary) discussion as to whether Harte did or did not pay his bills promptly: "In face of such evidence as this, surely the viper—slander—may be ruthlessly trodden under foot." To any one who knows how books may be made mechanically, there is much unconscious humor in the pages devoted to gazetteer information about Albany, where Harte lived as a boy, interspersed with eloquent remarks as to what the budding genius must have felt and thought when he learned that Albany was foundcd in such a year, and that its name was once changed, and so on, and so on. In every way the book is hastily made, and those who love Bret Harte will hope for a more adequate work. Fortunately, however, the author has had access to many letters, and these simply sparkle with humor and keen bits of comment. In them are found most welcome and acceptable side-lights on Bret Harte's life, methods of working, and tastes.

Lyrics of Love and Laughter. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co. New York. 4¼×6½ in. 180 pages. $1, net.

This little volume is in Mr. Dunbar's best vein. He is a poet of song, whose gift lies in the expression of a simple emotion or the description of a common experience. His work is characterized by breadth, directness, and, at its best, sound emotional quality, rather than by range of interests, intellectual curiosity, or skill in the use of varied forms of verse. His gift of humor is, next to his gift of sentiment, his most characteristic quality. He is best in dialect verse, because in that verse he is dealing at first hand with emotions and experiences which lie behind him in the history of his race. The freshness of his feeling, his genial humor, and his unaffected sentiment are well illustrated in this little poem:

THE LOOKING-GLASS

Dinah stan' befo' de glass,
Lookin' moughty neat,
An' huh purty shadder sass
At huh haid an' feet.
While she sasshay 'roun' an' bow,
Smilin' den an' poutin' now,
An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low
Say, "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see,
Hit des see, no mo',
Seems to me, hit ought to be
Drappin' on de flo'.
She go w'en huh time git slack,
Kissin' han's an' smilin' back,
Lawsy, how my lips go smack,
Watchin' at de do'.

Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,
W'en she kissed huh han';
Does you t'ink I'd let it pass,
Settin' on de stan'?
No; I'd des' fall down an' break,
Kin' o' glad 'tuz fu' huh sake;
But de diffunce, dat whut make
Lookin'-glass an' man.

Light in Dark Places: A Spiritual Imagination. By Newman Smyth. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 26 pages. 35c.

Mary North. By Lucy Rider Meyer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 339 pages. $1.50.

Though in plot and construction this novel is crude, yet it was worth writing and it is worth reading—indeed, every one ought to read it, if the conditions surrounding working-girls in great cities are as portrayed. Deaconess Meyer will be considered good authority, and many will feel that, even though this is fiction, she has not overdrawn her picture of the temptations and perils besetting girl toilers in the world markets. The measure by which she proposes to correct evils described is good as a surface remedy, doubtless, and has much in various ways to recommend it, but it is a surface remedy merely; by raising domestic service to the dignity of a profession she hopes to draw girls out of shops.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1803 (The): Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. I. 1493-1529. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9⅛ in. 357 pages.

This is the first volume of an important historical undertaking. The editors have selected from a vast mass of manuscripts and books documents which form the sources of Philippine history. The present volume covers the period from 1493, when Pope Alexander laid

down the limits between Spanish and Portuguese rule, to 1529, about which time Transylvanus wrote his singular and picturesque letters, "De Moluccis Insulis." Naturally, such a work appeals to the scholar rather than to the general reader, but it must be added that the editors have found not a few passages of dramatic human interest. We shall speak further of the work when it has progressed further.

Personal Salvation: A Treatment of the Doctrines of Conversion and Christian Experience. By Edward N. Cantwell, B.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7 in. 216 pages. 75c.

Physical Chemistry for Physicians and Biologists. By Dr. Ernst Cohen. Translated by Martin H. Fischer, M.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 343 pages. $1.75.

Position of the Laity in the Church (The). By Alfred Barry, D.D., D.C.L. (The Church's Outlook.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 155 pages. $1, net.

This book is meant for those readers who are interested in the concerns of the Church of England. The author, who was formerly Primate of Australia, holds that the authority of the Church from Apostolic times has been reposed, not in the clergy, but in the whole body. He traces historically the varying power of the laity, and concludes by saying that this power ought to be given constitutional recognition in the Church. A recent Act of Parliament has, by the way, granted such recognition in one respect—that of discipline. The difficulty involved in the inconsistency between the theory that "every baptized Englishman" is within the fold of the Church and the fact that many baptized Englishmen prefer "some other denomination," the author first clearly states and then undertakes to meet.

Prairie Winter (A). By an Illinois Girl. The Outlook Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 64 pages. $1, net.

There are some very simple and sincere bits of word-painting in this record of experiences and thoughts. It was evidently written, not for the world to read, but because the writer felt the need of expression. There are shrewd and gently humorous glances at human nature, and everywhere is a deep and true appreciation of out-of-door nature.

Private Life of the Romans (The). By Harold Whetstone Johnston. (The Lake Classical Series.) Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 344 pages.

This is an entertaining as well as instructive book, whether for the college student or for the general reader. The shadowy forms that people ancient history seem to be brought nearer as the telescope is turned upon them that reveals them in all the detail of real life, whether in business or amusement, in their travels and their correspondence, giving us the menu of the feast and the tariff of the lodging-house, the playthings and pets of children, their games and schools. It is profusely illustrated and well indexed.

Richard Roony. By Maxwell Gray. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 507 pages.

There is some similarity between this book and "The Silence of Dean Maitland," inasmuch as the situation upon which the interest of the story turns in each case is crime concealed. In working out conclusions, however, the author sounds a new note; the deed is condoned, the concealment justified. The slayer, instead of surrendering himself to the law, takes up the dead man's burden himself, risks his own life to save other lives, and betters the conditions of all about him to the fullness of his power, confessing his sin only when another is imperiled by his silence. The book's lesson seems this: expiation in service involving sacrifice is to be preferred to sacrifice that is not service.

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Colour Paintings, Pastels, etc. Edited by Charles Holme. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. 11×15 in. Part III. Complete in 8 Parts, each $1, net.

To this installment Mr. Percy Bate contributes an article on the future development of oil painting. The most interesting part of Mr. Bate's essay is his consideration of the imaginative element, as shown in the work of Watts and Rossetti—the phase of art that sets off the achievements of to-day from those of a century ago. In conclusion, the author emphasizes sanity and individuality as the essentials to the greatest growth. The six illustrations are well selected and admirably reproduced. The best picture is a colored sketch by Sir E. A. Waterlaw, entitled "October Evening, Picardy."

Sermons. By Rev. Jacob S. Shipman, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 177 pages.

The author of these sermons was one of the most thoughtful men who has spoken from a New York pulpit during the last two decades; a preacher of very quiet manner, but of extraordinary clearness of thought, soundness of judgment, and power of lucid statement; a preacher pre-eminently to thoughtful men and women. This volume is entirely apart from the great mass of books of sermons. It is characterized by a simplicity of statement, a freshness of treatment, and a lucidity of style which make it extremely easy to read and extremely refreshing. It deals almost entirely with the general subject of the resurrection and the immortality of the spiritual life, both here and hereafter. Its approach to this great and difficult theme is direct and thoroughly rational; the treatment is pre-eminently suggestive; and the book wins and persuades by its dispassionateness and its common sense. It is a book which will clear up many difficult things for many minds, and which no one can read without stimulus and profit.

Spanish Grammar. By Professor Schilling. Translated and Edited by Frederick Zagel. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages.

Spinners of Life. By Vance Thompson. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 294 pages. $1.50.

The esoteric contrivances worked into this novel are clumsy. The bit of political life is hardly worth while. The love story does not hold one with any strong human interest. But the book has just one point of value—

shows forcibly, though by allegory, the power and peril of the passion for money. The story is prefaced by this quotation from Rousseau: "If, in order that you might inherit a great fortune from a Mandarin . . . whom you had never seen or heard of, you had merely to touch a spot on your wall—would you touch it and kill the Mandarin?" "What a confounded silly question!" says the hero; "any fellow would!" The spot appears on his wall; and he touches it.

Study of Poetry (The): A Guide to English Literature. By Matthew Arnold. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 121 pages. 75c.

This little volume contains two very characteristic and eminently helpful literary studies: the first on "The Study of Poetry," which appeared as a general introduction to Mr. Ward's admirable anthology, "The English Poets," and the second, "A Guide to English Literature," which is a note of the most reminiscent kind on Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature."

Talks to Boys and Girls: Kite Talks, Random Talks, the Life I Ought to Live. By Rev. Sydney Strong. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 128 pages.

Traitors (The). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

The kind of fiction-construction which Anthony Hope popularized in "The Prisoner of Zenda" is followed, and perhaps too closely, in the saving resemblance between the King of Theos and a newspaper correspondent who personates him. However, the story has some delightful qualities all its own, because the heroine is an American girl with a "typical" American father. She sends her sweetheart, the king, a whole battery of Maxim guns for a little present. When the pinch comes, her father foots the bills of the war with Turkey and Russia.

Triumphs of Science. (Youth's Companion Series.) Edited by M. A. L. Lane. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 154 pages.

True Tales of Mountain Adventure for Non-Climbers, Young and Old. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 299 pages. $3, net.

There could not be more thrilling narratives than these accounts of the conquering of mountains. Some relate to famous deeds of the past, others to recent experiences. While every one will concur with the author's encomiums on mountaineering as a manly sport, exhilarating and full of joy, the book also brings out so vividly the tragedies of the sport that one wishes that law or common sense might limit the ambition of climbers. There are many really fine reproductions of photographs.

Walda. By Mary Holland Kinkaid. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

Walda, the prophetess of "Zanah," an American religious community which puts a ban on love and marriage, finds her heart besieged by a worldly visitor. The community schoolmaster, who is likewise an elder and of course pledged to celibacy, loves her, though unconsciously, until jealousy of the intruder reveals his secret to himself. The gossip of the "sisters," the avarice of the elders, the wisdom of the "fool," the quaint customs of the community, compose an atmosphere of blended piety and vanity, humor and pathos, which gives color to the book. The field chosen is not so overworked as some others that keep novelists busy.

Wheeler's Graded Readers: A First Reader. By Gail Calmerton and William H. Wheeler. W. H. Wheeler & Co., Chicago. 6×8 in. 125 pages.

Wheeler's Graded Readers: A Primer. By Gail Calmerton and William H. Wheeler. Illustrated. W. H. Wheeler & Co., Chicago. 6×8 in. 127 pages.

When Angels Came to Men. By Margaret E. Sangster. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¾×8 in. 156 pages. $1, net.

Mrs. Sangster has gathered into the compass of this volume accounts of the visitation of angels to men, with the Bible as the basis of her record; the angel at the gate of Eden, angels by tent door and desert path, angels ascending and descending Jacob's ladder, angels of rescue and defense, of service (as that angel who seemed to have cooked food for Elijah), and of annunciation, appear in her story, their missions so interpreted that the lessons drawn may be helpfully applied to daily life. Angels in soft raiment or in laborers' garments still come to men; and our own kindred or the passing stranger may be the messenger or helper divinely commissioned.

When Patty Went to College. By Jean Webster. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 280 pages. $1.50.

An unusually well-written collection of Vassar stories, distinctly one of the most entertaining books of its kind that has appeared, descriptive in a very amusing way of the doings and sayings of a group of clever college girls; the material is handled with more skill and maturity of judgment than usual, and the incidents selected are unusually free from the evidences of extreme youthfulness which books of this class usually reveal.

Works of Shakespeare (The): The Tragedy of Othello. Edited by H. C. Hart. (The Arden Shakespeare.) Methuen & Co., London. 6×8¾ in. 256 pages.

World and its Peoples (The): Book XI. The Story of the Philippines. By Adeline Knapp. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 295 pages. 60c.

Young People's History of Holland. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 342 pages. $1.50 net.

Mr. Griffis always writes graphically and clearly; often he adds the salt of wit and the zest of apt anecdote. This history of Holland from the time of the Frisians to the reign of Wilhelmina is well adapted for children's reading; it is also admirably adapted for older readers who wish a brief but not arid account of the history of this wonderful people. It may well be read in connection with Mr. Griffis's well-known little book, "Brave Little Holland." Great pains have evidently been taken with the illustration of the present history, which includes some interesting double-page and many single-page pictures.

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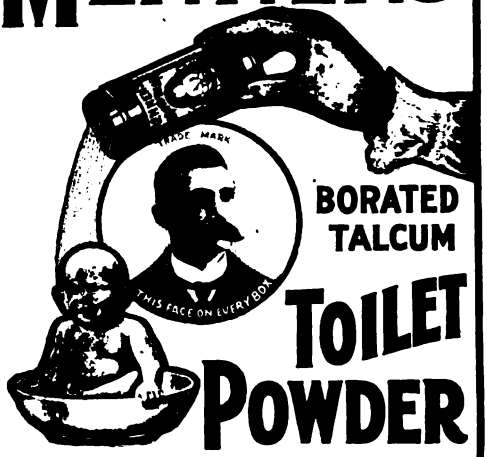
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The Race Question: Points of Agreement

A meeting to promote the industrial education of the negro was held under the auspices of the Armstrong Association at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, New York City, on April 14. Ex-President Cleveland was chairman of the meeting. Mayor Low, in introducing the chairman, stated tersely the motive that actuated those who are interested in such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee by recalling "the ancient truth that the divinest help to any man is helping him to help himself." The speakers of the evening, Mr. Cleveland, Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, Secretary of the Southern Education Board, Dr. Lyman Abbott, William H. Baldwin, Jr., President of the Long Island Railroad and Treasurer of Tuskegee Institute, and Booker T. Washington, represented different sections of the country, different political parties, and different races. Their substantial and wholly unpremeditated agreement concerning the principles involved in the solution of the race problem was therefore the more remarkable. These were, in brief: that though, in Mr. Cleveland's phrase, "those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it," the whole Nation must share in the burden, the people of the North in particular doing what they can to give strength to those on whom the burden rests directly; that political privileges cannot be bestowed upon the negroes, but can only be achieved by them; that their political freedom must wait upon their economic freedom, as in the case of any other race; that the negroes have already amply proved that both morally and industrially they were capable of elevation; and that their elevation must come primarily by means of an education that will give them industrial self-reliance. Two statements made at the meeting substantiating these principles are worthy of special mention. One was that of Mr. Baldwin, who said of Tuskegee, an institution established and maintained by negroes, that "its accounts are kept as carefully as any banker's;" the other was that by Mr. Washington, who said that in Virginia alone negroes had accumulated $17,000,000, assessed value, of taxable property—negroes who forty years ago did not own even themselves. Hampton and Tuskegee are strategical points in the battle for the education of the negro; both of them are well established; but it involves waste of energy on the part of Mr. Frissell and Mr. Washington to keep them provided with supplies; these two points at least ought to be permanently occupied and made centers from which forces for the education of the negro should get recruits. This means adequate endowment.

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The Voter's Assistant Law in Delaware

If there were any doubt that Governor Hunn, of Delaware, is in league with J. Edward Addicks and intends to support the latter in his fight for the United States Senatorship, such doubt would be removed by the Governor's "pocket veto" of the bill repealing the Voter's Assistant Law, which was passed by the Delaware Legislature just before its adjournment. Nobody denies that the law was intended to facilitate the purchase of votes by Mr. Addicks and his workers, and that the voter's assistants acted as tally-clerks to check up the votes that Mr. Addicks bought and insure the "delivery of the goods" for which he paid. When the so-called "repealer" was under discussion in the Legislature, Senator Conner, one of Mr. Addicks's stanchest adherents, boldly defended the law, and opposed its repeal, on the ground that, as he frankly said, "It insures delivery of the goods.

ago, when he was Labor Commissioner of Connecticut, leads not only to extravagant purchases and uncollectable debts, but also to higher prices to all careful and honest purchasers. Freedom of contract is no more an unlimited right than freedom of conduct. Indiana, for example, forbids contracts calling for more than eight per cent. interest, on the ground that they are injurious to the borrower. If the State may forbid such contracts, how much more should it be able to forbid contracts by which the wages of laborers shall not be promptly paid them. As a rule, such contracts are not made by laborers when they are free to reject them, and it naturally seems to the laborers a mockery of their freedom to declare that the State is not free to prevent contracts hurtful not only to themselves but to storekeepers and to the general public.

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A Plumbers' Combination Dissolved

The Circuit Court of Missouri has issued an order dissolving the Association of Master Plumbers of St. Louis. It was proven in court that the Association had prevented the sale of plumbers' supplies by local companies to any plumbers not members of the Association. The Court held that this was plainly a combination in restraint of trade, having for its object the monopolizing of the plumbing business in St. Louis. The Court made a sharp and valid distinction between the rights of an individual to do certain things and the rights of an association to do them. An individual plumbing supply concern, it held, may refuse to sell supplies to any individual plumber; but a combination of concerns to keep him from buying supplies is a conspiracy in restraint of trade. The doctrine is as old as the common law, but it has been boldly ignored of late years both by combinations of employers and combinations of employees. In Chicago, for example, it has been simultaneously ignored by both these combinations in agreements between them to prevent the use of building materials prepared by concerns outside the city. Any individual employer may buy materials where he pleases, and any individual workman may limit himself to the use of any materials he pleases, but the combination of ten thousand employers and employees to limit the use of materials may be as dangerous to the prosperity of the community as the combination of ten thousand men to go armed through the streets may be to its peace. The combinations in the building trades to prevent purchases from outside the city are plainly aimed to create a monopoly and force the community to pay prices fixed thereby. The right to combine, whether of labor or capital, must be restricted to the right to combine for ends consistent with the public welfare.

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The Irish National Convention

The Convention held last week at Dublin was as truly representative a meeting of the Irish National League as has yet taken place. The speeches were full of Celtic rhetorical exuberance, with the exception of the notably restrained statements made by Mr. John Redmond, who presided. He kept order impassively, and "like Parnell," as an old Nationalist said. He strongly urged on the Convention the acceptance of the Land Bill now before the British Parliament; and, after a number of amendments had been offered, the Convention, by a unanimous vote, accepted the bill in principle, intrusting to Mr. Redmond and the other Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons the task of securing that "serious amendment in various points of vital importance" which the Convention considered essential. It is unlikely that all of the amendments will be accepted by the Government; but some of them may be incorporated in legislation, especially as the Convention is to be succeeded by a conference to consider them, at which both landlords and tenants will be represented. The chief conferees are to be Lords Dunraven and Mayo, Messrs. Shawe-Taylor, Russell, Redmond, and O'Brien. To Americans the most interesting of the amendments proposed was that brought forward by Mr. Michael Davitt, who has sometimes been called the most irreconcilable of all irreconcilables, providing that the principle of the American Homestead Law be introduced into the Land Bill "to safeguard the peasants from the results of improvident borrowing and from the operation of land-grabbers and land-jobbers." Mr. Davitt's adherence to the

principle of the Land Bill was particularly fortunate, since he had the power to divide the delegates into two bitterly opposing camps. Instead of fomenting opposition, Mr. Davitt made an impassioned address, in which he voiced his undying hatred of Irish landlords, and also his doubt as to whether they would settle down and help in the development of Ireland after the passage of the Land Bill. Even as amended, he maintained that the bill would not put an end to the land struggle. He may be right, but if it should put an end to only half the struggle it would be well worth passing.

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Balkan Unrest Last week's events in the Turkish provinces of Macedonia and Albania were of an extremely disquieting nature. In the first province there were several desperate attempts on the part of the Bulgaro-Macedonian brigand bands to surround isolated and small groups of Turkish soldiers, in return for which the Turks blotted out whole villages, massacring the men and violating the women. In Albania the Commission sent by the Sultan to appease the wild mountaineers failed to secure their adhesion to the reform scheme of the Powers, except on the condition that the Albanians be allowed to choose their own Governors and civil officials, and that other minor concessions be granted to them. As an indication of the Sultan's fear of the Albanians (his personal body-guard at Constantinople is composed of them), the murderer of the Russian Consul stationed at Mitrovitsa, in North Albania, was condemned to an imprisonment of but fifteen years; on Russia's protest, however, he has now been condemned to capital punishment. The Porte has concentrated large bodies of troops in both Macedonia and Albania, and it would seem, from appearances, that there may be some desire to carry out the reforms insisted on by the Powers as to the police, tax officials, and the proper use of tax funds. Appearances, however, are deceitful; at all events, the outrages, whether due to Turkey or Bulgaria, which have occurred in the disturbed regions since the Sultan's acceptance of the programme imposed upon him, have now been sufficient to convince Russia and Austria that new joint notes are necessary. Accordingly, on Saturday of last week they were presented at Constantinople and at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. Turkey was informed that the Albanian disturbances must be effectively and speedily suppressed, while Bulgaria was warned not to encourage in any way the Macedonian movement. Though the Russian and Austrian notes acknowledge that Turkey is endeavoring to carry out the administrative part of the reforms, they declare that sufficiently prompt and energetic measures against the Albanians have not been adopted. Regarding Bulgaria, the note asserts that the old connection between the Government at Sofia and the revolutionary bands has not ceased. Hence the notes are intended as a warning to both Governments to take a more serious view of their responsibilities.

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The Attitude of Russia and Austria As the Constantinople note is directed against the Albanians, for whom the Russian newspapers not unnaturally accuse Austria of entertaining friendliness, it is important as furnishing Austria with an opportunity to show a regard for Russia which has not been evident since 1878, when, with the help of the other Powers, particularly England, the Russo-Turkish treaty of San Stefano was torn up by the International Congress at Berlin, and a new agreement, now known as the Treaty of Berlin, was substituted. The Treaty of San Stefano guaranteed autonomy and practical freedom to Macedonia, a freedom similar to that now enjoyed by Bulgaria. San Stefano is a little place only fifteen miles from Constantinople, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 had brought the victors within easy striking distance of the city founded by Constantine. Russian resources had, however, been somewhat exhausted, and the Powers, Austria and England in particular, jealous of Russia's sudden acquirement of a sphere of influence extending over most of the Balkan Peninsula, decided that some of that influence must be curtailed. For this curtailment the Macedonians have unjustly suffered. It is not to be denied that Bulgarian civilization leaves much to be desired; but, at all events, it is a great improvement on Muslim tyranny. For the present

condition of unrest, therefore, among the Macedonians (the large majority of whom are Bulgarians, the rest being Servians, Albanians, Greeks, and Turks), the European Powers, save Russia, are directly responsible. Whatever Austria might win out of a possible Balkan conflagration, she could hardly win the love of the Macedonians as would Russia, even if the Turkish province were for the most part Teuton instead of being mostly Slav in race, speech, and religion. Macedonia, therefore, naturally gravitates towards Bulgaria, and, with Bulgaria, towards Russia. As to Albania, its future would lie more naturally in an absorption into the neighboring principality of Montenegro than into the Austrian Empire. If Austria is permitted to advance through the narrow province of Novi-Bazar and gain the long-coveted port of Salonika, on the Ægean Sea, her ambition will have been perhaps sufficiently gratified.

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The Trouble in the Carolines

Light is thrown upon the cause of the recent interference of the German authorities in the Caroline Islands with our missionary work there by the letter of the missionary Mr. Stimson, the full text of which we have received from the Board at Boston. It confirms our statements made last week, and blames the colonial Government for subserviency to the policy of a German trading company intent on the exploitation of the islands. Mr. Stimson says: "The Jaluit Gesellschaft, which has the trade monopoly, is practically the soul and object of the Government; they are jealous of every acre of land that it shall be put to bearing cocoanuts. Their agent at Ponape, when here, rebuked me for not planting our land to nuts. But I told him that we must have cows, and could not have both nuts and cows." The same letter reports serious indications of a purpose to dispossess our mission of its valid title to permanent occupancy, viz.: "This property was purchased, and the deed indorsed and stamped by the Spanish Government at Ponape. But when the Government posted its order in Ponape that all deeds should be presented there for acknowledgment of the German Government, it was carefully withheld from Ruk [Mr. Stimson's island, 300 miles distant], and it is said no one here knew of it. Governor Habel himself told me that he personally wrote to Kusaic, warning them to get their deeds in. When I asked him why he did not notify us at Ruk, he replied he 'did not have to; the notice was posted at Ponape.' I asked him if the deed as stamped by the Spanish was not valid. He laughed and said, 'Oh, that will make a good site for the Government when it moves from Ponape.'" The question, Why this interference with the mission at Ruk and not at Ponape and Kusaic? is answered by observing that at Ruk and the neighboring group of the Mortlocks the population is several times larger than that of all the rest of the eastern Carolines. If the Jaluit Gesellschaft can secure enforcement of its insistence on no cows but all cocoanuts, large profits are in sight. Meanwhile, Mr. Stimson reports that "everything is being done that can be thought of to harass our work." The fears of the natives are being played upon, and finally the arrest of the class in the mission school, reported last week, was made on the charge of a German trader. Mr. Stimson adds: "It is my judgment that the Germans will put every possible obstacle in the way of either continuing your work or any one else succeeding to it." The colonial authorities are thought to prefer Catholic missionaries to Protestants, and the arrival of priests is expected shortly.

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Bishop Brent on Christian Unity

The first Pastoral Letter from Bishop Brent, the first Episcopal Bishop in the Philippine Islands, presents the convictions of a man of the deepest religious nature, thoroughly consecrated to his work, and of exceptional ability; and it is noticeable as revealing the breadth of view which dealing with actual conditions on the frontier of civilization, so to speak, brings to an open-minded man. Bishop Brent belongs to what is known as the High Church wing of the Episcopal Church, and takes strong ground as to the authority of the priesthood and the sacraments. The catholicity of his letter is therefore the more significant because, as a rule, men who hold his view of Church authority are not tolerant of differences of opinion, nor are they fraternal in their expressions

to people of other religious affiliations. Bishop Brent's Pastoral is an enforcement of the text, "Peace among men in whom God is well pleased." After interpreting at some length the quality of the peace, he declares that the Church is the foremost opportunity given by God to men. "Every time our Lord calls disciples to himself, he calls them to one another. . . . It is impossible to get away from Church unity if the personal life is in union with our Lord. . . . Distinctions and separations are near, if not on, the surface; the deep thing, the enduring thing, which God sees and acts upon even when man ignores it, is the unity." It is Bishop Brent's interpretation of this spirit of unity in his attitude towards Roman Catholics and Protestants that gives his letter unusual interest and significance. "Proselytism from other Christian Churches as a fixed purpose becomes an impossibility. . . . The coming of the American Nation to these fair islands of the sea has necessitated an ecclesiastical revolution. Where there was once an ironclad religious monopoly, there is now the diversity which is commonplace in other countries." Bishop Brent says that he did not go to the Philippines to array himself in battle against the Roman Catholic faith, and that, for his part, he can see no more justification for trying to win men away on doctrinal grounds from allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church than for one part of Protestantism to prey upon another and find satisfaction in it. He makes one exception to this statement, and that is the case of a community in which the clergy have so abandoned the laws of morality as to make their position a cloak for sin. He declares that, fortunately, unity of life in Christ does not depend upon ecclesiastical unity; and he says that in common dealings of every-day life we can abjure the spirit of aloofness and act with that disposition of good will and sense of kinship and tenderness which a right-minded man entertains towards an estranged brother.

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Towards Protestant Churches

What Bishop Brent says about Protestant churches may be regarded as prophetic of the inevitable influence of spirituality: "Sooner or later logic and the irresistible force of the indwelling spirit will lead us to share mutually and without hesitancy the spiritual wealth of consecrated life and intellect, which we severally enjoy. Is there any reason, beyond that of precedent, why great teachers who have risen above the partisan, but who belong to another communion, should not be asked to contribute of their riches by word of mouth to our people? As I have often said, we put into the hands of our congregations and use in our sermons the works of such men as Bruce, Luthardt, Milligan, Dale, Fairbairn, McLaren, Adam Smith, Van Dyke—I have run my eye haphazard across my bookshelves—and yet we have not come to the point where we could lawfully and in accord with the canons invite the greatest of them to preach from our pulpits. But the future will take care of itself in this matter without any present disregard for law." Bishop Brent makes an admirable suggestion when he says that it would be a blessing if missionary boards at home were to suppress all publications of statistics professing to indicate the spiritual status of various communions. The spirit of competition, when churches are working side by side in the same place, does not make for Christian unity or peace. "I am not particularly concerned in trying to impress the Filipino people with the unity of Protestantism only, but I am anxious to stand for the deep, imperishable unity of the whole Christian Church that some day will break forth into a visible and permanent form." This noble and notable utterance of Bishop Brent ought to be taken to heart by all Catholic-minded people; for it is true Catholic doctrine.

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Monsignor Alcocer's Pastoral Letter

Strikingly different in its spirit is the Pastoral Letter of Monsignor Martin Garcia Alcocer, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cebu and Administrator Apostolic of Manila. Some allowance must be made for the polemic attitude of Monsignor Alcocer, because of the schism in the Roman Church itself in the Archipelago. In truth, his Pastoral Letter leads us to think that this schism is more important than we had supposed it to be. One or two quotations, taken almost at haphazard from this letter,

must suffice to indicate the extent and limit of its charity for Protestants:

If we compare the sanctity of the Church with the customs which predominate among the followers of heresy and schism, we shall notice a lively contrast, similar to that existing between light and darkness, between good and evil, between order and chaos. In the Church, examples and maxims of humility, obedience, and noble submission to legitimate authority and to just laws, both divine and human; among the sects, pride, insubordination to lawful authority, and a servile slavery to the caprices of certain leaders. In the Church, the spirit of evangelical truth, justice, and charity; among the sects, thirst for novelty, oppression, and refined egoism. In the Church, purity of sentiment and principles, the sanctity of matrimony, and love for original purity; in the heresies, a disordered appetite for sensual pleasures, divorce, license, and riotousness.

Or again:

Another common trait of the Protestant sects is that of playing the part of reformers, presenting themselves as immaculate, irreprehensible, and modest in the extreme. In their public words and actions they appear gentle and sweet; all their exterior deportment appears the model of modesty, humility, and devotion. . . . But if we examine closely, we shall soon find that all this outside demonstration is a ridiculous farce, a comedy, an astute mockery of true religion, to better deceive the unwary. . . . A soul faithless, without charity, without submission to religious law or authority, hides itself under an appearance of sanctity. And all in them is pretended, violent, and false, and when the crisis comes, not a single martyr for religion is found, not a single hero for the sake of virtue, not a single example of sanctity.

If we compare the Pastoral Letters of Bishop Brent and Monsignor Alcocer, it is very evident that it is the Catholic who is not catholic and the non-Catholic who is catholic. It is alike well for the people of the Philippine Archipelago and for the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in the Archipelago that the Vatican has decided—at least it is so reported—to substitute American clergy for Spanish clergy in those islands. It would take only one generation of education in common schools to teach the Filipinos that such wholesale denunciations of Protestant Christians as are contained in these extracts are untrue; and, losing their faith in their religious leaders, it would be quite in accordance with the course of past history if, as a result, they lost their faith in religion. Doubtless there are bigots in the American churches; but the clergy of all the various communions in America, with diminishing exceptions, look on one another, not merely with tolerance, but with mutual respect and esteem, and have learned that the best way to commend their own religious faith is to exercise toward those of a different faith that charity which "thinketh no evil." If the Roman Catholic Church of the Philippines is put under the American hierarchy, and if the Protestant missionaries go to the Philippines in the spirit of Bishop Brent, it is not unreasonable to hope that Catholics and Protestants will teach the Filipinos a lesson of good will, by a kindly competition which will have no other effect on either than to provoke both to good works.

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Further Prayer-Book Revision

Similar in the catholicity of its spirit to Bishop Brent's Pastoral Letter is a tract reprinted from the "Churchman," on Further Prayer-Book Revision, written by the Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., the rector of St. James's Church, Cambridge, Mass. The essential principle involved in this paper is expressed by the resolution which the author would like to see introduced into the next General Convention, providing for a committee to consider "what modification, if any, of existing constitutional, canonical, and rubrical provisions for the Church's public worship is needed to bring the conditions of such worship into accord with the basis declared by the bishops of the Church for the unity of all Christian people." That basis, our readers will remember, consisted of four elements, and only four: Acceptance of the Scriptures, the two creeds (the Apostles' and the Nicene), the two sacraments (Baptism and the Lord's Supper), and the historic episcopal ministry in its threefold order. Dr. Abbott justly says that if these are the sole elements essential to Christian unity, then "the Prayer-Book, vestments, and some other things are accidents, incidentals, variable, optional, not at all the essentials which some among us, and some outside of us, seem to think they are." In order to square the liturgy to the declaration of the Bishops, four elements, and only four, ought to be made obligatory and inviolable: Authoritative Lessons from the Scriptures; the habitual

declaration of the two creeds; the faithful use of the two sacraments; and, if we understand Dr. Abbott aright, the retention of the present consecration services for deacons, priests, and bishops as a threefold order. These features made obligatory, he would provide for large liberty in other respects—including the right to use the Revised Version of the Bible, the right to abbreviate the Lessons or to omit one of the two Lessons, a reconstruction of the Psalter, liberty to use extemporaneous prayers and to use other than the designated hymnal, and a "modification of the Confirmation Office so as to meet the case of Christian adults of other communions desiring to be received into our own," etc. One suggestion which he makes is worth considering by ministers of other communions: "In most communities, on most occasions, and under ordinary circumstances, one hour is the extreme limit to which any one service, including sacrament and sermon, should be prolonged. Better . . . six short services of half or three-quarters of an hour each . . . than two of an hour and a half each." We suspect that Dr. Abbott's suggestion of such revision of the Prayer-Book will be looked at with suspicion by two classes in the Episcopal Church—the Protestant and the anti-Protestant. The first will object to it because it would open the way to what they regard as a Romish ritual, the other because it would open the way to services simpler than those of the Church's past traditions. But if the Church is to be Catholic, in reality and not in name merely, its services must be so adjusted that within its communion, though possibly in different local churches and certainly in different services, all devout souls can find liberty for their spiritual edification and enjoyment, alike those who are most enamored of an elaborate symbolism and those who are most indifferent to symbols. The question what symbols shall be used in a church service is far more a question of taste or sentiment than it is of religion. Church unity can never be secured by a process which denies to devout souls of different temperaments the right to express their spiritual life by differing methods in accordance with their different temperaments. Uniformity of worship and catholicity of spirit are absolutely inconsistent.

Rabbi Gottheil There was a National interest attached to the life and work of Rabbi Gustav Gottheil, who died in this city last week, not merely because he was at the head of the largest and richest synagogue in the United States, but because he was a man of eminent scholarly attainments, of liberal ideas, and of broad human sympathies. He was a Prussian by birth, and was educated to be a rabbi from his earliest childhood. In his university days he first came under the influence of the famous Rabbi Plessner, and later listened to several of the progressive leaders among the Jews in what was then beginning to be called Reformed Judaism. Dr. Gottheil held pastorates in Berlin and in Manchester, England, and was a delegate from the English Jews to the famous Leipzig Synod, which adopted strong resolutions in favor of reform ideas. He had been pastor of the Temple Emanu-El for twenty-five years, and the congregation over which he presided was noteworthy for its intellectual and social character. Dr. Gottheil was a really extraordinary linguist, and his scholarship in this direction has been repeated by his son, who now holds the chair of Semitic Languages in Columbia University. Among other services in connection with which Dr. Gottheil's name will be remembered was that of arranging the first Jewish hymn-book with music which was printed in this country, and of representing his people at the Congress of Religions held in connection with the Chicago World's Fair. He was an interesting speaker, and has often held in close attention audiences composed of men of all races and creeds. At the funeral services Dr. Silverman paid an eloquent tribute to Dr. Gottheil's memory when he said:

> Dr. Gottheil was a reformer in every sense of the word—a reformer of creed, of ritual, of ceremonies, but pre-eminently of men. His religion was subordinated to the needs of men. He loved men better in their working clothes than in holiday attire, and preferred a religion that smelled of the shop, the counting-room, the factory; a faith that could be used as a working tool wherewith to smooth off the rough edges of human nature, to curb the impassioned spirit, to check the turbulent lust, to reverse the whole trend of men's evil ways. Dr. Gottheil believed in a progressive Judaism. He believed and taught a Judaism that vibrated with the life of the present day, that was abreast of modern science and philosop[h]

Dr. Gottheil was a Zionist, an ardent lover of Palestine, with all its cherished memorials. He voiced the sentiments of many thousands who believed like himself that Israel must prove its strength before the world and demonstrate its ability to govern itself. He was a Zionist, but still an American. He was a fervent Jew, yet cosmopolitan. He was an ardent defender of his faith, yet ever ready to recognize the good in other faiths.

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Dean Robbins The General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in this city is governed by an unusually large body of trustees, which includes those Bishops of the Church who officially accept the trusteeship, and fifty other persons, one-half elected by the House of Deputies of the General Convention and one-half by certain dioceses. The late Dean Hoffman, by his unusual executive ability and his great personal gifts, housed the Seminary in a very admirable and impressive way; but there has been a widespread feeling that the work in some departments of the Seminary was lacking in freshness and force, and that it had a priestly rather than prophetic stamp. Great interest was therefore attached to the election of a Dean in succession to Dr. Hoffman; and a number of names of prominent clergymen have been before the trustees. On Thursday of last week the matter was settled by the election, on the second ballot, of the Rev. Dr. Wilford L. Robbins, Dean of All Saints' Cathedral, in Albany. Dean Robbins is a Bostonian by birth, received his college education at Amherst, graduating from that institution in the class of 1881, and studied theology in the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. He was ordained a deacon in 1884, and advanced to the priesthood in the following year. From 1884 to 1887 he was rector in Lexington, Mass., and in 1887 he was called to the position of Dean of All Saints' Cathedral in Albany, where he has shown marked executive and pulpit ability, and has been eminently successful in interesting young men. Dean Robbins belongs with the High Churchmen in his view of the authority of the Church, and with Broad Churchmen in his theological point of view. His recent work, "A Christian Apologetic," was characterized by The Outlook as "a blending of the progressive and the conservative which characterizes some of the best minds in the present period of transition from old to new thought."

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The Blind Chaplain The death of Chaplain Milburn, at Santa Barbara, Cal., removes a National figure who for nearly two generations has endeared himself to public men from every part of the country. He was first elected chaplain to Congress in 1845, was twice re-elected to the same position in the fifties, was chaplain of the House without interruption from 1885 to 1893, and since that date had been without interruption chaplain of the Senate. Last December, because of failing health, he sent in his resignation, but it was never acted upon. He was born in Philadelphia eighty years ago, at the age of five met with the accident which nearly blinded him at once and which twenty years later completely destroyed his sight; and at the age of twenty, having pursued his studies with extreme difficulty, entered the Methodist ministry in Illinois, taking a circuit which required him to ride two hundred miles a month. A natural orator, he soon made his personal power felt. It was not, however, his eloquence alone which caused his election as chaplain of Congress at the age of twenty-two, but a characteristic bit of courage. He was invited to preach to a group of Congressmen whom he met on a journey, and, accepting the invitation, delivered a ringing rebuke to them for their gambling, drinking, and profanity. Instead of being offended by his readiness to preach what he thought they needed to hear, they admired his courage, and rewarded it by getting Congress to elect him its chaplain. The incident has its moral for these days also, as the power of innumerable pulpits is weakened by efforts to please hearers instead of to stir their consciences. There are innumerable seemingly worldly men who instinctively indorse the recent remark of one of their number: "It is a poor sermon that doesn't hit me somewhere." Shortly after Mr. Milburn's first term as chaplain of Congress, while serving as the pastor of a church in Mobile, he was tried for heresy, and, though acquitted, he left the Methodist ministry for a time, taking orders in the Episcopal Church. A few

years later he returned to Methodism. He was popular in the lecture field and was the writer of several books upon pioneer life and religious work in what is now the Middle West.

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Vacation Camps The Camp Conference held in Boston last week was divided as to the purpose of the summer vacation. Dr. C. H. Henderson advocated a rather stiff three hours a day for definite work; Dr. E. E. Hale pleaded for yet longer vacations, that the children might be brought closer to nature; while Colonel Higginson thought there ought to be a vacation from the vacation, so that there should be a chance for the exercise of that freedom which the individual boy does not get when he is held to a rigid programme the rest of the summer. During the entire discussion there was no allusion to the teachers' side. If Dr. Hale's suggestion that the vacations should be made longer should be carried out, the teachers might hail it with delight, for the best of them would spend the time in fitting themselves to do even better work than heretofore. But the experts who spoke from actual and long-continued experience in dealing with boys in summer camps were of one mind that the vacation should be made useful to the children and youth of the country. There is certainly no reason why boys, while their teachers are resting, recuperating, traveling, or studying, that they may acquire new mental and physical vigor for work in September, should not be employed under other instructors. In Germany the school-boy has about a month's vacation, with eleven months of study, and longer hours than the American children have. The result is that at corresponding ages the German lad has acquired much more Latin, Greek, or history than the Yankee boy. It is idle to suggest the adoption of that system here. It would not be tolerated, even were it by some considered desirable. But a wise occupation of the time during a larger part of the year is imperative. Vacation is a dangerous time for city boys especially, but for country boys as well, unless they have employment. Camp life is one of the best ways of meeting this difficulty. There must be as many different kinds of camps as there are demands. For the little folks they may be mixed, boys and girls, with a sprinkling of adults to guide and teach and mother them. Nature studies are peculiarly adapted to such children up to the age of twelve or fourteen. From fourteen to sixteen, botany, entomology, and bird study are very alluring under the proper teachers. Boys of the next stage, if they are behind in fitting for college and must make up their work in summer, should go off into tutorial camps by themselves. It is a mistake to divide the same camp into groups of boys who are making up work and those who are free from such terrors. They chafe one another. It is a pity, indeed, to drive any boy to extra-academic work in summer. The studies taken up then should be those that round out the ordinary school curriculum. There may be art talks and singing lessons and French conversation, good reading, not to help a boy to get through that nightmare of school life, the "midyear" or the "final," but things that make life more beautiful and the individual more attractive. Above all, the physical side should have its training. Analytical geometry may be taught in camp so that a boy will learn to love it, as Professor Hollis maintained at one session; but of much more importance to the average boy is it that he shall learn to walk, to run, to row, to swim, and to make himself a cheerful and useful member of a camp. No vacation is long enough that does not afford time for these things. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is that every summer more and more camps are opened for lads who have never before had any good of a vacation.

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Mothers of Churches The function of Sunday-schools as mothers of churches in missionary fields is strikingly apparent in the report of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society for the past year. Of the one hundred and thirty-one new churches reported in the Congregational Year-Book for 1902, over forty-six per cent. of the whole number had their beginnings in Sunday-schools planted by the superintendents or missionaries of that society. Its schools are organized mostly in places

entirely destitute of Christian institutions; comparatively few in large towns and cities where room appears for more. Special care is taken not to intrude on ground occupied by other religious bodies. This work of patriotic as well as religious concern is carried on in forty States, but the most pressing demand for its increase, limited only by the lack of means, comes from the Northwest and Southwest. The Society favors the old device of "circuit-riders," giving a county or two in charge to one man, as desirable in many regions. The profits of the publishing and book-selling business of the Society, which for the last year have been the largest in its record, contribute to its missionary work, for which comparatively little is given by the Congregational churches. Forty per cent. of the entire contributions of the year came from the offerings on Children's Day—nearly twenty-three thousand dollars. The religious pioneer work done by this and similar societies of other denominations is of inestimable value, and deserves liberal support. It may also be said that the Sunday-school literature supplied by the Congregational Society is of unsurpassed excellence.

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A National Problem

What we call the race problem is a National problem. The acts which imposed it upon us were National acts. The responsibility for it is a National responsibility. It must be assumed as a National obligation. It must be solved by National co-operation.

I. The responsibility for the race problem is a National responsibility. North and South co-operated in bringing the African race to this country. The negroes did not come, as other immigrants have come, of their own free will. They were not, like the North American Indians, found here on our arrival. They were not imported by the Southern colonies against the will and protest of the Northern. The whole community, North and South, united in the slave trade. And the African race grew in numbers in the South, and the social and industrial fabric was revolutionized by their presence, partly because of climate, partly because of agricultural and industrial conditions, partly for political reasons, only in a very minor degree because the moral sense of the two communities was different.

The original secessionists—that is, the abolitionists of the North—demanded that the Northern States withdraw from the Union, and so from all responsibility for the slave. "No union with slaveholders," was the fundamental plank of the Garrison abolitionists. The conscience of the North said, No! It is true that this conscience was reinforced by the commercial interests and still more by the National pride and patriotism. But all these—conscience, interest, patriotism—united to say to the Garrison abolitionists, We will not dissolve the Union, and so escape from our share of responsibility for slavery. It belongs to the Nation, and in the Nation we will stay until we can find a way first to limit and eventually to destroy slavery altogether. Then the secondary secessionists—those of the South—said: We of the South and you of the North cannot agree as to what should be done with this African race. You want to free him; we want to keep him a slave. You want to educate him; we believe that education will unfit him for the place for which nature intended him. You believe that he is a man and a brother; we believe that he is but a higher animal, fitted only to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Let us separate. We will establish a new empire whose corner-stone shall be slavery. Let us go in peace, and we will take the entire responsibility for this African race. And we of the North replied: We will not let you go; we will not consent that you take the responsibility; it is ours as well as yours; in the sight of God and of humanity we are our brother's keeper. The obligation is ours, and we neither can nor will be rid of it. For four years we fought to retain the right and power to determine what should be the destiny of this African race. We won. We had our way. We emancipated the negro in spite of protest and heroic resistance by our Southern fellow-citizens; we gave him the suffrage in spite of the protests of a no longer resisting South. We cannot now escape the consequences of our own acts. He is our problem—the problem of New York as truly as of Louisiana, of New England as truly as of the Black

Belt. Appomattox Court-House established our authority to deal with the race problem of the United States. But authority always carries with it responsibility. We insisted on the authority; we cannot now escape the obligation.

II. As the race problem is a National problem, so it must be solved by National co-operation, Southerner and Northerner sharing the responsibility and co-operating to the desired result. We cannot force our ideas as to the best method of dealing with this problem by Force Bills and United States marshals. The sword can strike the manacle from a slave; the sword cannot make a man of him. Nor can we impose our ideas on the South by an aggressive moral propaganda. The South is not missionary ground. We of the North are not to go there in a "I am holier than thou spirit," to convert them to our ideal of brotherhood; nor in a "I am wiser than thou spirit," to teach them how to solve the race problem. The problem is our problem, but it is also theirs. We are to assume that they are at least as eager to solve it as we are, that they understand it at least as well as we do; that their patriotism is not less real, their philanthropy is not less genuine. No doubt the South can learn something from the North on this subject. It is even more certain that the North can learn something from the South.

Never did a people more nobly attest their readiness to adapt themselves to new conditions, never did a people show more heroism in building a new civilization on the ruins of an old industrial order, than the South has done. And until recently the North has given to its Southern brethren but scant honor for its honorable course. The South has opened the way for the landless negro to buy land. It has paid out of its poverty millions in school taxes for the negroes' education. It has set an example to Northern prejudice by the extent to which it has opened the door of various honorable vocations to the negro. It patiently submitted to the experiment imposed upon it, against its will, of universal suffrage, until the conditions which that suffrage involved became intolerable to white and black alike. Against the splendid history of its open mind and ready co-operation in bringing in the new day, the episodes of cruel lynchings appear as an evidence what popular prejudice in the white and what vice and brutality in the blacks had to be overcome in order to the progress already made. Not by a spirit of suspicion and sectional antagonism, not by fanning into new flames the still smoldering embers of the Civil War, not by insisting that we care for the negro and the Southern white man does not, shall we solve or approach a solution of the race problem. Pharisaism never converted a single individual; it will not transform a community nor elevate a race. It will be solved only as Northern and Southern philanthropists and patriots unite, in a spirit of mutual confidence and good will, in the one great purpose to solve the race problem, by the only method by which it can be solved—the education and elevation of the feebler and less developed race, by every practicable method and to the largest possible degree.

This is not a lately born conviction. At the end of the war the present editor-in-chief of The Outlook resigned his pastorate to give himself, in company with other and able men in the North, to the work of aiding the South to rehabilitate itself, and especially to initiate that system of public-school instruction which history has demonstrated to be the basis of every successful system of self-government. A little later The Outlook, then The Christian Union, urged the policy of National aid to public education in the Southern States, a policy approved by Presidents Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, but defeated, partly by popular prejudice, partly by a causeless fear of centralization. We believed then and we believe now that such a policy was both wise and just. That issue has passed; we do not seek here to revive it. But the principle of National responsibility and National co-operation in the education of the negro we reaffirm. We lay on the North the duty of co-operation with the South in this work, not merely as an act of charity to a feeble and imperfectly developed race; not merely as an act of generosity toward a still impoverished section of a common country; not merely as an act of missionary service called for by Christian loyalty; not merely as an act of patriotism seeking to serve the highest ends in the Nation by the highest means; but as an act of justice, in curing an evil which the North

has helped to cause and in completing a work which the North has insisted that it was its duty to commence.

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The St. Louis Fair

The three Expositions held in this country have celebrated in a very impressive way events of the greatest historical significance in the New World, and have exerted the most definite and beneficial educational influence. The Philadelphia Fair commemorated a century of independent life as a nation, and taught the whole country, by the beauty and completeness of its exhibits, the much-needed lesson of combining utility and art. It was the beginning of a movement, partly educational and partly artistic, which has been of the highest moment in the life of the American people. The Chicago Fair commemorated four centuries of European life in the New World; and by the breadth and nobility of its architectural design and lines, combined with the extraordinary beauty of its landscape features, was a revelation to hundreds of thousands of people of what could be done to reinforce nature with art. The Fair at Buffalo commemorated the development of industrial and artistic life in the New World at the hands of many races; and in its architecture suggested the composite richness of racial activity and achievement on this side the ocean.

The Fair which will be dedicated at St. Louis on Thursday of next week will commemorate the acquisition of that great section of country, now become an interior empire, which was known as the Louisiana Purchase; a vast territory, of which St. Louis is the natural capital, the products of which have never yet been adequately brought together and arranged. The great Southwest will find its opportunity at St. Louis, as the Central West found its opportunity at Chicago.

It is interesting to note the progression of these fairs. At Philadelphia it was the Old World which furnished the most striking exhibits; and the chief function of that fair was to reveal to the New World the superiority, in fineness of fiber and design, of many Old World products. At Chicago it was the Central West that was seen in a magnificent exhibition for the inspection of the whole world, for the first time giving an adequate impression of American development along many lines. At St. Louis the Southwest will find its opportunity, and the rest of the country will have a chance to form the acquaintance of a section with the most picturesque and dramatic history, in which great communities are rapidly growing, and which is destined to exercise a notable influence in the history of the country and the making of the American people of the future. The Louisiana Purchase will remind us that the Latin races are not without permanent witnesses of their influence on this continent. It will recall the heroic story of the penetration of the continent by French explorers, soldiers, priests, and traders, who entered it by the St. Lawrence River, traversed the wilderness between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River, and passed down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, leaving at Quebec, at Detroit, at St. Louis, and at other points groups of settlers whose descendants are among the foremost citizens in those communities, and leaving also a tradition of good breeding, a touch of sentiment and love of the beautiful, which are sorely needed in our Anglo-Saxon civilization. The St. Louis Fair will recall the vigor of the French and Spanish discoverers, explorers, priests, and traders, who, at the Far North and the Far South, have left a record of adventure rich in all the elements of romance.

It is too soon to describe in detail the characteristic features of the St. Louis Fair, but in several respects it will reveal marked individuality. Its landscape setting will differ from that of its predecessors. Instead of being placed on a level plain, there will be two groups of hills bordering the plateau on which the principal buildings will be set. From the principal gateway there will be an avenue of magnificent proportions leading to the Palace of Art, which will be on an elevated site with a grove of pine-trees as a background. On the hill at the west of the grounds will stand the administration building, the agricultural buildings, and other structures of lesser importance. The color scheme will be a soft shade of white.

The constructive idea, so to speak, of

the whole Exposition will be to exhibit, not products, but processes; in other words, to show methods of production in operation. Various industries will exhibit their work precisely as it is carried on in factories. A ribbon manufacturer, for instance, proposes to set up a working ribbon-loom and to carry on the entire process of manufacturing precisely as it is done in his own factory. In the same way a newspaper and magazine will be set up, printed, bound, and distributed, not simply as experimental or souvenir work, but in the regular course of business. A complete agricultural experiment station and weather bureau will be in operation, which will conduct experiments precisely as they are conducted at regular stations, and in which the work will be conducted by professors and students from different agricultural colleges. There will also be a life-saving station, with complete apparatus and crew, where the drill will be carried on every day and illustrations given of all the uses of the lifeboat in all possible emergencies. To hundreds of thousands of people living in the very heart of the continent, and who have never seen the sea, the interest of such an exposition will be very great. Educational processes will also be illus trated by a school for mutes, a school for the blind, and a manual-training school. Every endeavor will be made, in a word, to make plain to the eye the processes by which many of the most important kinds of work in the country are carried forward. This will be the keynote of the Exposition, and will render it memorable and unique among all World's Fairs.

By a very happy prevision, the work done for the World's Fair is to inure to the permanent benefit of Washington University. All the permanent buildings in use at the Exposition will be planned for their ultimate adaptation to the uses of the University. The temporary use of the buildings and grounds now occupied by the University has been secured, and the officers of the Exposition will be housed in these buildings before and during the Fair. At the close of the Fair three or four fine structures of a permanent character will be handed over to the University.

The Exposition will take an important step in the right direction by exhibiting the work of women with the work of men in the same lines. There will be no distinctive Women's Building. Women architects and women sculptors are to be represented in the construction of the buildings of the Exposition, and the work of women will be placed, as it ought to be, beside the work of men.

The country will be interested in the announcement that every effort will be made to make the Midway amusing and entertaining, and at the same time to keep out of it those offensive and revolting forms of immorality which have disgraced the World's Fairs of the last twenty years. A decent Midway would be a novelty which would give the St. Louis Fair distinction; and it is very much to be hoped that the endeavor to provide amusement without indecency may succeed.

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Mediævalism Not the Gospel

Persons of nearly all shades of belief in the immortality of the human soul agree in a hope that it is a fact. How is it possible for any one thus to hope if he either believes in hell, or if he is not absolutely certain that there is no such place for any one? I cannot understand how any judicial mind can hold that the New Testament writers did not believe in a hell of a pretty orthodox type. Christ's own sayings bristle with references which can hardly be taken otherwise. With a little ingenuity they may be explained away separately, but hardly when taken in conjunction. The statements of the Apocalypse are vividly graphic, but that book does not seem to carry much weight in these days, and if we waive all but the words of Jesus on earth we shall have plenty to consider. While, on the whole, we may incline to some one of the softer eschatological theories, how can we deny the substantial possibility that his assertions mean what they seem to mean? Does not this contingency logically necessitate a feeling of frantic desperation?

E. P. B.

The doctrine that any of God's creatures are reserved for a life of endless sin and suffering was imported into the New Testament in the Middle Ages. It belongs to a doctrine of punishment which was in that epoch equally adopted by Church and State. That doctrine is, in brief, that the object of punishment is to deter men from wrong-doing, by connecting wrong-doing with suffering, and so making men afraid to do wrong. Very naturally, it was supposed that the greater the suffering

the greater would be the deterrent effect of the punishment. So the State flayed men alive, boiled them in oil, disemboweled them, and broke them on the wheel, for disobeying the laws of the State; and the Church burned them at the stake for disobeying the laws of the Church, and taught that the burning would continue after death at the hands of God.

Christ's treatment of sin and its cure was radically different. He treated sin as a disease; and he taught that the virtuous should endeavor to cure it: "They that are sick," he said, "need a physician." He did not propose to leave men sinful and prevent them from sinning by inciting in them a fear of the consequences; he proposed to change their character, so that they would spontaneously live virtuously: "Make the tree good," he said, "and his fruit good." The creative forces on which he relied were faith, or an awakened appreciation of virtue, and hope, or an inspiring expectation that the virtue thus appreciated could be realized, and love, or trust and confidence in a Father who not only demanded virtue of his children, but helped them by his spirit and presence to be virtuous. He never threatened, he warned. A magistrate threatens; a physician warns. He told men that certain causes led, naturally and necessarily, down to death; as a physician warns a patient that persistence in the violation of laws of health will end in death. But the burden of his teaching was faith and hope and love. He called it, therefore, and his disciples called it, the Glad Tidings. "The Glad Tidings," said Paul, "are the power of God unto salvation." It is difficult to understand how any one ever supposed that he, whose whole teaching concerning the nature, consequences, and cure of sin was summed up in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, taught that the Father had provided a lake of fire in which his sinful children would burn forever; or that he taught the more modern but even more awful doctrine that the Father will keep alive his sinful children forever in a sinfulness ever growing more and more degrading, and in a remorse ever growing more and more poignant. Such a doctrine directly contradicts the whole scope and spirit of the doctrine of Jesus Christ. The one teaching is founded on the deterrent power of fear to make sinful men abstain from doing sinful things; the other teaching is founded on the inspiring power of faith and hope and love to change sinful men into men full of goodness.

This general character of the teachings of Jesus Christ is not to be set aside by reason of certain specific utterances, to some of which certainly, if not to all, an interpretation has been given which it is quite clear they do not justly bear. An instance of this is afforded by Christ's use of the terms hell and hell fire. To the modern reader these phrases call up a mediæval picture of torment; but it is absolutely certain that to the hearers of Jesus Christ they called up a very different picture. Hell is Gehenna; hell fire the fire burning in Gehenna. Gehenna was a valley outside Jerusalem, to which the offal of the city was carried to be thrown upon a fire always kept burning there that the offal might be destroyed. It was the ancient analogue of the modern sewer. When Christ says to the Pharisees, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" what he really said was, "How can ye escape the condemnation of Gehenna?"—that is, if you keep on in your present course, how can you escape being cast out as the offal of God's universe to be destroyed? It is parallel to that other saying of his, If the salt have lost his savor, it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Except in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, fire, as Christ uses it, is a symbol of destruction, never of torment; and in that parable Christ uses the common pictures of his time, not to teach the nature of the future life, but to teach that the judgment of God is based, not on conventional standards—as of creed, ritual, or race—but on a practical standard of righteousness.

Mediævalism destroys the Gospel. There is no good news in the message that a large part of the human race has been created to live in sin and suffering forever. The good news is that there is a power in the world by which the sick may be made well, the sinful may be made virtuous, the exiles from home may return to their Father, their home, and their own true selves.

The Spectator

It is a sad fact, but one upon which all mankind are agreed, that troubles never come singly. The Spectator happened to be down upon the Susquehanna River in shad-fishing time last spring, and heard the fisherman lament the fact that just when the Beef Trust had furnished a fine opening for shad, the fish hung back unaccountably, and refused to fill it. Such a poor season had seldom been known upon the Delaware and the Susquehanna; the fishermen suffered, the public suffered, and still the shad refused to run in anything like the usual numbers. Time was when the second or principal run of shad in the spring used to bring something like two million shad into the Delaware, and ten thousand have been taken in one haul of the seine. Nowadays a catch of five hundred is good, and one of a thousand is phenomenal. But last year the Spectator saw great nets hauled in with but half a dozen or so of silvery fish in them. Prices were up to a high notch, it is true; but, as it is estimated that each day's lowering of the nets costs a hundred dollars, a few forty-cent fish could not reimburse the fishermen, and gloom hung like a pall over the wide reaches of the Susquehanna.

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The Spectator found shad-fishing very different from what he had supposed. He had thought of a race of hardy fishermen, such as he saw a few years back upon the bars of the Columbia, where a man catches salmon as his father did before him. But the Susquehanna fisher is like the Delaware peach-pluck—a genus painfully akin to the tramp, appearing in numbers in the season, working for a daily wage, and vanishing into space by way of the freight train when the shad cease to run. The man who employs them, even, is not a fisherman by trade. He is often a farmer, who has saved a little money, and hopes to double it by lucky catches. Alone, or in combination with others, he secures a shad-float—a great wooden raft large enough to contain quarters for perhaps fifty men, with salting-vats, packing-sheds, and a steam-engine. This float is moored out in main stream, by the side of a channel which the shad are known to use. The channel is carefully cleared beforehand of drift-logs, snags, and anything and everything that may tear the nets. The Spectator was told that, as this preparation is arduous and expensive, it gives the fisherman who clears the channel a proprietary right in it as long as he chooses to fish it.

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The shad-fisher gathers up his men from the roving tide brought by the first spring days. The earliest run of shad begins about the middle of March, but this advance guard is small in numbers and poor in quality, consisting mainly of the despised "hickory shad," concerning which the fishermen have an irreverent legend that at the creation there were a great many small bones left over, and that the hickory shad was made in order to use them up. Some days after these pioneers pass up the river, the second or main run begins in earnest, and lasts three or four weeks. The third run is small in number but good in quality, and lasts into June. The men are kept busy enough in a good season, and their lot is not a luxurious one. They are a rough set, and the accommodations are as rough as they. Wooden bunks, without a sign of mattress or pillow, tin plates and cups, and whatever rude fare the one who is chosen as cook sees fit to prepare—these are the portion of the shad-fisher. The Spectator cannot say that the men looked above their surroundings. Some were gray-headed, some young; few appeared to be of foreign birth. They were not a prepossessing lot, and it seemed rather a blessing to society at large to have them safely moored out in midstream, for a few weeks at any rate. The floats are not near together, but usually two or three miles apart, wherever a suitable channel is found.

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The shad has fixed habits, much to his disadvantage. At certain times of the day and states of the tide he passes up these particular waterways, and the fisherman lies in wait for him. At a given signal, the "laying-out" boat, with the seine piled up in its stern, moved off across the river, paying out the huge folds of the net as it went, until the barrier

of stout meshes stretched in a straight line from the float far out across the channel. Then, sharply, the bow of the seine-boat turned, and the oarsmen, aided by the current, carried their end of the net around the segment of a circle of which the corner of the float was the center. Back they rowed, slowly inclosing the fish, which, at any of the early stages of the proceeding, could have easily escaped by turning and swimming downstream. This, however, the shad can be counted on not to do. He will try to poke through the meshes of the net and escape upstream, but, unlike the proverbial worm, he will not turn in any event. Thus the seine was brought, without losing a fish, to the other end of the sloping platform, and made fast; and soon the steam-winch, in a most prosaic way, began hauling it in, the men wading out on the inclined plane to guide things smoothly and permit no escape under the bottom of the net.

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The Spectator thrilled with as much excitement as any one to see the great bag of dripping meshes come up; but, alas! it held only seven shad, and barely a half-barrel of herring. The cast had failed; it was not a lucky throw this time. It was the last catch of the season, too, for that float; and the men had hoped for better luck to end with. The farmer who employed them, looking down at the empty net, seemed almost ready to burst into tears. It was really a pathetic scene —for fishers as well as shad.

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The men set to work at once upon the herring, much in the way that Kipling describes so vividly in "Captains Courageous"—slitting, cleaning, salting, and throwing them into the barrels. The herring may be called the consolation prize of the shad-fisher. Indeed, they often pay better than the shad. A hundred barrels are sometimes caught at one throw of the net, and they keep the venture from being a total loss. They made the float, however, anything but a pleasant spot, for they flavored it from end to end. Whatever romance may elsewhere cling about the gentle sport, even Izaak Walton could not have stood a shad-fishing float long, the Spectator is assured. And what would the Compleat Angler have thought of using a steam-winch? It is as bad as the fish-wheels of the Columbia, which scoop the salmon up mechanically by the hundred, and make fishing as prosaic as carpet-beating.

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The Spectator visited two other floats, further up the river, and found the same conditions, but more cheerfulness, born of better fortune. At the third float the men were just hauling in a good catch of shining shad. Two hundred and seventy-three were in the seine, besides many barrels of herring. Shad were selling, on the river, at from twenty-five to forty cents apiece, which meant perhaps ninety dollars for the catch, and the herring added materially to this. It costs about one hundred dollars a day to keep up each float, and not more than three or four casts of the net can be made in a day, the Spectator was told. The business, therefore, is a lottery—in which, perhaps, part of its perennial attraction lies.

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The shad were not treated in the same cavalier manner as the herring. A boat was launched at once, and off the glittering beauties went, at the top speed of the rowers, to make the next train from Havre de Gras, and reach the city markets before the gleam had fairly faded from their scales. Even the fishing-float cannot mar the poetic freshness of the shad. The Spectator has never been particularly partial to herring, and his visit to the Susquehanna has made him less so than ever. But the shad remains as alluring as of old. The broad silver tide of the river, the spring green of its low banks, the breeze that rippled the water under the cloudless blue sky, are memories that cling round his gleaming form. What if he is taken with a steam-winch? Izaak Walton would have loved him none the less for it, after having once tasted him planked. What if he is "as full of bones as Westminster Abbey"? Nobody objects to Westminster Abbey for that—or to the shad, either. Long may the Susquehanna farmer continue to invest his little all in the shad-fisheries!

THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

Chapter VI.—The 'Lunge

"Do you know the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting?"

DICK and I traveled in a fifteen-foot wooden canoe, with grub, duffel, tent, and Deuce, the black-and-white setter dog. As a consequence we were pretty well down toward the water line, for we had not realized that a wooden canoe would carry so little weight for its length in comparison with a birch-bark. A good heavy sea we could ride—with proper management and a little bailing; but sloppy waves kept us busy.

Deuce did not like it at all. He was a dog old in the wisdom of experience. It had taken him just twenty minutes to learn all about canoes. After a single tentative trial he jumped lightly to the very center of his place, with the lithe caution of a cat. Then, if the water happened to be smooth, he would sit gravely on his haunches, or would rest his chin on the gunwale to contemplate the passing landscape. But in rough weather he crouched directly over the keel, his nose between his paws, and tried not to dodge when the cold water dashed in on him. Deuce was a true woodsman in that respect. Discomfort he always bore with equanimity, and he must often have been very cold and very cramped.

For just over a week we had been traveling in open water, and the elements had not been kind to us at all. We had crept up under rock-cliff points; had weathered the rips of white water to shelter on the other side; had struggled across open spaces where each wave was singly a problem to fail in whose solution meant instant swamping; had bailed, and schemed, and figured, and carried, and sworn, and tried again, and succeeded with about two cupfuls to spare, until we as well as Deuce had grown a little tired of it. For the lust of travel was on us.

The lust of travel is a very real disease. It usually takes you when you have made up your mind that there is no hurry. Its predisposing cause is a chart or map, and its main symptom is the feverish delight with which you check off the landmarks of your journey. A fair wind of some force is absolutely fatal. With that at your back you cannot stop. Good fishing, fine scenery, interesting bays, reputed game, even camps where friends might be visited—all pass swiftly astern. Hardly do you pause for lunch at noon. The mad joy of putting country behind you eats all other interests. You recover only when you have come to your journey's end a week too early, and must then search out new voyages to fill in the time.

All this morning we had been bucking a strong north wind. Fortunately, the shelter of a string of islands had given us smooth water enough, but the heavy gusts sometimes stopped us as effectively as though we had butted solid land. Now about noon we came to the last island, and looked out on a five-mile stretch of tumbling seas. We landed the canoe and mounted a high rock.

"Can't make it like this," said I. "I'll take the outfit over and land it, and come back for you and the dog. Let's see that chart."

We hid behind the rock and spread out the map.

"Four miles," measured Dick. "It's going to be a terror."

We looked at each other vaguely, suddenly tired.

"We can't camp here—at this time of day," objected Dick, to our unspoken thoughts.

And then the map gave him an inspiration. "Here's a little river," ruminated Dick, "that goes to a little lake, and then there's another little river that flows from the lake, and comes out about ten miles above here."

"It's a good thirty miles," I objected.

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"What of it?" asked Dick, calmly.

So the fever-lust of travel broke. We turned to the right behind the last island, searched out the reed grown opening to the stream, and paddled serenely and philosophically against the current. Deuce sat up and yawned with a mighty satisfaction.

We had been bending our heads to the demon of wind; our ears had been filled with his shoutings, our eyes blinded with tears, our breath caught away from us, our muscles strung to the fiercest endeavor. Suddenly we found ourselves between the ranks of tall forest trees, bathed in a warm sunlight, gliding like a feather from one grassy bend to another of the laziest little stream that ever hesitated as to which way the grasses of its bed should float. As for the wind, it was lost somewhere away up high, where we could hear it muttering to itself about something.

The woods leaned over the fringe of bushes cool and green and silent. Occasionally through tiny openings we caught instant impressions of straight column-trunks and transparent shadows. Miniature grass marshes jutted out from the bends of the little river. We idled along as with a homely rustic companion through the aloofness of patrician multitudes.

Every bend offered us charming surprises. Sometimes a muskrat swam hastily in a pointed furrow of ripple; vanishing wings, barely sensed in the flash, left us staring; stealthy withdrawals of creatures whose presence we realized only in the fact of those withdrawals snared our eager interest; porcupines rattled and rustled importantly and regally from the water's edge to the woods; herons, ravens, an occasional duck, croaked away at our approach; thrice we surprised eagles, once a tassel-eared Canada lynx. Or, if all else lacked, we still experienced the little thrill of pleased novelty over the disclosure of a group of silvery birches on a knoll; a magnificent white pine towering over the beech and maple forest; the unexpected aisle of a long, straight stretch of the little river.

Deuce approved thoroughly. He stretched himself and yawned and shook off the water, and glanced at me open-mouthed with doggy good-nature, and set himself to acquiring a conscientious olfactory knowledge of both banks of the river. I do not doubt he knew a great deal more about it than we did. Porcupines aroused his especial enthusiasm. Incidentally, two days later he returned to camp after an expedition of his own, bristling as to the face with that animal's barbed weapons. Thenceforward his interest waned.

We ascended the charming little river two or three miles. At a sharp bend to the east a huge sheet of rock sloped directly down into a pool and up to a round grass knoll sparsely planted with birches. Two or three tree-trunks jammed directly opposite had formed a sort of half dam under which the water lay dark. A tiny grass meadow forty feet in diameter narrowed the stream to half its width.

We landed. Dick seated himself on the shelving rock. I unjointed my fish-rod. Deuce disappeared.

Deuce always disappeared whenever we landed. With nose down, hind-quarters well tucked under him, ears flying, he quartered the forest at high speed, investigating every nook and cranny of it for the radius of a quarter of a mile. When he had quite satisfied himself that we were safe for the moment, he would return to the fire, where he would lie, six inches of pink tongue vibrating with breathlessness, beautiful in the consciousness of virtue. Dick generally sat on a rock and thought. I generally fished.

After a time Deuce returned. I gave up flies, spoons, phantom minnows, artificial frogs and crayfish. As Dick continued to sit on the rock and think, we both joined him. The sun was very warm and grateful, and I am sure we both acquired an added respect for Dick's judgment.

Just when it happened neither of us was afterwards able to decide. Perhaps Deuce knew. But suddenly, as often a figure appears in a cinematograph, the diminutive meadow thirty feet away contained two deer. They stood knee-deep in the grass, wagging their little tails in impatience of the flies.

"Look'a there!" stammered Dick aloud.

Deuce sat up on his haunches.

I started for my camera.

The deer did not seem to be in the slightest degree alarmed. They pointed four big ears in our direction, ate a few leisurely mouthfuls of grass, sauntered

to the stream for a drink of water, wagged their little tails some more, and quietly faded into the cool shadows of the forest.

An hour later we ran out into reeds, and so to the lake. It was a pretty lake, forest-girt. Across the distance we made out a moving object which shortly resolved itself into a birch canoe. The canoe proved to contain an Indian, an Indian boy of about ten years, a black dog, and a bundle. When within a few rods of each other we ceased paddling and drifted by with the momentum. The Indian was a fine-looking man of about forty, his hair bound with a red fillet, his feet incased in silk-worked moccasins, but otherwise dressed in white men's garments. He smoked a short pipe, and contemplated us gravely.

"Bo' jou', bo' jou'," we called in the usual double-barreled North-country salutation.

"Bo' jou', bo' jou'," he replied.

"Kée-gons?" we inquired as to the fishing in the lake.

"Áh-hah," he assented.

We drifted by each other without further speech. When the decent distance of etiquette separated us, we resumed our paddles.

I produced a young cable terminated by a tremendous spoon and a solid brass snell as thick as a telegraph wire. We had laid in this formidable implement in hopes of a big muscallunge. It had been trailed for days at a time. We had become used to its vibration, which actually seemed to communicate itself to every fiber of the light canoe. Every once in a while we would stop with a jerk that would nearly snap our heads off. Then we would know we had hooked the American continent. We had become used to that also. It generally happened when we attempted a little burst of speed. So when the canoe brought up so violently that all our tinware rolled on Deuce, Dick was merely disgusted.

"There she goes again," he grumbled. "You've hooked Canada."

Canada held quiescent for about three seconds. Then it started due south.

"Suffering serpents!" shrieked Dick.

"Paddle, you sulphurated idiot!" yelled I.

It was most interesting. All I had to do was to hang on and try to stay in the boat. Dick paddled and fumed and splashed water and got more excited. Canada dragged us bodily backward.

Then Canada changed his mind and started in our direction. I was plenty busy taking in slack, so I did not notice Dick. Dick was absolutely demented. His mind automatically reacted in the direction of paddling. He paddled, blindly, frantically. Canada came surging in, his mouth open, his wicked eyes flaming, a tremendous indistinct body lashing foam. Dick glanced once over his shoulder, and let out a frantic howl.

"You've got the sea serpent!" he shrieked.

I turned to fumble for the pistol. We were headed directly for a log stranded on shore, and about ten feet from it.

"Dick!" I yelled in warning.

He thrust his paddle out forward just in time. The stout maple bent and cracked. The canoe hit with a bump that threw us forward. I returned to the young cable. It came in limp and slack.

We looked at each other sadly.

"No use," said Dick at last. "They've never invented the words, and we'd upset if we kicked the dog."

I had the end of the line in my hands.

"Look here!" I cried. That thick brass wire had been as cleanly bitten through as though it had been cut with clippers. "He must have caught sight of you," said I.

Dick lifted up his voice in lamentation. "You had four feet of him out of water," he wailed, "and there was a lot more."

"If you had kept cool," said I, severely, "we shouldn't have lost him. You don't want to get rattled in an emergency. There's no sense in it."

"What were you going to do with that?" asked Dick, pointing to where I had laid the pistol.

"I was going to shoot him in the head," I replied, with dignity. "It's the best way to land them."

Dick laughed disagreeably. I looked down. At my side lay our largest iron spoon.

We skirted the left-hand side of the lake in silence. Far out from shore the water was ruffled where the wind swept down, but with us it was as still and calm as the forest trees that looked over into it. After a time we turned short to the

left through a very narrow passage between two marshy shores, and so, after a sharp bend of but a few hundred feet, came into the other river.

This was a wide stream, smoothly hurrying, without rapids or tumult. The forest had drawn to either side to let us pass. Here were the wilder reaches after the intimacies of the little river. Across stretches of marsh we could see an occasional great blue heron standing mid-leg deep. Long strings of ducks struggled quacking from invisible pools. The faint marsh odor saluted our nostrils from the point where the lily-pads flashed broadly, ruffling in the wind. We dropped out the smaller spoon and masterfully landed a five-pound pickerel. Even Deuce brightened. He cared nothing for raw fish, but he knew their possibilities. Towards evening we entered the hilly country, and so at the last turned to the left into a sand cove where grew maples and birches in beautiful park order under a hill. There we pitched camp, and, as the flies lacked, built a friendship-fire about which to foregather when the day was done.

Dick still vocally regretted the muscallunge as the largest fish since Jonah. So I told him of my big bear.

One day, late in the summer, I was engaged in packing some supplies along an old fur trail north of Lake Superior. I had accomplished one back-load, and with empty straps was returning to the cache for another. The trail at one point emerged into and crossed an open park some hundreds of feet in diameter, in which the grass grew to the height of the knee. When I was about half-way across, a black bear arose to his hind legs not ten feet from me and remarked *Woof!* in a loud tone of voice. Now, if a man were to say *woof* to you unexpectedly, even in the formality of an Italian garden or the accustomedness of a city street, you would be somewhat startled. So I went to camp. There I told them about the bear. I tried to be conservative in my description, because I did not wish to be accused of exaggeration. My impression of the animal was that he and a spruce-tree that grew near enough for ready comparison were approximately of the same stature. We returned to the grass park. After some difficulty we found a clear footprint. It was about the size of that made by a good-sized coon.

"So, you see," I admonished, didactically, "that 'lunge probably was not quite so large as you thought."

"It may have been a Chinese bear," said Dick, dreamily—"a Chinese lady bear, of high degree."

I gave him up.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Forsaken

By Duncan Campbell Scott

I.

ONCE in the winter,
Out on a lake
In the heart of the
north-land,
Far from the Fort
And far from the hunters,
A Chippewa woman,
With her sick baby,
Crouched in the last hours
Of a great storm.
Frozen and hungry,
She fished through the ice
With a line of the twisted
Bark of the cedar,
And a rabbit-bone hook
Polished and barbed;
Fished with the bare hook
All through the wild day,
Fished and caught nothing;
While the young chieftain
Tugged at her breasts,
Or slept in the lacings
Of the warm *tikanagan.*
All the lake-surface
Streamed with the hissing
Of millions of ice-flakes,
Hurled by the wind;
Behind her the round
Of a lonely island
Roared like a fire
With the voice of the storm
In the deeps of the cedars.
Valiant, unshaken,
She took of her own flesh,

Baited the fish-hook,
Drew in a gray-trout,
Drew in his fellow,
Heaped them beside her,
Dead in the snow.
Valiant, unshaken,
She faced the long distance,
Wolf-haunted and lonely,
Sure of her goal
And the life of her dear one;
Tramped for two days,
On the third in the morning
Saw the strong bulk
Of the Fort by the river,
Saw the wood-smoke
Hang soft in the spruces,
Heard the keen yelp
Of the ravenous 'huskies
Fighting for whitefish:
Then she had rest.

II.

Years and years after,
When she was old and withered,
When her son was an old man
And his children filled with vigor,
They came in their northern tour on the verge of winter
To an island in a lonely lake.
There one night they camped, and on the morrow
Gathered their kettles and birch-bark,
Their rabbit-skin robes and their mink-traps,
Launched their canoes and slunk away through the islands,
Left her alone forever,
Without a word of farewell,
Because she was old and useless,
Like a paddle broken and warped,
Or a pole that was splintered.
Then, without a sigh,
Valiant, unshaken,
She smoothed her dark locks under her kerchief,
Composed her shawl in state,
Then folded her hands ridged with sinews and corded with veins,
Folded them across her breasts spent with the nourishing of children,
Gazed at the sky past the tops of the cedars,
Saw two spangled nights arise out of the twilight,
Saw two days go by filled with the tranquil sunshine,
Saw, without pain, or dread, or even a moment of longing:
Then on the third great night there came thronging and thronging
Millions of snowflakes out of a windless cloud;
They covered her close with a beautiful crystal shroud,
Covered her deep and silent.
But in the frost of the dawn,
Up from the life below,
Rose a column of breath
Through a tiny cleft in the snow,
Fragile, delicately drawn,
Wavering with its own weakness,
In the wilderness a sign of the spirit,
Persisting still in the sight of the sun
Till day was done.
Then all light was gathered up by the hand of God and hid in his breast
Then there was born a silence deeper than silence,
Then she had rest.

A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

IV.

MY intellectual trouble began with my return to the Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto. I had taken absolute rest during the six months; I had read nothing to speak of; and when I got back to Toronto I found enormous crowds waiting to hear me; the church jammed and people waiting outside. I set to, and did the best I could to preach to these people.[2] Scarcely had I commenced when I found myself confronted with a terrible difficulty. I felt as if I had already preached every single thing I knew; I had nothing new to give them. I began to read, but my reading did not fit in with what I had been preaching; I could do nothing but pray. The only thing that saved me was the conviction that, step by step, I had been honest in trying to do God's will; that each step had been taken, so far as I knew, for his glory and not for my own advancement. Night after night on my knees I said, "I am prepared to do Thy will. I cannot preach what I do not believe." It would be perfectly impossible for me to describe the struggle I went through for two years. My wife's health failed in the meantime—failed utterly; I had anxiety at home; and people came to me and said: "You are undoing the good you did before; what do you mean?" My oldest friends plead with me, "We love you, but what are you doing? You are not preaching as you used to preach!" And I knew I was not preaching as I used to preach. I had no liberty, no sense of power. There was not a man in town to help me. All I could do was to pray to God for help and light, and pledge myself again and again that I would not express an emotion that I did not feel, or preach something I did not believe to be absolutely true. I had got past the baptism question by that time; I had run up against something bigger. How could I tell men that, if they believed in Jesus Christ, they would be children of God? If they were not children of God to begin with, believing on Jesus Christ would not make them children of God. And yet—did not the Bible say they had to be born again before they were children of God? Very simple; but it came to me with appalling insistence as an unanswerable intellectual problem. I could not for the life of me believe that a man could become a child of God if he had not been antecedently a child of God. A child of God is always a child of God, whether or not he believes that God is his Father; but if God were not already his Father, believing it would not make Him his Father. That is, if God were not antecedently his Father, believing so would not make Him so. I had not a soul to speak to in my inward strife, except that I once went to Phillips Brooks for help. I went to Boston solely to see him. He was a dear friend of mine; but Phillips Brooks could not help an individual at all. What he said was: "I cannot help you; you must fight it out yourself." Very wise advice, but terribly hard for me at the time. That was the only appeal I made. I remember what was troubling me terribly then was the impossibility of believing in transferred righteousness, and Brooks had not a word to say. I suppose his big soul drew a gasp when I

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[2] The following is an extract from one of Dr. Rainsford's sermons delivered during the mission which he conducted in Toronto. It may give an idea of some of the beliefs which he held and preached at this time. This sermon is on the Second Coming of Christ. After stating what he declares to be two certitudes, that "there are two comings of Christ and two resurrections of the dead"—the first coming of Christ being for his saints only, the second coming being the great day of judgment; the first resurrection being that of the "dead in Christ," the second being that of all other men for judgment—he continues: "We don't know but that the very next soul called to Christ in Toronto may make up the great number of God's elect—His elect Bride—and just so soon as the number is made up, and the Bride has made herself ready, so soon shall this mighty shout be heard, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, and shall be rapt away to meet Him in the clouds and be with the Lord forever—'and so shall we ever be with the Lord.' 'Wherefore,' says the Apostle, 'comfort one another with these words.' I want to-night, briefly, to dwell on the consequences of this first coming. The first object will be to manifest who are God's children, and who are not."—THE EDITORS.

came to him; but all he said was, "You've got to fight it out yourself."

In the meantime, the congregation had very perceptibly fallen away; the great crowds were gone; I had to preach three times to get four hundred dollars missionary money. People did not know what to make of me; my friends would come to me and say, "Why don't you preach against dancing and the theater and worldliness as you used to? why don't you come out with your old assurance?"

No one can realize what this gradual failure in Toronto meant who has not felt the intoxication of gathering together thousands of people, the stimulus, and spiritual elation, and the joy which comes from leading and swaying a mass of people eager to hear, and the pleasure in the ties of friendship that are formed, and then seen it seemingly all go—melt away; the church get less and less crowded, collections melt away, friends look doubtfully at you, and enemies jeer. It seems all a long time ago now—but it was a searching fire then. What saved me from defeat was just this, that through it all I could and did keep saying to myself, "I must act as my heart tells me; I won't speak until I have the light, by God's help I won't." A man who has gone through that cannot be beaten. I could not exaggerate, if I spoke for a week, the effect of that experience on my life. Although I would not wish to duplicate that experience in the life of any one I loved, yet I do think an enormous gain and blessing will come to the man who is prepared to fail, at all cost to himself, rather than say what he cannot truthfully say.

I shall never forget my sense of relief when the first gleam of light came to me. It seems so simple now. Why had it not come before? I remember I had been praying late one night, and suddenly the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke came to me with new light. One of the most effective sermons I used to preach was based on that chapter; the sermon I always reserved for the end of my mission work—a dagger for the fifth rib of a man who had not given in before. And now I discovered this—a new discovery all for myself. If the son had not been his father's son before he went into the far country, he would certainly not have come back; he came back *because he was a son.* His coming back was coming to his true self. His smothered self, but his real self all the same.

I got up in the pulpit and preached that sermon all over again. He came back because he was a son; a man turned back to God because God *was* his Father; we were to live as the children of God because we *were* his children; I found new light in the things I had been repeating over and over. People began to come back to the church; collections increased; joy and peace returned to my soul.

I was worried, and still uncertain about lots of things, but I had got my feet on the Rock. I felt I had something to say once more. It was then I found Robertson—Frederick W. Robertson; he came to me like a voice from high heaven. I drank him down as a man shriveled with thirst alone can drink. I read and re-read him. I preached him. Unconsciously, almost, I began to feel how things should go. Spiritual truth was an evolution; God had spoken, but He was speaking still. I began to read Fiske; I began to get a grip on the great idea of evolution; but it was Robertson who was the messenger of God to me.

Just about when I got well on my feet again in Toronto, the call came from St. George's, New York. I then refused it. I should like to say that, during the first three years in Toronto, I had not been able to take one holiday. The people were kind to me; backed me up loyally; but there was a certain party in the church by this time who wanted me to resign. The old Dean, whose health was failing very fast, and to whom all these things came dimly as to a very old and fading man, said to me: "Mr. Rainsford, if you respect yourself, you will resign." I was torn and upset, but I felt that, before God, I could not resign. I had responsibility for these people. I had led them to a certain point, and if I were to leave them there, I had absolutely failed; I had led them nowhere. I was bound to preach nothing except what I believed. I was bound to get light from God, and so fill up the hiatus between my preaching in '78 and in '81. I had to hold on; I could not resign.

I took my sick wife and our little baby to Gloucester, and left them there by the

sea, and took the train back to Toronto the next morning. I dared not leave; I did not know what would happen if I left. But when I began to see light and get on my feet again, I went off for a glorious holiday of nine weeks in the Rocky Mountains; and while I was away the call came from St. George's. Some one, no doubt, had heard me preach occasionally in the tent, and at intervals I spoke in some church in the States, but rarely. The St. George's people did not know anything about the condition of my church in Toronto; and if they had investigated towards the end, they would have found an immensely successful church. The outside world knew nothing of my struggles. I had not spoken of them to one single friend but Phillips Brooks, and to him I had said but little. I knew something about St. George's, having stayed with Dr. Williams, who succeeded Dr. Tyng, senior, right here in St. George's Square; and Williams had thrown up his hands in despair at the condition of affairs.

When the call came from St. George's, Mrs. Rainsford could not find me—I was off in the Rocky Mountains; but when I got home she told me about it; and I said, "I cannot take it; I cannot go anywhere; I must not leave here."

Then suddenly the Dean died. I had refused St. George's; and my way seemed perfectly plain. I had the pledge of my wardens that I should be rector, and I had the hearty support of my people. I expected, as a matter of course, to be elected rector, and I was elected rector with practical unanimity. But, some little time before, a new Bishop had been elected to the Diocese of Toronto, and he, standing for the letter of the canon, which had not been at all rigorously applied in Canada, said that he would not confirm my appointment because the vestry had not consulted him before electing me. So here was everything changed again. The people were almost unanimously for me, but the Bishop took a firm stand, and refused to confirm the appointment. Nothing could be done. The deadlock was maintained for several months, a very strong feeling being developed against the Bishop in the church. I felt that there was nothing to be gained by staying under such conditions. It was a terrible disappointment to me; I longed to stay there. My mind by this time was perfectly clear; it seemed to sprout, so to speak, in every direction; I could see things. In a few months I conceived the whole idea of what a city parish ought to be. I longed to make St. James's such a parish, and I was certain I could do it. Almost everything that I later carried out in St. George's Church was born in my mind in that year.

I believe that the seizing of a fundamental idea will change everything. I was not then entirely out of the maze, but I had the thread in my hand that led to the maze's center. The whole thing came to me with marvelous continuity; and, as I say, the whole idea of what a great city parish ought to be blossomed in my mind—a staff of young clergy being educated to teach the people; above all, helped to learn to preach; frequent services suitable to the special needs of the people. I felt that we could have jammed St. James's with thousands of people in the way people used to throng Trinity Church, New York, in Lent, when they were given a good preacher.

I did not say a word to a soul, but kept on working the thing out in my mind. No one knew about my struggles but God; there was only one man in Toronto I spoke at all freely with—Dr. J. D. McDonnell, a Presbyterian. He had his own troubles, and passed for a heretic, though I fancy no single man in Toronto wielded more influence for good in those days. He was a man who comforted and helped me.

In the midst of this deadlock came the second call from St. George's. Here I was; my life mission was broken up; the Bishop had set his teeth and would not confirm my nomination—I could see that. My friends felt bitterly about it; but I felt that the call from St. George's might be a way out. About this time I also had a call to return to England; and if it had not been for the Athanasian Creed, I might perhaps have gone; I did not believe I could repeat that creed; and, besides, I had a taste of the new wine in a new country, and I began to want to stay. I received word that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Stearns would come up and talk with me, but I telegraphed back that I would come to see them. On the way down to New York I turned the situation over in my mind. Dr. Williams had told me he had been beaten; that the Roman Catholics would not even take St. George's

as a mission; the only chance to do anything with it was to move uptown; but he also had said that there was an immense population here that the church had never touched. I knew the neighborhood a little, and by that time I had absolutely fixed in my mind that the only church worth serving was a church that served the people, not one set or class of people chiefly, and the people in the neighborhood of St. George's were the ones I had made up my mind to work for. My church in Toronto was a pew church; but the tremendous wave of religious fervor had swept the pew idea out of the people's minds altogether; that is, the spirit diffused throughout the church was so real that the people did not bother about their pews very much; so the fact of its being a pew church did not bar my way.

I want you to understand that the plans I have made and carried out here at St. George's were not suddenly formulated. Many, nearly all indeed, of the ideas came to me during my last year in Toronto.

On the train coming down I made up my mind that a few conditions were absolutely essential to success in the work at St. George's, and I determined to propose those conditions to the vestry. I had very little hope that they would agree to them. However, I also made up my mind that if they would not agree I would not accept the rectorship.

I arrived in New York, and was most kindly received. I met the vestry in Mr. Morgan's study, and they asked me to become rector of St. George's Church. I said: "I think the church has gone too far to be pulled up; I do not think I have the strength or the capacity to pull it up; but," I said, "I will undertake the work on three conditions."

"Name your conditions," said Mr. Morgan; and I did:

"First, you must make the church absolutely free—buy out all those who will not surrender their pews; next, abolish all committees in the church except the vestry; and, third, I must have $10,000 for three years, apart from my salary, to spend as I see fit; my salary I leave to you."

"Done," said Mr. Morgan.

That which I did not expect had come to me. But it was none of my seeking.

I bowed my head and thanked God.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Collegeville—A Community in Miniature

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

ON a recent evening I was present at a reception given by the officials of a city within a city. The hall was decorated with American flags; the guests were assembled; a cornet sounded; and in came some thirty or forty young men who were the hosts of the occasion—the Mayor and other officials of Collegeville, Lincoln County, N. Y. This was the last meeting for the year of a class in municipal government.

The method by which the class is conducted is picturesque and unique; it was devised by Mr. W. H. Sherman, Educational Director of the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City. As a result of his wide acquaintance with young men he has become convinced that there is very little knowledge among young American citizens, as well as among the young foreigners, concerning the principles of government; that, indeed, the young man who has come from a foreign land to the United States is likely to have acquired some understanding of the principles of democratic government by reason of the very novelty of his surroundings; and that what passes for such understanding among young American citizens is usually only an acquaintance with the machinery, rather than with the principles, of democracy. He has, therefore, formed classes or clubs of young men in different branches of the Association, and, instead of giving them lectures on what is commonly considered a rather dry subject, he has trained them in establishing for themselves forms of civil government. The members of these classes are about the same age as college undergraduates. Among their number have been graduates of important American colleges.

The pre-assumption in the course un-

dertaken by these classes is that emotional patriotism, however indispensable, is not the force that will develop intelligence in performing civic duties; but that it is interest engendered by holding property that most simply and directly leads to interest in the principles of government. It is in order to make clear the partnership that exists between property and government that the first problems presented are those involved in the ownership of property, in particular the ownership of land.

Let it be supposed, for example, that there is a club of thirty-five young men, ranging from eighteen to twenty-two years of age, among them Italians, Irish, Germans, possibly a Swede or Dane, and some natives of America. They meet in a room at the Association, and are informed that they are going to settle a township in New York as a Western township on the public domain. The map, imaginary, of the township is put before them, with its sections and quarter-sections marked out, and to each man is assigned a homestead.

As soon as these men find themselves there in fancy, they meet with some very pressing problems: Who is going to build the highways? how are they going to get across the river? Some one will have to make roads and construct bridges or establish ferries; so they meet together and organize. Thereupon is established the regular New England town meeting. This form of government is adopted because it is the simplest, most elemental, and most natural way in which democratic government appears. Some committee has to be formed, and so they select their selectmen. Highway Surveyors are chosen. There has to be a school established (a section they already find allotted by the Federal Government for the school purposes), and so a School Committee is elected. To one of the men falls the lot of being storekeeper, and after that the room in which they meet in the Association is in the second story of his store. Gradually roads are constructed, buildings put up, dogs licensed.

Up to this time they have been perfectly equal in their opportunities, but one night upon assembling they find bank-books spread about on the table, and as each man picks one of them up he finds that he has fallen heir to a sum of money—it may be five thousand dollars or a hundred thousand dollars, or some sum between the two. Hereupon suddenly these men find the new problems that arise with inequality of station and power. They have to find some way of getting at their money, and so a bank is established, each man subscribing what he feels he can afford for some share of stock in the enterprise. News is announced of the hope of a railroad, and a committee is chosen to see that the town of Collegeville, as it is called, is not overlooked in the selection of the route. Money is subscribed by each according to his means for shares in the railroad, and at last the citizens have the satisfaction of seeing the line appear on the map of their town. The section which has been voted for the benefit of the railroad is laid off in lots. The store moves up near the station.

The cluster of houses about the station is called Collegeville Center. Village life begins. A hotel is erected. This now becomes the meeting-place. Churches are organized, and funds are subscribed for their maintenance. A church organization in order to be valid must have at least three adherents. Denominational enthusiasm, mingled with considerable emulation, develops new groups among the citizens. Men owning land around the station divide their land in lots and offer it for sale. Some opportunity for speculation and investment appears in the life of the town, and new problems evolved in all this growth have to be decided in town meeting. Questions of county government are also brought up by the necessity of transferring deeds and by the general growth occasioned by the railroad. At last, one evening, as the citizens assemble, they are informed that a "boom" has struck the town and a city government must be formed.

With the alteration of Collegeville from a town to a city, the distinctive problems of municipal government as they arise in American cities begin to appear. The election of Mayor is among the first. Party politics shows its head. When party caucuses are called for, the Republicans start in one direction and the Democrats in another, and some uncertain ones waver in the middle of the room until they see where their companions go, and distribute themselves accordingly. Nominations are

made; and then the question is asked, What is the use of having an election? They can see for themselves how the question is decided. In this concrete way they see that if all Democrats always voted as Democrats and all Republicans always as Republicans, there would never be any need of election. The power and indispensableness of the independent vote thus appear.

After that the municipal voting is for the best man, irrespective of party preference. Heads of departments are appointed. Parks are established. Questions of lighting and water supply are dealt with. As it is no longer possible for all the citizens to meet together—for Collegeville now boasts a population of two hundred thousand!—a Board of Aldermen is established. Each man finds that he is called upon to defend before the citizens his conduct of the department with which he is connected. Consequently, a Commissioner of Charities, for instance, finds that he is under the necessity of knowing something about what the experience of city governments has established as to the care of the sick, poor, and dependent portion of the population. So with the Police Commissioner, the Fire Commissioner, the Corporation Council, the Superintendent of Schools, and the others; each finds an especial subject of study in his own department.

The last meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association Building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street—before its final abandonment by the Association for other quarters—was the reception, to which I have referred, given on April 8, 1903, by his Honor the Mayor and the Aldermen and other officials of the city of Collegeville to a large number of invited guests. The floor of the hall was filled with desks for the various officials, and their designation indicated by placards hung above them. After an address of welcome by the Mayor, admirable speeches, marked by a real, intimate, and lively knowledge of the subjects, and with a considerable amount of wit, were made by certain of the officials selected for the occasion. The Superintendent of Schools was a young Dane who had been in this country a year or less. His command of the English language and of the real principles underlying the most enlightened methods of municipal schools was remarkable. Each of the other addresses had in its way something striking and interesting that gave it real distinction.

The impression made upon more than one guest was that these men had a practical knowledge of the subject of municipal government that could be obtained otherwise only by experience in the government of an actual and not imaginary city, and that in their intelligent understanding of the problems of city government, as well as in their ideal of what city government should be, they were more than the equals of many experienced city officials. If these men, whose interest in municipal government has been so quickened and whose enthusiasm for the subject was indubitable, keep clear the ideals that they have received in their picturesque course, it will be by no means surprising if they are heard from in the future as participating in the government of some American cities where high ideals of municipal government are sorely needed. In any event, they are certainly better able by reason of their training to perform the function of citizenship and to contribute their share to enlightened public opinion.



To the Hepatica

By May Morgan

The earth all winter sleeping lies,
Then wakes from dreams of blue
To find above her April skies
And on her bosom—you!

The Bohemian in America

By Edward A. Steiner

DURING the counter reformation under Ferdinand II., Austria sent her Protestants to the gallows or to America, and among the large number of those who preferred giving up their homes to their faith were many Bohemians—the best and stanchest from that historic kingdom. In Baltimore the churches they founded still stand, and a sort of Forefathers' Day is observed by their descendants, who, though they have lost the speech of their fathers, still cling to the historic date which binds them to a band of noble pioneers—close comrades in spirit to the Pilgrims of New England. Under Austrian rule Bohemia became impoverished physically, mentally, and spiritually, and after the misgovernment of Church and State had done its worst, the flood-tide of emigration set in anew toward this country.

Bohemia grew to be in the last century an industrial State, and the emigrants who came here were half-starved weavers and tailors, who naturally flocked to the large cities. In New York nearly the whole Bohemian population turned itself to the making of cigars, and the East Side, from Fiftieth to about Sixty-fifth Streets, is the center. In Cleveland, Ohio, 45,000 Bohemians live together, while Chicago boasts of a Bohemian population of over 100,000, who nearly all live in one district, which begins on Twelfth and Halstead Streets, and stretches southward almost to the stockyards, with a constant tendency to enlarge its boundary toward the better portions of the city. The large tenement-house is almost altogether absent from this locality, the little frame house of the cigar-box style being the prevailing type of dwelling, and most of the homes are owned by their tenants. This part of the city is as clean as the people can make it in a place where street-cleaning is a lost or never learned art, and the prevailing dirt is clean dirt, with here and there an inexcusable morass which offends both the eye and the nostril. The whole district is typical of Chicago rather than of Bohemia, and if it were not for the business signs in a strange and unphonetic language, and occasionally a sentence in the same queer speech, one might imagine himself anywhere among any American people of the working class; nor is there a trace of the native country in the interiors, where one finds stuffed parlor furniture, plush albums, lace curtains, ingrain carpets, and a piano or organ—all true and sure indications of American conquest over inherited foreign tastes and habits. Yet the conquest is only on the surface, for it takes more than a carpet-sweeper to wipe out the love of that language for which Bohemia has suffered untold agony, to which it has clung in spite of the pressure brought to bear upon it by a strong and autocratic government, and which it is trying to preserve in this new home in which the English language is more powerful to stop foreign speech than is the German in Austria, though backed by force of law and force of arms. With five Bohemian daily newspapers, with publishing houses printing new books each day, with preaching in the native tongue, and with societies in which Bohemian history is taught, the Czechish language will not soon disappear from the streets of Chicago; and language to the Bohemian, as, indeed, to all the Slavs, is history, religion, and life.

The Bohemian emigrant comes to us burdened by rather unenviable characteristics, which his American neighbor soon discovers, and the love between them is not great. Coming from a country which has been at war for centuries and in which to-day a fierce struggle between different nationalities is disrupting a great empire and clogging the wheels of popular government, he is apt to be quarrelsome, suspicious, jealous, clannish and yet factious; he hates quickly and long, and is unreasoning in his prejudices; yet that for which a people is hated, and which we call characteristic of race or nation, soon disappears under new environment, and the miracle which America works upon the Bohemians is more remarkable than any of our National achievements. The downcast look so characteristic of them in Prague is altogether gone, the surliness

and unfriendliness disappear, and the young Bohemian of the second or third generation is as frank and open as his neighbor with his Anglo-Saxon heritage. I rather pride myself upon my power to detect racial and national marks of even closely related peoples, but in Chicago I was severely tested and failed. In Bethlehem Church I addressed a Bohemian audience to which I could pay this compliment, that it looked and listened like Americans; but what thousands of years have plowed into a people cannot be altogether eradicated, and the Bohemian, with all of us, carries his burden of good and evil buried in his bones. Among all our foreign population he is the most irreligious, more than two-thirds of the 100,000 in Chicago having forsaken the Roman Catholic Church and drifted into the old-fashioned infidelity of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll. Nowhere else have I heard their doctrines so boldly preached or seen their conclusions so readily accepted, and I have it on the authority of Mr. Geringer, the editor of the "Svornost," that there are in Chicago alone three hundred Bohemian societies which teach infidelity, which carry on active propaganda for their unbelief, and also maintain Sunday-schools in which the attendance ranges from thirty to three thousand. One of the most painful and pathetic sights is this attempt to crush God out of the child nature by means of an infidel catechism, the nature of whose teaching is shown by one of the first questions: "What duty do we owe to God?" The answer is, "Inasmuch as there is no God, we owe him no duty."

Mr. Geringer is one of the leaders in this movement, and his paper, in common with two others, pursues this same course and daily preaches its destructive creed. Calling at the office of the "Svornost," I found Mr. Geringer, a Bohemian of the second generation, frank and open in acknowledging his leadership and the tendency of his paper, although he was less extreme than the statements about him by priests and preachers had led me to suppose. He certainly was much more willing to talk about his people than were the priests upon whom I had called, and I found that his views have not been without change in the fifteen years since I last read his paper. "We are fighting Catholicism rather than religion," he said; and I added, "A Catholicism in Austria, with its back toward the throne and its face toward the Austrian eagle;" to which he replied, "You have hit the nail on the head."

In reality, this hatred extends unreasonably to all religion, and among the less educated it amounts to a fanaticism which does not stop short of persecution and personal abuse. Blasphemous expressions and old musty arguments against the Bible are the common topics of conversation among many Bohemian workingmen who hate the sight of a priest, never enter a church, and are thoroughly eaten through by infidelity. They read infidel books about which they argue during the working hour, and the influence of Robert Ingersoll is nowhere more felt than among them. His "Mistakes of Moses" has taken the place of the usual newspaper story, and the editorials are charged by hatred toward the Church and toward Christianity as a whole. The unusual number of suicides among the Bohemians is said to be due to the fact that their secret societies encourage suicide. The books published in Chicago are of a rather low type, and among them are many whose sole purpose it is to vilify the Church. This I felt to be true, that an unusually coarse materialism pervades Chicago's Bohemian colony; and Professor Massarik, of the University of Prague, who lectured this summer at the University of Chicago, makes this the chief note of his complaint against them. They have singing and Turner societies after the manner of the Germans, but the ideals they foster are really the causes of their materialism and infidelity. The Roman Catholic Church is fighting that spirit by maintaining strong parochial schools, encouraging the organization of lodges under its protection, and it now publishes a daily paper, the success of which I could not judge, although the reports I have from various sources are not flattering. The Protestants cannot boast of more than one per cent. of members among them, and the three small churches in Chicago are but vaguely felt and are practically no factors in the life of this large population. "We don't know that they are here," said one of the infidel leaders, and the Catholics take no notice of them at all. A little paper,

"Pravda," published by Dr. George T. Adams, the pastor of one of these churches, had to be given up on account of lack of means.

Chicago is as much a Bohemian center for America as is Prague for the old Bohemia, and the type of thought found there is duplicated in all the Bohemian centers that I visited; everywhere there is a battle between free thought and Catholicism, and many a household is divided between the "Svornost" and the "Catholic," yet I have good reason to believe that this infidelity is only a desire for a more liberal type of religion, only a strong reaction and not a permanent thing, and I found signs of weakening at every point. The little village of New Prague in southwestern Minnesota is a good example. It is the center of a large Bohemian agricultural community, and has the reputation of being a "tough" town and quite a nest of infidelity. I found it a clean and prosperous place of 1,500 inhabitants, outwardly neater and better cared for than the ordinary Western village. It has a clean and wholesome-looking hotel, a little Protestant and a big Catholic church, and the usual variety of stores. I was surprised to find the hotel without the customary bar, and to my question about it the hotel-keeper replied, "I have no use for bars; I ain't no drinking man and I don't want nobody else to drink."

The editor of the New Prague "Times" had been pointed out to me as the chief infidel, yet I found him an interested reader of The Outlook, and a rather fine type of the liberal Christian. While, of course, the Chicago "Svornost" and its kind find a great many readers, the infidels are all those who have refused to go to confession and who wanted a public school, and who are now erecting a fine structure. From the banker, the physician, the druggist, and the photographer, I received additional proof that my conjecture was correct, and the only one who had little to say in praise of these people and much to blame was the village priest, a true type of the Austrian Catholic who would rule with an iron hand if he could, and who misses the strong support of government. Typical of him was the answer to my question as to his touch with the people in comparison with that of the Austrian priest at home. "You know in Austria the State pays us, and we don't need to come in close touch with the people, but here it is different; here the people pay, and that alone brings us in closer touch."

My impression of New Prague is that it is neither "tough" nor infidel; it is true that it has saloons and too many of them, that the Continental Sabbath is the type of its rest-day, but in outward decency and in the degree of intelligence among its professional and business men it rivals any other town of its size with which I am acquainted. It is surrounded by Irish and American settlements, the first of which it surpasses in order and decency, and is not far from the other in enterprise and an unexpressed desire to bring the kingdom of God upon the earth.

Among these people who offer such a promising field the efforts of Protestants have been successful, though they are entirely inadequate when one considers that fully seventy-five per cent. are alienated from the Mother Church, are in a condition of semi-infidelity, and are in reality waiting for a faith more in keeping with their ideas of religion. The most successful work among them is that carried on by the Congregational Home Missionary Society, under the supervision of the Rev. H. A. Schauffler, who was a foreign missionary in Bohemia, and who brought with him to this country a thorough knowledge of their language and an insight into their character which have been of great help to him. Oberlin Theological Seminary maintains a Slavic Department in which men are trained for this work. In the same atmosphere of this community, in close touch with the best that college life affords, they are trained for Christian leadership, and they bring with them an intellectual hunger which is almost unappeasable, and they draw in the new life through every fiber of their beings. Most of them must first learn to speak their own language correctly; then they have to wrestle with English, and finally they must struggle through rudimentary subjects to theology. Professor Miskowszky, the Dean of this department, and a graduate of Columbia University, has the difficult task of preparing these men for their life-work, and one who has seen them together in the class-room realizes

what a difficult task it is for both teacher and students, and wonders at the marvelous results.

In Cleveland a Bible Readers' School prepares young women for the difficult task of visiting the homes and teaching and exemplifying the Gospel. This work has its stories of marvelous conversions among men and women of mature years, and my acquaintance of over thirteen years with its preachers and leaders, as well as my visits among its churches and mission stations, leads me to believe that its work is genuine and destined to be a great factor in the evangelization of these Slavic people. One of its little churches at Silver Lake, Minn., leads the churches of the State in its gifts to benevolent objects, and the whole town is a model of intelligence, sobriety, and true piety; but in the cities its work is too circumscribed, and to be felt at all it must at least tenfold its activities.

The saloon holds an abnormally large place in the social life of the Bohemians, and beer works its havoc among them socially and politically. The lodges, of which there are legion, are above or beneath saloons, and all societies down to the building and loan associations are in close touch with them. It is the pride of Bohemian Chicago that two of its greatest breweries are in the hands of its countrymen, and brewers and saloonkeepers control much of the Bohemian vote. I asked one of the politicians whether that element was active in politics, and he replied, "Oh, yes; we have five aldermen and the city clerk." The fact is that they have given Chicago a poor class of officials and have placed their worst infidels in the City Council and on the School Board. There is not a little avowed Anarchy among them, and a great deal more of Marxian Socialism, one of the daily papers advocating the latter political faith. Just as there is much dangerous half-knowledge of religious subjects, so there is much of it about politics, and the worst and yet the most eloquent arguments on Socialism I have heard from these agitators, of whom there are many.

Though the Bohemian is very pugnacious, he is easily led, or rather easily influenced, and in times of political excitement I should say that he would need a great deal of watching. He is much more tenacious of his language and customs than the German, and I have found children of the third generation who spoke English like foreigners. An appeal to his history, to the achievements of his people, awakens in him a great deal of pride, which he easily implants into the hearts of his children. This does not make him a worse American, and in the Bohemian heart George Washington soon has his place by the side of John Huss, and ere long is "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The Bohemian is intelligent enough to know what he escaped in Austria, and values his opportunities in America, although too often he confuses liberty with license; in this, however, he is not a sinner above others. His greatest sin is his materialism, and he stunts every part of his finer nature to own a house and to have a bank account. Children are robbed of their youth and of the opportunity to obtain a higher education by this parental hunger after money, and parental authority among the Bohemians has all the rigor of the Austrian absolutism which they have transplanted, but which they cannot maintain very long, for young Bohemia is quickly infected by young America, and a small-sized revolution is soon started in every household; it is then that the first generation thinks its bitterest thonghts about this country and its baleful influence upon the young. In fact, the second generation is rather profligate in "sowing its wild oats," which are reaped in the police courts in the shape of fines for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and assault and battery.

The Bohemian is among the best of our immigrants, and yet may easily be the worst, for when I have watched him in political riots in Prague and Pilsen or during strikes in our own country I have found him easily inflamed, bitter and relentless in his hate, and destructive in his wild passion. He has lacked sane leaders in his own country, as he lacks well-balanced leaders in this. The settlement and missionary workers in Chicago find him rather poor material to work with, for he is unapproachable, not easily handled, and repels them by his suspicious nature and outward unloveliness, although he is better than he seems and not quite so good as he thinks himself to be, for humility is not one of his virtues. He develops best where he has the best

example, and upon the farms of Minnesota and Nebraska he is second only to the German, whose close neighbor he is and with whom he lives in peace, strange as it may seem. The Bohemian is here to stay, and scarcely any of those who come will ever stand again upon St. Charles bridge and watch their native Moldava as it winds itself along the ancient battlements of "Golden Prague," as they love to call their capital. America is their home, "for better or for worse;" they love it passionately; and yet one who knows their history, every page of it aflame from war, need not wonder that they turn often to their past and dwell on it, lingering there with fond regret.

Last year, while I was in Prague, Antonin Dvořák, the composer, celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and the National Opera-House was the scene of a gala performance and a great demonstration in his honor. They gave his National Dances in the form of a grand ballet, and to the notes of those wild and melancholy strains of the Mazurka, the Kolo, and the Krakoviak, came all the Slavic tribes in their picturesque garb, and all were greeted by thunderous applause as they planted their national banners; at last came a stranger from across the sea, and in his hand was a flag, the Stars and Stripes, while to greet him came Bohemia, with Bohemia's colors waving in her hands; and these two received the greatest applause of that memorable evening. These two are in the heart of this stranger; he is faithful to the old, and will ever be loyal to the new. How to be loyal to this flag in times of peace, at the ballot-box, on the streets of Cleveland during a strike, as a citizen and alderman in Chicago, is the great lesson which he needs to learn, and we need to learn it with him. He will remain a Bohemian longest in the agricultural districts of Minnesota and Nebraska, where he holds tenaciously to the speech of his forefathers; but, in spite of that, I consider him a better American than his brother in the city. He needs to find here a Christianity which will satisfy his spiritual nature and which will become the law of his life, a religion which binds him and yet will make him truly free; and that we all need to find. Above all, he has to resist the temptation to make bread out of stone, to use all his powers to make a living and none of them to make a life; and that is a temptation which we must all learn to resist, for neither men nor nations can "live by bread alone."

Some Modern Interpretations of Christianity[1]

WHAT is Christianity? The centuries have been seeking an answer to this question; not because Christianity is indefinite, but because it is larger than the mind of man has been able fully to grasp. Dr. Brown's book is an attempt to trace the movement toward an adequate answer, and it shows a wide knowledge of the field, a clear, discriminating mind, and an experienced hand in the art of writing. It is an attempt to trace, as he says, "the rise and progress of the effort to conceive Christianity scientifically." In the first chapter, which is admirable for its terse, clear, easy style, he states the problem. This he shows to be ultimately dependent upon the conception of the Absolute. When the Absolute is conceived of as that which is in contrast with the finite, then arises a theology, be it that of the Vatican or that of dogmatic Protestantism, which makes the essence of Christianity consist in what is extraordinary and miraculous. When the Absolute is conceived of as that which is beyond the boundary of knowledge, then arises a philosophy, it cannot be called a theology, which denies the possibility of an absolute religion or

[1] *The Essence of Christianity: A Study in Definition.* By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

An Introduction to Protestant Dogmatics. By Dr. P. Lobstein, Professor of Theology in the University of Strassburg. Authorized Translation from the Original French Edition by Arthur Maxson Smith, Ph.D. Published by the Translator. Printed at the University of Chicago Press.

Theology and the Social Consciousness: A Study of the Relations of Social Consciousness to Theology. By Henry Churchill King. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Reason and Revelation: An Essay in Christian Apology. By J. R. Illingworth, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Spiritual Outlook: A Survey of the Religious Life of Our Time as Related to Progress. By Willard Chamberlain Selleck. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Jesus' Way: An Appreciation of the Teaching in the Synoptic Gospels. By William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

that there is anything essential and therefore permanent in Christianity. When the Absolute is conceived of as that which is the ultimate reality of all life—neither contrasted with the finite nor separated from it—then arises a theology which finds God in his world and makes the essence of Christianity—so far as it is an absolute religion—to consist in its meeting the universal religious needs, because it is "valid for man as man." While contrasting these three conceptions, Dr. Brown takes occasion to point out the fact that the first, which makes faith dependent upon some external sanction, be it church, creed, or book, is, in spite of common opinion to the contrary, vague and ambiguous. It is the last of these conceptions, the one which he terms the psychological, which he accepts as prerequisite to any reasonable attempt to discover the elements of absoluteness in Christianity.

To the question, What is Christianity? Dr. Brown finds in the very beginnings of the Church two contradictory answers. One, in part given by Paul, in part by the Epistle to the Hebrews, is that Christianity consists in a new principle, partly in contrast to Judaism, partly in development out of it. The other answer, given by the Epistle of Barnabas, is that Christianity is primarily law—precisely the same law as that revealed in the Old Testament, but disobeyed, and therefore misunderstood, by the Jews. It is this second answer which is found to be overwhelmingly prevalent throughout the ancient and mediæval Church, and but little modified in the leaders of the Reformation. It is not until the philosophy of Kant and the rise of the historical spirit began to upset the complacent certainties of Catholic and Protestant theologians alike, that the way was opened for Schleiermacher, Hegel, and Ritschl to develop the answer first given by Paul and the Epistle to the Hebrews. In a final chapter, "Retrospect and Prospect," Dr. Brown reaches his definition of Christianity, which centers about Jesus Christ, as one who not only reveals truth but imparts life.

With all its compactness and its scholarship, this book has a distinct literary quality. It not only gives valuable information, but it also stimulates thought. Those who wish to have at hand a wide survey of the great historical currents of the philosophy of Christianity and the present trend of theological thought will find it in this volume.

One cause of the slow progress of the world, which sometimes seems slowest of all in the Church, is the tendency of men, even of the more thoughtful character, to read mainly books which confirm their previous impressions. Comparatively few men are open-minded enough to read, with appreciation and assimilation, books which present a point of view to which they are unaccustomed; or, if they do not absolutely taboo such books as dangerous, they read them only to criticise or condemn.

We wish that Dr. Lobstein's book might be read by two classes of thinkers of our time, both of whom might, by perusing it, be enabled better to comprehend the theological transition through which some certainly are passing. These two classes, the egoistical rationalist and the traditional dogmatist, confirm each the other by reason of the polemical temper, which always assumes — generally erroneously — that whatever is the opposite of an error is the truth. The egoistical rationalist will not look for sources of religious truth beyond his own ideas and ideals, and so measures all affirmations by the way they strike his reason or perhaps his fancy. Of this type James Martineau is probably the most notable and noble illustration among English writers. The traditional dogmatician, beginning with the assumption that the Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and practice, and going on to affirm that the creeds are the only authoritative interpreters of the Bible, should—though he does not always or even generally—go on still further, into the Church of Rome; for an infallible book, if it is to be an infallible guide, requires an infallible church to be its infallible interpreter. Professor Lobstein accepts neither the postulate of the egoist nor of the traditionalist. He insists that dogma is necessary. We must think out our faith in rational forms for our own sake, else it remains a mere vague and formless sentiment. We must think it out for the sake of others, else in communicating it we communicate simply an evanescent imagination or a still more evanescent emotion. But the material for a scientific statement of religious truth

is not to be found in the creeds nor yet in the Bible, though both are to be used as a part of the material; still less in the egoistic and purely personal experience of the individual. The material for a rational philosophy of the life of faith is to be found in the life itself—that life which, having its historic origin in and its actual inspiration from the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, and by its vital efficiency transforming the thought, the experience, and the ethical principles and practices of humanity, we call Christian life. This we understand is what Professor Lobstein means by the Gospel: for it is quite clear that he does not mean the four Gospels, that is, the mere historic biography of Jesus, still less any philosophy drawn from and based alone on that biography. The most serious defect in his volume is a certain vagueness, if not contradictoriness, in his definitions, or rather description, of the Gospel which he declares to be the material for Protestant theology. His best definition is contained in the following sentence, which seems, standing by itself, to be entirely clear:

> The experience which the dogmatician attempts to analyze and translate is the collective experience of the Christian community, the experience of which the consciousness of Jesus is at once the source, the material, and the norm.

We shall not undertake to indicate the working out of this fundamental principle, the effect of which on Protestant theology Professor Lobstein indicates, but only indicates, in his last chapter. We hope that he may fulfill the intimation of his closing sentence, and hereafter elaborate the programme which here he only traces. It will be clear, however, to the thoughtful reader, even from this mere hint as to the contents of this book, that its teaching involves some important and radical results as to the material for Protestant theology, the nature of Protestant theology, and the authority of Protestant theology. The material is not a Book; the scientist cannot construct a scientific theology by proof texts deftly woven together. He must study Christian life, and the whole Christian life, and learn, in the complex phenomena of Christian consciousness as seen in history, to distinguish the Christian from the pagan with which it is intermingled, and which it is gradually supplanting. The nature of a true theology is not metaphysical; it can deal only with vital experiences, not with ideas unverifiable by experience. Thus its doctrine of the Trinity cannot be a metaphysical conception of the tri-personality of God; it can only be a truthful explanation of the threefold experience of God in Christian consciousness. And the authority of a true theology cannot be ecclesiastical—neither the authority of the living Church, nor of the ancient Church, Apostolic or Hebrew, nor of the records of these churches; it must be the same authority as that of art, science, and philosophy namely, the actual consciousness of men testifying to the facts of spiritual life as that consciousness testifies to the facts of the æsthetic, the physical, and the intellectual life. It is not to be supposed that the traditionalist will look upon this book as safe; and yet we should think, if he is but reasonably open-minded, that it might serve to convince him that the men of the school whom Professor Lobstein so admirably represents are not infidels, and that "the programme which he believes is already on the way to progressive realization" is not a programme of unbelief or irreligion.

Dr. King's book, "Theology and the Social Consciousness," we regard as a valuable contribution to current discussion, which because of its value it is difficult to report to our readers. For that value consists partly in its conciseness, and further condensation is well-nigh impossible. It might almost be said to consist of a series of theses. The author states rather than argues, and leaves his statements to carry conviction by their own reasonableness. He amplifies very little, illustrates practically not at all. His book is therefore one for thinkers; it does not belong to the quasi-periodical and wholly popular literature of which we have so much. And yet it is not scholastic; it is not phrased in the technical language of the schools; the thoughtful layman will readily understand it; its style is unconnected but lucid, as clear and as colorless as spring water; one looks through it to the truth beneath.

Social consciousness the author defines as "a growing sense of the real brotherhood of man;" but this social consciousness is capable of analysis; it includes

deepening sense (1) of the likeness or kemindedness of men, (2) of their mu- ual influence, (3) of the value and sacred- ess of the person, (4) of mutual obli- ation, and (5) of love. Sustained by atural science, psychology, philosophy, nd Christianity, the conviction is growing nd deepening that "mutual influence is nevitable, isolation impossible." Com- nercial, industrial, social, religious organ- zation is compelled, not only by natural orces working from without, but by this rowing social consciousness working from vithin. It is based on and has its ground nd reason in the immanence of God in uman experience; it is therefore a divine, n irresistible force, not to be resisted, ut to be welcomed, accepted, guided, in t true sense obeyed. And its effect is nd will be against the falsely mystical which disowns and denies personality, or this social consciousness is a con- sciousness of individuals united by a common bond and to a common end; oward a true mysticism, namely, a con- scious personal relation with God as the basis of our conscious personal relation with one another; toward a greater em- phasis on the ethical in religion, because it emphasizes human brotherhood and mutual duties; and, finally, toward the con- cretely, historically Christian in religion, because it calls for and emphasizes the need of the revelation of a living God in living relation to men, which is exactly what historical Christianity gives. The latter half of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the influence which this social consciousness will have upon theo- logical doctrine.

Dr. Illingworth's preceding works have brought him recognition as an eminent theologian of the Anglican Church, and the present volume is likely to add to his reputation. It is, as he says, primarily concerned with some permanent principles that underlie the grand argument of Christianity. In many parts it is admi- rably strong. If at all weak, it is in some fundamental misconceptions. In its care- fully reasoned defense of Trinitarian doctrine there are also points which one, however attached to the Trinitarian idea, must in any impartially critical estimate pronounce ill sustained.

It is doubtless true, as stated, that all controversies about the Gospels turn upon our presuppositions; and these, says Dr. Illingworth, are either Christian or non-Christian. But his sharp parting between the sheep and the goats is not quite accord- ant with facts. Among the doubters of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel are some evangelical Christian scholars. To assert that men take sides on this question according to their belief or non- belief in the Incarnation is more loose than exact.

Dr. Illingworth rightly holds that one who would understand any part of a book must understand its full context. The context of the Gospel story of the Incar- nation is the whole of Christian experience in its communion with God and conflict with sin. Christian belief in that "stu- pendous event" consequently rests, not on tradition only, but on the congruity of the tradition with the innermost conscience of mankind, which needs and seeks just such divine assistance. The logical fal- lacy here is that of the "undistributed term." Because divine assistance in some way is needed, is therefore divine assist- ance in this miraculous way likeliest? Dr. Illingworth accepts the doctrine of the divine immanence, and yet does not enter- tain its implicate of a divine incarnation in the race of which the Christ as "the son of Abraham" is the flower.

The question, What is Revelation? he thus answers: "Briefly, that God is Love, and that this is possible, because there is a Trinity of persons within the Godhead, between whom the reciprocity of love can exist, a divine society." If this is so, then, unless there is a Trinity, there is no divine love. Against this conclusion Dr. Illing- worth's criterion of "the context" in Chris- tian experience protests—many genuine Christians rejoicing in the divine love, while they discard as tritheism the notion of a divine society within the Godhead.

The central doctrine of Christianity, says Dr. Illingworth, is "that Jesus Christ was God incarnate," and "rests on the claim that Jesus Christ made for himself." This uncritical way of identifying certain statements of Jesus with certain interpreta- tions of them ought by this time to be obsolete. It is notorious that Christian scholars variously understand such a say- ing as, "I and my Father are one." And when Dr. Illingworth declares it "beyond controversy the belief of St. Paul and St.

John" "that God incarnate had Himself revealed the existence of a Trinity in the Godhead," it seems beyond controversy that he has read into the Apostolic writings the ideas of a later age.

What is Revelation? is a question variously answered. Traditional theology, with its overemphasis on the divine transcendence, conceives of Revelation as coming down into the world from an opened heaven. Modern theology, recognizing the transcendent Deity as immanent in his world, conceives of Revelation as a divine unfolding within the world, the welling up of feeling and thought in seekers after God from his life in the roots of their being. The conception of Revelation underlying Dr. Illingworth's argument is the older of these two. It is an element of weakness in a work whose noble purpose, Christian spirit, intellectual power, and literary finish no dissent should leave without full recognition.

Mr. Selleck's survey of present religious life as related to progress has been adequately characterized, though briefly, in our notices of current publications. It is deserving of special mention here as among the books of formative power, contributing to the change of emphasis now going on in the religious world from ancient affirmations to present obligations, and redeeming the social and ethical interests of religion from long neglect. With a generous appraisal of religious forces now organized, and with a generally hopeful outlook, Mr. Selleck affirms a wide deficiency in ethical sensitiveness and vigor that requires an ethical revival in the churches as the way out of serious perils. Of this the increasing number of such voices, now no longer crying in a wilderness, is a hopeful presage.

President Hyde's little book, "Jesus' Way," both supplements and simplifies its valuable predecessor, "God's Education of Man." While the age of dogmatic theology is not yet past, with the skepticism that its exaggerations provoke, the simplicity of Christianity, as not a dogma but a life, needs all the prominence it can obtain. The emphasis given to this by the Revised Version, representing Christianity in its earliest period as simply "the Way," Dr. Hyde sustains in his exhibition of all the cardinal truths of Christianity: the Fatherhood of God is the central principle of the Way; following the Way is imitating Jesus' translation into human life of the Father's character; the kingdom of heaven is the community of these followers of the Way; faith is the grasp of the Way; repentance, the entrance to it; forgiveness, restoration to it; love, its law; loyalty, its witness; sacrifice, the cost of it; etc. The Christian life is simply the Way in successful operation; it is an experience; to it there is no valid intellectual objection. "If a man is not a Christian, he cannot, in these days of the supremacy of the empirical method, throw the blame on anything so respectable as intellectual difficulties, or conscientious scruples, or theological doubts." He either misunderstands Jesus' way, or prefers some other. Those who inquire for books helpful to friends entangled in mental confusion or prejudice on the subject of religion will hardly find one more satisfactory than this.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Advent and Ascension. By D. W. Faunce, D.D. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 5×7¼ in. 215 pages. 75c.

The cardinal thought of this latest of the author's works is the miraculous character of Christianity, viewed as "a series of events belonging to the earthly career of Jesus Christ." The miraculous character of the beginning and the end of that career, "if duly proved," carry in harmony therewith a miraculous life. This is the point, therefore, to the proof of which the volume is devoted. Dr. Faunce shows vigor and acuteness in his argument for the virgin birth and the corporeal resurrection and ascension, the two latter regarded as constituting one event. The argument may be criticised as resting too much on *a priori* considerations, such as what we might expect God to do, etc.

Canterbury Pilgrims (The): A Comedy. By Percy Mackaye. The Macmillan Company, New York. 5⅛×8 in. 210 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Care and Feeding of Children (The): A Catechism for the Use of Mothers and Children's Nurses. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D. (Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 149 pages. 75c.

Cartells et Trusts. By Martin Saint-Léon, Librairie Victor Lecoffre, Paris, France. 4½×7¼ in. 248 pages.

The author's clear account of the European "cartells" through which producers combine to maintain prices makes his work exceptionally valuable to American students of the trust problem. He discusses, of course, our own trust problem, and his work here also is excellent in temper and in execution. As a factor in the production of wealth the author's judgment is in favor of the trusts, but as a factor in the distribution of wealth he condemns them, and urges strict public control.

Christopher Columbus: His Life, His Work, His Remains, as Revealed by Original Printed and Manuscript Records. By John Boyd Thacher. In 3 vols. Illustrated. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8×11⅛ in. Orders taken for sets only. Per vol., $9.

This work is the result of long-continued study of manuscripts and early printed volumes, and is printed and published in an exterior form worthy of the subject. On the completion of the three volumes we shall review the work as a whole with some care.

David and Bathshua: A Drama in Five Acts. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 5⅛×8⅛ in. 100 pages.

Discourses of Keidansky. By Bernard G. Richards. The Scott-Thaw Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 228 pages. $1.25, net.

The smart epigrams and paradoxes of a disillusionized radical of the Ghetto—a mere jester, however, without either the wit or the seriousness of a true satirist.

Electric Wiring: A Primer for the Use of Wiremen and Students. By W. C. Clinton, B.Sc. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 179 pages. 60c., net.

Teaches how to put in lamp and bell circuits. The practical problems involved are worked out for the benefit of the student, and a good index is added.

Ethics of the Body. By George Dana Boardman. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6¾ in. 154 pages. $1, net.

Evelina, or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney. In 2 vols. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in.

A very fine edition of one of the earliest English novels of classical quality.

Everyman: A Moral Play. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5⅛×8 in. 43 pages.

"Everyman" in book form will be welcomed by the large number of people whose attention has been called to this ancient morality play by its admirable presentation in different cities. This is said to be the fourth reprint since the sixteenth century, and is an admirable piece of work; well printed, on strong paper, from clear type, and with reproductions of old woodcuts. The publication is noteworthy as the initial volume of the new publishing house of Fox, Duffield & Co. The members of this firm are young men, graduates of Harvard University, and men of literary knowledge and taste. Mr. Duffield was for some time instructor of literature at Harvard; and Mr. Fox is a brother of John Fox, Jr., the well-known Kentucky novelist.

Felicitas. By Felix Dahn. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5⅛×8 in. 341 pages. $1.50.

A tale of a little Roman outpost town at what is now Salzburg. The plot is slight, has little originality, but there is considerable charm in the telling of the story, which is excellently translated.

First Course of Practical Science, with Full Directions for Experiments and Numerous Exercises. By J. H. Leonard, B.Sc. (Home and School Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4⅝×7 in. 138 pages. 60c., net.

This manual, prepared for British schools, deals with a few fundamental subjects, such as solids, liquids, the air, heat, filtration, distillation, etc.

French Impressionists (The), 1860-1900. By Camille Mauclair. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 211 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson (The). By David Miller Dewitt. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 646 pages. $3, net.

Another valuable addition to the now rapidly growing literature of the reconstruction epoch. The author is a warm defender of the impeached President, and finds in his subsequent re-election to the United States Senate, the collapse of the Republican party at the South, and the growing antagonism to negro suffrage, a complete vindication of Mr. Johnson's policy.

In Argolis. By George Horton. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5⅛×7½ in. 226 pages.

A new, handsomely made edition of a delightful book, upon which The Outlook commented at length a year ago; one of those rare books which deal with modern Greece, with a happy blending of reverence for its past and an intimate knowledge of its present. This book has a delightful quality of humor, and has the interest of a story. In fact, Mr. Horton has interwoven a story element into his description of life, manners, and people in this little Greek town. The volume is furnished with the most generous margins, there are a number of interesting illustrations, and the book is handsomely and substantially bound.

"International" Christian Worker's New Testament (The): Indexed and Marked by the Best Methods of Bible Marking on All Subjects Connected with the Theme of Salvation. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 4×5 in. 432 pages.

Marked with red lines and letters; an attempt to do for evangelists and mission "workers" what, if they do it at all, they ought to do for themselves. Another crutch.

Keswick Movement (The): In Precept and Practise. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3½×6½ in. 124 pages. 50c., net.

A concise history of this influential religious movement, with an exposition of its characteristic principles and practices. A critique of it, "The Highest Life," was recently published by Armstrong & Son, New York, which

any one desiring to make a thorough study of the subject may find it profitable to consult after reading the present volume.

Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. In 2 vols. (New Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $4.

The new edition of this work brings it to the level of its distinguished author's later knowledge and into harmony with his matured opinion. Many years out of print, Mr. Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" now stands enlarged, revised, and in a great measure rewritten. It was first published anonymously forty-odd years ago. In 1871 Mr. Lecky published a revised edition under his own name. This attracted attention, not only because of the author's repute, but also because the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, and the Land Act of 1870, had been recent events. The great popularity of the book, however, was not evident until after Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. The Liberal Premier and several members of his Cabinet appealed to Mr. Lecky's work as justifying their policy. Some use, no doubt, might have been plausibly made of Mr. Lecky's persuasion that a distinct national feeling caused a large amount of the Irish discontent. We are not surprised, however, to read Mr. Lecky's protest against the Gladstonian argument that there was any real analogy between the Parliament of 1800 and the Land League Parliament proposed by the Gladstonians—a Parliament morally sure to begin legislation by the plunder of the very classes of which Grattan's Parliament really consisted. The most striking change from the previous edition is in the omission of the sketch of Swift which once began the work. Mr. Lecky has replaced it by an illuminative essay on phases of Irish life during the first half of the eighteenth century. The introduction to the present edition furnishes, however, the most interesting reading of the entire work. Looking back over the past thirty years, Mr. Lecky admits that his forecast in 1871 has been in some respects lamentably falsified. The aspect of Irish politics has totally changed (1) because of the close alliance between Fenianism and Home Rule, once altogether distinct, and (2) because of the success of Parnell and Davitt in combining with these a great agrarian movement. We trust that Mr. Lecky will publish another volume, to contain appreciations of such men as Isaac Butt, Parnell, McCarthy, Redmond, and Russell. We could well spare some of the entire volume devoted to O'Connell to a consideration of these latter-day leaders; but it must be admitted that the student of history, and especially the student of the accurate history which Mr. Lecky writes, will take great satisfaction in the work in its present shape, reflecting as it does the ripe judgment of a great scholar.

Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe. By James A. Harrison. In 2 vols. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. Per set, $2.50, net.

These two attractively made volumes present in a separate form Professor Harrison's biography of Poe, with the collection of letters which appeared in two volumes in the Virginia Edition of Poe, published last autumn.

Major's Niece (The). By Sara Van Buren Brugiere and Adeline Brady. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8½ in. 263 pages. $1.25.

Mannerings (The). By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 382 pages. $1.50.

An unusually well-written story, dealing with some rather morbid types of New England character, but full of insight, of discrimination, of sensitive feeling of nature, and stamped throughout by a high degree of refinement both of thought and of manner; a story which has little in common with the average novel of the day, so superior is it in point of workmanship.

Maria Stuart. By Friedrich Schiller. Edited by Carl Edgar Eggert, Ph.D. (The Lake German Classics.) Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 4⅝×7½ in. 276 pages.

Mission Methods in Manchuria. By John Ross, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 251 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Mr. Brodrick's Army. By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. Arthur L. Humphreys, London, England. 6×9 in. 102 pages. 25c.

New America (The): A Study of the Imperial Republic. By Beckles Willson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5⅛×8½ in. 268 pages. $2.50, net.

This is not literature, nor philosophy, nor political economy, nor history. It is journalism. There are evident signs that it has been thought out in haste, written in haste, and some indications that it has been printed in haste. The author imputes to the President autocratic powers, saying that he might be called "Emperor Theodore of the Empire of America." He bases this on the assumption that the President's command of the administrative system, including control of the offices, is absolute and unqualified, and gives him control over the distribution of a total fund of eighty millions of dollars during his term of office. Of course this entirely ignores the fact that his appointments to office are subject to the approval of the Senate, and that in point of fact they are to a large extent dictated by the Senate. The author misinterprets the insular decisions of the Supreme Court, erroneously stating that the Court ruled that instantly upon the cession of Porto Rico by Spain to the United States that island became part of America, whereas what the Court ruled was that Porto Rico became a *possession* of America, and not a part of it. He assumes that the Constitution is violated because an Electoral Commission was created in 1887 for the purpose of determining a disputed Presidential election by arbitration, instead of settling it by war; violated by the exclusion from the House of the member elected from Utah, though the Constitution explicitly makes the House sole judge of the qualification of its members; violated by the treaty made by the Senate agreeing to give Spain the sum of twenty million dollars for the Philippine Islands without the consent of the lower house, a treaty which could not have gone into effect until the House appro-

priated the money for the fulfillment of the treaty obligation. He declares that the Anti-Trust Law is almost a dead letter, in curious ignorance of the variety of decisions which have already enforced it. He declares that in our universities "the teaching staff is ruled despotically by the President, who acts as the vizier of the millionaire benefactor, or 'regents,' 'trustees,' etc., who rarely interfere with his decisions," a description of university administration which he must have evolved wholly out of his own consciousness. The book is bright, readable, lucid, suggestive, but chiefly valuable as indicating how modern America appears to a Canadian who accepts as conclusions his first impressions, without cross-examining them to see whether they are correct or not.

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Annotated by Thomas Carlyle, and Edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., L.L.D., F.R.S. In 2 vols. John Lane, New York. 5⅛×9 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Nonjurors (The): Their Lives, Principles, and Writings. By J. H. Overton, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5⅛×9 in. 503 pages. $3.60, net

The peculiar doctrine of the Church of England during the reigns of the Stuart kings, that the sovereign, however tyrannical, had an indefeasible right to at least the passive obedience of his subjects, had for its sequel the hundred years' schism created by the Revolution of 1688. Those of the clergy who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, because of the conscientious scruple that they were bound by their oath to the dethroned James II., "nonjurors," as they were called, were in consequence deprived of their livings. They had, however, some following, and so formed a small body which regarded itself as the true Church of England, until, after a century and more, disintegrated by internal discords, it disappeared. Their story is at once heroic and pathetic; martyrs they were, but martyrs to a fallacy. Among them were some of the best men in the Church, as Bishop Ken, whose morning and evening hymns are still in use, and William Law, whose writings powerfully influenced the spiritual development of John Wesley. For their character, at least, they deserve the appreciative commemoration they receive in this volume. One of their cardinal principles survives to-day—a curious principle for any Church that cleaves to a close alliance with the State, viz., the Church's entire independence of the State in the exercise of her spiritual authority—a true principle, but, for a State Church, burdened with inconsistency.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6⅛×10 in. 255 pages. $1.50, net.

This is too interesting a book to be disfigured by certain misprints, for instance, Chevannes, Rosetti, Madrazzo. The work will supply an aid to pictorial composition; there has been little written on this subject in comparison with that on decorative art. Mr. Poore proceeds from the various technical points in the making of a picture to a discussion of the æsthetics of composition, and, finally, of the critical judgment of pictures. A wealth of illustration doubles the value of his text. Perhaps his most striking judgments are those concerning the evolution of a picture; they acutely point out that an artist either goes forth and finds his picture, or he creates it. In the former case, the artist goes to nature; she supplies the material and he the experience; in the latter case the work is deliberate and the artist assumes responsibility. In his introduction Mr. Poore warns us that some of his pages may prove iconoclastic, shattering the images created of superstitious reverence; and in truth they are. For instance, "If fifty persons were asked who was the greatest painter, forty-nine would say Raphael; . . . the fiftieth might have observed, what all painters know, that Raphael was not a great painter, either as colorist or technician. . . . As a painter and draughtsman, Raphael is indeed outclassed by Bouguereau, Cabanel, or Lefevre (!) . . . But the work of Raphael possesses the loving unction of real conviction, and nothing to which he put his well-trained hand failed of the baptism of genius. Through this mark, therefore, it will live forever." Nor is this all. "It will be a surprise to the average man in that realm of perfect truth which lies beyond to mark . . . that Raphael will grasp the hand of Abbott Thayer, saying to him, . . . 'Oh that I had had thy glorious quality of technical subtlety in place of the mechanical directness in which I labored!'" Some old-fashioned folk may think that iconoclasm could do no more.

Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution (The). Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. I. The University Library, Princeton, N. J. 6×9⅛ in. 294 pages.

The first volume of an important and somewhat extensive semi-historical, semi-literary work; for Freneau's poems belong, not only to the early history of American literature, but to Revolutionary history as well. Many of them are historical documents of importance; a few of them betray the earliest touches of literary feeling and the earliest expression of the literary spirit on this continent. On account of the fierceness of the political feeling of his time and the excessive partisanship of Freneau, many men of his own time and of the succeeding generation were filled with an unreasoning hatred of the man and of his work. That, however, has long since passed away; and it is a mistake to assume that Freneau's comparative obscurity has been due to political prejudice. It has been due chiefly to the fact that only now and again did his work bear the impress of spontaneity and charm, and that for the most part it is distinctly uninspired. Students of our literature, however, cannot fail to honor the patient and thorough scholarship which has sifted all the evidence, examined all the sources, and brought Freneau's work together in so substantial and accurate a form. Much of the material gathered from the early newspapers and periodicals would soon have been beyond reach but for the zeal of Professor Pattee, who has left no corner of the field unexplored, and who

seems to have brought to his work, not only the instinct of a man who loves literature, but the instinct of the antiquarian as well. All the previous editions of Freneau's works have been compared, and a text collated which will be accepted as standard. The first volume contains a biography of Freneau, his early poems which appeared between 1768–1775, and the work of his first mature poetic period, 1775–1781.

Reciprocity. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D., and H. Parker Willis, Ph.D. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 583 pages. $2, net.

A comprehensive history of reciprocity in this country and a keen criticism of the reciprocity treaties now pending before Congress. The authors find little in either the past or the present to justify the belief that reciprocity opens the way to freer and larger commerce with the rest of the world. Though free-traders having no sympathy with National subsidies to the beet-sugar growers, they are extremely critical of the proposed reciprocity treaty with Cuba, and not only point out that the reduction in the duty on Cuban sugar will probably reduce our public revenues without in the least reducing the price of sugar to American consumers, but declare that the lost public revenues will go probably into the pockets of the American sugar trust rather than those of the Cuban planters. "Should we," say the authors, "admit Cuban sugar subject to a reduction of twenty per cent. or any other per cent., there is no reason to suppose that the price of sugar at Havana would be better than it now is." . . . "Sugar prices," it is urged, "are determined in the world's market and not in that of the United States. Why should the American refiner of raw sugar pay more for Cuban sugar than for raw sugar from Europe?" The answer to this argument is that the American sugar refiner would not pay more for Cuban sugar than for European, but would pay exactly the same, and the reduction of the duty would enable the Cuban planter to get his sugar through our custom-houses for seven dollars a ton less than his European rival is charged. As the American refiner pays both the same, the Cuban planter plainly pockets the seven dollars which his European rival must give to the customs officials. However, the extreme position which the authors take upon this point is not typical. The book as a whole is closely reasoned, and it is invaluable as a book of reference to workers and speakers upon reciprocity problems.

Red-Headed Gill. By Rye Owen. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 347 pages. $1.50.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Louise Maude. (Players Edition.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 519 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 12c.)

The features of this new edition of Tolstoï's powerful drama, which was written a number of years ago, founded upon an actual occurrence, rewritten later, and the proceeds of which have been devoted by the author to aid ing the Doukhobors, are illustrations from the dramatic presentation of the story now being made in this city.

Sea Drift, or Tribute to the Ocean. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. James T. White & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 204 pages.

Songs and Stories from Tennessee. By John Trotwood Moore. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 358 pages.

The stories are good; the poems are not. The description of the horse-race in the first narrative is a fine bit of writing which may win tributes of tears and smiles for "Ole Mistis" and "Little Jake," whose picture is the frontispiece. The dialect in some of the other stories is strained in places. "Uncle Wash" lapses into expressions that savor of Greek scholarship.

Story of the Conquest Flag (The). By Rev. S. M. Johnson. The New Era Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7¼ in. 124 pages.

Triumph of Count Ostermann (The). By Graham Hope. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

The Court of Peter the Great is the scene of this romance, in which Count Ostermann, Peter's Prime Minister, and others talk surprisingly like people of to-day. Emancipation of women (Peter brought Russian women out of a seclusion like that of the Orient), elevation of the peasant class (then serfs whose liberation was already under consideration), and kindred topics were themes which the Czar and thoughtful folk around him discussed. The story of how Count Ostermann won his wife's heart makes a pretty love tale.

True Theory of Christianity (The): A Commentary on the Bible, and Especially on Things that Men Should Know Concerning the Teachings of Christ. By Andrew W. Madison, A.M. (Second Edition.) Published by the Author, 20 Fourth Avenue, New York. 5×6¾ in. 86 pages. 40c.

Trusts (The): What Can We Do with Them? What Can They Do for Us? By William Miller Collier. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 338 pages. 50c.

This volume was reviewed in these columns in 1900, when the first edition appeared. In the main the author is a defender of industrial combinations, magnifying the economies effected thereby and minimizing the economies and inventiveness promoted by competition. He recognizes, however, the dangers of over-capitalization and at least temporary extortion, when monopolies are not regulated by law, and urges the removal of unfair advantages, the prohibition of unfair methods of strangling competitors, and, above all, the requirement of publicity. This new edition of the work has been issued on the occasion of the author's appointment as Solicitor of the Department of Commerce and Labor, to assist in the enforcement of anti-trust laws.

Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 172 pages. $1.

We are told that this book has "taken England by storm." This seems rather a strong expression for any possible effect of these slight sketches about a little Scottish boy, his tricks and teasing, the whole expressed in the hardest kind of rough dialect. But it is true that there is plenty of human nature in the lad and his doting parents, and the humor, if not very refined, is perfectly genuine.

Correspondence

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your note preceding my article on "Why Prohibitionists are Undiscouraged," in The Outlook for April 11, you make the statement that I ran for the Legislature upon an independent ticket, which is incorrect. I was urged to run as an independent, and was assured by men in whose judgment I had confidence that I would certainly be elected if I would so run; but I declined, as I was the regular nominee of the Prohibition party, and I made the race as such and was elected as such.

OLIVER W. STEWART.

Are There, Then, No Local Communities?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read the editorial in The Outlook of April 11, "Prohibition or Temperance—Which?" May I venture to say that there is a point of difficulty to me in the line of argument followed in the editorial. It is said there that "State prohibition is the act of one community imposing its will on another community," "local option is the act of the community in the exercise of its own will." I doubt whether the distinction is real. Suppose we scale "communities" as follows: the apartment-house, the block, the voting precinct, the ward, the town or city, the county, the State, the Nation. Choose any one you please to call it "a local community" (which is a purely relative term), and if it votes to prohibit the sale of liquors within its own limits, it is in any case "a corporate act of self-control" from one point of view, and from another it is "the act of one community imposing its will on another community." If the lowest unit named be taken—the apartment-house—a vote for prohibition within its limits would mean very probably one group of people forcing their will on another. I cannot see, therefore, that the point made in the article is defensible.

I have lived in prohibition, high-license, and low-license States, and my judgment is that no liquor law can be enforced satisfactorily. For, no matter what concessions are made to sympathizers with the liquor interests, they will demand more, and meantime will violate the most liberal laws. It may clear matters up somewhat if we abandon the hope of trying to satisfy everybody with our temperance laws.

JOSEPH DUNN BURRELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

How? As in New York or Massachusetts

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If your favoring of local option and objection to prohibition were purely upon practical grounds, I could understand the consistency; but the principle of prohibition is as much at the basis of municipal as of State prohibitive legislation. If "the people of Buffalo are not to decide whether the people of New York City shall have saloons," why are the people of the West End to be allowed, under local option, to interfere with saloons in the East End, or the people on Twenty-second Street to interfere with the liquor of Twenty-third Street, or the man in No. 10 with the man in No. 12? You say, "It is a principle not impossible to apply." Not on practical grounds, I grant you, but in your argument on the principle of prohibition, have you not gone beside the mark? What is a "community"? What is a State? Are these decided by population or area? Texas and Rhode Island are each States. The "community" being smaller than the State seems to be sufficient, to your mind, to override the Christian principle of temperance in favor of the Mohammedan principle of prohibition. Small Rhode Island would, therefore, be more justified in passing a prohibitory law than enormous Texas? It is the same principle. "It is not impossible to apply it," you say. Will you kindly tell us how?

A. E. L.

Prohibition—The Other Side

A correspondent sends us this clipping from the Burlington "Free Press," which he regards as "the ablest and most reliable newspaper in Vermont:"

We had hoped that the change from prohibition, so called, to license-local option in this State would at least put an end to the vilification of the Vermonters as a community of hypocrites, soaked in rum and opium. But The Outlook continues to print communications reiterating such false and slanderous charges. The slanderers and the paper which

welcomes them to its columns do not seem to perceive the contradictory character of the two main propositions so advanced—viz., that liquor has been virtually free, and intemperance the besetting vice of the Vermonters, as a class, under the prohibitory law; and that the Vermonters, as a class, have been driven to the use of opium to an extent unknown in license States, because they could not obtain alcoholic beverages. Neither charge is true. Both cannot be true. But it is of no use to show up their falsity. They will still be believed by those who wish to believe them; and the citizens of Vermont may as well become resigned first as last to the blackened character thus widely and abusively fastened upon them.

The New York School Situation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Realizing that the present discussions of educational matters in the State of New York are of great and far-reaching importance, I make bold to assert my views on the various bills now before the Legislature, relative to and emanating from the friction existing between the two State departments of education.

While unification should be enacted, both as a remedy for prevailing ills and a method of securing still higher standards in our school system, the Stevens bill is not a proper measure to bring this about. This bill is contrary to all well-recognized principles of American economics. It seeks to throw the management of a great and far-reaching system, the system nearest the social life and the future welfare of the State, into the hands of a body of men elected by the Legislature to life positions—an election which makes them, in the political sense, responsible to no one. While certain ideals might have justified the formation of this bureau, in the manner indicated, early in the history of the State, the business ideas of to-day, and the development of our system of government, and the general notion of that system in the minds of its founders, all serve as arguments, if not against the retention of a bureau so organized, at least against the extension of its powers. To place into the hands of this bureau the extensive functions of the department of public instruction would be a most dangerous proceeding, since it would turn over to an irresponsible agent the total discharge of the duties contingent upon the education of the generations to come. A more serious error could not be made than this. Political and economic history shows us that in the discharge of executive function by officers whose accession to or tenure of office does not depend upon the will of the people, there is seldom growth and often decay. The ideal condition has not been reached, or, having been reached, has been passed, in the development of the race, where the government may be exercised by life officials who gain their positions without regard to the voice of the governed. Human nature to-day demands that government be directly responsible to the people. The United States may have to learn this lesson severely some day, through its Senate.

This should not be construed into an attack upon the Regents. The work they have done must be recognized; the high standing of our secondary school system must be credited in large measure to their department, and to certain persons connected with that department. They have not abused the power placed in their hands by the illogical measure to which they owe their official existence. There are on the board men of learning and observation and wisdom, who have high ideals and are capable of deep philosophical thought. The absence of practical school men from the Board, however, is painfully apparent, as is the absence of activity in official lines on the part of the more active business and professional men who find places thereon; and in the management of school affairs we must have men of practical experience in life. The abstruse theorizing in the matters of education should be left to men outside of the school-room and executive office; there is no place for it there. The learned psychologist cannot be a successful teacher; neither can the doctrinaire. Each has his place, from which he may reach the practical school man through speech and writing; and the latter will separate the silver from the lead in the crucible of his experience.

The argument that the transfer of the functions of the Department to the Board of Regents would remove them from politics is specious. The present Board is, with one exception, I believe, wholly Republican. The present executive head of the Board is a former Republican school commissioner. Politics can find

its way as easily into this Board as into any other bureau of our State government: first, because the great bulk of the work is delegated to one man; secondly, because the Board itself is partisan in its composition; thirdly, because it is impossible to remove politics from the discharge of any functions of government the executives of which are created in any partisan manner whatever. The cry of "no politics" should be too old to catch any one; it has served its time, yet will probably go on serving it until there is no more politics. It is not a question of no politics, but a question of politics honestly met and administered; and as to a single-headed bureau or one governed by a board, there is little difference in this matter.

Again, the Stevens bill provides for the immediate swallowing of one department, with all its machinery, by the other. This must at any time be disastrous; and particularly so when the two departments affected are at war, and the annihilation of one is desired by the other; and more particularly so when the one that survives is far separated from the other in method, theory, and tradition. The absorption of one bureau by another should be attended by peaceful relations, by full sympathy, and by a large share of the time element, that the absorption may be complete and beneficial in every way.

Such absorption seems to be aimed at by the bill introduced by Senator E. R. Brown. In providing that two years shall elapse before the two departments go together, it seeks to gain the sympathy and the peaceful relations necessary, and makes provision for that preparation essential to the easy transfer desired. It does not seek to legislate any person or persons out of office, or to disturb any of the methods of either party; nor does it savor of the rancor of strife. It merely provides for the establishment of a State school system like that recommended for and found in our cities and villages, where a board of citizens administer the affairs of the schools through an expert school man acting as superintendent or principal. It is a business plan, and seems to meet the demand for a peaceful and beneficial settlement of this vexatious question.

It must be evident to every observer that a unification of the two departments is necessary to the future welfare of the schools of the State. At present the conditions are anomalous. It is impossible to find where the functions of one department cease and those of the other begin. They overlap and conflict in their duties, and the inevitable result is friction. There can be no harmonious administration of the school affairs until one of two remedies is used; viz., a new and clear line of demarcation made, or unification.

The first of these is provided for by the bills fathered by Senator W. L. Brown and Assemblyman McNair, which seek to separate the functions of the two bureaus on the lines of the public and private schools. While that condition would be preferable to that of the present, it seems that the result of such action would be the production of an unfortunate rivalry between the public and private school systems that would of itself be injurious to the best interests of both. Our present system of secondary education is the best known, and we should do nothing to destroy it; nor has its development been accompanied by any hostility to the old-time private schools, which have been gradually forced to give way before the superior growth of the public institutions and the establishment of the free school system, until but few are left. To separate these from the public schools in the matter of State supervision and to place them under the same bureau with the colleges, particularly at this time of hostile feeling, would be unwise.

The second remedy noted is sought by the bill introduced by the Senator from the Jefferson district, already discussed. It has been suggested that the measure is unconstitutional, in that the Constitution provides for a Board of Regents; but it seems that this has been taken into account by the framer of the bill, which provides in section five that "the members of the State board of education shall be regents of the university." The writer earnestly hopes that this bill, or one very similar to it, may become law.

CHARLES E. SNYDER.

Hempstead, N. Y.

Labor and Tariff

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Boulton's interesting article on the economy of high wages was not intended as a free-trade argument. But it shows

inferentially, what Schoenhof showed accurately years ago in his book on that subject, that the labor cost of most articles manufactured in this country is less than that of similar articles manufactured abroad. American high-paid labor, when using our ingenious machinery, is the most efficient in the world, and needs no tariff for its protection.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

New York City.

German Women and the Higher Education

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook of January 3 is an article on "The Woman Question in Germany," which is unfortunately incorrect in its principal statements. It is true that the number of women attending the Berlin University has greatly decreased. But this is the result of a petition presented to the University by Helene Lange, and other women prominent in the movement for higher education, requesting that only those should be enrolled who had at least a certificate from a Seminary, as the majority, up to that time, had been either young girls, or others, with the poorest training for the University, and a large number of Russians. The petition, at once granted, reduced the number of students, but made up in quality for lack of quantity, and saved the reputation of German women for earnest work.

There are at present *two gymnasiums* for girls alone in Charlottenberg and Schöneberg, two suburbs of Berlin, which are entirely *public*, supported by the city, and have exactly the same standard as the gymnasiums for boys.

One of my friends here in Dresden is President of the Women Teachers' Association of the Kingdom of Saxony. This Association presented, over a year ago, a petition to the University of Leipzig asking that young women who had passed the Seminary examination with honor should have the same privileges as the men who had passed this examination, *i.e.*, matriculation for Pedagogy, Philology, and Philosophy. This petition was also granted. Young women who have the *gymnasium* certificate, from either a private or a public gymnasium, can be matriculated for Medicine and Law in Leipzig.

At the General Congress of Women Teachers, which meets in Dresden next May, a petition is to be drawn up and presented to all the different States of the German Empire, demanding that women shall have a place on the city School Boards. This is a long stride, and of course will not lead to anything at first, but it goes to show how much the women dare attempt.

M. I. R.

[The writer of the letter from which an extract is here presented is an American woman, whose long residence in Germany enables her to speak with full knowledge of the facts.—THE EDITORS.]

Christodora House

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If any readers of The Outlook care to make a good investment for the summer, Christodora House can afford this opportunity. Many young business women connected with this organization want a place where they can spend their summer vacation, paying $2.50 per week for board. Many children need from one to six weeks in the country, most of whose parents can afford to pay nothing. We need a summer home, either large or small, to meet this demand, and would be glad of a permanent home or one for this season only. It should be near New York, on account of the railroad fares.

One child was sent last summer to a private home. The query was raised, after reaching the spacious yard and house, "Who lives under you?" "No one," was the reply. "Who lives over you?" "No one." Pointing into the front room, she said, "Who lives in there?" "Why, no one." "But who's your landlord?" she inquired in a surprised tone. "We have none," the young woman replied. "Well, kin I holler, then, and won't a policeman catch me?" Upon the ready consent of the young woman, she lifted up her voice and ran from the front yard to the back as though free for the first time.

We who live in this crowded city long for that freedom from restraint and people which only the country can give. Will not some one secure for us a place where we may have it?

X. X.

Christodora House, Avenue B, New York City.

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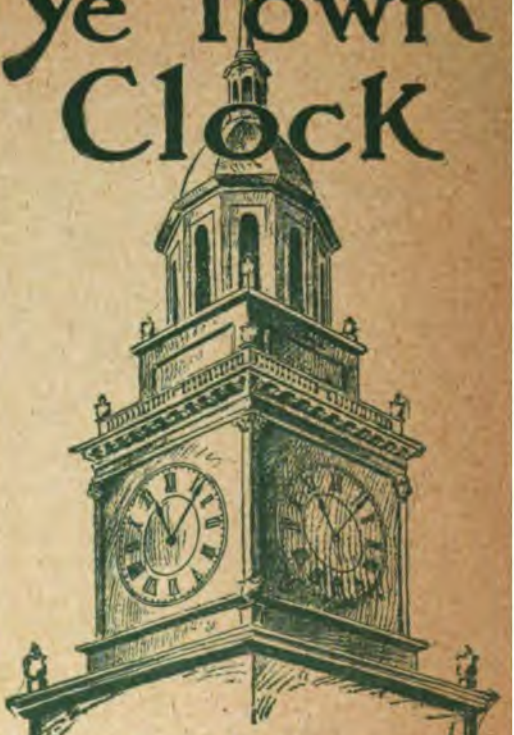
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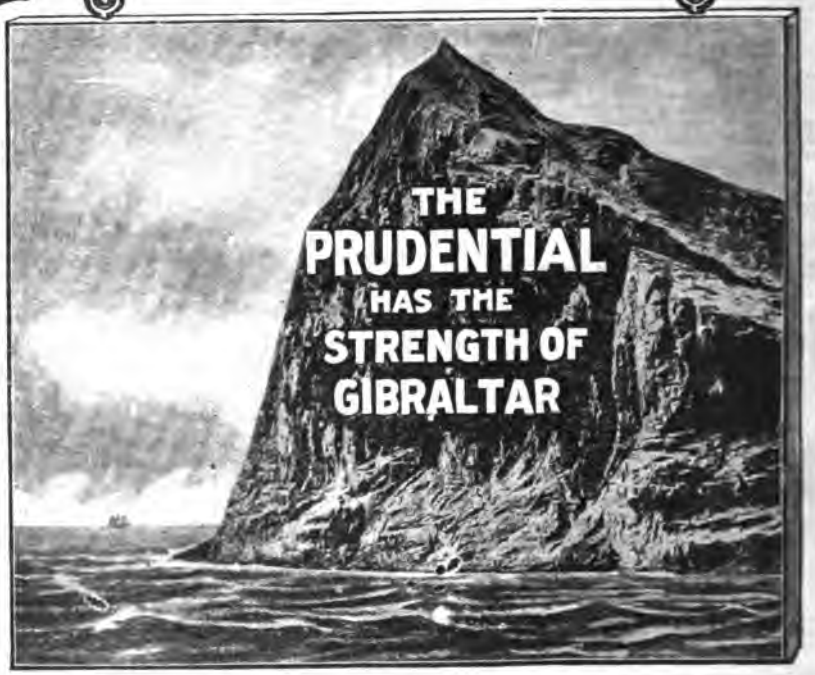
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The Rubber Industry in South America

By ELLIOT WEATHERBY

RUBBER is the elastic material that ties the world together. Those who first discovered a commercial use for rubber, two hundred years ago in India—hence the name India rubber—little thought that there would come a time which historians would chronicle as the rubber age. That age is the present time; for rubber is unquestionably foremost in importance, in a certain sense, in the commercial progress of the world. This is called also the electrical age, but it is rubber that makes possible the manifold applications of electricity. For example, if the Pacific cable were to be built within the present year, its construction would consume the entire available supply of rubber in the United States to-day.

Comparatively little use was made of rubber before Goodyear was led by his genius to the discovery of a scientific treatment of the crude product, which gave to the world a new commercially available product of extraordinary value in advancing the arts of modern civilization. Rubber has now become a vital necessity, its production assuming vast proportions and its consumption a dominant factor in a great number of industries.

Every day a new use is found for rubber. Manufacturers separate these products into five divisions: (1) Footwear; (2) Mechanical Goods; (3) Clothing; (4) Druggists' Sundries; (5) Hard Rubber. Over thirty per cent. of all these manufactured rubber goods is represented by boots and shoes, this branch of the industry giving employment to twenty thousand workmen, who produce annually forty million dollars' worth of rubber foot-wear. Altogether the rubber factories of the United States use yearly over sixty million pounds of rubber, turning it out again in thousands of different useful articles. Horses and human beings alike are clothed with rubber, and wire is covered with it. The carriage wheel is tired with it, and the vehicle that has not a rubber tire is called old-fashioned. Miles of rubber hose are used in gardens, railroad cars, and a hundred other places where water, steam, and gas are used. Then comes rubber belting and matting. Notice the rubber mats on floors and stairs, and aboard ship, and the mats under ice-pitchers, the mats on the cigar-stand for change! Typewriter manufacturers need rubber in immense quantities for the rollers; a quarter of a million dollars is put in billiard-tables, and there is one hundred thousand dollars' worth of rubber used in the carpet-sweepers made annually. The tiny pieces of rubber sunk into lead pencils for erasers would weigh tons if collected in one pile. The rubber rings on preserve jars represent a huge fortune, one company alone using several hundred thousand pounds of rubber a year in such rings. There are immense values in rubber in the shape of rubber stamps, atomizers, air-cushions, water-bottles, harness trimmings, ink-wells, rulers, penholders, and fittings for pipes. Base ball and football players alone use a million dollars' worth of rubber every year.

The manufacture of all these rubber commodities has created a demand for rubber that is simply insatiable. Rubber, indeed, ranks third among American imports, being exceeded in quality and value only by sugar and coffee. Whence comes this vast quantity of crude rubber? What are the facts relating to the world's rubber supply?

Rubber comes from South America, from the Central American States, from western Africa, India, and the Indian Archipelago. The best rubber, however, as all the world knows, comes from just one region—and that is the region of the Amazonas, embracing a certain part of southern Venezuela and the borders of the Amazon in Brazil. In his book on South America, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the distinguished traveler who made a twenty-five-thousand-mile journey in search of industrial information, says: "Ama-

zon rubber is the best of all rubber; it furnishes the bulk of the product." Seventy-five per cent. of all the rubber produced in the world is shipped via Para and Manaos, from either one of which ships leaving for New York often carry cargoes of rubber valued at two million dollars or more. Manaos has gained its importance as a rubber port because of its nearness to that section of the Amazonas which scientists have discovered to be the world's greatest rubber country. The country referred to is a certain strip between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela—all of which territory has been acquired by a company of American capitalists—but that is a story that will keep until later on.

It is a significant fact that the greatest of rubber regions is now conceded to be within the borders of a country toward which the whole world is looking as the great new industrial Eldorado—Venezuela. At this present moment England and Germany are engaged in a dispute with that country. A dispute over what? Our own Monroe Doctrine would not permit England or Germany to acquire territory in Venezuela; hence is it not obvious that that which these two European nations wish most of all of Venezuela is a commercial foothold? The natural resources of that South American Republic, indeed, have aroused the cupidity of European commercial nations, and this is the real cause of the presence of the fleets of two great nations to-day off the coast of Venezuela.

As United States Minister to Venezuela, Francis B. Loomis said: "The resources of Venezuela are by no means confined to gold. Within a few months capitalists in command of large fortunes have been making a close study of possibilities in Venezuela. They are also seeking to acquire large tracts of land for the purpose of exploiting the rubber products which they contain."

According to ex-Minister Loomis, then, rubber is one of the greatest natural resources of Venezuela, and it is the valuable rubber forests of that country that have been acquired by the American capitalists before referred to—a circumstance which forms the theme of this story.

Before giving the reader a glimpse of this rubber region, however, it is necessary to state one or two facts concerning other rubber regions. In the Central American States, for example, and in Peru, and even in Brazil, the natives cut down the rubber trees ruthlessly, instead of merely tapping them, with no regard for the future; but rubber in its crude state is a sap, and should be gathered, as is maple-sugar sap, by tapping the tree, not by destroying it.

As the future production of rubber in the tropics is threatened by the excessive tapping, as well as the felling of the wild rubber trees by the rubber hunters, American rubber manufacturers sometimes anxiously inquire how it will be possible to supply the enormous demand in the immediate future. It is claimed that one remedy for the destruction of the wild tree is the fostering of the natural rubber tree. Those who have traveled in the rubber country, however, and have studied conditions there, dispute this claim. Mr. Carpenter, the traveler before referred to, says: "It takes from fifteen to twenty years after the planting before rubber trees will produce enough sap to pay for gathering it." Scientists who have studied the conditions add that it is not possible to plant and cultivate rubber trees here, there, or anywhere, with any degree of commercial success, any more than it is possible to raise oranges in Maine or coffee in Montana. The fact remains, then, that the rubber industry for many years to come must depend entirely upon the wild trees.

These wild trees grow along the borders of rivers, and the particular series of streams involved in the rubber industry are the Amazonas before mentioned, the greatest rubber-producing section of this greatest of rubber regions being that bordering both sides of the Rio Casiquiare, between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela—the region, in short, acquired by the Para Rubber Plantation Company. The territory thus acquired is larger than the State of Rhode Island. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles long and eight miles wide, with the Rio Casiquiare forming a natural canal flowing almost directly through its center. The total area is fourteen hundred square miles, an area greater than that of Rhode Island by more than two hundred square miles. To put these figures in another



IN THE HEART OF THE RUBBER FOREST

way, the property embraces one million acres, the number of rubber trees averaging six to an acre, making at least six million wild rubber trees now matured and ready to yield their valuable sap.

Let us journey into this region and see what the greatest of rubber countries looks like. Tracing the location first of all on the map, we come to Para and later to Manaos, the two rubber shipping centers of the world. In these towns live the proprietors of many of the rubber forests in the Amazon region and officials representing companies who have capital of millions, and who manage their rubber properties after modern business methods. In these cities also live many other individuals interested in the gathering and selling of rubber. It is said, indeed, that the whole of the great South American rubber region is owned by the companies represented by the chief citizens of these cities. Para itself is a city of one hundred thousand people, many of the inhabitants having grown rich either by actually dealing in rubber or in supplying necessaries to the camps.

In both Para and Manaos the most prominent feature of industrial life is the shipment of rubber, just as the shipment of tobacco is most prominent in Havana. All the exporting sections of the cities are occupied by packing-houses where the rubber is packed for export. To these packing-houses the crude rubber is brought in lumps that very much resemble hams, though if you happen to drop one of these lumps of rubber you will realize that it is not the ham it seems to be, but a very elastic substance, since as soon as it touches the ground it bounces up and down after the manner of a heavy rubber ball. In the warehouses each lump of

rubber is carefully weighed, and is then packed in boxes, three hundred pounds in each box, ready for shipment.

The traveler will be welcomed as a passenger on one of the boats that bring the crude rubber to the warehouses of the Para Rubber Plantation Co. at Manaos, and after a short sail the boat will land the passenger in the heart of the rubber country. The territory was purchased in fee simple by the Company from the Venezuelan Government. This is the region that is destined to supply not only the best but the bulk of the rubber used throughout the world for many years to come.

Scientific men explain that rubber is a product obtained by proper treatment of the milky sap or "latex" of such tropical trees as *siphonia elastica* and *siphonia braziliensis*, belonging to the genus distributed throughout the section of South America now under discussion. The last United States Census report says that although rubber may be produced from any plant, such as common milkweed, having a milky sap, still it can be obtained in commercial quantities only from tropical countries and from rubber trees. The census expert adds that, like other vegetable products, rubber differs in quality according to the place of derivation; and that the best rubber is shipped from Para and Manaos in South America. We have, then, the fact of Government recognition of the superiority of rubber coming from the territory here brought to the attention of the reader.

Let us see how operations in this rubber country are conducted; let us see how the Indians, native to the region, gather the rubber. In the first place, the rubber tree resembles ordinary forest trees, such as the English ash. The reader probably supposes that rubber comes from the rubber plant which ornaments his home, or which he has seen in conservatories; but that plant produces gutta-percha, and not rubber.

In the rubber forest the rubber hunter does most of his work in the forenoon, when the sap runs most freely. He begins by tapping the tree as high up from the ground as he can reach, neither boring the tree with an auger, as we do our maple trees, nor scarifying the tree as we do our turpentine pine trees of the South. The rubber gatherer taps the tree with a tomahawk or hatchet which has an inch-wide blade. He makes only a slight gash in the bark with his hatchet, taking care not to cut the wood beneath the bark. Immediately a fluid, as thin and as white as milk, oozes forth. The gatherer now fastens a small cup into another cut made below the gash, thus catching the fluid as it runs down. He makes three or four similar gashes in each tree, fastening a cup under each gash. About noontime he goes from tree to tree and empties the milk from the cups into a bucket. He has only a certain number of trees allotted to him, and as there is a tablespoonful of fluid in each cup when he gathers it at noontime, each tapper has about a gallon of sap to show for his morning's work.

The rubber forests are divided into what are known in the rubber regions as paths. These consist of from sixty to one hundred trees each, the paths leading in and out of the woods and crossing streams. One such path is allotted to each of the native workers who tap the trees and gather the rubber. The size of a plantation is known by the number of paths that it contains. Hence, the size of the plantation owned by the Para Rubber Plantation Company is about 75,000 paths, making it of a size that renders even our great cotton plantations or wheat farms insignificant by comparison. As two thousand laborers will soon be at work, over eleven hundred now being actually employed on the Company's property, the reader will understand that eleven hundred paths are being worked. The Company expects to add extra workers at the rate of at least two thousand a year.

After the gathering the next process is that of smoking, referred to in a previous paragraph. As the sap coagulates on exposure to the air, it is necessary to smoke it the day it is gathered. By following this rule the best rubber is obtained. Under the influence of the smoke the sap hardens. The fuel that makes the fire that makes the smoke is covered with ordinary palm nuts, which, when fired, give forth a dense smoke. In this smoke the worker holds the lump of sap or rubber on a kind of wooden paddle, turning it round and round until the operation is finished.

The lump of rubber is accumulated upon the end of the wooden paddle by first dipping it in the sap or milk, and then holding it in the smoke. After turning it round and round rapidly as described for a minute, the milk hardens. The worker again thrusts the paddle into the bowl of milk, and again he holds it in the smoke, repeating this process until a ball of crude rubber of the regulation size has been gathered. The Para Rubber Plantation Company will ship thousands of these rubber hams, as we may call them, from Manaos daily. On the Company's property every tree is scrupulously cared for, and it is a fact known to science that if a rubber tree is not abused it will produce milk in abundance continuously for thirty or forty years.



RUBBER FOREST ON THE RIO CASIQUIARE

The purposes of this Company are those of exploitation, trade, and the opening up of their rubber lands. In the matter of exploitation it is impossible to prophesy, for who can say what will be the limit of the natural resources of this vast tract of virgin rubber forest? In the matter of trade, the Company has this twofold advantage. It has the opportunity to pay for labor in commodities, and for making a large profit on those commodities. This, of course, will result in lowering the cost of production. Even after labor is paid, it is a known fact that the cost of production of rubber is less than that of any other product save gold. Trading conditions are such, therefore, that the Rubber Company now under consideration can make handsome profits. Let one of the Company's ships take down, for example, ten thousand dollars' worth of commodities, consisting of calicoes, flour, jewelry, beads, and factory-made clothing. This cargo of ten thousand dollars' worth of commodities can be traded for many times the amount in rubber or labor. The natives, indeed, would rather be paid in this way than in cash, as it suits them better, for of what avail is money in a region where there is nothing for the laborer to buy? The Company is establishing stores for trading purposes, and at these stores the rubber-gatherers will do their trading. Thus, while the laborer will receive a fair recompense, taking his pay in supplies purchased from the Company's stores,

the system will afford a large profit for the Company, as no other traders can come within a competing distance. This is precisely the system that made the great Hudson Bay Trading Company the richest fur company in the world; it was just this method of trading that laid the foundation of the great Astor fortune when John Jacob Astor, the first, established himself at Astoria.

What are the other conditions that promise a great future and profit for all interested in the rubber industry? First of all, there is a market for every pound of rubber that can be brought into this country or into Europe. Rubber never has to go a-begging. A million pounds, arriving unexpectedly any day, would find immediate sale without lowering the market price. Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, with immediate prospect of further advance, and by Para rubber is meant the product that comes from the rubber forests of Venezuela as well as the rubber regions adjoining; and while Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, Central American and all other rubber brings only 50 cents. To produce this rubber it costs the Para Rubber Plantation Company less than 35 cents, so that the profit on each pound may be estimated at about 100 per cent. As already stated, the Company owns about six million trees. Each of these produces about five pounds of rubber, which would make for the entire property thirty million pounds a year—all of which facts convey some idea of the future for all who are interested in rubber, when that interest comes through a Company whose plans are on lines similar to those of the great Hudson Bay Trading Company. As for markets, even if the demand of American manufacturers should be entirely supplied at any time, the manufacturers of Europe would at once outbid each other to secure the raw material. And as for the profits on rubber, made through European channels, there is no better known instance of a fortune made than that accumulated by the King of the Belgians through his ownership of rubber forests in the Congo region in Africa.

With the foregoing outline of what the rubber industry is, and what relation the Para Rubber Plantation Company bears to the rubber industry, it is the purpose of this article to inform the readers of The Outlook that a fortune has been spent in the preliminary operations by the Company. This money has been spent in the acquiring of the property and the establishment of camps and trading posts, and it is now the purpose of the Company to sell a limited amount of its treasury stock for further exploitation. The capital stock of the Company is $5,000,000, of which only a limited amount will be sold to the public. The stock will be sold at its par value of $10.00 a share, and application will be made to list it on the exchanges.

In view of the foregoing the officers of the Company feel that they are very conservative in assuring investors that present prospects warrant their looking forward to a dividend of at least 6 per cent. from the first year's earnings, and it will be seen at a glance that the natural available resources of the Company are such that this dividend should be immediately and largely increased.

We desire to emphasize that the above calculation of a 6 per cent. dividend is based on the employment of but two thousand men, but this number can be doubled and trebled, and the Company owns sufficient territory for the employment of forty thousand laborers. Two thousand laborers net 6 per cent., and there is room for the constant employment of forty thousand. The forty thousand are available. It is unnecessary to say more. The great immediate prospective value of the stock is apparent at a glance.

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Will commence Friday, January 2d, and preparations have been made to continue the Sale throughout the entire month. The goods which we shall offer will, in every instance, be of the same high standard of quality that has been maintained by us since the foundation of our business, almost fifty years ago, and will include

Tablecloths and Napkins, Table Damask by the Yard, Hemstitched Table Linens, Doylies, Scarfs and Centerpieces, Towels and Towelings, Hemstitched Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases, Embroidered Bedspreads, Quilts and Blankets.

Most of these lines show reductions of from 10% to 33⅓% in price.

32-page Booklet telling about the goods offered at this Sale mailed free on request.

James McCutcheon & Co., 14 W. 23d St., New York

Behind every live man stands a sound sleeper

The man or woman who does not rest at night cannot work or even play by day. Have you ever thought how much the mattress makes or mars your sleep? Can you not trace much of your insomnia to a lumpy old-fashioned mattress?

Many thousands of wise people sleep peacefully every night on an **Ostermoor Mattress** which cost them only $15, express prepaid. Cost counts nothing. Quality tells, and our guarantee of 30 nights' *free* trial, money refunded if it is not all you even *hoped* for, ought to satisfy the most confirmed skeptic. Hair must go. Patent Elastic Felt has come.

Our handsome illustrated 96-page book "The Test of Time" (mailed free), gives all particulars; scores of letters from prominent people; sizes and prices; sketches of window seats, cozy corners, etc., where Ostermoor cushions go; a warning against unscrupulous dealers who sell cotton for "felt." Our name and guarantee is on every genuine *felt* mattress. Send postal for the *free* book to-day.



OSTERMOOR & COMPANY

120 Elizabeth Street, NEW YORK

Feed Right
Feel Right
Think Right

PRETTY NEAR THE SAME

hen it comes to writing them, aren't they? They e the same, in fact, for just so surely as you FEED IGHT you will FEEL RIGHT and can THINK IGHT.

Cut out the pasty, starchy or greasy foods for a w days and take on **GRAPE-NUTS.** In this mous food scientific processes have changed the arch to Grape-Sugar, and the tasty, nut-like little anules go into your spoon with the first period of gestion complete, just like nature does it, but with e brain-building elements still there.

That's why it is

THE FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.



ELECTRO
Silver Soap
SILICON

An invaluable article for washing and polishing Silver and Glassware.

Bad treatment in the dishpan is the cause of much of the injury to Silver.

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap

is made by an expert especially for washing and polishing Silver and Glassware. The washing cleanses, drying polishes. It does the work well and quickly and saves your silver.

Of leading dealers and post-paid, 15 cts. per cake.

The Electro Silicon Co., 80 Cliff Street, New York.

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks

FOR the next few weeks only we **offer Suits, Skirts, and Cloaks, made to order at one-third less than the regular prices.** This is a splendid opportunity to secure a well-made and stylish garment of bran-new material at a very low price. Take advantage of this offer before it is too late. If the garment is not satisfactory, return it promptly *and we will refund your money.*



Note these reductions:

Suits, of materials suitable for Winter and early Spring wear; former price $10, reduced to $6.67. $12 Suits reduced to $8. $15 Suits reduced to $10. $21 Suits reduced to $14.

Skirts, with just the proper style; former price $5, reduced to $3.34. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $12 Skirts reduced to $8.

Stylish Costumes of Black Velvet Cords and Corduroy; former price $17, reduced to $11.67. $19 Costumes reduced to $12.67.

Long Jackets, former price $10, reduced to $6.67. $15 Monte Carlo Coats reduced to $10. $20 Coats reduced to $13.34.

Rainy-Day and Walking Skirts; former price $6, reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $12 Skirts reduced to $8.

Reduced Prices on Rainy-Day Suits, Traveling Suits, etc.

We are also closing out a few Sample garments, *at one-half of regular prices.*

Catalogue, Samples, and Bargain List sent *free* upon request. Be sure to say that you wish the *Winter Catalogue and Reduced Price Samples.* This is the last month of the Sale, so act quickly if you wish to take advantage of it.

Our New Spring Catalogue will be ready January 20th; every well dressed woman should have a copy. Write today, and we will mail you one, with a line of new Spring Samples, as soon as issued. Be sure to say you wish the *New Spring Catalogue and Samples.*

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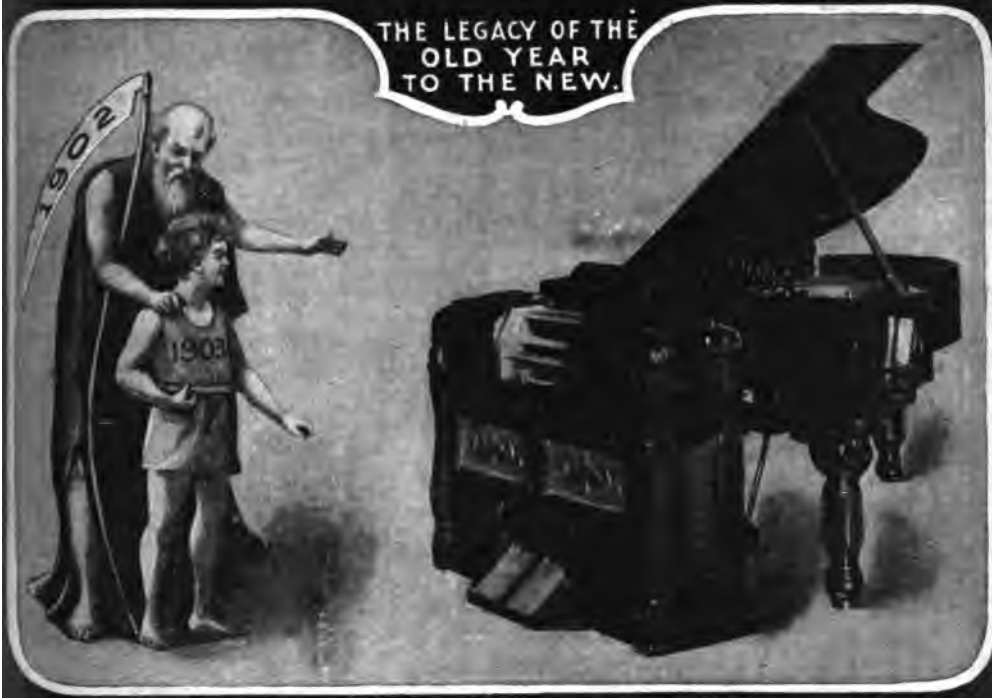
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About four cents a day, what you spend for newspapers, will procure you, if a preferred risk, an accident policy paying $3,000 for accidental death or loss of both eyes or limbs, and proportionate amounts for loss of one eye or limb; $15 a week for total disability; $6 a week for partial disability; and double the above amounts for injuries received in certain specified accidents, etc., etc.

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Fifteen and one-half cents a day will purchase a life insurance policy at age 35 for $2,500.

Twelve cents a day will purchase a twenty-year endowment policy at age 32, paying you $1,000 cash at the end of twenty years if living, and insuring you for $1,000 for the twenty years' time.

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SENT FREE. We sell property no matter where located. Send full particulars and price. Established 16 years. Highest references.
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Until FEBRUARY 1st you can have it a whole year—52 weeks—

FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR

After Feb. 1st the price will be $2.00 per year.

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Save a dollar now by sending a dollar TO-DAY, for the oldest, strongest and best weekly magazine. Handsomely printed and illustrated.

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This is the house the young couple saved and paid for in five years.



A Young Couple Were Married 5 Years Ago

He had a moderate salary. They started simply and saved. But they didn't skimp. They gave little dinners and heard the best lectures. In five years they had saved enough to pay for the house at the head of this page.

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They put by $7 a week, and the house at the bottom of this page is now theirs, —entirely paid for. A third young couple's income was $16 per week. They saved $8 of it, and bought and paid for the house at the bottom of this page.

How these and 97 others did it, step by step, dollar by dollar, is all told in the great series, "*How We Saved For a Home,*"— 100 articles by 100 people who saved for and now own their own homes on an

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This great series will run for an entire year in

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For ONE DOLLAR, for a year's subscription, you get the whole series.

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SHIP BUILDERS,
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TREASURER'S OFFICE
176 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON.

O.N. 71611
Recd Oct 8 1902
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October 7th, 1902

The H. B Humphrey Co'y.

Boston, Mass

Dear Sirs;---

I am leaving town for an absence of sometime and before going I cannot refrain from writing you a line to express the satisfaction we have had from the work you have done for us in connection with the placing of our Preferred stock.

The promptness, thoroughness and general activity of the members of your corps have been all that any one could desire and I sincerely hope that I shall have occasion to handle some other similar matter and that we shall again be brought into intimate relation.

Yours very truly,

Treasurer.

Where two years ago the banks of the Fore River in Quincy, Mass. sloped back to grassy meadows, today stand more than a score of gigantic buildings constituting the plant of the Fore River Ship & Engine Company, covering 80 acres. From here the cruiser, Des Moines, and other war ships, and the seven-masted steel schooner Thomas W Lawson, the largest sailing vessel in the world, have been launched. The sister battleships "New Jersey" and the "Rhode Island," 14,948 tons each, the greatest of Uncle Sam's dogs of war, are here in process of construction.

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NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE
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"NEWSPAPER ROW"

— The "King's Choice" —

The daily life of the King of England, what he wears, what he uses, to a large extent sets the fashion for the civilized world. The reason for this is that all inventions and appliances which, in any way, conduce to the comfort or convenience of domestic life are thoroughly investigated and most carefully compared with others of their kind, and the best article for any special purpose is selected for use in the King's household; thus the "King's Choice" always means the survival of the fittest—the very best procurable anywhere. When, therefore, after careful test and comparison of all forms and methods of supplying water, King Edward installed in his favorite palace at Sandringham the little machine shown at the foot of this page, by such selection it was pronounced *the best available source of domestic water supply*. And yet, though the **Hot-Air Pump** is a "King's Choice" and already in use in many thousand homes of America's leading citizens, it is by no means an expensive luxury,





Sandringham Palace

but is really the most economical source of water supply for a man of moderate means occupying a country cottage. It will give him his daily bath; a fresh, green lawn and growing garden; protection from fire, and all the comforts of a *constant* and abundant water supply—the same as are supplied in the palace of the King. A Hot-Air Pump is automatic in action, *independent* of *wind* or *weather*; any intelligent child can start and stop it as required.



One of these pumps, representing a permanent investment which will outlast a generation, can now be bought at the very low price of $108. Descriptive Catalogue "D" sent free on application.

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We offer here a massive, heavy post brass bed made from solid brass tubing (not covered iron tubing ordinarily used in this pattern of bed). It is finished in a superior manner with English lacquer and with the proper care will last a life time. Has 2-in. post, filling ⅝-in., top rods ¾-in., knobs 3½-in. Height at head 63 in., height at foot 43 in. Is carefully wrapped in flannel and boxed for shipment so as to insure perfect delivery. Can be furnished in four widths: 3 ft., 3½ ft., 4 ft., and 4½ ft. Is 6½ ft. in length. Weight, boxed for shipment, 220 lbs.

Retail Price, $35.00. Our Price (Order No. R56), **$22.75**

WRITE TODAY for our Special RT Catalogue, showing a very large assortment of brass beds and other furniture of handsome design. You will be surprised at our uniformly low prices on fine goods dealers would ordinarily charge you almost double for. Send at once before you forget.

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1872.





Every Dollar Invested in an Artistic Mantel Adds a Hundred Dollars to a House as an Investment or as a Home

ARTISTIC MANTELS $12.00 and UP

The newest and most artistic **Fireplace Mantels** are made of **Ornamental Brick** in Colonial, Elizabethan, Renaissance, Empire, and other styles. There's no other kind so good. They are extremely artistic and decorative as well as useful. Leading architects consider them superior to other kinds. They look the best—last longest—are not too costly. Any capable brick mason can set them with our plans. We make six colors of the brick: viz., Red, Buff, Cream, Pink, Brown, and Gray. When you build or remodel, send for Sketch Book of 59 designs of mantels costing from $12 up.

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like charity, begins at home. Putting hot furnace ashes into open barrels or cans is unsafe, and uncleanly. **Witt's Corrugated Can** is fire-proof, has close-fitting lid. Made of steel, galvanized. The only safe can for furnace ashes.

Sold by house furnishing and hardware dealers and
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NEW MODEL

R&G Corset No 837

IS PRESENTED AS THE LEADING STYLE FOR 1903



It is a straight front, moderately low bust, moderately deep-hip corset. Of correct and artistic lines, in full accord with the present vogue, but without the outré eccentricity of the more pronounced models.

It is designed not alone for snappy style and real beauty, but for comfort and wear—two distinct R & G characteristics, and it will, we believe, meet the requirements of a greater number of stylish women than any other corset. We expect it to be the most popular corset of the year. **"837"** is sold by dealers everywhere at **$1.50.** Other models, including the extremely low-bust, deep-hip styles, the Empire and other specialties, are sold at prices ranging from **$1** to **$2.50** and upward.

The
R & G CORSET COMPANY
395 Broadway, New York



$1.00 PER SECTION (without doors) and upwards buys the **"Macey" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE**

the only kind having absolutely "Non-binding, Self-disappearing doors." (Patented.)

ON APPROVAL—There is never any risk in buying genuine "Macey" goods—we ship every article "On Approval" subject to return at our expense if not found at our **factory price** & is 30 per cent. greater value than is obtainable anywhere at retail. **We prepay freight** to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee and North Carolina (Freight equalized to points beyond). *Ask for Catalogue No. "CC 1."*

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For superiority of design, material, construction, workmanship, finish, and perfect operation of "Non-binding, Self-receding doors," the "Macey" Sectional Bookcase received the Gold Medal—the highest award at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions.

CAUTION—Do not be misled by the deceiving advertisements of imitators. **No other** sectional bookcase has a **self-receding door** that is **absolutely non-binding and automatic**—the basic patents completely covering these features are owned by this company exclusively and no other bookcase can embrace the same valuable features. In the law suit concerning which a competitor has maliciously advertised "Warning to the Public," the United States Circuit Court rendered a **sweeping decision in our favor.**

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Use SAPOLIO

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By Henry van Dyke

Old English Edition. Printed in Old English type without portrait, mounted on gray cardboard 7 by 9 inches in size, with ring for hanging.
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For 1903

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No Tacks required to attach the Shade.

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THE "WILKE"

Porcelain-lined Refrigerators

Orders by mail receive prompt and careful attention.

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Right or wrong chimney makes or unmakes a lamp.

MACBETH.

My name on every "right" one.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

FREE!

Special Offer to Readers of The Outlook Good for January

A VERY FINE IMPORTED CHINA TEA SET

(56 pieces)

or Toilet Set, Parlor Lamp, Clock, Watch, and many other articles too numerous to mention, FREE, with club order of 20 lbs. of our **New Crop Tea, 60c. a lb.**, or **20 lbs. Gt. Am. Baking Powder, 45c a lb.**, or an assorted order of Teas and Baking Powder. This advertisement **must accompany** order. You will have no trouble in getting orders among your neighbors and friends for 20 lbs. of our celebrated Teas and Baking Powder.

The Great American Tea Co.

31 and 33 Vesey Street

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Tartarlithine

cures Rheumatism by taking the uric acid thoroughly out of the system, thus removing the cause of the disease. It gives complete relief without injury to heart or stomach.

Prescribed and endorsed by the leading physicians of the country.

Ask your Doctor about it

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All our stock stoves and Ranges equipped with patent oven thermometer, which makes baking a delight.

The only strictly high grade stoves and ranges sold direct from factory to user at factory prices.

They are sold on a

360 DAYS Approval Test.

Don't buy until you have investigated our special proposition. Send for FREE catalogue No. 119

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If external cleanliness is essential to health, how much more important is internal cleanliness! Every disease arises from the retention of waste and foreign matter in the system—Nature's drainage being clogged. In the vast majority of cases the clogging is in the colon or large intestine. Positively the one harmless and efficient means of clearing away this waste is the internal bath given with the

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This treatment is a sovereign remedy for and prevention of 90 per cent. of all Digestive derangements. It is hygienic, scientific, and logical. It is a perfect tonic with no after depression. Its action

PREVENTS and CURES APPENDICITIS, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Obesity, Headaches, Constipation, and all Malarial Diseases

Have you read of the wonderful cures made by the Internal Bath? Do you know that it goes to the root of all disease and eradicates the cause? Do you know that many of the greatest physicians of the world endorse and prescribe this treatment? Do you know that such eminent people as the following use the Internal Bath: U. S. Senator A. P. Gorman, Maryland; Ex-Governor Goodell, Vermont; Admiral Tyrtoff, St. Petersburg, Russia; Col. A. O. Granger, Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gen. T. S Peck, G. A. R.; Miles Devine, Chicago, Ill.; Marguerite Sylva, and a host of others?

Were it possible to reproduce here our file of voluntary letters of commendation received from prominent people who do not ordinarily permit the use of their names in advertisements, no doubt could exist in one's mind as to the extraordinary merit of the "J. B. L. CASCADE" treatment. As proof of what the Cascade treatment will do we call your attention to the following letter from Mr. H. A. Joyce, one of the prominent merchants of Cambridge, Md.

The Ralston Health Club, which as an organization has had the greatest growth of this or any age, having almost Ten Million Members Throughout the World, authorizes us to say: "Our Cascade is not endorsed by the Ralston Health Club of America, as that Club never endorses anything, no matter how good, but IT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY ADOPTED BY THE CLUB FOR ITS USE IN THE INWARD BATH TREATMENT, which is one of its many systems of natural cure."

We want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you cannot call, write for our pamphlet, "THE WHAT, THE WHY, THE WAY," which will be sent free on application, together with our great special offer for this month only.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE

Clerk 38 V, 1562 Broadway, New York



Mr. H. A. JOYCE

CAMBRIDGE, MD.
Aug. 7, 1900.

PROF. CHAS. A. TYRRELL:

Dear Sir—I deem it a duty I owe you, as well as my fellow man, to say I have been restored to perfect health by the use of the flushing treatment so successfully accomplished by the "J. B. L. Cascade." Previous to its use I was in very bad health, suffering from dyspepsia, nervousness, constipation, insomnia and, in fact, was almost in despair of ever getting well. But thanks to you and your wonderful invention, and the loving kindness of a merciful God, I am now in splendid health.

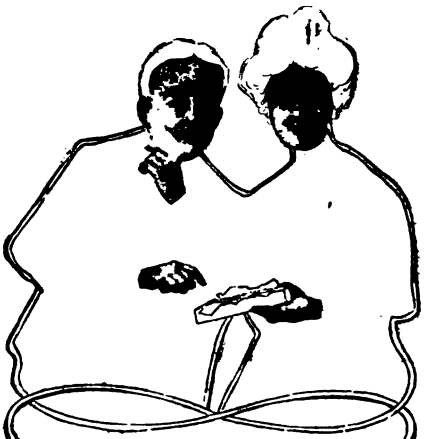
Gratefully yours,
H. A. JOYCE.

As TIME
is the stuff
Life's made of,
take
it from an

Elgin Watch

the timekeeper of a lifetime—the world's standard pocket timepiece. Sold everywhere; fully guaranteed. Booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.



That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with

NABISCO Sugar Wafers

A Fairy Sandwich with an upper and lower crust of indescribable delicacy, separated with a creamy flavoring of

Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry, or Mint.

Ask for your favorite flavor.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NEURAL is the SAFEST

Contains no narcotic. Can be used with perfect confidence
PRICE (postpaid) 50c. BOTTLE
Trial bottle (6 doses) sent for 25 cents.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY.
THE PANKNIN NEURAL CO.
Lock Box 690, E. CHARLESTON, S. C.
Commercial references.
Irving National Bank, New York, N. Y.
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HEADACHE CURE

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century
PREPARED BY
J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.



"The Star" Asbestos Pad For Dining Tables.

The only absolute protection to the most highly polished surface against injury from moisture and hot dishes.

Easy to handle; **made to fold** to convenient size to lay away in drawer when not in use. Made of specially prepared asbestos, covered with double-faced Cotton Flannel to make it soft and noiseless.

Recommended to Friends by every Woman who tries it.

When ordering, give shape of table—round, square or oblong. Measure top surface, width and length correctly, as pad covers top only and does not overhang. If extension table, give width of leaves and number wanted, as pads for extension tables are made in two halves and the leaves and fillings added for any length desired.

Doily, Chafing Dish and Platter Mats of same material for tables when cloth is not used—round, square or oblong, 5 to 18 inches in size.

Write for booklet of illustrations and prices.

L. W. KERNEY, 600 W. 61st Place, Chicago, Illinois.

"FOOD FIT FOR THE GODS"



GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Send Postal to Huyler's 18. St. & Irving Pl. N.Y. for Free Booklet, also name of your grocer if he does not handle the above.

If Bilious

use

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. TRADE MARK. REGISTERED.

"Not a poisonous, drastic cathartic," but an *agreeable, effervescent stomach cleanser*. It acts gently on the liver and kidneys and keeps the bowels in healthy action, thus promoting *good complexions, clear brains* and *healthy bodies*. Used by American Physicians for 58 years.

50c. and $1.00

At Druggists or by mail from

THE TARRANT CO., New York

Bus. Est. 1834

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The Morley Ear-Drum



is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 56

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Delicate

I have used Pearline for eight years. Am never without it. Use it with the most delicate fabrics and with coarse things. Find it satisfactory in all things.

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One of the Millions. 680

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches

give most salutary relief in Bronchitis.

Sold in Boxes only. Avoid Imitations.

Fac-Simile Signature of [signature] on every box.



The Oldsmobile

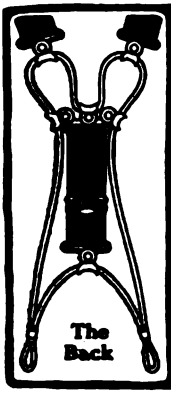
The Best Thing on Wheels

Man's Masterpiece of Mechanical simplicity—the standard runabout of the world. In the New York-Boston Reliability Run fourteen Automobiles started in the 1000 lb. and under class. Only one finished with a clean score—and that one an Oldsmobile—winner of the highest award.

Lowest price *reliable* automobile in the world—better than imitations. Most economical—runs 30 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Perfect construction—repairs are seldom needed.

Price $650 at Factory. Write for illustrated book to Dept. C

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, Mich.



If you want most for your money insist on

President

being stamped in the buckle when you buy

Suspenders

50 cents and a dollar. Ask at favorite shop,

or post prepaid from

C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co. Box 226 H, Shirley, Mass.

Send 6 cents for catalogue.

Eastern North Dakota

Near Minnesota

6% INVESTMENTS

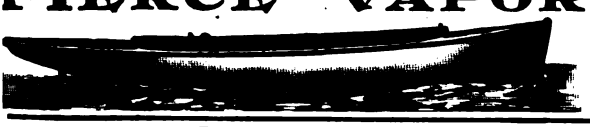
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Security, first mortgage on fine farms occupied by owners.

Facilities for selling and caring for your land in Barnes, Griggs, Foster, and Stutsman Counties. References and particulars furnished on application to

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PIERCE VAPOR LAUNCHES



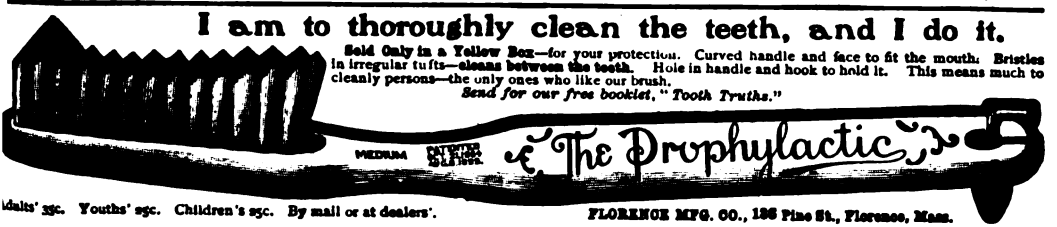
Excellent models; speedy, seaworthy. Noiseless motor, guaranteed safe, reliable. Jump Spark igniter, no miss fire. Inside reverse, solid propeller. Prices right. Send for catalog.

PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 22, RACINE, WIS.

I am to thoroughly clean the teeth, and I do it.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush.

Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."



Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'.

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FRENCH—GERMAN—SPANISH

Spoken, Taught, and Mastered Through Our

LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

Combined with

The Rosenthal Common Sense Method of Practical Linguistry

The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal

No longer unnecessary memorizing or weary hours spent over verbs, declensions, elaborate rules, and other waste of time over antiquated methods. It requires but a few minutes' practice several times a day at spare moments to acquire a thorough mastery of conversational **French, German,** or **Spanish.** College professors all over this and other countries, and the press generally, endorse this perfect and natural system of teaching languages.

Send for testimonials, booklet, and letter telling all about this 20th century scientific marvel. A postal will do.

INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE OF LANGUAGES, 19 B Park Row, New York

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THE LIBRARY

The Lady Jane Grey School for Girls

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Special and regular courses. Preparation for college and European travel. Girls may be chaperoned to New York and Washington during the vacations.

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OSSINING SCHOOL For Girls

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Rye, New York.
For particulars address
Mrs. S. J. LIFE. The Misses STOWE.

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Thorough preparation for Bryn Mawr and all the leading colleges. Large staff of thoroughly equipped teachers. New gymnasium. Unexcelled opportunities for winter outdoor life.

Heads { LOUISE SHEFFIELD BROWNELL SAUNDERS, A.B.
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The Bartholomew-Clifton School FOR GIRLS

An attractive home department for a limited number of resident pupils. Fits for the best colleges. Special advantages in Music, Art, and Languages. G. K. BARTHOLOMEW, Ph.D., Regent. [illegible]ELY, A.M., Principal. MISS M. E. SMITH, Associate
Evanswood, Clifton, Cincinnati.

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SEND FOR THE DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY'S MAIL COURSE

YOUR earning capacity will be increased by the vigorous, tenacious memory developed by The Dickson School of Memory. You will be enabled to recall business details instantly. A poor memory is simply a lack of system. The Dickson Method is a scientific system for cultivating and developing the memory and will. It has long since passed the experimental stage—thousands of pupils from all over the United States and Europe testify to its truly wonderful power. It is to the brain what physical culture is to the body. Students write that it enables them to recall instantly names, faces, business details; to speak without notes, to concentrate, think, converse well, memorize readily—accomplish results that they did not dream were possible.

W. H. LORIMER, formerly of Oxford, England, and University of Chicago, says: "Your method is all that you claim and my advancement has been most satisfactory. It is sound in psychology and practical in the highest degree. In a word, it is invaluable."

Thousands of like commendatory letters have been received from pupils in all walks of life. Prof. Dickson gives each pupil his personal attention. He is widely known as a most successful educator, being Director of the Oratorical and Dramatic Department of the Chicago Auditorium Conservatory, also Professor of Oratory and Elocution in the University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.

Simple, easy to acquire, inexpensive. Just a few moments' daily practice is required. Improvement begins at once.

Write to-day for free booklet and free trial copyrighted lesson.

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College preparatory and general courses.

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MORAVIAN SEMINARY FOR GIRLS

Founded 1749. Several vacancies after January 7th. Address
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QUALITY AND PRICE.

No cobbler sticks to his last as we stick to quality and price—the best piano for the money—the very best. A reputation for reliable goods is better than a reputation for low prices, but a good piano for less money than we charge for one, does not exist. The

Emersen PIANO

is one that holds a unique position. Wherever or wherever it is spoken of, words of praise are always used. Back of its high position in "pianodom" is over half a century of honest effort to make the very best piano possible. The price is reasonable, and we guarantee satisfaction. Sold on easy terms anywhere in the United States. Send for illustrated catalogue and easy payment plan.

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A Moravian Boarding School for Girls

Founded 1794. Rev. CHAS. D. KREIDER, Principal.

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A high-grade school for young women. $210 per year.

F. P. BYE, Pres.; R. DARLINGTON, Vice-Pres.

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Founded by Friends over a century ago; but open to all denominations. Endowed. 280 pupils enrolled, boys and girls. Ideal combination of school and home life. $350 a year. Catalogue.

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WELLS RIVER, VERMONT.

Miss Farwell's School for Girls Special attention to **Little Girls** and to **College Preparation.** New classes formed Jan. 6 and Feb. 3, '03. Send for circular. Terms reasonable.

(For other School and College advertisements see pages preceding reading matter.)

THOUGH YOU LABOR BY DAY

You may still acquire a

Technical Education

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Electrical	Ventilating
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Stationary	Textile Manufacturing
Locomotive	Perspective Drawing
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ALSO 40 SHORT SPECIAL ENGINEERING COURSES

Instruction under members of faculty of Armour Institute of Technology.

Your work will receive credit at Armour Institute should you desire to enter as a resident student.

In addition to their regular instruction papers, students in full engineering courses are provided with a Technical Reference Library (in ten volumes) as a help in their studies.

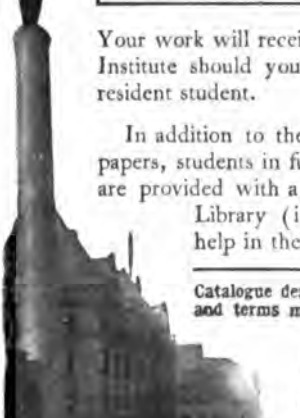
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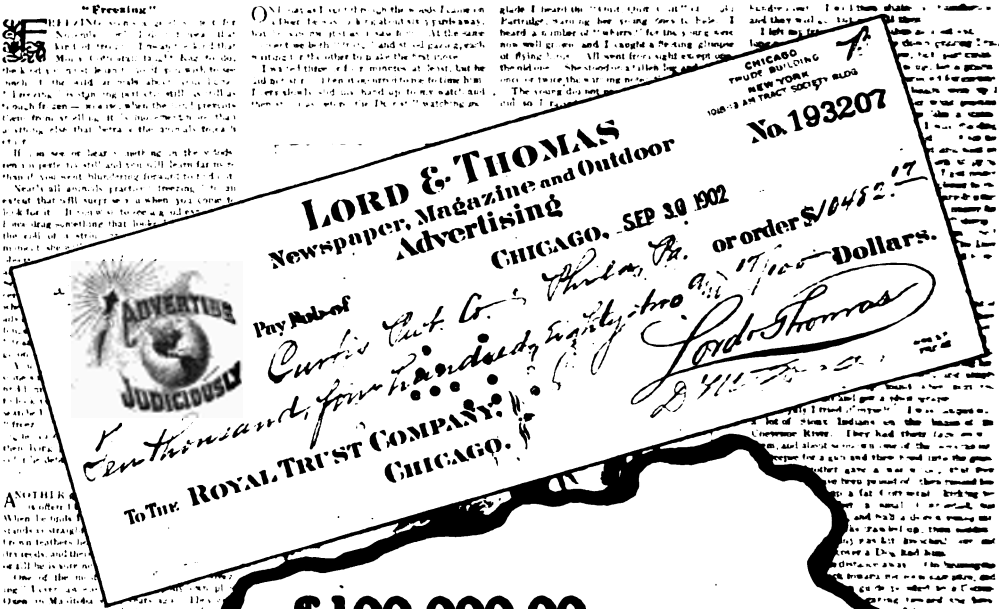
CHICAGO, - ILL.



Main Building Armour Institute of Technology

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

PHILADELPHIA — Vol. XIX Number Twelve — NOVEMBER 1902



$100,000.00 From One Firm To One Publisher

This check for $10,482.17 was in payment of the advertising inserted by **Lord & Thomas** for their clients in the November issue of the Ladies' Home Journal.

This check does not properly represent the volume of business done with this one paper by **Lord & Thomas** in November, as it was for the net amount due the publisher, commission and cash discount being deducted. **The gross business** was $12,258.68.

For the year beginning Nov. 1901 and ending Nov. 1902, **Lord & Thomas** paid **The Curtis Publishing Co.** in the neighborhood of **$100,000.00** for their clients.

Subscribe for JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING, the New Monthly Publicity Journal. $1.00 a year. Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

British Mediterranean Service

Dominion Line

Fast Twin-Screw Passenger Steamers

FROM BOSTON DIRECT TO

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Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa

The mammoth Twin-Screw steamers "Commonwealth," 13,000 tons, and "New England," 11,400 tons, make regular sailings from BOSTON to the above ports and through to

ALEXANDRIA

EGYPT

"NEW ENGLAND" Jan. 17, Feb. 28, April 11
"COMMONWEALTH" Feb. 14, Mar. 28, April 29

Berthing lists now open
Send for illustrated booklet

REGULAR SERVICE TO

Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa

Calling at **AZORES** FAYAL PONTA DELGADA

"CAMBROMAN" Jan. 31, Mar. 13
"VANCOUVER" Jan. 10, Feb. 21

Full particulars and rates furnished upon application

RICHARDS, MILLS & CO., Man. Ag'ts
77-81 State St., Boston
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Burrowes



Burrowes Portable Table FOR HOME PLAYING

$15 TO $45—SENT ON TRIAL

For Pool, Billiards, Balletto, Tenpins, etc.—26 fascinating games

USE IN ANY ROOM

Sizes, 5, 6, 6½, and 7 ft. ***Weight, 30 to 70 lbs.***

Place on library or dining table, or on our folding stand, quickly level with our leveling blocks, set away in closet or behind door. Recently improved. Rich mahogany frame with piano finish; bed of patent laminated wood, with steel girders; the only bed that will remain perfectly level under all conditions; green broadcloth cover, best rubber and steel cushions, concealed pockets with covers, 16 finest balls, 4 cues; 40 implements, GRATIS. Write for booklet, free; also for name of your local dealer. Burrowes Folding Tennis Table is the best made. Send for descriptive price list.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., Portland, Me., and New York

Also Mfrs. Burrowes Rustless Insect Screens. Made to order.

Iver Johnson Revolvers



stand the test of critical inspection

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IMPOSSIBLE



SAFETY HAMMER
AUTOMATIC

$4.50 Of your dealer or sent to any address cash with order

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The Outlook Recreation Department is now ready to furnish to intending travelers information and printed matter describing any of the numerous winter resorts. We are glad to furnish, without charge, information pertaining to routes of travel and places at which to stay, to any reader of The Outlook writing and stating the trip proposed, or the kind of house or location desired. We shall be pleased to have Outlook readers make free use of these facilities when planning a trip of any kind. Do not hesitate to ask for what you want, addressing THE OUTLOOK RECREATION DEPARTMENT, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"Greatest success of its age."

THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF TRAVEL AND EDUCATION

Published Monthly by the Passenger Department of the

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R. R.

The Four-Track News will be sent free to any address for a year on receipt of 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents. Address George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

It is understood that the railway companies are making thorough preparations for the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Los Angeles, in May, and a most enthusiastic reception is to be given to the assembly by the citizens of Los Angeles. The rate as announced by the Chicago & North-Western some time since is to be $50 round trip from Chicago. Low rates from all points will be announced by the Eastern lines.

The great attraction of California scenery and its delightful climate, together with the wonderfully increasing importance of Pacific coast points in the commercial expansion of our nation, has created a notable increase in the amount of travel to the Western coast. To effectively meet the increasing demands of the traveling public the transcontinental railways have been active in supplying the most complete and luxurious service, and the North-Western Line has ever been in the lead.

Wabash Railroad Company

On your contemplated trip to the West see that your tickets read over the above-named road. Its service is unsurpassed in the way of equipment, having solid vestibuled trains with through sleepers to Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City. It is the only line having Free Reclining Chair Cars between New York and Chicago. For information in regard to rates, etc., apply to H. B. McClellan, General Eastern Agent, 387 Broadway, New York.

Lehigh Valley Calendar for 1903

The usual fine steel-plate engraved work is continued in the Lehigh Valley Railroad's calendar for 1903. These calendars are becoming exceedingly popular all over the country, as they are high-class in workmanship and design, and an acceptable ornament to any office or house. One of the calendars may be obtained by mailing four cents in stamps, to cover postage, to the Passenger Department of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, New York.

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Travel and Study Abroad

under the care of American lady and gentleman who have lived in Europe many years. Course of study in history of art, history, and languages. Summer in Switzerland; winter in Italy; trips in Holland, Germany, and France during the year. References exchanged. Address No. 401. The Outlook.



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Sail from **Boston** to the **MEDITERRANEAN** by the **Dominion Line**

Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa. S.S. Commonwealth, 13,000 tons; New England, 11,600 tons; Cambroman, 5,500 tons.

For descriptive matter and sailings address **Dominion Line, 77 State St., Boston**

GOING ABROAD on a BICYCLE TRIP? Send for "Bicycling Notes for Tourists Abroad."

LEYLAND LINE

BOSTON—LIVERPOOL

Immense new steamers. 1st cabin, $50 upwards. Round trip, $90. Winter Season.

SS. Winifredian	Dec. 24th and Jan. 28th	
" Armenian	Jan. 7th	" Feb. 11th
" Cestrian	" 14th	" " 18th
" Devonian	" 21st	" " 25th

F. O. HOUGHTON & CO., Gen'l Agents
115 State St., Boston

Europe and Orient

Twenty-second Season. Limited Parties. Unexcelled Arrangements. Every detail for Comfort. Leisure in Sight-seeing. Terms reasonable. Address

Dr. and Mrs. H. S. PAINE
Glens Falls, N. Y.

Prof. F. Martin Townsend, Newark, Ohio, sends *free* "In Olden Paths," his new, complete, descriptive pocket-guide to the Mediterranean and the Orient.

Travel

GREECE AND ITALY.—Summer trip, specially for teachers and students. Sails June 23. Five weeks in Greece, three in Italy. Price of tour, $275. Number limited; early application advisable. Circular. Address Dr. ARTHUR S. COOLEY, 36 Central St., Auburndale, Mass.

EUROPE 8th YEAR.—Few vacancies in select and small party organized and personally conducted by Prof. C. Thurmaier, of the New England Conservatory of Music. Address 46 Pierce Bldg., Boston.

WEST INDIES

$125 AND UP

by specially chartered North German Lloyd express S. S. Kaiserin, 9,500 tons. January 14, 21 days; shore trips, luncheons, guides, drives included. These extras will cost $30 with other cruises. Passengers leaving cruise at Nassau receive free ticket to Miami.

Mediterranean Cruise, Feb. 7, $400.00 up
Norway-Russia Cruise, July 2, $275.00 up

FRANK C. CLARK
111 Broadway, New York

MEDITERRANEAN TOURS

SELECT AND EXCLUSIVE

Three Small Parties are conducted by us through

SPAIN, ITALY, GREECE, EGYPT, and the HOLY LAND

We direct also attractive tours to Southern and Central Europe and Great Britain. If you intend visiting Europe, write for our free illustrated blue guide book, giving complete and valuable information, prices, etc.

BARTLETT'S TOURS, 532 Walnut, Phila.

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Oriental Tour sails Jan. 17 and Feb. 14. Direct Steamers to Alexandria, Egypt. **Palestine, Turkey, Greece, and Italy.** Conducted by Dr. H. W. Dunning, late instructor in Semitic Languages in Yale University. Small party. Unexcelled arrangements. **Spring Tour,** sailing to Italy early in April. **Summer Tour,** sailing in June. Special party for **Norway, North Cape, Sweden, and Russia.** Full circulars of Oriental tour and preliminary circulars of summer tours ready. H. W. DUNNING & CO., 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL ART TOURS

led by Drs. Powers and Willard; also

GENERAL TOURS

led by university men—men worth knowing, not couriers—sail various dates, Feb.-July. Interesting booklet sent on request.

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201 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

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6th Tour Gibraltar, Naples, Italy, Vienna, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France.

GLAND AND SCOTLAND
-class throughout. April 15. 12 per-only. June 15th the same tour reversed.
T. SHEPHERD, 272 Boylston St., Boston

ONEYMAN'S PRIVATE TOURS. To Washington and Old Point, 29; Cuba and Mexico, Feb. 21; three European Tours in Summer. Address rculars, Lock Drawer F, Plainfield, N. J.

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GERIA GRAND HOTEL ST. GEORGE
Mustapha Superieur
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

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European Winter Resort
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1,900 feet above the sea, dry, bracing climate. Center for Excur-

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ern conveniences. Best references. trative pamphlets sent gratis on applica-
CARL LANDSEE, Prop.

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ris—Grand Hotel l'Odéon, 3 Rue de l'Odéon, near the Ecole de Médecine, onne, Luxembourg. Pension de Famille. ch conversation; English spoken. GET-WEST, Propr.

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OTEL ROYAL
ROME, ITALY
uated FULL SOUTH on the highest healthiest part of the town. Every mod-improvement and home comforts. ed for Petit Guide de Rome.
. MAZZERI, Proprietor & Manager.

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HE IDEAL WINTER RESORT
le Princess Hotel
N FROM DECEMBER TO MAY
commodates 200 guests. For terms, etc., ess
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milton, VICTORIA LODGE
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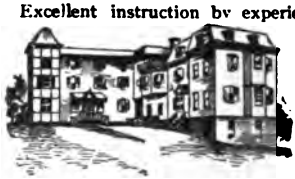
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If other members of your family wish to apply for membership you may also answer the above questions in their behalf, giving names and addresses. While the Club offer remains open, this ought to be taken up as a *family matter* in every OUTLOOK home. We have already received as many as five applications from one household. As the Club is rapidly forming, you will do well to apply promptly. *Men, women, and young people are eligible.*

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AMBASSADOR WHITE writes as follows:

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"His success thus far has been most gratifying, and he ought to be generously assisted to place his Church and the building connected with it on a footing worthy of our country. I commend the work to all Christian and patriotic Americans."

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REV. DR. KNOX, formerly of Lafayette College, says:



"I have been much impressed by the efforts made to meet the spiritual needs of the very many young men and women speaking the English language who visit the Continent to study. Especially, however, was I impressed by what I saw in Berlin. The preaching by Rev. Dr. Dickie was excellent; the singing most inspiring. The audience almost filled the room. I suppose 250 were present, and so bright and intelligent. Our Ambassador, Mr. White, formerly President of Cornell, was present, as I am told he always is, when in the city."

REV. DR. THEO. L. CUYLER writes:

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What the American Church in Berlin proposes:

The new building possesses an audience-room for worship, a library and reading-room, a lecture-room and tea-room. If our generous friends enable us to finish and furnish the church, they will enable the Church to carry on its work with all the advantage that comes from its own building, and thus provide a church home for our own young people. We desire to have its doors open the whole week through. Help us into that larger life and work for the students to which as a church we feel called.

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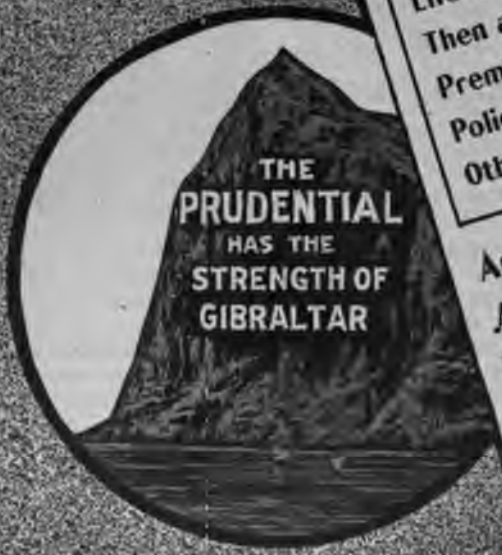
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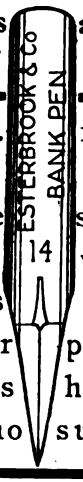
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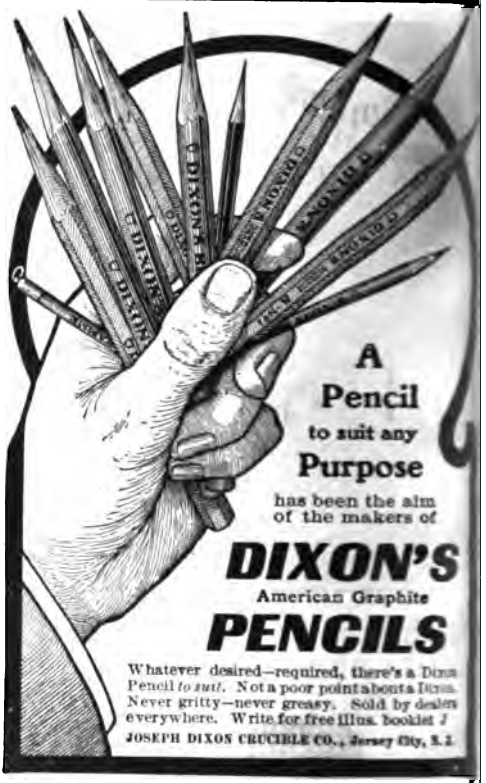
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$1.00 PER SECTION (without doors) and upwards buys the **"Macey" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE**

the only kind having absolutely "Non-binding, Self-disappearing doors." (Patented.)

ON APPROVAL—There is never any risk in buying genuine "Macey" goods—we ship every article "On Approval" subject to return at our expense if not found at our **factory price** 40 to 60 per cent. greater value than is obtainable anywhere at retail. **We prepay freight** to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee and North Carolina (Freight equalized to points beyond). *Ask for Catalogue No. "CC 1."*

GOLD MEDALS—HIGHEST AWARDS

For superiority of design, material, construction, workmanship, finish, and perfect operation of "Non-binding, Self-receding doors," the "Macey" Sectional Bookcase received the Gold Medal—the highest award at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions.

CAUTION—Do not be misled by the deceiving advertisements of imitators. No other sectional bookcase has a **self-receding door** that is **absolutely non-binding and automatic**—the basic patents completely covering these features are owned by this company exclusively and no other bookcase can embrace the same valuable features. In the law suit concerning which a competitor has maliciously advertised "Warning to the Public," the United States Circuit Court rendered a **sweeping decision in our favor.**

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Branches New York, 293-295 Broadway; Boston, 178 Federal Street; Philadelphia, N. E. cor. 13th & Market Sts.; Chicago, N. Y. Life Bldg. | Makers of High-grade Office & Library Furniture.

BISHOP FURNITURE

(Grand Rapids)

Is known the world over for correct style, superior quality, and one-third saved the buyer.



1734

We ship anywhere ON APPROVAL, allowing furniture in your home five days to be returned at our expense if not all you expected. We **prepay freight** to all points east of the Mississippi river and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far towards points beyond.

No. 1734 Dressing Table is 34 in. wide; of artistic proportions. Has adjustable French bevel mirror 22 x 16 in., graceful French legs and delicate hand carvings. Our Price to you, Quartered Oak, **$12.75.** Birdseye Maple or Mahogany, **$14.00.** Retail value, $20.



1733

No. 1733 Chiffonier is 34 in. wide, has five commodious drawers with solid brass bales and perfect locks. Daintily hand carved. Has adjustable French bevel mirror 22x16. Our Price, to you, Quartered Oak, **$21.00.** Birdseye Maple or Mahogany, **$23.00.** Retail value, $32.00.



1732

No. 1732 Dresser is 44 in. wide, has large adjustable French bevel mirror 30x24 in. Has roomy, easy working drawers, solid brass bales, perfect locks and casters. Our Price to you, Quartered Oak, **$23.00.** Birdseye Maple or Mahogany, **$25.00.** Retail value, $38.00.

Our Big Catalog Free shows 600 pieces of high-grade furniture.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO.

No. 17-29 IONIA STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Flannels

I have used PEARLINE a number of years, and like it very much for all kinds of flannel garments. They are soft and nice after washing.

Mrs. Rev. C. T.

One of the Millions. 69

DONT DO A THING

About buying a buggy or harness until you have our 1903 **FREE** Catalog. It tells all about our celebrated **Split Hickory Vehicles** sold direct from factory at factory prices. It tells all about this **SPLIT HICKORY RUNNER TOP BUGGY** for **$40** On Trial. The catalog is free for a postal.



Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.
Station 199
Cincinnati, Ohio.



Upright and Desk Top Filing Cabinets

The most convenient device for filing and classifying clippings, illustrations, manuscripts, etc. It is the acme of simplicity and ready reference and a stimulus to the busy man by reason of the accuracy and facility with which memoranda are preserved and referred to.

The Card Index Rerum gives a valuable cross reference to your library or manuscript and permits use of any known method of classification.

A Mental Savings Bank

Elbert Hubbard, The "Roycrofters," E. Aurora, N. Y.
"I think that your cabinet has added several years to my earth life by enabling me to find the thing without wear and tear on my temper and vocabulary."

Geo. H. Daniels, Gen. Pass. Agent, N. Y. C. & H. R. Ry. Co.
"I find them indispensable to me in my work."

Desk Top or Upright Cabinets furnished in all sizes and styles. Specially arranged Cabinets for clergymen, physicians and other professional men.

Prices $7.50 and upwards, shipped prepaid on approval. Return at our expense if not satisfactory. Send for catalogue, prices and literature.

THE LIBRARY FILING CABINET COMPANY, 109 Washington St., Chicago.

The Comfort Age



Comes to every woman—the day when she longs for the perfect ease and comfort afforded by the EQUIPOISE WAIST. A soft, hygienic garment in keeping with the laws of nature; that supports the body and bust without pressure, and forms a pleasing outline for the dress. Every mother should send for the **free** book giving sizes, prices and description of the

Equipoise Waist

The reading of this book is the first step toward the **perfect health** of womanhood.

The Equipoise Waist is sold by leading retailers or will be sent prepaid **BY MAIL.**

Made of fine wash material that will last for years. Send your corset size and bust measurement when ordering.

THE FERRIS BROS. COMPANY, 341 Broadway, New York.

NEW MODEL

R&G

CORSET No. 837

Is Presented as the Leading Style for 1903

It is a straight front, moderately low bust, moderately deep-hip corset. Of correct and artistic lines, in full accord with the present vogue, but without the outré eccentricity of the more pronounced models.

It is designed not alone for snappy style and real beauty, but for comfort and wear—two distinct R & G characteristics, and it will, we believe, meet the requirements of a greater number of stylish women than any other corset. We expect it to be the most popular corset of the year.

"873" is sold by dealers everywhere at **$1.50.** Other models, including the extremely low-bust, deep-hip styles, the Empire, and other specialties, are sold at prices ranging from **$1** to **$10.**

R & G CORSET COMPANY

398 Broadway, New York



COSTUME FITTED OVER "R & G" 837

Vapo-Cresolene

Cures While You Sleep



Whooping Cough,
Croup,
Bronchitis,
Coughs,
Grip,
Hay Fever,
Diphtheria,
Scarlet Fever

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Cresolene is a boon to ASTHMATICS.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

180 Fulton Street, New York
1651 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, Canada



HAIR HEALTH

KEEPS YOU LOOKING YOUNG

This Elegant Dressing for men and women stripped all rivals and stands to-day foremost hair preparations, the only **HAIR HEALTH** **fails to restore youthful color and beauty** or faded hair. Feeds the roots, heals the scalp, effectively removes dandruff, stops hair falling and promotes luxuriant growth. It is not greasy or sticky, and will not stain skin or linen.

Satisfy yourself at once. Send for a Sample Bottle FREE

Enclose five cents to cover postage, and we will send to anyone who has not had a sample HAIR HEALTH, a cake of HARFINA SOAP and books with beautiful engravings, 32 pages, treatment for Scalp, Hair, Skin, and Blood. Address Hay Specialties Co., 211 H Lafayette St., Newark, N. J.

Large 50c. Bottles at all Leading Druggists. Ask for Hay's Hair Health. Refuse all substitutes.

RHEUMATISM

Relieved Through the Feet

Don't Take Medicine, External Remedy Brings Quick Relief. FREE on Approval. TRY IT.

We want everyone who has rheumatism to send us his or her name. We will send by return mail a pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the wonderful external cure which has brought more comfort into the United States than any internal remedy ever made. If they give relief, send us One Dollar; if not, don't send us a cent.



Magic Foot Drafts are worn on the soles of the feet and cure by absorbing the poisonous acids in the blood through the large pores. They cure rheumatism in every part of the body. It must be evident to you that we couldn't afford to send the drafts on approval if they didn't cure. Write to-day to the Magic Foot Draft Co., R F 7 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich., for a trial pair of drafts on approval. We send also a valuable booklet on rheumatism.

Bright's Disease

AND DIABETES

CAN BE PERMANENTLY RELIEVED

The above is a startling statement in view of the generally accepted theories which should demand investigation from every afflicted reader of this magazine.

This investigation we sincerely invite, and we devote our entire attention to the maladies above named.

The remedies for these diseases are entirely distinct, and the fact that we are specialists in these diseases *only*, should be sufficient to you to overcome your past prejudice, where others cannot do, and investigate for yourself or some afflicted friend. *Not* patent medicines and *not* found at drug stores but prescribed after analysis.

Note Send your name and address and we will forward instructions, etc., and will make analysis *absolutely* without cost to you or obligation to commence our treatment.

Professional etiquette strictly observed. Your letters are never published without consent. Consultation physician always in attendance.

TOMPKINS-CORBIN CO.

27 West 24th St. (Suite 10) New York City

BINSON'S BATH CABINET

GUARANTEED TO CURE RHEUMATISM



Gives new life and vigor to every organ of the human body. Thousands of people are daily sufferers because they continue to clog the circulation with poison, in place of eliminating the uric acid from the blood by Hot Air Baths. Every intelligent person ought to know by this time that heat is the only sure cure for disease. Below is but a sample of scores of letters we receive every day.

"I loaned my cabinet to an old friend all crippled up with rheumatism, last May. Feet legs, and hands badly swollen. He had spent some time at different Hot Springs without relief. A week ago he started in to use the cabinet, taking the steam heat in the morning and the dry heat at night, before going to bed. He kept this up a week, and yesterday and to-day he was as well as ever."

GEO. A. FREEMAN, Mgr. Temptation Mining and Milling Co., Silverton, Colo.

Write for **descriptive matter** and **special 1903 proposition. Good** inducements offered to **reliable men** and **women,** on both **commission** and **salary basis.**

Factory prices made to one person in each town, where we have no agents.

OBINSON THERMAL BATH CO. - - 708 Jefferson St., TOLEDO, OHIO



"The Star" Asbestos Pad For Dining Tables.

The only absolute protection to the most highly polished surface against injury from moisture and hot dishes.

Easy to handle; **made to fold** to convenient size to lay away in drawer when not in use. Made of specially prepared asbestos, covered with double-faced Cotton Flannel to make it soft and noiseless.

Recommended to Friends by every Woman who tries it.

When ordering, give shape of table—round, square or oblong. Measure top surface, width and length correctly, as pad covers top only and does not overhang. If extension table, give width of leaves and number wanted, as pads for extension tables are made in two halves and the leaves and fillings added for any length desired.

Dolly, Chafing Dish and Platter Mats of same material for tables when cloth is not used—round, square or oblong, 5 to 18 inches in size.

Write for booklet of illustrations and prices.

L. W. KERNEY, 600 W. 61st Place, Chicago, Illinois.



The Cost of Repairs

is reduced to a minimum when a **Jas. Boss Watch Case** protects the works of the watch from dust and dampness, jolt and jar.

JAS. BOSS

Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases

are far stronger than solid gold cases, absolutely close fitting, do not get out of shape, or lose their rigidity. Fully guaranteed for 25 years. No matter how much you pay for a movement, be sure to have it protected with a **Jas. Boss Case.** The original gold filled case and the only one proved by 50 years of service. Write us for a booklet.

This Mark is Stamped on Every Boss Case.

The Keystone Watch Case Co., Philadelphia.

PIERCE VAPOR LAUNCHES



Excellent models; speedy, seaworthy. Noiseless motor, guaranteed safe, reliable. Jump Spark igniter no miss fire. Inside reverse, solid propeller. Prices right. Send for catalog.

PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 22, RACINE, WIS.



Everything for the Garden

Is the title of **Our New Catalogue for 1903**—the most superb and instructive horticultural publication of the day—**190 pages—700 engravings—8 superb colored plates of vegetables and flowers.**

To give this Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope

Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who incloses **10 Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send **free of charge**, our famous **50-Cent "Henderson" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of *Sweet Peas, Large Mixed Hybrids; Pansies, Giant Fancy Mixed; Asters, Giant Victoria Mixed; Big Boston Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomato and Cardinal Radish*, **in a coupon envelope**, which, when emptied and returned, will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.,

35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, New York.



FLORAL BUTTERFLY PLANT

No plant possesses so many good points as do these two glorious new Commelinas. Of graceful trailing habit, superb for carpet bedding or for hanging pots. *In pots they bloom every day in the year.* In the garden from May until frost, showing *daily* scores of large winged butterfly-like blossoms. Color (No. 1) the most beautiful blue to be found in any flower. A shade so exquisitely lovely as to baffle description. Thrives in sun or shade, wet or dry, rich or poor soil; as easily raised as a weed from seed or cuttings, grows rapidly, flowers at once, and propagates so easily that plants are very cheap. Blooms in 50 days from seed.

No. 1—Exquisite Blue, like tropical Butterflies.
No. 2—Rosy Pink, in other respects like No. 1.

Strong plants for blooming at once, by mail guaranteed to grow, **20c.** each; the **2** for **30c.**, **5** for **60c.**

Seed of both colors mixed, 25 cts. per packet.

FREE OUR GREAT CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, and Rare New Fruits. Profusely Illustrated, Large Colored Plates—136 pages. Do not miss our great Novelties, Emperor Asparagus (crop in 11 months from seed), Early Lima, Perpetual Rhubarb, Pineapple Onion, Climbing Currant and Blackberry, Everblooming Wistaria, Tree and Double Lilacs, etc. We have the finest Asters, Pansies, Peas, Stocks, Verbenas, Geraniums, Azaleas, Roses, Palms, Ferns, Begonias, Gloxinias, Violets, Phloxes, Gladiolus, Cannas, Dahlias, Lilies, Caladiums, Shrubs, Vines, New Fruits, and all Vegetables.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N.Y.

REPETITION

is the life of advertising—it is also the life of the largest mail-order seed trade in the world—

BURPEE'S!

Were it not for repeat-orders every year from satisfied planters we could not supply the

Best Seeds that Grow

at such moderate prices. We want every one who appreciates quality to write for **Burpee's Farm Annual for 1903.** Long known as "the Leading American Seed Catalogue," it is better now than ever before. An elegant book of 184 pages, with beautiful colored plates and hundreds of illustrations, it tells the plain truth. Write to-day! Do not delay! It's FREE.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia

D. and C. Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants sent to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. 50 years' experience. **Flower and Vegetable Seeds a specialty.** Write for

GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE

for 1903—the leading rose catalogue of America. 172 pages. Mailed **free.** Describes nearly 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

DEAFNESS



The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 5
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

Dr. BARK'S ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES — **FREE SAMPLE**

REMOVE the most obstinate **COLDS** or **COUGHS.** Clear the air passages and **THROAT,** producing perfect **VOICE.** Used by all Prominent Singers, Clergy, and Public Speakers.

EVANS and SONS, LIM.
30c. By Mail — **135 William St., New York**

Proclamation!

Whereas: It is evident that the use of old-fashioned Curtains fastened by Tacks is productive of Dissatisfaction, Injury to property and Person, and much Profanity, the same are hereby Abolished, and notice given that hereafter all Window Curtains shall be equipped with Patent Holders, obviating the use of Tacks, and that these may be Identified by the Autograph Signature of

Stewart Hartshorn

WOOD ROLLERS — TIN ROLLERS

ABOUT 75% OF THE MEN



in mercantile and professional life owe something of their success to personal appearance. The leisure class owes still more to the same cause. The few genuine geniuses succeed in spite of it. Personal appearance is largely a matter of dress. Dress is largely a matter of the Cravat. This was understood by some as far back as the days of Beau Brummel, but it is only the later section of the present generation of men who have fully grasped it. The well-groomed man of today, even when he must economize on other articles of apparel, buys ten Cravats where his daddy bought one.

There is a 36-page text book called "THE CRAVAT." It tells of the What, Where, When, and How of a Man's Cravat—Its Names and Shapes, Its Tying, Its Care, Its Selection, Its Various Forms for Special Occasions and Functions, Its Color Scheme, Its Adjuncts: Pins, Fasteners, etc., Its Don'ts, in fact,

All About a Man's Cravat

It is profusely and sumptuously illustrated by one of the foremost artists of America. The first edition cost the publishers over $15,000, but you can have a copy for the asking, by sending this Adv't with your address and 6 cents in stamps to the Publisher, James R. Keiser, 122-124 Fifth Avenue, New York. If you prefer a bound copy, de Luxe edition, send 15 cents in stamps.

If Rheumatic use

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

"Not a tastes worse than it smells remedy," but a pleasant, common sense treatment for *Rheumatic Aches and Pains.* Warranted to contain no narcotic or dangerous drugs. It removes *Gouty and Rheumatic Poisons* from the system by its action on the pores, kidneys and bowels. Used by American physicians for over 58 years.

At druggists, 50c. and $1, or by mail from THE TARRANT CO. (Inc. Est. 1834), New York

Cod Liver Oil is a food

and the greatest care should be exercised in its selection.

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil

is the best oil that over fifty years of continued scientific research has produced. By the process employed the oil is kept from contact with the atmosphere from the beginning of the process of manufacture until it is safely corked up in bottles, thus preventing contamination of any kind and excluding all impurities.

Ask for Peter Moller's Oil, and see that the bottle—a flat, oval one—bears our name as agents.

Schieffelin & Co., New York



I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper, Press $5. Larger sizes $18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.
THE PRESS CO., - Meriden, Conn.



SHUSHINE

A Perfect Shoe Polish in Paste Form,

And a Complete Shoe Polishing Outfit for 25c. Sufficient for 100 shines. It is in a tube. You can't spill it. Shoes wear one-third longer where Shushine is used exclusively, as it never hardens or crackles the leather. It is easy to apply and quick to polish.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, will send by mail on receipt of 25c. Canvassers wanted for every County in every State.

OSMIC CHEMICAL CO., Dept. O, Brockton, Mass.

Guaranty Trust Co. of New York

Mutual Life Building, Nassau, Corner Cedar Street
LONDON OFFICES 33 LOMBARD ST., E. C. 60 ST. JAMES ST., S. W.

Fiscal Agents of the United States Government { **Manila, Philippine Islands** / **Hong Kong, China** } **Depository of the Government of the Philippine Islands, Manila**

Capital, $2,000,000 **Surplus and Undivided Profits, $5,369,000**

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Acts as Trustee for Corporations, Firms & Individuals; and as Guardian, Executor & Administrator.
Takes entire charge of Real and Personal Estates; carefully selected securities offered for investment.

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COMMERCIAL LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED

DRAFTS on all parts of Great Britain, France, Germany, China, and Philippines **BOUGHT** and **SOLD.**

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Absolutely safe and convenient method of saving money.

Put your money in a Big, Strong Savings Bank and get

4 Per Cent. Interest

compounded semi-annually. We accept deposits of any amount from one dollar up. Our immense capital and strong official board guarantee security. Write for Booklet "N," "Banking by Mail."

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CLEVELAND, O.
Capital $1,500,000

Eastern North Dakota
Near Minnesota

6% INVESTMENTS
for idle money.

Security, first mortgage on fine farms occupied by owners.

Facilities for selling and caring for your land in Barnes, Griggs, Foster, and Stutsman Counties. References and particulars furnished on application to

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WESTERN LANDS

AND DEFAULTED MORTGAGES
BOUGHT FOR CASH

CHAS. E. GIBSON, - 131 State St.
Boston, Mass.

FOR YEARS

I have loaned for myself and my customers at 5 per cent on good fertile lands in Missouri and never lost a dollar.
I can do equally as well for you.
Send for my booklet and "35 Years Experience" in

MISSOURI LOANS

by one of my patrons. Proof furnished on application that my loans

HAVE BEEN TESTED

and found as represented.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON
1 Wardell Building **Macon, Missouri**

CHOICE INVESTMENTS

Farm just bought for $8,800, owner wants $3,500, 5 per cent. Send for this loan.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON
1 Wardell Building **Macon, Missouri**

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT
For the year ending December 31, 1902
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME.

Received for Premiums	$56,874,062 15
From all other Sources	16,430,960 59
	$73,305,022 74

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$17,529,455 51
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	11,580,201 60
For all other Accounts	15,040,650 47
	$44,150,307 58

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	$220,140,306 02
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	81,566,584 60
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	10,278,000 00
Loans on Company's own Policies	14,620,874 79
Real Estate: Company's Office Buildings in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Sydney and Mexico, and other Real Estate	32,833,323 45
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	15,677,925 78
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	7,315,666 66
	$382,432,681 30

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc.	$314,293,458 19
Contingent Guarantee Fund	65,119,223 11
Available for Authorized Dividends	3,020,000 00
	$382,432,681 30
Insurance and Annuities in force	$1,342,912,062 31

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE	General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD	2d Vice-President
JOHN A. FONDA	3d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL	Treasurer
EMORY McCLINTOCK	Actuary

ONE CENT invested in a postal card, addressed to us, will show you "How to eat your cake and keep it, too." Did you ever hear of a real estate mortgage secured also by

Deposit of the Gold Coin?

The highest development of the real estate mortgage is found in **Our Sinking Fund.** Full facts and highest references sent on application to
PERKINS & CO., LAWRENCE, KAN.

"THIS BEATS NEW JERSEY" Charters procured under South Dakota laws for a few dollars. Write for Corporation laws, blanks, by-laws, and forms to PHILIP LAWRENCE, late Ass't Sec'y of State, Huron, S. Dak., or Room K. 20th floor, 220 B'way, N. Y.

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE, ALWAYS.
Remington Typewriter
327 Broadway, New York.

Williamson's

North Dakota

5%

First Mortgage

Real Estate

Investments

Salient Features (*a*) Twenty years residence; seventeen years active banking and real estate business in Southeastern North Dakota. (*b*) Personal knowledge of every loan; of the borrower as well as the security. (*c*) Never has there been a foreclosure made on one of my loans. (*d*) Interest and principal collected without expense. Remittance in New York exchange.

The most exacting investigation into my personal and business life is earnestly courted. Correspondence solicited.

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON
Lisbon **North Dakota**

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SUMMER
NOW IN
JAMAICA

WINTER VACATION TRIPS
TO
JAMAICA
Regular Weekly Sailings by Steamers of the
Atlas Line Service
JAMAICA, gem of the WEST INDIES, balmy climate, beautiful scenery, excellent hotels. One way, $40; round trip, $75. Cruise of 23 days, with stop-overs, $125.
TO JAMAICA, COLOMBIA, NICARAGUA, COSTA RICA
Apply to
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
Dept. G,
35-37 Broadway, New York; 159 Randolph St., Chicago; 106 N. Broadway, St. Louis; 1229 Walnut St., Philadelphia; 70 State St., Boston; 401 California St., San Francisco; 116 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.



Blooker's
COCOA
Made in the cup—needs no cooking—most appreciated by those who *know* true cocoa flavor.
If your grocer can't supply you, send for literature and free sample to
46 Hudson St., New York

CARMEL SOAP

Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.
CARMEL
MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.
AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP
FOR
Nursery, Toilet and Bath.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS. IMPORTED BY
A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.
122 PEARL ST. NEW YORK

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century
PREPARED BY
J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

BROWN'S
Bronchial Troches
Promptly Relieve Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and Lung Troubles.
Nothing excels this simple remedy.

$5 FOR NOTHING.
We have paid that sum several times for less information than is contained in our grand new book, "*How to Make Money with Poultry and Incubators.*" 8x11 inches, 196 pages. It has 12 special chapters by the best experts in the country covering the entire poultry subject. Over 300 illustrations and photographic views of the *Largest and Most Successful Poultry Plants* in this and other countries. Tells about the CYPHERS INCUBATORS. *It will be sent FREE POSTPAID for the next 30 days* to all who mention this paper in writing. Address nearest office.

Self Supplied Moisture
CYPHERS INCUBATOR COMPANY.
Buffalo, N.Y. Chicago, Ill. Boston, Mass. New York, N.Y.

DENT'S
CORN GUM
CURES
CORNS-BUNIONS-WARTS.
Easy to apply. Does not spread.
Gives almost immediate relief.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS 15 CTS., OR BY MAIL UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.
THE GENUINE IS IN TIN BOXES.
C. S. DENT & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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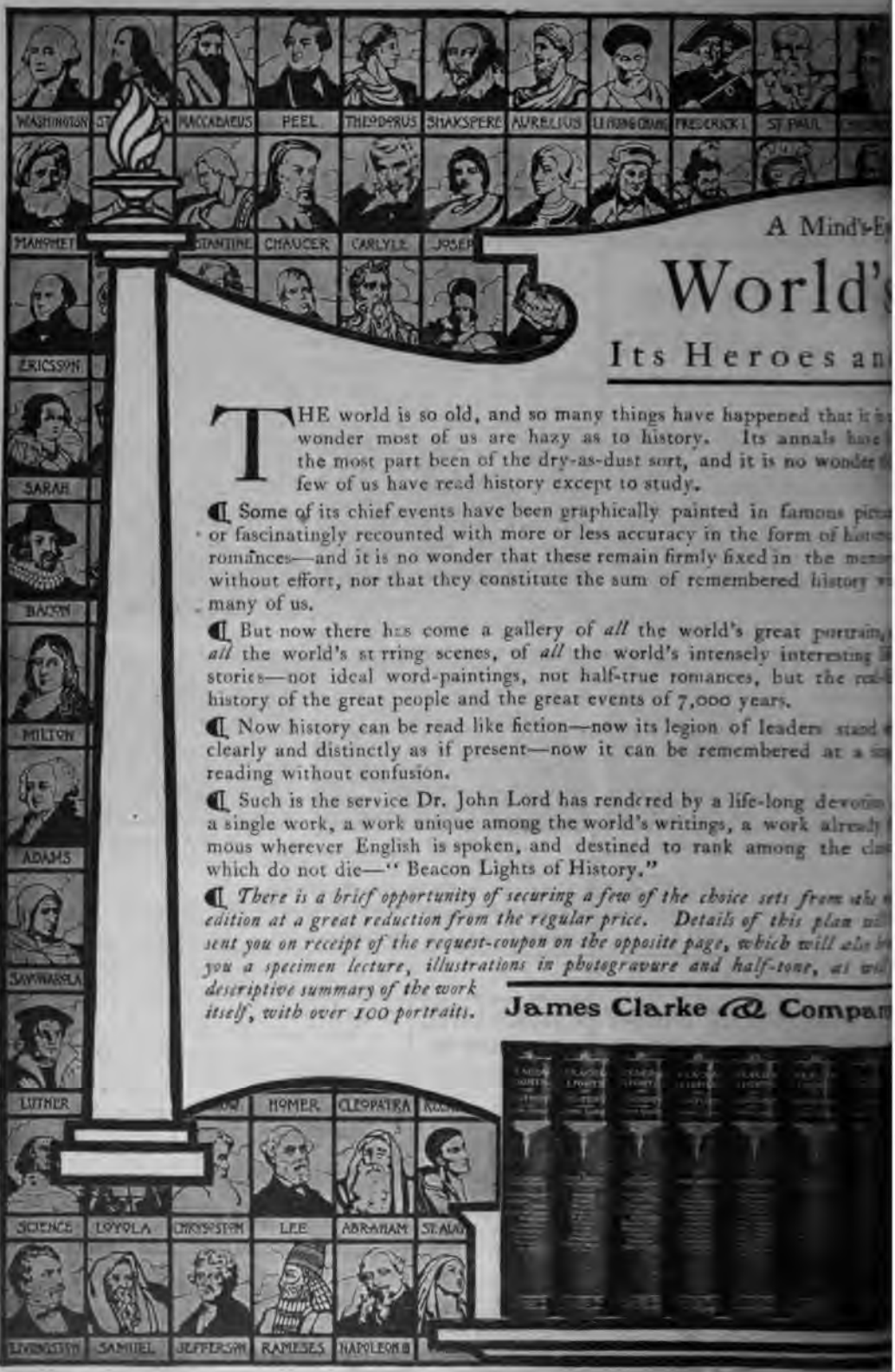
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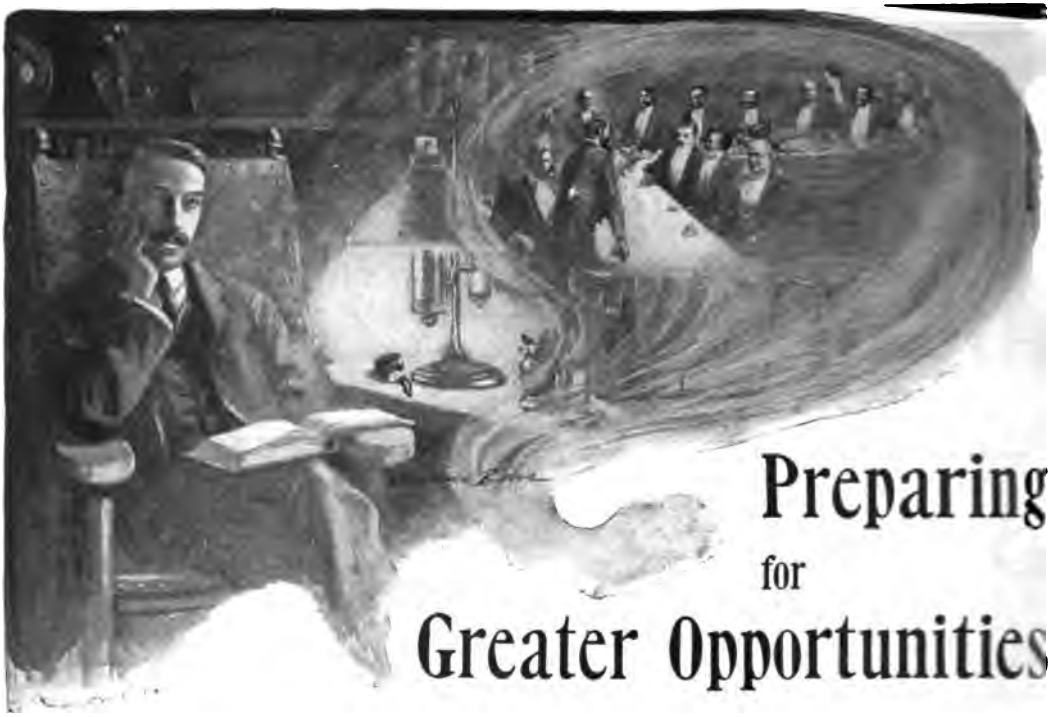
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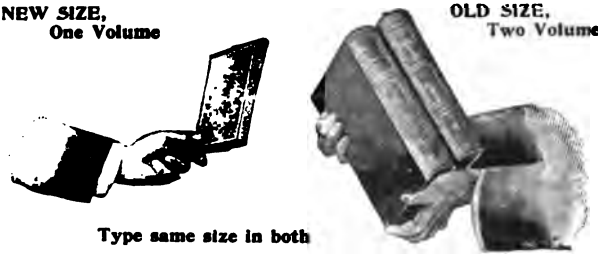
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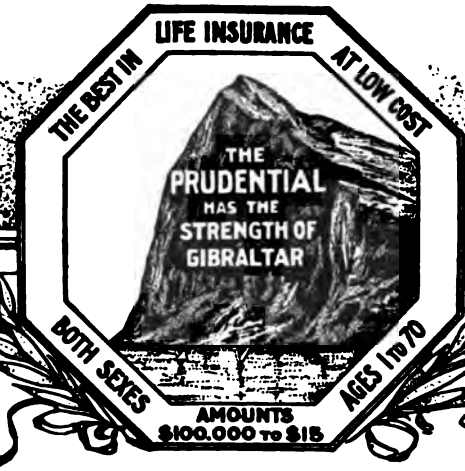
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The price of the Pianola is **$250.** May be purchased by monthly payments if desired.

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20 years service in the sanitation of sick-rooms and households has established the value of

Platt's Chlorides,

The Odorless Disinfectant.

It is a colorless liquid without any objectionable feature, which instantly destroys mal-odors and disease germs. Each quart bottle will last an average family a month, and it can be obtained at all druggists and high-class grocers.



Registered Trade-Mark

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At "The Linen Store."

For Separate Blouses, Outing and Shirt Waist Suits, and Summer Gowns, fashion promises for Linens a greater vogue than ever.

"The Linen Store" has always been the headquarters for flaxen fabrics, and our stock to-day is richer and more comprehensive than ever, including everything in woven, printed, and embroidered Linens.

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Mail orders have prompt attention.

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A Bright Face

is a delight whether animate or inanimate, brilliancy of mind or metal is always admired. You can see yours in your Silverware after cleaning with

ELECTRO *Silver Polish* SILICON

and it's a pleasant reflection to know that it's done without detriment to metal or muscle. It's the easy way, the pleasant way, the saving way.

Made in form of Powder and Soap.

Trial quantity of Powder for the asking. Simply send your address on a postal, or 15 cts. in stamps for either Powder or Soap post-paid. At grocers and druggists.

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"The Star" Asbestos Pad For Dining Tables.

The only absolute protection to the most highly polished surface against injury from moisture and hot dishes.

Easy to handle; **made to fold** to convenient size to lay away in drawer when not in use. Made of specially prepared asbestos, covered with double-faced Cotton Flannel to make it soft and noiseless.

Recommended to Friends by every Woman who tries it.

When ordering, give shape of table—round, square or oblong. Measure top surface, width and length correctly, as pad covers top only and does not overhang. If extension table, give width of leaves and number wanted, as pads for extension tables are made in two halves and the leaves and fillings added for any length desired.

Doily, Chafing Dish and Platter Mats of same material for tables when cloth is not used—round, square or oblong, 5 to 18 inches in size.

Write for booklet of illustrations and prices.

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We have no agents or branch stores.
All orders should be sent direct to us.

The Easter Styles are Now Ready

OUR fashion book of new styles for Spring and Summer is now ready. We wish to place it, together with a line of our new Spring and Summer Samples, in the hands of every lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. Here are a few of the advantages of dealing with us:

First—We keep no ready-made garments, but make every garment especially to order, thus insuring the perfection of fit and finish.

Second—We thoroughly sponge and shrink all of our woolens.

Third—Our prices are much lower than those charged by retail stores.

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New Suits, well-tailored, showing many variations of the prevailing fashions, from Paris models, $8 to $35.

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Write for Fashion Book and Samples of the materials from which we make our garments; you will get them *free* by return mail. A postal will bring them. It would be advisable to write to-day before the first edition is exhausted.

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Mortgages Net 5% In North Dakota



A Typical Farm Scene in North Dakota—It is Upon Such Farms as These That Our Loans are Made

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All the favorable conditions—low and steadily advancing prices on land, absolute security, and the certainty of returns—obtain in North Dakota.

These gilt-edged investments can be had here under the most satisfying conditions.

The time to take advantage of them is now. This is the day of your opportunity.

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You will find me safe, honorable, reliable, and responsible. I will see to it that you do not regret making an investment in North Dakota.

Interest and principal collected without expense. Remittances in New York exchange. For further information address

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON, Investment Banker

LISBON, NORTH DAKOTA

The Ostermoor

PATENT ELASTIC FELT

Mattress



TRADE MARK

$15.

DON'T make mistakes about sleeping; between a sleepless rest and a restful sleep there's a world of difference.

DON'T sleep on a hair mattress. It packs and lumps into a bag sooner or later, and you wake up tired and cross from dosing on the lumps.

DON'T sleep on an "imitation felt" mattress—it is a tick *stuffed* with cotton waste. Uncomfortable at first—useless in a year.

DON'T hesitate to try the Ostermoor Mattress. It is constructed, not stuffed. It cannot lump or pack or bunch. It is sanitary and vermin-proof. Needs no overhauling—will last a lifetime without repairs.

DON'T let a dealer force another on you. He can't sell you a substitute for the Ostermoor, *without your consent.* It's not "felt" if it's not an Ostermoor.

DON'T fail to look for our name and trade mark which appears on the end of every genuine mattress.

DON'T forget that we make any size you desire, and prepay express charges to any point, and *return* charges also, if after sleeping on it thirty nights you do not believe it equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort to any $50 hair mattress ever made.

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES:

2 ft. 6 in. wide,	25 lbs.	-	$ 8.35	All 6 ft 3 in. long
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3 ft. 6 in. wide,	35 lbs.	-	11.70	
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Made in two parts, 50c. extra. Special sizes, special prices.

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We have prepared a valuable 96-page book, "The Test of Time," which is probably the handsomest book for advertising purposes ever issued. We mail this free—your name on a postal will do. It illustrates mattresses, cosy corners, window seats, pillows, cushions for boats and carriages, etc. It reproduces the letters of men and women of international reputation who find perfect rest on the Ostermoor mattress. Send for it NOW, before you forget.

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We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."



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Spent all but 5 days of his life on

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Insured Against Sickness, Assured of Perfect Health

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It Nourishes from Infancy to Old Age. **SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 426 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER

The Cecilian PUMPS MUCH EASIER than any other player.

Its "touch" is absolutely NON-MECHANICAL.

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Is the finish of your furniture or woodwork marred or scratched or dimmed by the wear and tear of years? Lacqueret is a veritable panacea for all such woodwork ailments. It gives a new lease of useful life to old furniture, puts a new finish on dingy floors, and covers up the scars of use and abuse alike. You can apply Lacqueret yourself, and it will dry overnight. It is a translucent lacquer and does not cloud or disfigure the natural grain of the wood.

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Helps Make Life Pleasant

"Sold Under Binding Guarantee."

Warm in Winter, cool in Summer—comfortable always. The ideal underwear.

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The mesh weave encloses a layer of air, and air is a non-conductor of heat; keeps the outside heat out in Summer, and the body heat in in Winter. Another comfort.

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IS A PERFECT LADIES' WATCH
CASED IN ALL METALS
FOR BELT, POCKET, OR SHOULDER WEAR
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BASSETT LIMOGES AUSTRIA

Ralston HEALTH SHOES $4



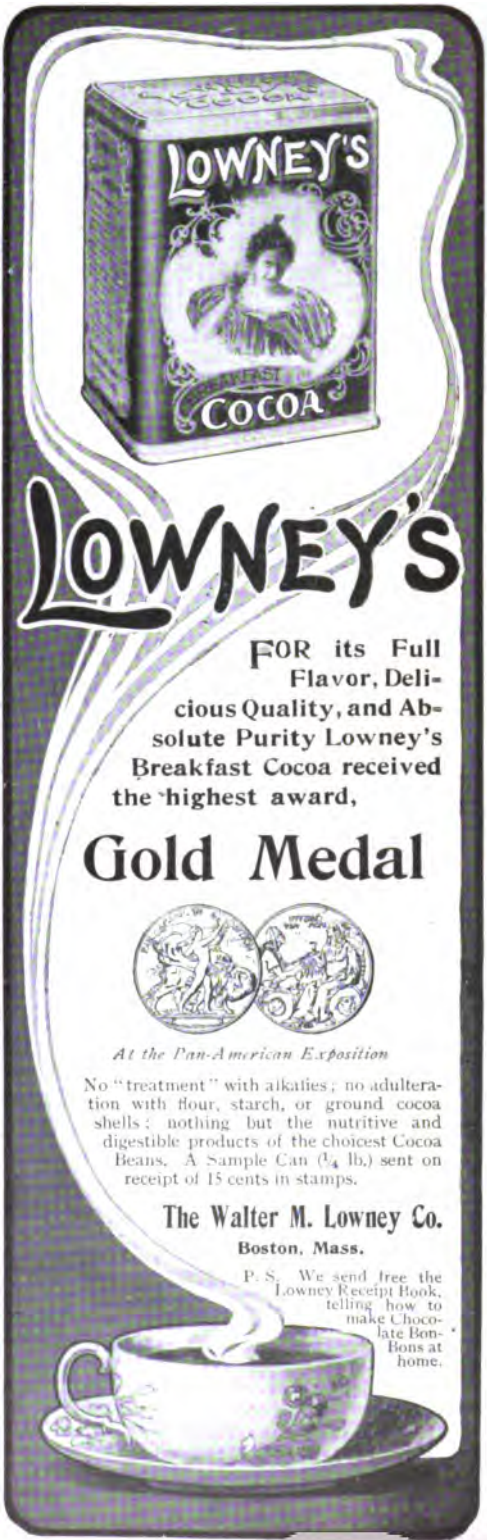
OUR ANATOMICAL LASTS differ from all others, and cannot be duplicated. Ralston Shoes require no "breaking in."

No. 62. Solace last; genuine Patent Corona Colt Kid (used in all our Patent Shoes).

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At the Pan-American Exposition

No "treatment" with alkalies; no adulteration with flour, starch, or ground cocoa shells; nothing but the nutritive and digestible products of the choicest Cocoa Beans. A Sample Can (¼ lb.) sent on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

The Walter M. Lowney Co.
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P. S. We send free the Lowney Receipt Book, telling how to make Chocolate Bon-Bons at home.



ZINC LINED REFRIGERATORS CAUSE DISEASE

That stale smell about a refrigerator is a danger signal. The zinc is corroding and the oxide poisoning milk and food.
A stale smelling refrigerator is as dangerous as a sewer.

McCray Refrigerators

(Porcelain Tile, Opal Glass or Wood Lined)

All Sizes

For Residences, Clubs, Hotels, Hospitals, Grocers, Markets, etc., endorsed by physicians and prominent people.

THE McCRAY SYSTEM OF REFRIGERATION

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McCray Refrigerators are lined throughout with Porcelain Tile, Opal Glass, or Odorless Wood They are Dry, Clean, and Hygienic, of superior construction, are **unequalled for economy of ice. No zinc is used. Every refrigerator is guaranteed. Catalogues and estimates free.**
"McCray refrigerators are also built to order."

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Never Fades, Cracks, Chalks, Peels, or Blisters, and is Not Affected by Gases
Fifty Sample Colors and Illustrated Booklet Prepaid to Any Address Absolutely Free

The cost of painting the house and barn, outbuildings and fences is a heavy burden. Cheap paints soon fade, peel, or scrape off and white lead and oil costs so much and has to be replaced so often that it is a constant expense to keep the bright, clean appearance so desirable in the cozy cottage home or the elegant mansion. The following are a few of the large users of Carrara Paint: The Waldorf-Astoria, New York, one of the most magnificent hotels in the world, has used tons and tons of the world-famous Carrara Paint; Pennsylvania R. R. Co.; Pullman Palace Car Co.; Chicago Telephone Co.; Central Union Telephone Co., Field Museum, Chicago; Kenwood Club, Chicago; Cincinnati Southern; C. & E. I. R. R. Co.; Denver & Rio Grande R. R.; Wellington Hotel, Chicago.

Carrara is used because it lasts longer, never fades, never cracks, never blisters, never peels, covers more surface than the highest priced paints and costs less than the cheap mixed paints that injure instead of protect. There is but one Carrara. It is made by the Carrara Paint Agency, General Offices, 858 Carrara Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and anyone having a house to paint should send for 50 free sample colors and our handsome booklet, showing many buildings reproduced in all the colors just as they are painted from the great paint that has stood the most rigid tests for 25 years, and, bear in mind, that it is the only paint ever manufactured that is backed by a positive guarantee in every case. Distributing depots in all principal cities. Write to-day and save half your paint bills in the future.



e Hot-Air Pump.

The **"Cold-Air Pump"** is a very familiar sight in the country about now; the lower picture shows one. Intelligent owners, however, are beginning to understand that their blooded horses and graded stock will not thrive on ice and snow; in fact, nothing is so necessary to a healthy condition of live stock in winter, from the horse down to the chickens, as an abundance of fresh running water, right in the barn or stable, where they can reach it without exposure to the inclement weather. Then, too, can you always trust your stableman, on cold days, to chop out the icy trough and carry by hand *enough* water for all your stock?

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Remember, the Hot-Air Pump is the cheapest form of *constant* water supply now known. A permanent investment, which will outlast a generation of users, can now be bought for $108. Descriptive Catalogue "D" sent free on application.

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The greatest efficiency with the least trouble is obtained by the mechanical perfection of this world standard Runabout.

No complicated machinery to get out of order—no "breakdowns"—every part of the simple, strong and practical construction of the Oldsmobile is readily accessible and easily understood. It is built to run *and does it.*

Runs thirty miles on one gallon of gasolene—Climbs any hill—Goes through the muddiest roads and is proclaimed by 8,000 users as "*The Best Thing on Wheels.*"

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A Round of Comfort and Security.

Clasps Lie FLAT and Never Chafe or Rub.

BRIGHTON
Silk Garter

Does Not Bind the Leg.

See that "Brighton" is on the clasp. 25 cts. a pair. At dealers or by mail.

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Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

PURE DELIGHT found in The EDISON

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Use Edison Moulded Records. Make Records of your own.



The PHONOGRAPH led all talking machines into prominence.

The PHONOGRAPH leads all in volume, sweetness, and clearness of the sound produced.

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As the mother rocks the cradle, love transforms it to a kind of loom whereon her fond fancy weaves a bright-colored future for her child. As the child grows the wise mother feeds his mind with precepts of integrity and industry; his brain and body with all-nourishing food in order that he may be strong for life's battle and find an honored place with men.



SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is the Natural Food—the food whose each integral part has an exact counterpart in the human body—the food that builds the perfect whole because it builds the perfect parts. **The perfect food to *perfect* man. SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT is more porous than any other food—that means more digestible.** It is quickly transformed into rich blood, firm flesh, hardy muscles and an active brain. **Sold by all grocers.**

Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors) **FREE.** Address **THE NATURAL FOOD CO.,** **NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.**

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electro-silver plated spoons and forks—at that time a marvelous invention—were first offered for sale by the makers, *Rogers Bros.* Although their business was established in the year *1847*, people were skeptical as to the merits of the goods, and they had extreme difficulty in first introducing them. Such sales as they made, however, brought new orders, and in a short time

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Spoons, Forks, Etc.

were famous in the eyes of all silver users. Their little shop was soon exchanged for larger quarters, and one of the brothers devoted his entire time to selling, while another superintended the making. To-day the business has grown to immense proportions, and the goods now made, shown in catalogue No. 61 (W) sent free) will interest any person who desires *"Silver Plate that Wears."* Made only by the successors to Rogers Bros.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor)



Malta-Vita

REGIMENT OF COOKS WILL DO YOUR COOKING



WE DO YOUR COOKING

Over Thirty Millions of wholesome delicious meals of MALTA-VITA are prepared each month by the MALTA-VITA Regiment of cooks.

The month of March is the opening of Spring, and is the proper time for you to select a change of diet for renovating your system and cleansing the blood of all impurities which may have accumulated during the winter months caused by eating heavy and heating foods.

ONE MEAL A DAY OF MALTA-VITA, "The Perfect Food," will accomplish this result. MALTA-VITA is light, nourishing, and purifying; it is the whole of the wheat properly combined with malt extract, thoroughly cooked and ready to eat. THE TONIC EFFECTS OF MALT ARE BENEFICIAL AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.

Inspect closely the literature in our package.

MALTA-VITA is sold by all first-class grocers.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD COMPANY

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN TORONTO, CANADA

If a man's heart and palate are one and the same, nothing will win his affection like **NABISCO** Sugar Wafers.



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Everybody loves Nabisco Sugar Wafers. Served as the finishing touch to a banquet or with a beverage, they charm you with their indescribable delicacy and delicious flavoring of Cherry, Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry or Mint.

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A new idea in confections. The perfect reproduction of nuts and fruit, to be issued from time to time, just to add to life the spice of variety. Number one is an Almond. Deceiving in appearance, but fascinating in flavor. You eat the shell, and discover within a kernel of almond flavor.

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We are now selling base sections for our sectional book-cases equipped **with drawers**—nice, neat and convenient, suitable for magazines, odd articles, etc. and at small expense.

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Received the Gold Medal—the highest awards at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions. They are better made than any other sectional book-case ever produced, and are sold direct to the user at the same price charged for ordinary book-cases.

Price $1.00 Per Section

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THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture including the most complete lines of

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Good leather will outlast any known upholstering material. There is a difference in the way leather furniture is made as well as in the leather. We use the best part of the hide ONLY and make all our work BY HAND. We will ship it anywhere on APPROVAL. Catalogue of many designs FREE.

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6% Per Annum Taxes Paid

IN order to take care of our rapidly increasing business, we propose to enlarge our factories at Grand Rapids, Michigan, April 1st, 1903, by the erection of another large four-story brick building; and in order to do so, offer for sale, at par, 1,000 shares of $100 each of our 6% Treasury Preferred Stock. This stock is CUMULATIVE—pays 3% SEMI-ANNUALLY, and the TAXES ARE PAID by the company. Over one-half of this stock has already been sold, and subscriptions for the balance will be received until April 1st, 1903. For particulars address Fred Macey, Chairman, The Fred Macey Company, Ltd. (Makers of High Grade Office and Library Furniture), Grand Rapids, Mich.

REFERENCES: Any Agency of Bradstreet or R. G. Dun & Co., or any bank in Grand Rapids.



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Finished golden **polished, fine quartered oak front, built up panels and writing bed,** double deck top, moulded stiles, automatic locks, 2 legal blank drawers, letter file, 6 all wood file boxes, supply drawer, **hang over front,** center drawer, document file, **card index drawer with cards,** back paneled and polished, 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. **Sent to any responsible person on approval.** Ask for catalogs with factory prices: Office Furniture, No. 9. House Furniture, No. 10.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is everywhere known as the best; modern, perfect; materials, the finest; results, the best.

On application, we will refer you to local dealers having the best assortments of these pens, where you can personally select a suitable nib.

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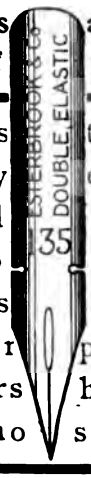
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Specially easy writing.
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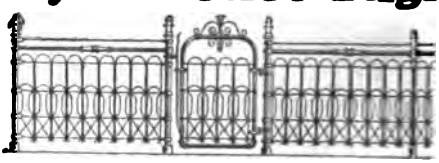
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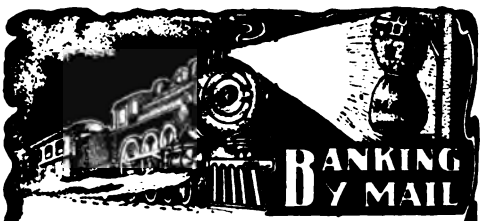
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HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

OFFICE, NO. 119 BROADWAY.

Ninety-Ninth Semi-Annual Statement, January, 1903

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks	$ 427,046 4[illegible]
Special Deposits in Trust Companies	545,527 84
Real Estate	1,593,892 06
United States Bonds	2,040,000 00
State and City Bonds	2,869,000 0[illegible]
Railroad Bonds	1,375,430 00
Water and Gas Bonds and Stocks	519,000 00
Railroad Stocks	6,174,550 00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks	456,250 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	112,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	985,872 94
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1903	9,315 79
	$17,108,635 12

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	5,986,873 00
Unpaid Losses	757,114 48
Unpaid Re-Insurance, and other claims	853,608 95
Reserve for Taxes	75,000 00
Net Surplus	6,436,038 69
	$17,108,635 12

Surplus as regards policy holders $9,436,038 69

JOHN H. WASHBURN, President; ELBRIDGE G. SNOW, Vice-Pres.; FREDERIC C. BUSWELL, 2d Vice-Pres; EMANUEL H. A. CORREA, 3d Vice-Pres.; ARUNAH M. BURTIS, Secretary; WILLIAM H. CHENEY, Secretary; HENRY J. FERRIS, Assistant Secretary.

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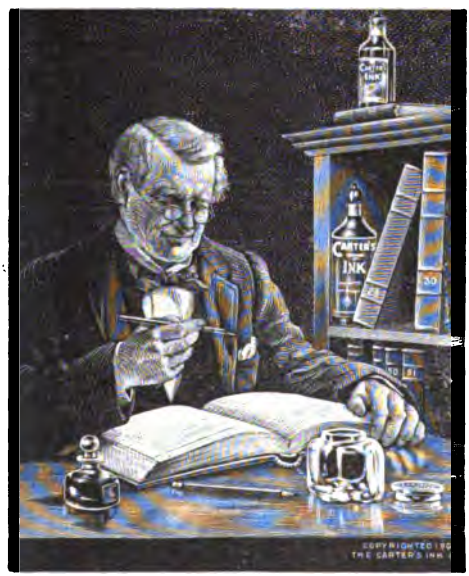
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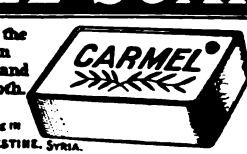
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It is just one year since I began to teach physical culture by mail, after 12 years of personal experience in prescribing individual work for women. I have never broken faith with my pupils, but have myself dictated every lesson. Were it not that pupils are finishing their courses daily, I could take no new ones. Fully one-third of the pupils who have worked with me this winter have been recommended to me by pupils who worked with me last year. If your vitality is at a low ebb, if you are troubled with any of the so-called chronic ailments—Constipation, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Sick Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness; if you are **overly large** and wish to be reduced (and increase your vitality in reducing); if you are thin and want to put on flesh, you can do so by no better means than a course in scientific physical culture. The experience of hundreds of my pupils would bear me out in this. My work is not physical exercise alone. Women do not wish an athlete's strength, but that roundness and symmetry which has made woman's form a model for sculptures and painters, and they want that vivacity and force born of a healthful spirit, which Emerson calls "the ecstasy of life." They want perfect health to make them cheerful wives, helpful companions, and better friends.

The following extracts from letters from my pupils are on my desk as I write:

"I believe that my lessons are the best investment I have ever made."

"I just read your last advertisement in a January magazine, and from my own experience I know that you claim no more than you accomplish."

"Have **left off my glasses**, and my eyes seem to be all right."

"My **neck** and **chest** are developing finely. I can scarcely believe it is my own neck."

"Have been using my fourth lesson for a week. Abdominal measurement reduced 4½ inches, waist 3 inches."

"If you could have seen me when I first began and see me now, you would not think me the same person."

"I used to be so stoop shouldered. now I carry myself as well as my friends."

"I have not had a **headache** for four weeks. Menstruation painless and I can apply myself to mental work all day long and not feel tired and nervous. I think I know how to **breathe** now."

"I **sleep all night**, for which I cannot adequately express my thanks."

"Have not had a **cold** this winter. Have lost 20 pounds in flesh. My friends all note the difference in my size."

"My mother has been taking the exercises with me and has lost entirely the **rheumatism** which troubled her for so long."

"My **constipation** is entirely relieved"

"My **indigestion** has all gone. I can sit down and eat as I have not done for years."

"My **complexion** is very decidedly clearer and my eyes brighter."

"If the remaining three lessons do me as much good as the first three lessons, you will have done wonders. I am **never tired now**."

"I wish that more women would wake up and see what could be done for them. I cannot be thankful enough that I have made a start."

"I am still **well** in the **literal sense** of the word. Not a cold have I had, and never did I enjoy such wonderful health."



Letters similar to the above come to me from my pupils every day.

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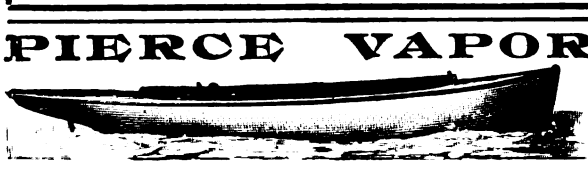
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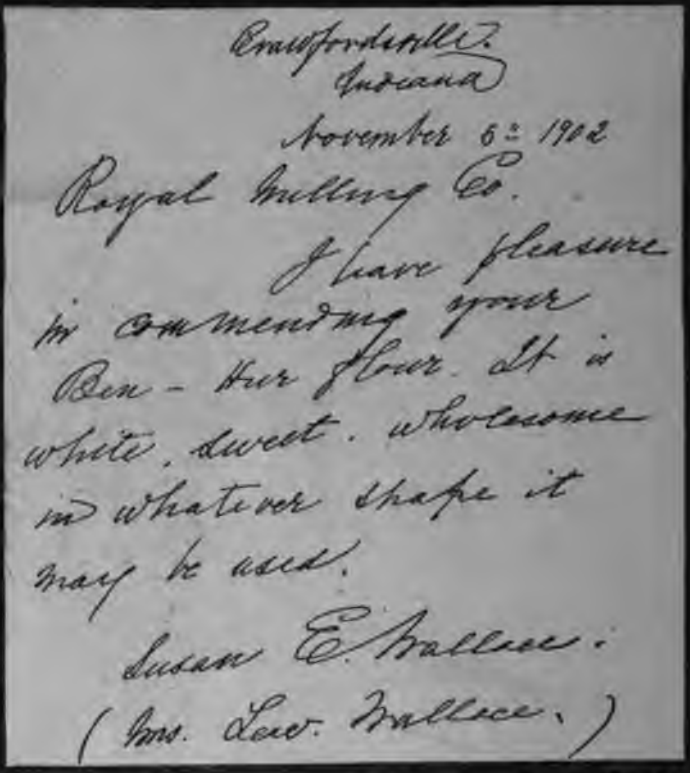
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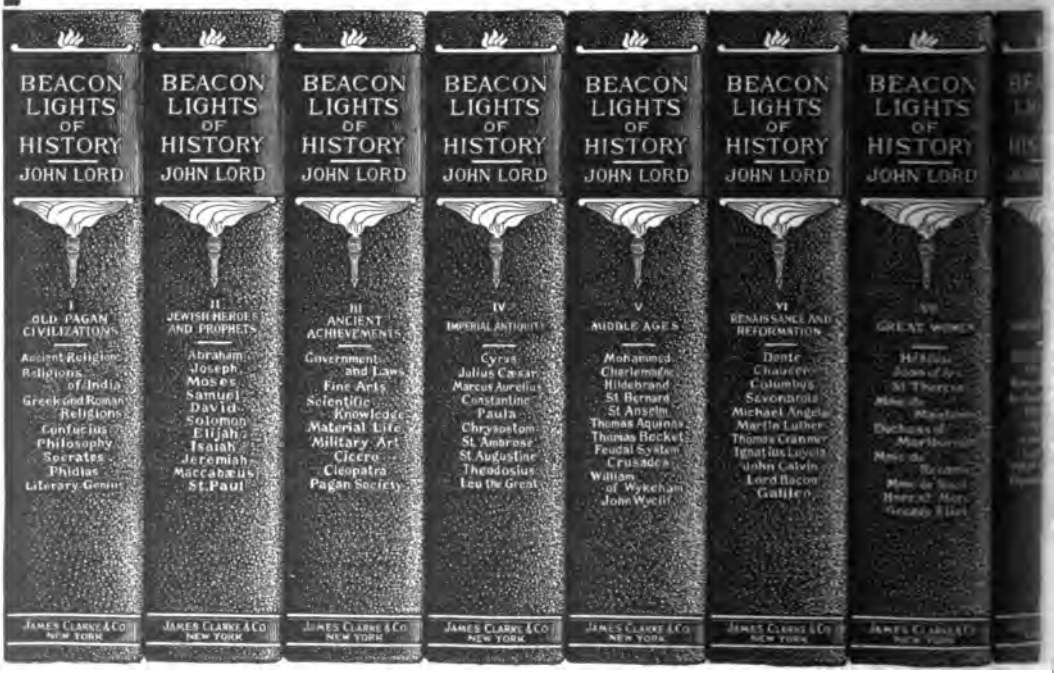
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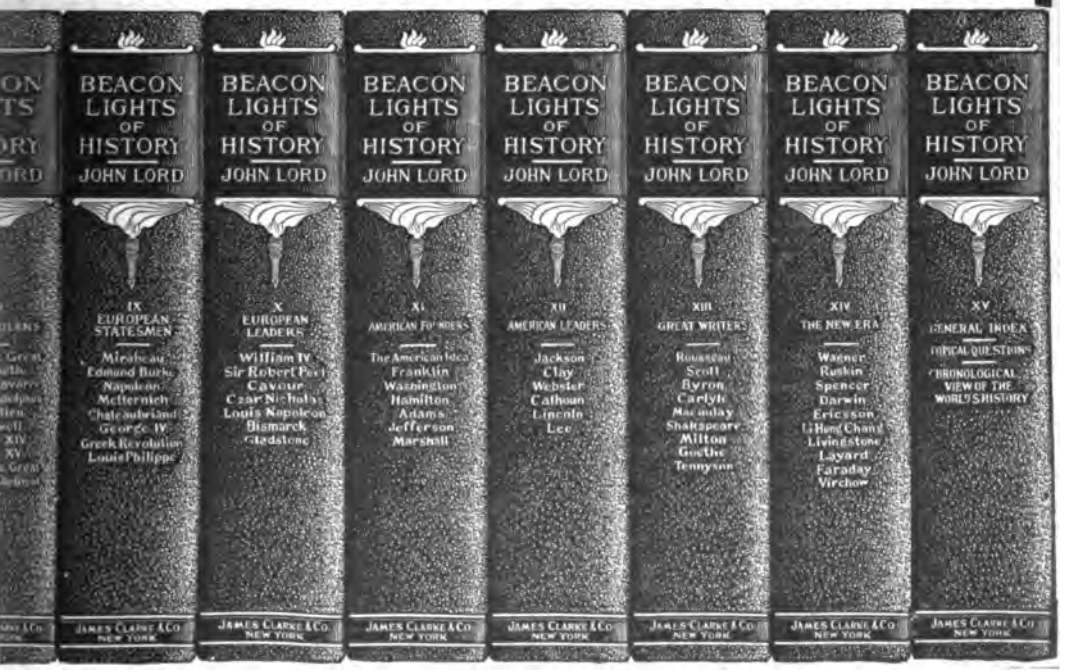
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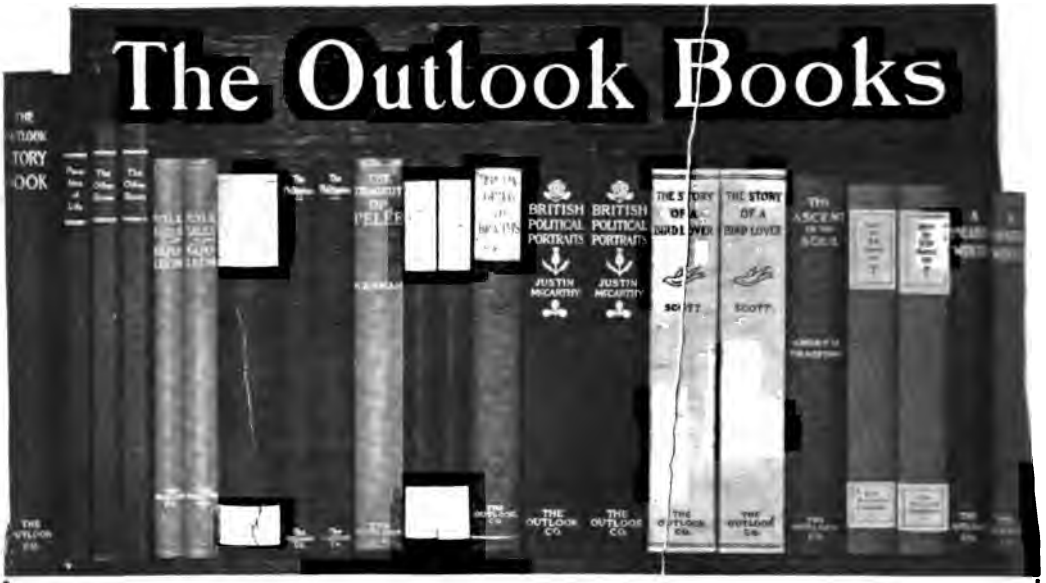
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The Corporation is capitalized for **$2,600,000** (260,000 Shares at $10 each). Of this amount **190,000 Shares** have already been subscribed and paid for at the par value of **$10**, making the present cash capital **$1,900,000.** There remain in the Treasury only **70,000 Shares.** Of this remaining block the Directors have

authorized the Treasurer to set aside 50,000 Shares to be offered for sale on May 15th next, at $12 a Share. The remainder, consisting of **20,000 Shares,** is now offered to the public in lots of Ten Shares or more at **$10 a Share.** The terms are 10 per cent. with the application and the balance in sixty days. Stock applied for by telegraph will be held five days to await deposit and formal application. (See form of application below.) The sale of this block of 20,000 Shares at $10 and of the remaining block of 50,000 Shares on May 15th at $12 will give the Company **a completely paid-up Capital.** This announcement gives investors the last opportunity they will have of buying Booklovers at $10 a share.

The *Booklovers Corporation* has paid dividends at the rate of **10 per cent.** per year since August 1, 1900. The last half-yearly dividend was paid on February 20th. The half-yearly dividend periods end June 30th and December 31st, respectively. The Corporation has no bonded debts, and its stock when fully paid is non-assessable. All Shares become dividend-bearing from the date of final payment. Dividends are payable in February and August.



President

1323 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

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(Use wording below in writing out your application)

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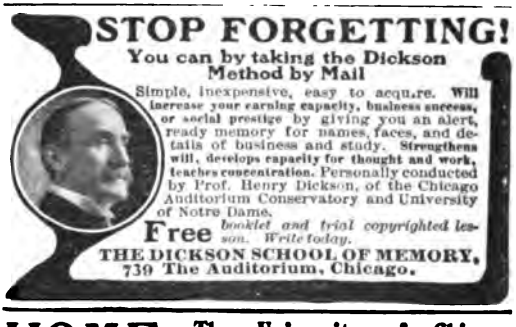
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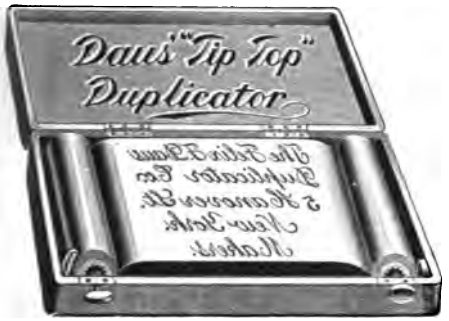
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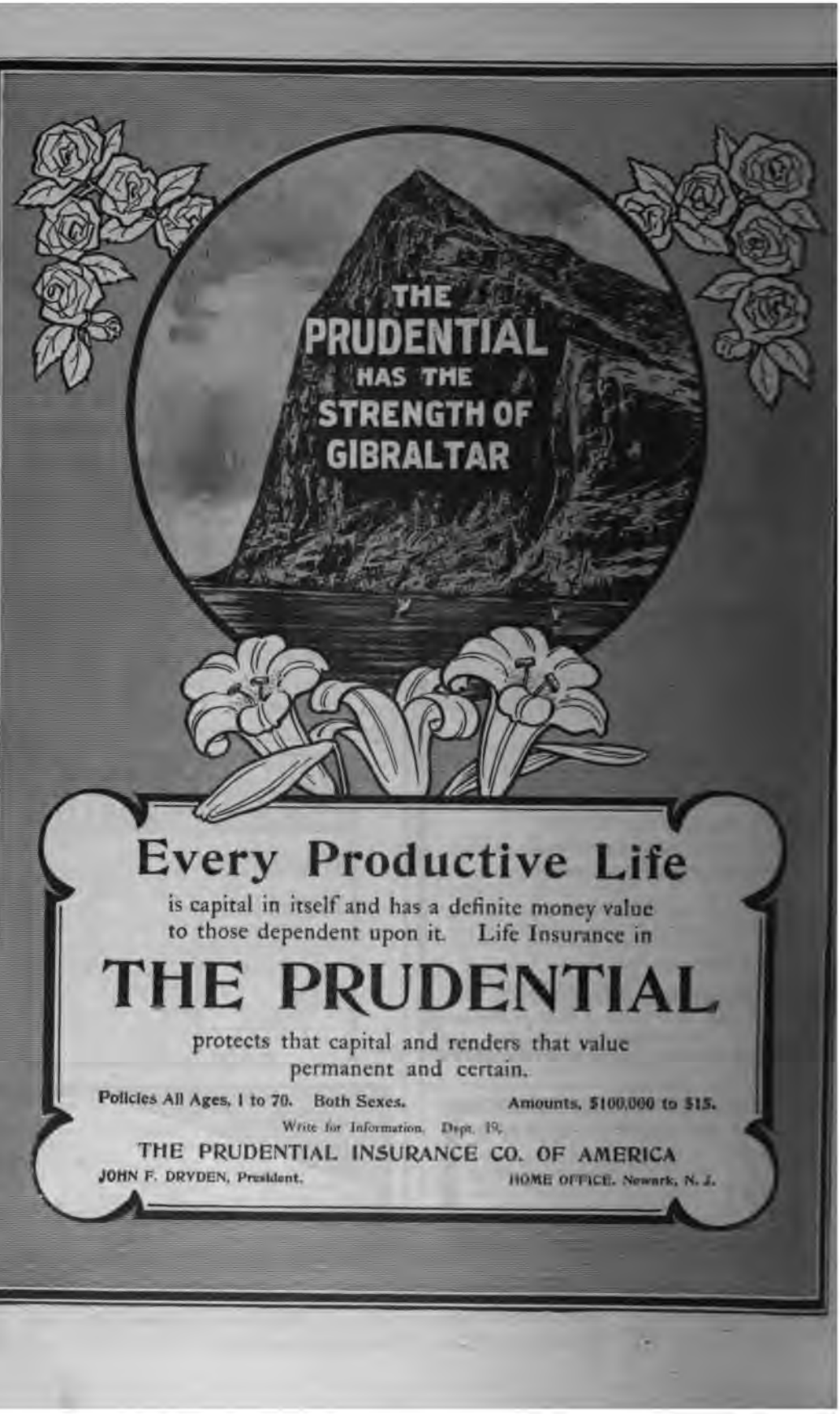
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PACKER'S TAR SOAP

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½ to ⅔ Less than Regular Prices.

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New Model 837



The new model R & G Corset, Number **837,** combines the good points of the straight-front, low-bust design, with sufficient length over the hip to conform with the present dress styles and yet remain easy and comfortable.

There are many variations in figures, and R & G Corsets are made in many models to fit them. But there are more of the normal, average figure than of all the rest combined, and the beautiful, graceful lines of Model **837** are designed to fit this normal or average figure.

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The costume shown herewith is fitted over No. 837.





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Are Now Ready

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supports the undergarments from the shoulders by means of the shoulder straps, training the growing body the way it should go. That's the reason the woman who has lived a life time in the Ferris Waist is healthy, vigorous, beautiful.

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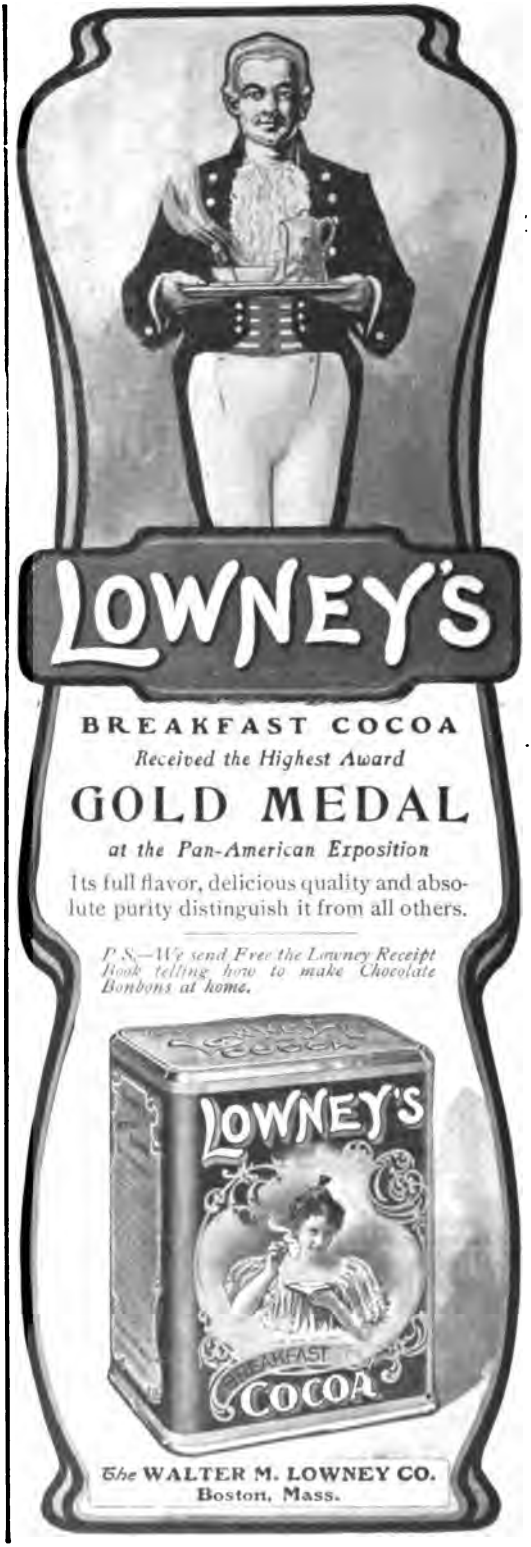
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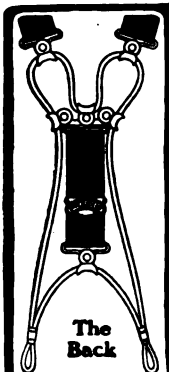
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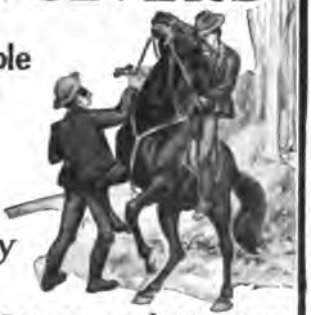
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Department G
ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.
Rochester, N. Y.



Of all glad words within our ken
The gladdest are used by those wise men
Who own a John Holland Fountain Pen.

John Holland Fountain Pens

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, the famous author of Ben Hur, writes: "I find it a good, faithful tool."

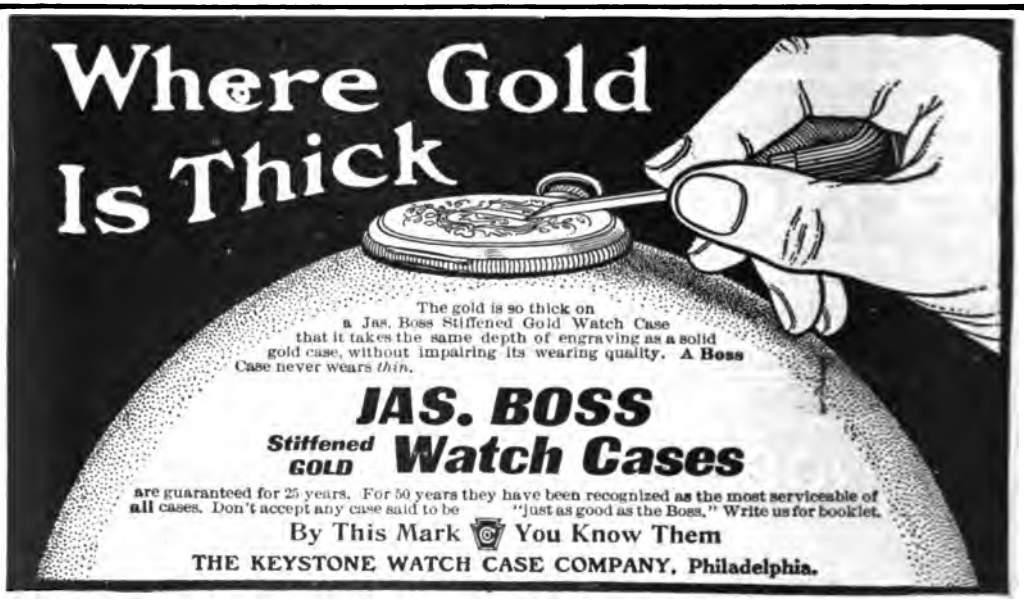
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The gold is so thick on a Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Case that it takes the same depth of engraving as a solid gold case, without impairing its wearing quality. A Boss Case never wears *thin*.

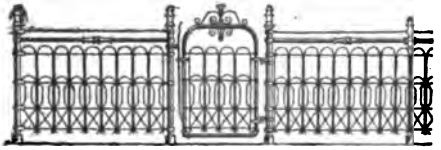
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Stiffened GOLD **Watch Cases**

are guaranteed for 25 years. For 50 years they have been recognized as the most serviceable of all cases. Don't accept any case said to be "just as good as the Boss." Write us for booklet.

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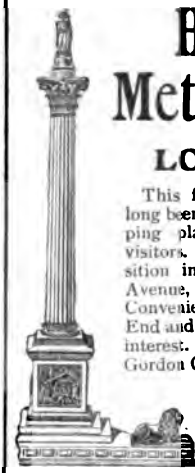
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FOURTH CRUISE, DURATION 22 DAYS. Rates, $200 upward. — To **Norway,** the **North Cape** and **Spitzbergen,** by Twin-Screw Cruising Steamer PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE, leaving Hamburg July 28th, 1903.

FIFTH CRUISE, DURATION 23 DAYS. Rates, $200 upward. — To **Norway, Sweden, Russia** and **Denmark,** by the Twin-Screw Cruising Steamer PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE, leaving Hamburg August 23d, 1903.

For dates of departure to and from New York by the Hamburg-American Line's Twin-Screw Express and Passenger Steamers, in connection with above cruises, see regular Transatlantic Sailing List. Through rates quoted on demand. Special pamphlets, containing full descriptions of the above trips, will be sent upon application to the

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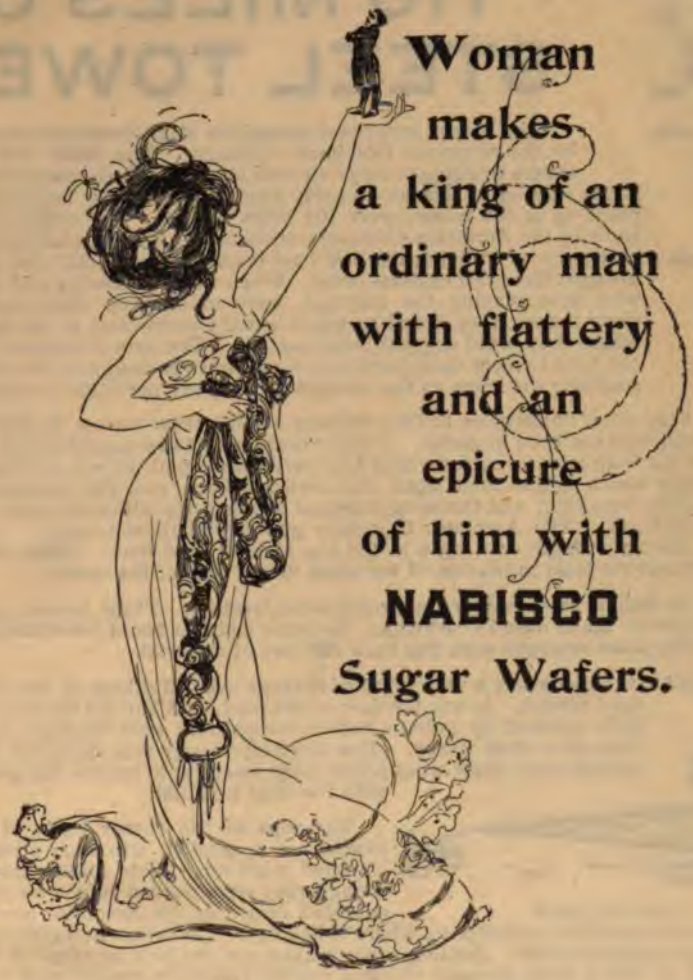


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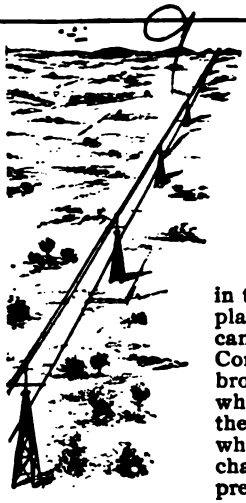
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It was of very great importance to the company buying these towers to secure the greatest possible strength with the least material. These towers were to be placed about 500 feet apart. The weight of the long span of cables would be a very heavy load, to say nothing of the enormous side strain which might come upon the towers. Then, too, the contingency of one or more of the cables breaking, and throwing unequal strain upon different parts of the towers, had to be considered. The Aermotor Company guaranteed these towers to stand until the 3-inch, extra strong wrought iron pipe in the top should bend over. They stood this very severe test without the least indication of buckling in any part of the tower.

The item of freight was another important consideration. These towers, as built by the Aermotor Company, made over 75 carloads. No other concern could have furnished towers of anything like the same strength with less than 100 cars of material.

The Aermotor Company has a very great advantage over all others in the manufacture of steel towers. It was the first in the field, and had all the most vital features fully covered by patents before competitors were through laughing at the idea of a steel tower. The Aermotor tower was designed by mechanical experts who knew what points were essential to secure the greatest strength with the least material.



Testing the Towers.

The tops of the corner posts of the Aermotor towers are dovetailed into each other and securely clamped together. This makes them as solid as though they were welded into a single piece. This patented device in the Aermotor tower brings all of the strain directly upon the corner posts where it belongs. The braces and girts have nothing to do but hold the corners in line. Because other makers are not able to adopt this feature, they are compelled to use a large amount of extra material in their towers, and even then their towers are not so strong. Weight often indicates weakness rather than strength. All the weight not needed serves only to bring additional strain upon the parts which must bear it.

The best steel tower, like the best bicycle, is the one which secures the greatest strength with the least possible material. The Aermotor tower is strong, safe and durable. Every pound of steel which is put into it is used to the best advantage. A tower twice as heavy, but poorly constructed, would be weaker.

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